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20, 39, 60, 80, 101, 122, 142, 160, 180, 200, 220, 236, 257, 277, 299, 319, 341, 362, 383, 404, 425, 445, 467, 489, 510, 531.

ERRATA.

Page 52, col. i., line 15. For "unsatisfactory" read "satisfactory."

Page 79, col. iii. Notice of John Bunyan. Omit last sentence of the first paragraph ("So well-thumbed . . . one).

Page 109, col. iii., lines 31, 30, from bottom. For "Sir Joshua's" read "Opie's."

Page 231, col. ii., line 4. For "geographical" read "biographical."

Page 232, col. iii., line 31. For "Archbishopen" read "Archbishopess."

Page 239, col. iii. In place of first line read: "Shipment of Japanese manufactures not-"

Page 271, col. iii., line 16 from bottom. For "too" read "to."

Page 332, col. iii., line 34 from bottom. For "Seventeenth" read "Sixteenth."

Page 373, col. ii., line 43. For "Gardens" read "Mansions."

Page 467, col. ii., line 50. For "Chicago" read "Philadelphia."

The Nation.

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The Week.

The siege of Port Arthur, which ended on Sunday, will go down in history as one of the most memorable in all the annals of warfare. There have been longer sieges—the Allies lay three hundred and fifty days before Sevastopol and sacrificed 100,000 lives in order to reduce it; but none more stubbornly contested. The investment of Plevna, which lasted one hundred and forty-four days, ended more dramatically with Osman Pasha's fruitless sortie. Port Arthur, the most elaborately fortified city in the world, was forced to capitulate because, isolated by land and by sea, all its great resources in the way of men, ammunition, and supplies were at an end. The event enforces the old truth that what man has built up, man can tear down; and makes it plain that, in the historical contest between the assailants and defenders of fortified positions, the chances still favor a well-directed and sufficiently vigorous attack. Port Arthur was the first beleaguered fort to be defended by the aid of the latest modern inventions. It had its electricity, its searchlights, its telephones, even its wireless telegraphy. Barbed-wire defences, mines, high-power explosives, the latest range-finders, the newest machine guns, all failed to stop the most determined assaults of modern times. The very recklessness of life displayed by the Japanese—in violation of that principle of warfare which proclaims him a great general who achieves his end with a minimum human sacrifice—made a successful outcome of the defence impossible so long as Nogi had troops to hurl against the entrenchments. For the Oriental character, as contrasted with the Western, this is a great triumph. The troops of a first-class European Power would also have accomplished the fall of Port Arthur, but it may well be questioned whether it would not have taken much longer and become purely a matter of starving out Gen. Stoessel.

So far as that general and his men are concerned, their defence is the most creditable event in the long chronicle of Russia's defeats and disasters. It was known long before the Japanese surrounded Port Arthur that Russian soldiers were the ideal defenders of fortified positions, and Gen. Stoessel has strongly emphasized this truth. Not until the whole history of the siege is before us can the final word be said about his leadership, and whether he showed all the initiative his position demanded. But his fame is secure even though he has added nothing new to the military theory of sieges, and was forced in the end to succumb to the historic methods of mining and countermining and of concentrating a tremendous artillery fire on one link at a time in the chain of forts with which Port Arthur was provided. If Gen. Stoessel's naval allies had shown one-tenth the courage and determination which seem to have inspired him and his subordinates, the whole story of Port Arthur might have been different.

Concerning the general strategy of the Russians, there is already a sharp difference of opinion among experts. Capt. Mahan was of the belief last summer that the defence of Port Arthur was the salvation of the Russians; that every week's detention of Nogi's army there made for Kuropatkin's eventual success in the North. An English military writer declares, on the other hand, that the history of the campaign is one "of criminal ignorance of the first principles of strategy by sea and land"; that the retention of Port Arthur was a worse entanglement for the Russians than Ladysmith for the British in South Africa; that in consequence the entire campaign "resolved itself into a costly, useless, and stupid effort to relieve a fortress deliberately isolated," with the result that the Russian army broke and spent itself in one frantic effort after another to attain the unattainable. All this is very easily said on the Strand; but Russia could no more have abandoned its enormously costly fort without firing a shot than the British could have abandoned Sir George White at Ladysmith, on the ground that strategical considerations made it advisable. Moreover, it cannot be gainsaid that Stoessel's heroic defence has cost the Japanese very dear, not merely in men, but in money and military *matériel*. In all three her resources are limited; if Russia wins in the end, it will be for this reason, and further praise will then be showered upon Stoessel for his share in bringing the Japanese to a state of exhaustion.

Upon the disposal of Port Arthur hangs ultimately the destiny of Northern China. After the Russians had signed the lease of the Kwantung peninsula, there followed the German descent upon Shantung and the temporary occupation of Wei-hai-wei by the English. Would the restoration of Port Arthur to China be the signal for the Germans also to withdraw? That, perhaps, is too much to hope. Indeed, the future of the Liao-tung province is too obscure to afford a safe basis for speculation, but this much is certain: that Japanese ascendency in southern Mantchuria, whether direct or through a protectorate, would mean a sharp check to European aggression in North China. One hears already that the Chinese army is to be thoroughly reorganized in that region; and the news of the expulsion of the Russians from the Mantchurian littoral cannot but have a great effect in quickening all Eastern Asia to national self-consciousness. It will behoove the Western nations to profit by Russia's example and accept the facts that the Far East is coming to its own, and that the habit of regarding China as so much unclaimed area to be marked for exploitation has become a perilous anachronism.

Among the newspapers there is a pathetic unanimity of assent to the Government suit against the General Paper Company. Even the journals that see in all actions against the Trusts the impending dissolution of the Federal system, hold their peace. It makes a difference whose raw product is monopolized. Indeed, the secretary of the company showed a sense of the situation when he said he feared the suit would have uncommon publicity. His remarks on the formation of this selling company were, as reported, of almost infantine candor; so far was the General Paper Company from breaking any law, State or national, that it had followed the unusual procedure of employing the most learned counsel, so that the company might not clash, even accidentally, with a statute. The appeal from a United States court to one's own counsel is certainly unusual, but in view of the prevailing temper of a portion of the press it may yet have to be admitted. It is too much to hope, however, that so needful a change in procedure will take place in President Roosevelt's time. In all seriousness, there is every reason to believe that the General Paper Company is only the front that a burdensome monopoly presents to the public. And so long as Congress withholds some such general corporation regulation as Mr. Garfield urges, there is nothing to do but to use the at best cumbersome machinery of the various anti-monopoly acts.

Testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Chicago on Thursday furnished added proof of the President's wisdom in making Secretary Morton spokesman of the Administration in the matter of nefarious railway practices. It appears from the evidence that, while Mr. Morton was traffic manager of the Santa Fé Railroad, secret rebates were given by it to the Colorado Fuel

and Iron Company. Their result was, and was intended to be, to kill off a competitor and create a coal monopoly. If the facts are as alleged, the railway officials entered into an unlawful agreement, amounting to a conspiracy, with the Fuel Company. Secret circulars of instructions to agents were laid before the Commission, showing that the Fuel Company was inducing or compelling the railroads to give it such rebates that it could sell coal at a price equal to the bare freight rates exacted of other shippers. If Mr. Morton knew of this arrangement, and assented to it, he was a violator of the law; if not, his being in charge of the Santa Fé traffic was only a joke. In either case, his present earnest championing of national control of railroad rates seems strangely like the attitude of a man begging the Government to restrain his criminal propensities.

Another United States Senator under indictment for fraud and bribery, with a Representative joined to him in the same distinction, reminds us in what a strange borderland of morality too many of our public men dwell. They become habituated to acts so near the margin of the law that they scarcely know themselves when they step clean over. Representative Hermann plaintively says that "we all" do the sort of thing for which a jury has indicted him. In other words, when called upon to serve a constituent, a Congressman is expected to stop at nothing. As to Senator Mitchell, the chief surprise at Washington is, unhappily, not that he did the things alleged, but that he was so little astute as to be caught at them. Of course, fair-minded men will suspend final judgment in these particular cases until the legal proofs are forthcoming: but enough is known to show that the land frauds, like the postal thievery, disclose the seamy side of prosperity. When it means, as it is too often made to mean, a mad rush to be rich, public servants cannot escape the demoralization. In Grant's second Administration, George F. Hoar, then a member of the House, made a startling exposure of the lengths to which official corruption had gone. Mr. Roosevelt can save his second Administration from a similar reproach only by insisting that the prosecuting officers hew to the line.

Our State Department regards the situation in Morocco as serious, and so evidently does the French Government, but how lucky Mr. Hay must now think it that he did not get "Raisuli dead" last June. "Perdicaris living" to-day comes forward to affirm that the terrible Raisuli is the only man who can maintain order in Morocco, since he is "superior in many respects to any of the officials among his countrymen." Should he by any chance come to the direction of affairs in Morocco, we hope that he will be magnanimous, and not treasure up against the United States the dispatch demanding his head. If he is as astute as Perdicaris asserts him to be, he will know that the dispatch was intended solely for the Republican Convention. With the election, that particular bit of blather expired. A living dog is better than a dead campaign lion; and Raisuli may congratulate himself that the Administration was merely slaying him with its mouth.

Secretary Taft seems to be proceeding in the matter of tariff reductions on Philippine products much as Gen. Grant, when a boy, went about selling his father's horse. "The price is $150, but I will take $100." "I am hoping," says Secretary Taft, "to get the tariff on sugar and tobacco down to 25 per cent., but I suppose I'll take what I can get." No further notice to the other side is required. Mr. Taft wants Congress to do an act of justice to the Filipinos, but if it won't—why, he will put up with injustice. He has tried this method of speaking the devil fair with such poor success in the past that we should think he would now be ready to make experiment of a stand-up fight. In the matter of secret conciliatory negotiations, the protected interests, which do not care if the Filipinos starve, can beat him every time.

Governor Carter of Hawaii, in his annual report, makes a plea for relaxation of the Chinese immigration laws. So far we are with him, holding that these laws are barbarous in principle and oppressive in their actual application. But before any friend of the Chinaman goes the whole way with the picturesque Governor of our distant possession, let him consider what kind of Chinese immigration is wanted in Hawaii. As to that, Governor Carter expresses himself with exemplary frankness, and says he desires only "a limited number under restriction, requiring their return at the end of a given number of years and confining them entirely to these islands." These business-like words cover an old abuse—bonded coolie labor with its attendant circumstances of shiploads of temporary serfs, guarded compounds, forced labor, and fugitive-slave laws. In other words, Governor Carter wants for Hawaii what Lord Milner, in the Chinese Labor act, demanded for the Transvaal. If the earth is to be exploited at a speed pleasing to the great commercial nations, some such system is necessary. But it, even confirmed Imperialists will admit, is the shady side of the Imperial idea. Yet whenever the matter comes seriously before Congress we shall doubtless have an opportunist clergy fairly outdoing their British brethren in demonstrating that the coolie compound is a providential means for spreading, with the blessings of civilization, those of Christianity.

Though the impression seems to be growing that Addicks will again fail to get his coveted Senatorship, this can hardly be attributed to an access of political virtue among Delaware voters. They have sent to Dover 23 members of the Addicks faction, as against 10 of the Regular Republicans and 20 Democrats. The Legislature of two years ago, which broke the deadlock by a compromise that gave the longer term to an Addicks man, contained 22 Addicks and 8 Anti-Addicks Republicans to 21 Democrats. Col. Dupont's fitness for the Senatorship is appealing more strongly to the legislators now that Addicks has begun to economize on his political expenditures and the candidate of the Regulars has stepped into the breach. Meanwhile, the national Administration is helping the anti-Addicks faction, and the last three Federal appointments have come from that side. A credible correspondent reports Senator Ball's confident prediction that his seat in the Senate will be filled by "somebody other than Addicks." The Republican National Committee's benediction this year does not seem to have brought good luck. The Spooner faction, which it "recognized" in Wisconsin, was badly beaten; and, for all the stamp of "regularity" which it gave to Addicks, he may be farther than ever from the object of his ambition.

The New York Municipal Civil Service Commission has laudably done away with the "re-rating" scandal in competitive examinations. The would-be civil servant is naturally as likely as the college student to take issue with the examiner who gives his paper a low mark, yet the practice of allowing appeals for revision, unless in cases of palpable error in marking, is subject to the worst abuses. The candidate's identity is unknown to the examiner, being designated only by a number, but when he appeals for a re-rating his name must, of course, appear, and whatever "pull" he possesses can become effective. Again, in a competitive examination, the marks are in any case only relative, graded according to a standard in the examiner's mind, and a re-rating of one paper without examination of the others means a departure from the whole principle of the comparative test. The number of unsuccessful candidates who have appealed to the municipal board has been enormously large in the past. In the first half of this year there were 1,615 appeals, 1,449 of them for changes in the examination papers themselves. The United States Civil Service Commission in a year heard but 419 appeals and the New York State Commission only 25.

Massachusetts has very few appeals, while Buffalo and Chicago have abolished the right entirely except for manifest error. The great number of appeals in this city, fortunately, does not imply that a corresponding proportion of re-rating is actually made. Out of the 1,449 appeals, only 206 were granted, while of the 150 appeals heard by the new Commission in October but 4 were granted. But the system gave opportunities for favoritism, to say nothing of unintentional injustice, and the Commission has but learned of experience in abolishing it.

The reported plan of burning a million or two bales of cotton in the South, so as to keep up the price, is doubtless not to be taken too seriously. As with the old panacea of "reducing acreage," each planter will count upon some silly neighbor, or an idiot in the next county, to apply the remedy, while he himself pockets the gains. There is, however, striking evidence in this alleged scheme of the way in which protection has turned our economic notions topsy-turvy. We admit, of course, that the unexpectedly large crop has its awkward side for the cotton trade, and especially, just at present, for the cotton manufacturers. Yet it is fairly astounding to find scarcity thus held up as the great blessing. For that is what this worship of high prices really comes to. Apparently intelligent men act as if the great aim and result of civilization were *not* to enable the world to be fed and clothed as cheaply and comfortably as possible. When drought or flood or fire cuts off the food supply, or when war makes the necessaries of life vanish, we account it a terrible calamity; but if we can approximate the same state of affairs by vexatious laws or artificial interference with the bounty of nature, we pose as benefactors. This only goes to show how protection may befuddle a whole people. Bastiat would find new material for his 'Economic Sophisms' in the seeming devotion of Americans to the idea that plenty is a curse.

The President has with other potentates given his name to a committee for the excavation of Herculaneum—a watering-place in which the "cottagers" lived neither the strenuous nor the simple life. Yet the life of those wealthy Romans had something to be said for it. The owners of those great villas by the sea lived in an elegance such as the world has rarely seen since. The casual tourist about Naples probably fails to realize that the most beautiful objects came from Herculaneum, and that the prevalent quality of Pompeii is cheap and vulgar. Perhaps too much pains have been spent upon the uncovering of that godless Asbury Park; it is easy digging, and there is a tempting amount of rather third-class antiquity to be revealed. The select colony of Herculaneum, on the contrary, was covered by lava mud, not cinders, and it will presumably cost as much to excavate single villas as it does to bring up entire quarters in Pompeii. But the reward should be great. The splendid bronzes and the manuscripts in the Naples Museum are from Herculaneum. In fact, we can imagine no drawback to the scheme which Dr. Charles Waldstein is promoting so efficiently, except the expense.

Mr. Choate's retirement from the English Embassy follows a service officially satisfactory, and attended by popularity. The American Ambassador to England long since ceased to be merely a diplomat. Most of the official business is now done direct between Washington and London, and the routine duties can be discharged by any red-tape mind. But it is as the representative and mouthpiece of the American people that our Ambassador has come to hold his unique position. To interpret us to England; to enter easily into the intellectual life of English literary and artistic and university circles; to be a dignified figure on public occasions, and to speak the right word when some anniversary or historic celebration brings out the spiritual kinship of the two nations—such have been his high functions. In discharging these, Mr. Choate has necessarily suffered, as any man would, from standing in the shadow of his predecessors. His wit was not at first appreciated, and his literature has occasionally had the air of being improvised. Still, Mr. Choate's flexible talent enabled him soon to adjust himself to his position, and his retirement is to be regretted.

Earl Roberts, like Kipling and other military lights, would transform all England into a voluntary training camp as a substitute for enforced army service. Because conscription in time of peace is impossible, the Field Marshal would have every able-bodied Englishman, no matter what his station in society, undergo "some kind of military training in youth sufficient to enable him to shoot straight and carry out simple orders, if ever his services are required for national defence." In other words, the Salisbury idea of universal rifle clubs is again revived, only in a less crude form. Kipling's "Army of a Dream," with its schoolboys spending their Saturday afternoons outmanœuvring and defeating the picked Imperial Guards, is still a bit beyond Earl Roberts's vision, and will, fortunately for England, continue to be such stuff as dreams—or nightmares—are made of. But England's Imperialists will find much in the noble Earl's views to make them believe that they can indulge in Imperialism at a lower price than Continental nations. For this is what it comes down to. England wants not merely the greatest navy, but an army whch will permit of her placing some 250,000 or 300,000 trained troops in an over-sea country as soon as war is declared. But, being a nation of shopkeepers, her people naturally resent the idea of being forced to give up one or two years of their lives in drilling that Balfours and Chamberlains may carry out their ideas of territorial aggrandizement across the seas.

Whether Earl Roberts's proposals are practical remains to be seen. One thing is certain: there will never be any agreement among military men as to the amount of training your fledgling Britisher should have. Field Marshal Roberts might be content with qualifying boys as marksmen and as proficient in the manual of arms, but Field Marshal Smith or Jones would be certain to insist upon a universal knowledge of guard and picket duty, open-order formations, and the elements of military engineering, as essential to the nation's safety. Of course, Earl Roberts states well-known facts when he writes that the new weapons necessitate new methods of fighting, and diminish the control of officers over their men. Almost everybody knew this before the Boer war except the British army, which has had another object-lesson in the readiness with which Japanese sergeants and corporals assume responsibilities—even to commanding battalions—when their superiors are shot down. No one will question Earl Roberts's right to demand thousands of trained reserve officers, but many people will add that the best way to get good reserve officers is to have efficient and well-trained active officers.

Amid confusion of comment on the Czar's reform ukase, nothing is more instructive than to note that practically all the changes asked by Count Tolstoy some three years ago have been approved in principle. At that time the venerable quietist believed himself to be dying, and addressed to the Czar a personal letter asking the abrogation of the laws that afflict peasants and workmen as such. Obviously, the promises made in the imperial rescript are the literal answer to this appeal. Accordingly, if the Russian situation is as black as it is painted, it is not because of any reactionary policy of the Czar, but because of the incalculably disturbing influence of the disaster in the Far East, or the too precipitate temper of the reformers. It is possible that all the news from Russia recently has had an unduly alarmist coloring, and, in particular, that criticicm of the Czar's ukase has been based upon ignorance of the actual conditions and possibilities of reform in Russia.

THE CONVERSION OF GRIGGS.

Several corporation lawyers have suddenly seen a great light since the Garfield report, and have discovered that they always were the stoutest of State's-rights men; but from no eyes have the scales fallen more marvellously than from those of the ex-Attorney-General, John W. Griggs. He sees a terrible usurpation threatened in the proposal of Federal licenses to do interstate business. That would mean that "almost every right of the States can be destroyed." Mr. Griggs has not so read the Constitution; and unless specific power to do so is nominated in that bond, he would shrink with horror from the thought of making the Federal Government "the critic or corrector of the States." Many have been strict constructionists, but it would seem that Mr. Griggs surpasses them all.

Hence one's first feeling is that it must have been some other Griggs who, as Attorney-General of the United States, argued the Insular cases before the Supreme Court almost exactly four years ago. *That* Griggs did not waste his time groping about among the literal provisions of the Constitution. He was boldly and loftily for having this nation exercise "all of the ordinary and necessary sovereign powers of an independent nation." "Why," he asked with impassioned eloquence, "seek needlessly to limit and restrain the national functions?" "Why should this Government be considered to have less freedom of action than other nations?" And the Griggs of that occasion laid down the following canon of Constitutional interpretation: "Instead of seeking strict and narrow construction," he said, "the powers of the Executive and of the legislative branches were to be so construed as to give them a wise and safe discretion." But at that time, of course, it was only a question of extinguishing the national existence of 8,000,000 of people. The Constitution, under a Griggsian construction, was adequate for that; but when it is proposed to have this same sovereign and all-powerful nation clip the claws of a corporation, Mr. Griggs sees the whole Constitutional structure crashing about his head.

We forbear to press the comicality of all this; a Saul among the prophets may safely be left to the risibles of his audience. But it is late in the day to begin arguing against a broad application of the Constitutional power of Congress to "regulate commerce" among the States. Historically, it may well be true that the clause was intended simply to deprive the States of power to vex each other's commerce—a power exercised so calamitously under the Articles of Confederation. Yet a long line of judicial decisions has sustained multiform legislation by Congress under that grant of power; and to-day it stands as one of those general principles, or legal maxims, out of which measures to suit the need of the hour may easily be drawn. Certainly it is no great abuse of the Constitution to take a clause designed to prevent one State from hampering the commerce of another, and use it to prevent a corporation chartered by one State from oppressing the citizens of another.

Commissioner Garfield quietly sums up the law and the facts when he closes his review of the Constitutional powers of Congress over corporate business by saying:

> "Briefly, as to interstate and foreign commerce, the United States is one country, one legislative area; and when Federal regulation of such commerce enters any given State for the purpose of operating on such commerce, it enters it not as foreign territory, but as a part of its own jurisdiction."

Insensibly yet inevitably this idea has come to pervade the public mind. Prof. J. W. Burgess, in his St. Louis address last September on "Present Problems of Constitutional Law," which is published in the current number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, mentioned the national regulation of commerce as a matter now calling for action in the United States. Said this philosophical and detached commentator:

> "Whatever may have been natural a century ago, when the settled parts of the commonwealths of this Union were separated from each other by comparatively impassable districts of primeval forest and there was comparatively little intercourse between them, now, when these obstacles have entirely disappeared and intercourse is so active that no man notes his passage from one commonwealth into another, it has become entirely unnatural and scarcely longer endurable that the law governing commerce should not be exclusively national. The existence of the common law as the basis of the law of the commonwealths upon this subject has minimized the difficulty of a great nation getting on with systems of local commercial law; but the differences in detail, at first hardly noticeable, have now, on account of the vast development in the complexity of these relations, become almost unendurable."

Professor Burgess would have the matter dealt with, preferably, by Constitutional amendment; but if it cannot be done in that way, "then the United States judiciary must put a much more liberal interpretation upon the existing commerce clauses of the Constitution."

No sensible man counsels any sudden or violent step in this business. The whole matter will have to be thresned out in the press and in Congress. Meanwhile, we cannot but feel that it is delicious impudence for the men who have for years been appealing to Cæsar, now to make a great outcry when told that to Cæsar they shall go. They have run to the general Government for every imaginable aid to their business. They have lobbied for land grants, log-rolled for tariff stealings, plotted for ship subsidies, schemed for appropriations, intrigued for Government contracts, conspired for new territory to exploit; yet when it is proposed that the Government which has thus fed leviathan shall now put a hook in his jaw, we are told that all such resorts to Federal authority are fraught with dangers to liberty. Protest does not lie in the mouth of Mr. Griggs and men like him. It is not for them to make such an ado when their own chalice is commended to their lips.

PROMOTIONS IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

In a remarkable letter to the *Sun* of Saturday last, a writer, vouched for as a "distinguished officer," made a plea for radically changing our system of naval promotions by making them rewards for the best men eligible for advancement. He would have the inefficient stay behind until they had reached a certain age, when they should retire without having reached command rank. As matters stand now, promotion boards hesitate to find a man unfit for advancement, because rejection generally means ejection from the service at an age when an officer is unfitted to turn readily to a civilian employment. The same condition is found in the army, except that there an officer has the privilege of a second examination at the end of a year if he fails in his first. Since this procedure was established, thirteen years ago, no officers save second lieutenants have been dropped as unfit for promotion, and not a dozen of these.

This does not mean that all the officers advanced were really fit for higher rank. In the case of majors and lieutenant-colonels there is no examination at all, while there are plenty of captains who slip through the last examinations merely because their fellows will not discharge a man whose first gray hairs have begun to appear. One of our recent Secretaries of War bemoaned the fact that he could not even get retirement boards to retire incapacitated officers. In one case known to us a captain who could not get on a horse or march two miles, was solemnly passed by a board of moss-backed comrades who were quite ready to swear that he was fit to command a battalion in the field. It is human nature not to turn out a man to starve when he is fifty. And, besides, there is a feeling that an officer's commission gives him a permanent tenure. The Government may retire a man for age or disability, but it must not dismiss him unless he is publicly intoxicated or embezzles by duplicating his pay accounts.

This whole question of the permanence of Government employees and their advancement is not limited to the military branches of our Government. Proposals for removing the dead-wood within the civil service appear at every session of Congress, as do plans for the creation of a retired list for superannuated employees. Mr. John Sharp Williams's plan is to appoint clerks for a

long term, such as sixteen years. If inefficient, they could be turned out then, and if valuable, they could be reappointed. Army and navy retired lists were not established until after the outbreak of the civil war, when it became necessary to get rid of a lot of aged and infirm officers. Hence those who are working for some kind of pension for civil employees take heart by remembering that the classified civil service is not as long established as was the army when it got retired pay for officers and men. But the mere establishment of pensions does not reach the difficulty with which the army and navy are especially confronted—how to get the same amount of efficiency out of a man who has been twenty years in the service as that which he displayed on entering the Government's employ. In civil occupations a man must at all times keep abreast of his work and the developments of his profession or business. There are no tender-hearted retiring boards to retain him on full pay when he has reached the limit of his usefulness.

Civil service reformers are ready to admit that some solution for this question must be found before the system will be beyond criticism. A head of a department has, of course, the right to dismiss an inefficient subordinate at any time on the presentation of charges in writing. But the procedure results in so much trouble in the form of protests and visits from politicians that it is generally resorted to only where there is obvious misconduct, or neglect of duty through absence. The power of dismissal is practically of no avail as a stimulus to efficiency, while promotions are hardly more a recognition of exceptional service than they are in the army or navy.

No elaborate legislation is needed to make advancements, in either the army or navy, rewards of merit. In the army it would require a statute prescribing the examination of every officer up to and including the rank of colonel as to his mental, *moral*, and professional fitness for the rank to which he is eligible. As matters stand now, many officers are passed on upward who can drill a company without an error and pass a required text-book examination, but the examiners have no right to question a man's moral fitness or his capacity to command. He may be a roué or a notorious gambler, or so destitute of the power to lead and discipline his subordinates that his men desert in blocks of five; but if he can explain the theory of Cossack outposts and reel off a hastily memorized manual for advanced guard duty, he is passed with flying colors. Should an officer fail in his mental examination, after fifteen or twenty years' service, he ought to have the right of retirement on half-pay; if he should be found unfit by reason of personal misconduct or bad habits, the Government would be under no obligation to pay him a single cent beyond the year's pay now granted to an officer honorably discharged for failure in examinations.

Practically the same regulations would accomplish for the navy precisely what is urged by the writer in the *Sun*, always provided that the moral and professional tone of both services can be raised so that examining and retiring boards will do their duty. If this spirit of sinking personal feelings in the interest of the Government cannot be instilled at West Point and Annapolis, or by the civilian officials of the respective departments at Washington, then there should be appointed examining and retiring boards, composed partly of retired officers and partly of civilians, who could be relied upon to dispense justice without fear or favor. Much more could be done by the secretaries of the navy and of war than is now attempted. For instance, the threat to court-martial such a board as passed the captain above referred to would have a remarkably tonic effect. Similar permanent examining boards before which civilian clerks should appear at intervals, or when up for promotion, may yet be established; for if permanence of tenure is essential to the proper conduct of the Government business, it is no part of the contract between it and its employee that the latter shall accomplish only 50 per cent. as much as his brother who works for the electric-light company across the way.

THE TRIUMPH OF OPTIMISM.

"I had as lief submit my claims to sit here to the electorate of New York as to the Legislature of New York. When my term expires, I shall have reached a period of life when it will be exceedingly doubtful whether I shall care to come here again."

These words are from a speech of Chauncey M. Depew, delivered April 11, 1902, in a debate on the election of United States Senators by popular vote. On Thursday, when he emerged from the conference in which Gov. Odell capitulated, he announced:

"It's all settled. Optimism wins. The optimistic man usually gets there, in my experience."

In his willingness to submit his claims to the electorate of New York, Senator Depew gave a touching exhibition of optimism. In looking for a reëlection at his "period of life," he was still more optimistic; and in hoping to succeed against the opposition of Odell he rose to the superlative degree. But his faith, combined with the backing of the New York Central and other corporation interests, has tunnelled, even if it has not removed, mountains.

As to the attitude of Odell there can be no doubt. In his public statement he admits that his "sympathy" was with Black. *Sympathy* is a feeble word. All Odell's intimates, in and out of the delectable Tapeworm Club, were shouting for Black. Congressman Littauer, "Lou" Payn, State Senator Brackett, William L. Ward of Westchester, and William C. Warren of Buffalo were hot partisans of Black. The Troy *Times*, in a leading editorial, explained that Black had really been forced into the field by the importunities of his friends; and the New York *Press*, the chief anti-Platt organ, announced some time ago that the election of Black had been a settled fact for weeks. As late as Thursday morning, the *Press*, to which Gov. Odell ought in decency to have given a quiet tip, gravely reiterated the reasons why the Senator must be Black and not Depew. The Odell faction was thoroughly committed; and yet, before the threatened blow fell, Depew managed to muster enough strength to arrest Odell's mailed fist.

The result must be a deep mortification to the retiring Governor. During his four years as chief executive he has painfully built up a machine— a steam-roller, his detractors call it—that has enabled him to crush his old benefactor Platt, and to claim the succession as boss. Before the moment came for laying down office, Odell's power seemed invincible: he held the Legislature with an iron hand; he controlled the State Conventions of 1902 and 1904. His obvious purpose was to proceed in the exhilarating work and have a United States Senator of his own, some one through whom he could demand a share of the Federal patronage. He went about the task with his usual firmness and confidence. His adherents were so sure of the outcome that they had begun their feasts of celebration, and their brass bands were already playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." In this hour of humiliation Senator Depew has tried to save Odell's face by praising his magnanimity and diplomacy. The Senator may even have made concessions on patronage; but the brute fact remains that Odell was, as Speaker Nixon is said to have told him, "up against it." He was forced to back squarely down, while the angry partisans of Black damned him to his face as a "quitter."

The secret of this ignominious retreat may never be fully told. It would be idle to deny that the extended ramifications of the Vanderbilt railroads in business, journalism, and politics have been of vast assistance to Senator Depew. But this aspect of the question is not novel; it is older than many of Senator Depew's most famous jests. The new factor in the reckoning has been Governor-elect Higgins. He more than any other one man is probably responsible for the reëlection of Depew. He has held his own tongue—held it at a time when, to the distinterested observer, utterance would have seemed more courageous and effective. But his judgment

is apparently justified in the event. He promised to be "no man's man," and thus far he has lived up to his word. He has supplanted with an appointee of his own Charles S. Boyd, Gov. Odell's personal friend, the Superintendent of Public Works. As Mr. Boyd, presumably with Odell behind him, wanted to keep the office, which controls an enormous amount of patronage, this change must perceptibly weaken the Odell organization. More significant still was the quiet passing from mouth to mouth of the assurance that Governor Higgins would not let Odell "punish" members of the Legislature who voted for Depew. This, with a number of Senators and Assemblymen, must have been the weight which turned the scales.

Republican newspapers are, of course, shrieking in glad acclaim over the settlement. Governor Odell, Governor-elect Higgins, Senator Platt, Senator Depew, ex-Governor Black, and all the rest are great and good. Never were statesmen more far-sighted, never were they more willing to sacrifice their private ambitions to the welfare of the Grand Old Party on which the salvation of the country depends. Never have New York Republican politicians formed such a happy family; never has harmony been so harmonious. And all this ecstasy because the party boss has failed to have his own way. One is tempted to ask why, when all these blessings flow from a single act of rebellion, the position of boss should not be left unoccupied permanently. Such an arrangement would bewilder many legislators, who would not know how to vote unless they had a boss to tell them; it would disorganize the present scheme of government by which the representatives of the people take all their instructions from a man who is responsible to no one but himself. Yet, revolutionary as the idea is, it might be worth trying—if only as an amusing experiment in political science.

WHERE IMMIGRANTS ARE WANTED

In his administration of the immigration bureau, Commissioner Sargent has lately taken up the plan of diverting the stream of arriving aliens, by some means as yet undiscovered, into the channels where it will do least harm. "Least harm" rather than "most good" has, in fact, been the idea dwelt upon in most of the recent discussion of the immigration problem, both official and otherwise. The problem of relieving the herding of immigrants in large cities, highly important as of course it is, has been approached generally from that side.

Yet while these great cities are concerning themselves over the inundation of unassimilable foreigners, and the manufacturing centres generally are complaining of the danger to the American standard of living, it is interesting to glance at some of the communities which are still anxious for immigration and trying their hardest to get the sort they want. Only a few days ago a plan was set afoot in South Carolina for a general convention of State and Government delegates, railroad officials, and sociologists, to discuss the problem of attracting immigration to the South. The suggestion was made to the South Carolina Immigration Commissioner at a time when that official had just received requests for information from Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida, all of which States were anxious to follow any plan that had proved successful with their neighbor. "I believe," wrote a Northern man interested in the problem, "that such a Congress would attract great attention, and at it there might be solved some of the problems which beset the Government, now that it has entered on a career of reform as to immigration."

The plans which come to South Carolina's Commissioner, Mr. Watson, are varied enough in character. One company is being formed, in Charleston, which proposes to reclaim by drainage thousands of acres of land now unavailable, and settle these new areas as far as possible with Scandinavian immigrants. A former Swedish consul in this country is in charge of the colonizing features of the scheme, but native South Carolinians are behind it, and the Commissioner endorses it. He has recently been asked also to provide a plan for colonizing Russian Jews in the State. While the proposal seems to be only tentative, it has a special interest in that it is an effort to draw southward one of the classes of immigrants most inclined to congestion in the cities.

Mr. S. B. Sargent, who has been connected for twenty years with manufacturing in New England, sends the results of some of his own observations to the Charleston *News and Courier*. Pointing out that Southern cotton manufacturing has heretofore been most successful in the Piedmont section because of the abundance of cheap labor, he calls attention to a gradual change of conditions in this particular, and predicts that when the mills now closed or curtailing their production shall again be run to their full capacity, "the mill managements will then more seriously turn their attention to the problem of securing a portion of the most desirable of the immigrants who are continuously streaming into the northern parts of our country." Continuing, he calls attention to the Portuguese as a most desirable class of labor, both for factory work and for the development of lands for agriculture.

Further south, in Louisiana, the demand for labor is urgent, alike on plantations and on public works. Work is now being done on the levees, for instance, under more than fifty contracts, national, State, and local. Meanwhile, the country negroes have continued to gravitate to the city. When a ship came in a month or two ago at New Orleans with 1,500 Italian immigrants, agents of the contractors competed with planters from inland counties in making terms with them. In all the South, however, the persistent negro question, with the lack of good public schools, is the great deterrent to foreign immigration of the better class, just as slavery was before the war.

"What stronger evidence of the necessity of a board of immigration can be given than can be found right here in St. Paul?" asks a Minnesota legislator who has interested himself in the plan, and proposes to push it again this winter. "Here is an establishment maintained by the Candian Government—suite of offices, a full corps of agents, and an abundance of literature setting forth the advantages Manitoba affords. Every expense is met by the Canadian Government. Is it any wonder that, with such energy on the part of the Canadians, and with inactivity, disinterestedness, and paralysis on our part, they get the settlers and we get few, if any? Ever since the Canadian land boom, Minnesota has seen a stream of desirable settlers actually passing through her territory to settle on lands where, behind the tariff wall, they are lost to our markets." "Heretofore," remarks the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "we have depended on the railroads for the advertisement of the opportunities offered by Minnesota and for the personal campaign by which settlers are secured. But the lands of the railroads in Minnesota are dwindling, and their main efforts have for some years been directed to the building up of the population of States farther West. With the Canadian Government, they are strong and enterprising competitors against whom no headway can be made without an organized effort."

These are but a few of the phases of the immigration situation which have became matters of news interest in the past few weeks. The Industrial Commission has recently made a special investigation of the larger aspects of immigration to the South. These latest data represent a side of the problem which is easy to lose sight of in the thickly populated and fully developed States. Dislike of the immigrant in places where he is not wanted, has never been an effective force for making him go elsewhere. But the inducements of places that do want him must be the strongest aids to Mr. Sargent's plan for distribution. Once a respectable number of the arrivals are diverted to the South, for instance, the same desire to follow friends and kindred which has kept the foreigners in

their own "quarters" in the North, should help to keep up the supply.

ECCLESIASTICAL TRIALS.

The Holy Spirit, said John Selden, referring to the complacent *nobis et Spiritu Sancto* of church councils, resides in the odd man—that is, in the man who casts the deciding vote. The generalization is not wholly unfounded. When Benjamin Tredwell Onderdonk, one of the most eminent Episcopalians of his generation, fourth Bishop of New York, was tried for immorality, just sixty years ago this month, he was "suspended from all exercise of his episcopal and ministerial functions" by a vote of nine to eight in the court of bishops. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Central Pennsylvania also escaped trial by a vote of five to four in the committee which acted on the first presentment against him in the Irvine case.

The facts in this matter are, briefly, as follows: The Rev. Ingraham N. W. Irvine, D.D., is an Episcopal clergyman who has more than once had disputes over methods of administration with either his parishioners or his bishops. Whether his own infirmities of temper and defects of character or those of his opponents have been at the bottom of these troubles, is hard to determine in the face of conflicting evidence. For example, the statement is made and contradicted that he was once suspended a year for immorality. The probabilities are that he has not been entirely blameless. Five or six years ago, when rector at Huntingdon, Pa., he came into collision with a Mrs. Alexander Elliott, who is described as a woman of wealth, a social leader, prominent in church work, and a friend of Bishop Talbot. She asserted that money which she had contributed to pay a church organist had been misappropriated, and Dr. Irvine denied the charge.

In that juncture his conscience became very tender about Mrs. Elliott's activity in the parish, for she was then living with her fourth husband, and she had, according to current report, divorced at least two of his predecessors. Mr. Elliott also had obtained a divorce from a first wife on the uncanonical ground of desertion. In order to set his mind at rest, Dr. Irvine set forth in a hypothetical case the points in regard to Mrs. Elliott and asked Bishop Talbot for counsel. The bishop replied that the woman was by her own act excommunicate, and advised him to urge her to withdraw without open scandal. But when it turned out that the hypothetical woman was really Bishop Talbot's friend Mrs. Elliott, Dr. Irvine found himself in conflict with his superior, who wanted Mrs. Elliott reinstated. There were charges and counter charges of lying, there was a dismissed accusation of forgery against Dr. Irvine, and the affair was dragged into both the civil and the ecclesiastical courts. Bishop Talbot requested Dr. Irvine to resign, but he refused, and his church stood by him. Finally, Bishop Talbot succeeded in stripping the frock from Dr. Irvine, whom he described as a "slimy fellow." The rector sued for redress in the civil courts, which declined jurisdiction, but which at the same time declared that Bishop Talbot and Mrs. Elliott had "undoubtedly combined to prefer charges against Irvine in the church court," and that "they also hated him."

Through all this tribulation Dr. Irvine was able to retain the sympathy of powerful friends, who carried his plea to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco in 1901. The committee to which the subject was then assigned refused, by a vote of five to four, as related above, to bring Bishop Talbot to trial. The adherents of Dr. Irvine have nevertheless kept up their interest, and have framed a new presentment against Bishop Talbot. This is based upon a letter in which Bishop Talbot accuses Dr. Irvine of being a "plausible romancer," and of being grossly immoral in his relations with women. Bishop Talbot further names eight bishops who will verify these charges; and some of these bishops have insisted that the use of their names is unauthorized. This second presentment will shortly be laid before a committee, or board of inquiry, and that body will decide whether Bishop Talbot shall be tried by his fellow-bishops.

In this procedure popular sympathy will as a matter of course be with Dr. Irvine, not because anybody now has at command the evidence upon which to form a sound judgment, but because the rector appears at first glance to be the under dog. He was, according to his partisans, deposed from the ministry by a tribunal which Bishop Talbot selected, so that Bishop Talbot was practically both judge and accuser. To this theory of persecution the legal processes of the Episcopal Church lend some color; for they assume that the bishop is neutral, or perhaps even anxious to save a rector from disgrace. There is also a widespread distrust of the impartiality of ecclesiastical tribunals. When Charles Kingsley wrote that "truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman Catholic clergy," he expressed a prevalent prejudice against clergymen of all denominations. They are, says the man on the street, more concerned to maintain the dogmas of their sect than to discover and utter the naked truth, more eager to build up the reputation of their denomination, to secure financial aid for it, than to dispense justice in a complicated case. If Dr. Irvine be reinstated, the decision will merely confirm the suspicion that he was outrageously abused; if Bishop Talbot be sustained on a technicality, the comment is likely to be that the Church dared not, for its own fair name, pluck the lawn sleeves from a bishop.

The existence of this prejudice makes an unusual demand upon the courage and candor of the Episcopal authorities. Their conduct must be such as to stop the whispers that High Church or Low Church partisanship has had a preponderant influence, that Dr. Irvine, in spite of grave lapses, has had the thick-and-thin backing of one clerical faction or another. This time at least the facts should be investigated so thoroughly, the trial be so complete and unbiassed, the results so fully published, that no man who will read the evidence can have warrant for talking about a star-chamber verdict.

RED RIBBONS AT COLLEGE.

Foreign travellers have frequently commented on the rather childish joy we Americans take in the great variety of secret and honorary orders. Our millionaires must go abroad for titles and decorations, but our butchers are well supplied with what is technically called "regalia." Even our collegians, who should represent a very democracy of intellect, are subdivided into grades as definite as those which mark off a simple wearer of the red ribbon of the Legion from him whose lapel displays the greater or smaller rosette. Frequently the undergraduate hierarchy is as complex as that suggested by the polychromy of a gowned faculty procession. One has only to recall the senior society system of Yale, the even more intricate ranking of the Harvard Institute of 1770 by "tens," and the mushroom honorary societies that spring up in the smaller New England colleges. The tendency is everywhere well marked.

Naturally, a custom that runs counter to democratic sentiment often meets with opposition. Last week, for example, the *Harvard Crimson*, the official student organ, refused to print the elections to the "Institute of 1770," on the ground that the list is of slight interest as news, and the elections themselves unrepresentative. It may be explained that this ancient sophomore society consists of about a hundred members elected in the following way: Ten freshmen are elected by the outgoing sophomores. This first ten elects a second, and the society is thus recruited by tens until the number is complete. The basis of election is college prominence, athletic, social, or literary; with a leaning to social. Thus, to be in the first ten is satisfactory because it represents the belief of your immediate superiors that you are a man of great prominence. To be in the second ten is also most desirable, because the distinction is conferred by an élite of one's classmates. In general, the early "tens"

bestow an honor like the red ribbon; the later "tens" are consolation prizes like the French *Palmes Académiques*, which we have known to be simultaneously conferred upon an illustrious savant of the Collège de France, and upon a janitor of that venerable institution to celebrate his jubilee of dusting and sweeping. Moreover, the way to all further college honors is, generally speaking, through the Harvard Institute. This body comprises only less than a quarter of an average sophomore class, and in effect its elections are a summary relegation of the remaining three-quarters to collegiate obscurity, if not to outer darkness.

It is easy, then, to understand the opposition to a sophomore pantheon of this sort. Naturally, the earth-dwellers murmur and question the credentials of the happy gods, and the Olympians themselves make tardy and somewhat grudging concessions to the discontent of the mortals. They do well to do so, for at Yale, where the supreme undergraduate distinction was limited to the thirty members of the two senior societies, rival societies have appeared, and already "Bones" and "Keys" have lost much of their pristine glamour. In fact, such perverse conditions as are obtaining in colleges that cling to a ranking system are due less to deliberate intention than to the attempt to put new wine into old skins. College tradition is inveterate. A scheme started in jest among a handful of intimates becomes a law for an undergraduate body of two thousand members. The college caprice of a century ago becomes the college abuse of to-day. It would be interesting to inquire into the singular inflexibility of college customs and organizations. In undergraduate communities are absent most of the events that lend romance to the history of cities or nations. Conscious reform movements rarely are attempted; to conduct a propaganda of any kind is to transgress an unwritten law of good taste; revolutions practically never occur. Custom and precedent are upheld with a fairly superstitious respect. One who really knows undergraduate life might well be inclined to maintain the paradox that youth is really the age of conservatism, and our academies the chief repositories of old and dear abuse.

We judge, then, that such peremptory challenge as the *Crimson* makes of the Institute is not likely to be effective. Indeed, reform of any system of college honorifics is likely to come only through pressing the idea *ad absurdum*. When Harvard has an anti-Institute, and an anti-anti-Institute, possibly the absurdity of the whole matter will begin to appear; and, when the grace of humorous introspection comes to the college body, the descending scale of "tens" will seem little more defensible than the rating of eggs as "good," "fresh," and "extra fresh."

Logic, finally, may some day prevail over most of these little college aristocracies, if only because of the unnecessary duplication of honors they provide. For every specific service to his Alma Mater an ambitious student is appropriately rewarded. If an athlete, he may sport the coveted college initial; if literary, there are editorships within his grasp; if socially acceptable, numerous clubs or fraternities open their doors to him; even scholarship has its emoluments and decorations, and, if Macaulay refused to wear his school medals, his spirit has not entered into the average winner of a Phi Beta Kappa key. In short, it would be difficult to show that genius in college is ever in danger of too little recognition, and we confess that pretty much all the petty pantheons whose membership is so eagerly sought seem to us to fall among the more superfluous branches of the gentle science of honorifics.

BARONESS DU MONTET'S REMINISCENCES—I.

PARIS, December 13, 1904.

Among the minor contributions to the history of our time may be cited the 'Recollections of the Baroness du Montet,' just published. They extend from 1785 to 1866, covering not far from a century. They are published by Count de la Boutetière, who received them from his father, to whom they were left by Madame du Montet. The elder Count was the author of several historical works on Poitou, where he chiefly lived, and La Vendée. He was, during the siege of Paris in 1870, commander of a battalion of the *mobiles* of La Vendée. He was wounded during the battle of Champigny, and died prematurely in 1881 from the consequences of his wounds. He was the nephew of Madame du Montet, and always intended to publish her Recollections, though she said that they deserved to be forgotten "like the dead leaves of the past season."

Marie-Henriette-Radegonde Alexandrine Prévost de la Boutetière de Saint-Mars was born at Luçon on the 30th of January, 1785, of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in La Vendée. Her father was captain of cavalry in the Orleans regiment, and her mother the daughter of the Marquis de la Fare and sister of the Bishop of Nancy, who became during the Revolution the agent of Louis XVIII. at the Court of Vienna, and was, after the Restoration, Archbishop of Sens and cardinal. Alexandrine was six years old when she followed her parents in the emigration. Her mother left Memoirs (published at Angers, in 1844), in which she told the history of the miseries she had to endure in foreign lands. In 1796, thanks to the protection of her uncle, Bishop de la Fare, the Archduchess Marie-Anne, sister of the Emperor Francis II., abbess of the chapter of the Canonesses of Prague, took charge of her education. She was placed in the Convent of the Visitation in Vienna, and remained there several years, during which she became acquainted with the daughters of the best families of the Austrian capital.

In 1801, Alexandrine returned to France with her parents; their castle had been burned, their land had been confiscated and sold. Nine years afterwards, in 1810, she returned to Vienna, to be married there to the Baron du Montet. He was the son of the President of the Parlement of Nancy, and belonged to a family which had always been attached to the House of Lorraine. He left France, still very young, at the time of the emigration, and entered the Austrian army, becoming colonel; but the state of his health obliged him to leave the army, and he was appointed chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria. Madame du Montet found herself quite at home in Vienna. She was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Empress. Her charming manners won all hearts at court. "It was," says her editor, "the most interesting period of her life. Under her eyes took place the most interesting events of an agitated time; she saw many illustrious personages, and her experiences were the source of many interesting recollections. She, however, never forgot France, a country, she said, 'one leaves with pain and to which one returns to die.'" She did return to it in 1824, ten years after the first Restoration, and established herself with her husband at Nancy, the capital of Lorraine. Had she lived in Paris, her reputation would probably soon have become extensive; she was content with her provincial life, and with her Lorraine salon, where she sometimes received a visit from some distinguished traveller. She died in Nancy, on the 16th of January, 1866, at the age of eighty-one years, having seen from her retreat three more revolutions in France—of 1830, of 1840, and the *coup d'état* which paved the way for the Second Empire. Had she lived only four years longer, she would have witnessed the fall of the Second Empire and a fresh invasion of France.

She was occupied during her last years in putting in order what she called "mes petites feuilles délabrées"—a modest expression, which well expresses the character of these "Recollections," for they are not historical pictures and developments, but are essentially anecdotic. Their most interesting passages relate to Napoleon and Marie Louise. In March, 1812, the Emperor and Empress of Austria went to Prague, Teplitz and Dresden, where they saw the Emperor Napoleon. Metternich was with them, and gives in his memoirs an account of the interview which took place between the sovereigns:

"Napoleon received the Emperor at Dresden, at the foot of the stairs; he embraced him, and kissed the hand of the Empress, his mother-in-law. Napoleon sat next to her at table. . . . Marie Louise is not in the poor state which was supposed; she is thinner, but she looks the prettier for it. She gave her mother a gold toilette and twelve gowns—not a majestic present. Napoleon, they say, is of an *humeur massacrante*, except towards the Empress of Austria, whom he finds charming."

In her notes on Dresden, the Baroness says that the King of Prussia had expressed a desire to go to that city, but was told that the interview was to be merely a family affair. There were great fireworks one evening, and in the midst of them appeared an enormous Sun, with the device, "Il [Napoleon] est plus beau et

plus grand que lui." Napoleon said very loudly: "Il faut que ces gens-là me croient bien bête." At a magnificent banquet given by the King of Saxony, Napoleon, finding the repast too long, asked for the dessert. On the King making some apologies to him, he answered by simply asking for the coffee. Napoleon asked Prince Kinsky, who wore the Hungarian costume, "Of what country is your wife?" "Sire, she is of the Empire." "Of what Empire?" "Sire, she comes from Coblentz." "Then say that she is French."

There was much talk at Dresden of a proclamation which Napoleon was to make to his army, announcing that he would be on the 15th of July in Saint Petersburg. There, he said, he would fix limits to the Empire of Russia. "Marie Louise," writes Mme. du Montet, "wept much over the departure of Napoleon. She is now at Prague. She loves him very frankly. She is singularly beautified, and is now very elegant, and consequently hardly recognizable." Mme. de Staël was in Vienna at the time, not at all pleased with the little enthusiasm shown towards her. "Many things are said; there is talk of a *grossesse*, of a certain M. de Rocca, of a secret marriage." We have a curious extract from a letter written by Baron du Montet to his wife after a visit paid him by Mme. de Staël:

"Mme. de Staël has come and gone. . . . Our first interview with her was a tête-à-tête. I sat next to her on a sofa. The conversation became interesting for what she put in it; as for myself, I fell into my distraction, so that I know only half the beautiful things she told me. Poor Alexandrine, how I pity you! Mme. de Staël is convinced that your husband is but a fool. . . . She seemed to say to me that she was persecuted because she would not burn incense to King Napoleon. I answered, without thinking: 'So there are but three independent Powers in the world—England, Russia, and you.' . . . I thought that I had said a foolish thing. Not at all; my answer was thought original and witty, and she pressed my hand with emotion."

He speaks afterwards of the Chevalier de Rocca, "whom Madame de Staël treats like an obedient son rather than as a lover, and who is nothing extraordinary."

We find a few details regarding the famous Queen Caroline of Naples, who died on the 8th of September, 1814, at the castle of Hetzendorf. The Empress Marie Louise, who retired to Austria after the fall of Napoleon, often saw the Queen, who was her grandmother. She brought to her her son, the little Napoleon (the "Aiglon"). Queen Caroline never called him otherwise than "Mon petit Monsieur"; when she heard of the marriage of the Archduchess with Napoleon, she said: "Nothing was wanting in the list of my misfortunes but to become the grandmother of the devil." Speaking of Napoleon, she used to say: "Hell is in his heart, and chaos in his head."

Madame du Montet was at Vienna during the famous Congress of 1814. Immense preparations were made to receive the sovereigns. Feasts were given every day; the Prince de Ligne called the congress *un congrès dansant*. There are long and rather amusing descriptions of the balls given for the sovereigns, Madame du Montet, though her lot had been cast away from France, remained a Frenchwoman at heart, as is well shown by a few lines she writes at the time of the entrance of the Allies into Paris: "There," she writes, "is a letter which has thrown my pride as a Frenchwoman into despair. I am furious; all the more so because this letter tells the truth." It was a letter written by a Frenchman, in the service of Austria, M. de Lort, a friend and comrade of M. du Montet, and describes the state of Paris in 1814.

"The men, who are always the same, have never so signally manifested as now the neutrality of their selfishness. Marshals, ministers, senators, courtiers are hastening to abandon their idol. . . . Gold was never more abundant in Paris than at present; millions of gulden circulate every day; the shops are emptied. . . . The Allies glory in their victory; the French marshals and the Senate thank God for their own defeat; epidemic outbursts, general joy, drown the sighs of a few familiars of Napoleon; the women especially, in their joy, electrify by the spontaneous expression of their royalism; the Emperor Alexander gives fraternal kisses to marshals and senators."

This letter from an *émigré*, written after a grand review in the square where Louis XVI. had been executed, reminded me of the lines of Jules Barbier:

"J'ai vu nos femmes, belles d'impudeur,
Aux regards du Cosaque étaler leur poitrines
Et s'enivrer de son odeur. . . ."

To do justice to Madame du Montet, though she kept this letter, she did not wholly share the sentiments of the writer, while unable to disagree with the last sentiment expressed: "All this inspires me with an ironical contempt for *Messieurs les Sénateurs*, who, under the new Constitution, have, with paternal care, assured the fate of their dear posterity at the expense of the posterity of others."

Correspondence.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST BORAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your valuable issue of December 15, 1904, you have an article headed "The Pursuit of Pure Food." It is certainly alarming to the public at large to read the sensational reports of the detrimental effects of one-half gramme of borax on the human system. Dr. Wiley made his experiments for a period of fifty days, and considered it a very severe test. He well knows that England has been consuming boraxed foods for a quarter of a century, and she partakes of boraxed foods daily. She does not have periods of rest to recuperate from the evil effects of borax on the system, because no ill effects are noted. If Dr. Wiley's conclusions are logical, why are not the same symptoms he describes visible in the English nation? Dr. Wiley could not have fed his "poison squad" on nice, fresh, sweet quail for thirty days without detrimental results. Dr. Wiley had the same menu for all his boarders, which is not logical. His method of administering borax or boracic acid in capsules was not logical.

I was recently in Washington, and I visited the Bureau of Chemistry building and saw the dining-room where Dr. Wiley is making his experiments, and I can assure you the conditions and surroundings in the dining-room, hall and kitchen would certainly conduce to deprive a normal human being of his appetite, and the odors of chemicals, oils and gas would cause a dull headache and a nauseating feeling. It certainly is not to Dr. Wiley's credit to conduct scientific experiments in such an unscientific manner. If funds are not available to furnish clean, hygienic quarters for a kitchen and dining-room, I would suggest that a tent be used for the purpose. A tent would certainly be free from obnoxious odors, and a nice green grass floor would be cleaner and more healthful than a soiled cement floor.

Borax and boracic acid are the mildest antiseptics known, and if Dr. Wiley condemns them, what substitute has he to offer? Under existing circumstances, it is absolutely essential to use some method for preserving perishable articles of food. England was forced to use some preservative, and, after a most searching investigation, she learned that borax and boracic acid were the best preservatives she could employ to have her meats and butter arrive in a sweet, healthful and palatable condition. I presume the Englishman takes more borax into his system in a fortnight than Dr. Wiley's boarders did in their fifty-day siege. Nevertheless, the English nation is recognized as one of the most healthful nations on the face of the globe. With these facts before us, how can we consider the result of Dr. Wiley's experiment logical?

I most heartily approve of labelling all articles of food, said label to show amount and kind of preservative used, thus acquainting the purchaser with the nature of the articles purchased, and letting the consumer learn from experience (as the English nation has learned) the value and innocence of borax and boracic acid as a mild, excellent, wholesome preservative.

Yours very truly, H. H. Langdon.

427 W. 22d St., New York, December 29, 1904.

AMERICAN PRICES FOR ENGLISH BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The price charged by the American publishers for the third volume of Saintsbury's 'History of Criticism' ("printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, Scotland") does not sustain Mr. Howells's contention, in the Easy Chair of the December *Harper's*, that we are to-day paying much more for our English books than we should be but for the existence of the international copyright law. The American publishers mail the volume in question for $3.70 net. The price of the book in England is twenty shillings net, which, with the added postage, makes the book cost an English purchaser fully $1.25 more than he would have to pay if he imported the book from America. All of which is pleasant enough for us, but likely to be, I should think, a bit irritating to the English book-buyer. D. M.

Notes.

Further announcements from Macmillan Co. are the first volume of Prof. Edward Channing's 'History of the United States,' to make eight in all; 'Western Europe in the Fifth Century,' by the late Edward A. Freeman; 'An Unwritten Chapter in the History of Education,' viz., of the Society for the Education of the Poor in Ireland, 1811-1831, by Dr. H. Kingswell Moore of Bal-

liol; 'Progress and the Fiscal Problem,' by Thomas Kirkup; 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' by Sir Rennell Rod; a 'Pocket Biography of Shakspere,' by Alfred Ewen; 'Franz Hals,' by Gerald S. Davies; and 'The Cathedral Church of St. Asaph,' by P. B. Ironside Bax.

'Legends and Tales,' of Jewish interest, compiled by Isabel B. Cohen, will be published this month by the Jewish Publication Society of America.

The present month will also witness the bringing out by the University Press of a facsimile of the autograph MS. of Keats's 'Hyperion,' in an edition limited to 195 copies. This manuscript belonged to the late Lord Houghton, and contains twenty-one hitherto unpublished lines.

Simultaneously with the completion of the fund commemorative of the late Sir Leslie Stephen (amounting to nearly $4,000, employed partly in producing a large photogravure of Watts's portrait of Stephen, and the remainder in founding a lectureship in literature at Cambridge bearing his name), Messrs. Putnam bring out a first instalment of the author's own monument—to wit, his Essays, Literary and Critical. The 'Hours in a Library,' in four volumes, makes this group; to be followed early in the present year by the Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking, and later by still others. We need not review again the 'Hours in a Library.' Their present form is elegant, yet simple, and the page very legible. Amid the various periods and nationalities surveyed by Stephen in this series, we may remind our readers that the two American writers considered are Jonathan Edwards and Hawthorne. Few essays can be more profitably kept at one's elbow, or give greater intellectual pleasure.

The current *Critic* makes formal announcement of its having absorbed the *Literary World* of Boston, a journal exclusively literary, which underwent many vicissitudes of editing and publishing in its three decades of existence.

From Lemcke & Buechner we receive the two annuals whose eclipse would darken any New Year—*Minerva* and the *Almanach de Gotha*. *Minerva* presents anew the result of an endeavor to satisfy the learned world whose personnel it records, while not exceeding the bounds of expense and of bulkiness. Minor institutions whose relation to mankind at large is relatively unimportant have been dropped in favor of new ones of dignity and promise. A few names are thus erased from the Register, which is the crowning utility of this invaluable year-book. *Minerva's* portrait this year is of the genial, German-looking Pietro Blaserna, director of the Physical Institute in Rome, and president of the Royal Accademia dei Lincei. His graduating thesis at the University of Vienna was, indeed, in German. This veteran physicist and author is now in his sixty-ninth year.

The *Almanach's* frontispiece for its 142d issue is a portrait of Caroline, the Grand Duchess of Saxony; the Grand Duke's follows, and the regulation third and fourth are of Frederick, Prince of Solms-Baruth, and of Count Lamsdorff, Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs. In attempting to record the respective armaments of the two great Powers at war in the Far East, the editor says that Russia has given information freely, as heretofore, but it cannot be trusted on account of the changes caused by the campaign, while Japan on her part declines all information. The lost ships are marked with an obelisk. Other editorial difficulties have grown out of extraordinary changes in the personnel of Cabinets and diplomacy, and of increasing demands on space, some omitted features having had to be restored in consequence of reclamations.

Two other annuals of great utility reach us from London, 'Whitaker's Almanack for 1905' (thirty-seventh year) and 'Whitaker's Peerage.' Both exhibit new wrinkles, and both retrench. Pertinent to present economic discussion in Great Britain is the Almanack's section displaying the Movement of British Commerce in 1904. The Peerage now claims for itself a high degree of authority for the proper "designations and styles of the relatives of Peers." The note on the colonial use of the term "Honorable" has been revised and made more definite.

The Iliad in a nutshell, and Boswell's Life of Johnson in one volume—a miracle of compactness, achieved by the Oxford University Press (H. Frowde) by printing its two-volume edition of 680+744 pages on its famous thin paper, so that one may carry the book with ease in his coat-pocket, and, what is more, enjoy a letterpress fit for aging eyes. There are two portraits of Dr. Johnson, and an index of 45 pages.

A like compression has been similarly effected in George Newnes's 'Journal to Stella, together with Other Writings relating to Stella and Vanessa' (Scribners). Here we have, in a thin oblong book with flexible covers, 713 pages packed away, index included, of very fair type, with a portrait of Swift and an ornate title-page. Prettier still, partly because of a thicker, more opaque, paper, and marked by the same accessories, is 'Early Italian Poets from Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri (1100-1200-1300) in the original metres, together with Dante's Vita Nuova, Translated by D. G. Rossetti' (Newnes-Scribner). This is a delightful reprint of a classic.

We have spoken often in praise of the meritorious reprint of the First Folio of Shakspere carried through in a scholarly manner by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke (Crowell). The latest to appear in the handy series is "Julius Cæsar," with the customary apparatus of introduction, notes, glossary, variant readings, and selected criticism.

In one of his letters to Mathilde Wesendonck, Richard Wagner describes eloquently the difficulty he and his French assistant experienced in translating his "Tannhäuser" poem into another language. "Parsifal" is more difficult than that early work. Several attempts to give its equivalent in English have been made, some of them with considerable success; but the latest surpasses all the others in combining fidelity to the text with good English and intelligibleness. It is by George Turner Phelps of Harvard, and makes a volume of eighty-five pages of German text and the same number of English pages (Richard G. Badger). The insertion between the lines of the poem of indications as to orchestral interludes ("orchestra, three bars," "orchestra, nine bars") seems somewhat whimsical, although the translator gives his reason for it: "In order to suggest the elaborate fulness of the orchestral score, and to prevent the impression of the drama as being a simple tale, quickly told, and easily slipped over in a casual half-hour, the more important shorter breaks are included," etc. There are a few misprints, and in the preface the word "orchestration" occurs in an unusual sense; but in all essential matters Mr. Phelps's little volume is excellent; it should be in the collection of every Wagner lover. He has evidently no sympathy with those who hold that "Parsifal" reveals Wagner's declining powers; to him it is "the product of a mind gifted with marvellous creative imagination."

Two other recent little books on "Parsifal" call for brief mention—'The Legends of Parsifal,' by Mary Hanford Ford (H. M. Caldwell Co.), and 'Parsifal, Lohengrin, and the Holy Grail,' by Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump (G. Schirmer). The first of these tells the story of the opera and compares it with its sources; the second brings together two of Wagner's works which, though chronologically separated by more than thirty years, have their common basis in the legend of the Holy Grail. Much interesting matter relating to the two operas is contained in this book; among other things a photographic facsimile of the end of a letter in which Wagner signs himself as "Your grateful Buddhist" ("Ihr dankbarer Buddhist"). Wagner's library contained all the sacred books of the East; as regards his scholarship in general, we are told that "a historian might have selected those books on ancient national customs, a philologist those on myths and saga, a sculptor or architect those on the plastic arts, and a poet that treasury of epics and dramas."

Since photography and process work have enabled publishers to bring out illustrated books at relatively modest prices, it must have occurred to more than one sincere person that the great demand for art books was due much more to an interest in the reproductions than in the text they embellished. As these texts have too often been not only dull and unreadable, but ignorant or misinformed, the same sincere person wished them abolished or at least curtailed, and their places taken by more illustrations. It was sure to come to this, and in the English series of "Newnes's Art Library," and in the far superior German "Klassiker der Kunst," we have in each volume a large number of reproductions of our great masters' works, prefaced by a brief introduction, and followed by a summary catalogue. They are very good for the money, and very convenient. For the last volume in the English series, on Benozzo Gozzoli, we should have nothing but praise if both introduction and catalogue were omitted, and if some pictures had not slipped in which have no relation to the subject.

The American Folk Lore Society have published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 'Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee,' by George A. Dorsey, curator of the department of anthropology in the Field Columbian Museum. The collection of these traditions was carried on for nearly four years, first under a special grant made by the Museum, and later with funds provided by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Pawnee, according to Powell's classification, are a group of the Caddoan linguistic stock, and the Skidi are closely related to the Arikara. From the beginning of their history until a recent date the Pawnee have been a people of the great plains, dwelling

in buffalo-hide tipis, or in earth lodges of the type which studies of the Mandan and Arikara have made familiar. As a plains people they were largely dependent upon the chase, but gave also considerable time to agriculture. The social organization was based upon the village. No trace of the clan has been found. In religion they reached the highest development of any of the plains tribes, and their ritual was elaborate, "a star cult of the very highest order." It will be seen that here is offered a most valuable field for investigation, and the work has been well and thoroughly done. The book is a very important contribution to American folk lore. Included in the volume are a number of "Coyote Tales." Coyote was as clever as Brer Rabbit.

The Fulani, the ruling race in Northern Nigeria, are the subject of a suggestive article in the *Geographical Journal* for December, by Major Burdon, Resident of the Sokoto Province. Simple shepherds a century ago, they have developed, through their responsibilities as rulers, into a people who in some respects excel all other Africans. A striking characteristic is "the very deep-rooted desire for constitutional government. The emirs are elected by the will of the people as voiced by the Council of Elders, and this council must be consulted by them in their public acts." The method of appointment to office is interesting. A man's name is suggested, and the emir "promises it his favorable consideration, allows this fact to be published, and then waits for a month or so to see whether the proposal is acceptable to the people. If no notice is taken of the suggested promotion, the matter is dropped as unpopular. But if congratulations pour in, and the officer-elect begins to be universally addressed by the new rank which is promised him, it is a certain sign that the appointment meets with approval, and it is then carried into effect. . . . Through these Councils of Princes the future emir enters the service of the State, climbing the ladder of promotion by force of character, wealth, and public service till he reaches, at a ripe age, the position of heir apparent, from which he succeeds by right to the emirate." The aim of their English overlords is to "make of these born rulers a high type of British official, working for the good of their subjects in accordance with the ideals of the British Empire, but carrying on all that is best in the constitution they have evolved for themselves, the one best understood by, and therefore best suited to, the people." The occupation of the country by Great Britain has been too recent to permit of any definite statement as to the attitude of the native towards the foreigner. Among hopeful signs, however, is this incident: "A little while ago, in a town where less than a year before men had died happy cursing us as infidels, the Resident lay dangerously ill. He was publicly prayed for throughout the mosques." Dr. H. R. Mill describes the physical features of England and Wales as an accompaniment to a surface-relief map on which there is a new nomenclature adopted by the Royal Geographical Society for the larger features.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number ten, contains a description of the physical features and geology of the Karadagh on the northern frontier of Persia. It is a summary of the results obtained from the explorations of some Russian mining engineers who had secured from the Persian Government a concession for exploiting the mineral wealth of the region. Professor Lendenfeld treats of the ancient glaciation of the Australian Alps, appending to his article a bibliography of the literature of the subject.

The proposal to make a Jewish settlement in East Africa seems likely to be realized. At a meeting of "Friends of Jewish Freedom," recently held in London, Sir Harry Johnston, who was originally opposed to the scheme, declared himself in favor of it as now practicable. He described the land offered as about equal in area to Wales, covered with rich alluvial soil, well watered, with a climate "near perfection," and practically uninhabited. The Uganda Railway passes within twenty or thirty miles of part of the territory. It is proposed that, if the colony is established, it shall be constituted as a separate province of British East Africa, administered locally by a Jewish governor. Three commissioners have gone to visit the region, and are expected to report to the next Zionist Congress.

The longest Neo-Punic inscription extant has lately been found by M. de Mathuisieulx in Tripolis. It is finely made and well preserved. According to its text, a temple of Ammon stood at the place where it was found, and this is a votive inscription. Fortunately, there can be no doubt as to the date, namely, 15 or 16 A. D., and the find is probably the most valuable ever made for the history of the Punic language.

Of the Archæological Atlas of Algeria which is being published with the assistance of the French Cultus Ministry by Stéphane Gsell and a large corps of specialists, the two first *fasciculi*, consisting of sixteen sheets, have just made their appearance. The Atlas is based on the chart published by the Service Géographique de l'Armée, on the scale of 1:200,000. This will give a total of fifty-one sheets. All historic localities, remnants of walls, roads, names, etc., are marked in red. Each sheet is accompanied by a detailed descriptive text, in which special prominence is given to old and modern geography. In the case of the leading ruins, plans on a larger scale are furnished, with full data concerning the inscriptions found there and the distribution of troops.

In connection with the University of Berlin, a special seminary for East-European history and kindred subjects (*Landeskunde*) has just been established. For the present season four special courses are announced; one, by the director, Professor Schiemann, on Russo-English Treaties; another, by Professor Schalfejin, on the Russian language; a third, by Professor Kretschmer, on the Historical Geography of the South European Peninsula; and a fourth, by Dr. Ballod, on Russian Finances and Trade.

The Massachusetts Civil-Service Reform Auxiliary renews its offer to furnish free of all expense pamphlets on civil-service reform to all high schools, normal schools, and colleges willing to make these pamphlets the subject of a lesson in their Civics course. During the past three years more than 70,000 of the pamphlets have been distributed to about 1,000 schools and colleges scattered throughout every State and Territory of the United States. Copies of 'The Merit System—The Spoils System,' by Edward Cary, and 'The Merit System in Municipalities,' by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, together with other of the Auxiliary's publications, may be obtained free on application to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Marian C. Nichols, 55 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

—Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, in *Scribner's* for January, begins his series of papers on political problems of Europe as they interest Americans. Assuming the commercial point of view as the most important, he devotes his first paper largely to a consideration of the chances for stability in the existing European governments, since commercial development, and consequent ability to compete with American products, depend largely upon political stability. His general conclusion is that for many years to come the present situation will remain practically undisturbed. The death of the present ruler will not disrupt even the badly coherent empire of Austria-Hungary, since conditions are not such as to lead any other Power to desire its territory. Mr. Vanderlip recognizes the immense burden of the present military system of the European Powers, and finds no reason whatever to hope for any lessening of the burden, but still thinks that in some way it will be carried without political disaster. He does not consider the arbitration movement as of sufficient power to restrain any ruler or people that really wishes to fight; and still less can it originate an effective movement towards disarmament. Continental European parliaments he regards as practically a failure, and the constant ferment in which they are kept by questions of the relations of Church and State should lead us to look with some complaisance, he thinks, upon the charge that we are a nation of dollar-worshippers, concerning ourselves with only such political questions as affect our pocketbooks. Thomas F. Millard writes of some of the lessons on the conduct of war to be derived from the present conflict between Japan and Russia. He finds no encouragement for those who have been hoping for a mitigation of the evils of war from the very deadliness of its modern appliances. Troops will endure a certain amount of carnage before they will give up the conflict, no matter how or under what conditions that carnage is produced. In changing its methods, war has not changed its real nature, its objects, or its results.

—The hopeful feeling with regard to the future of Austria-Hungary which Mr. Vanderlip expresses in *Scribner's* is not apparent in the paragraph which Andrew D. White devotes to "the sorrows of Francis Joseph," in his diplomatic reminiscences in the *Century*. "His empire," says this writer, "which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political, and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but, when he dies, this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties, and localities will disappear, and in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro-Hungarian, or indeed to any thoughtful observer of human affairs." Mr. White's reminiscences are very sugges-

tive reading to any one who takes a reflective interest in our relations with other lands. Randall Blackshaw's paper on "London in Transformation" is another reminder of how rapidly old things are passing away under the spirit of the present age. The renaissance of energy has taken root even on such stony ground as Spain, as we learn incidentally from a brief paper in the same number by Christian Brinton, on Zuloaga, the Spanish painter. "The Spain of to-day is a vigorous, progressive nation, which is rapidly advancing politically, commercially, and æsthetically." Zuloaga, as Mr. Brinton sketches him, would make a fine subject for romance—the restless and discontented boy, put unsuccessfully to one occupation after another by his family; so discouraged by his first attempts to secure recognition as an artist that he throws it all up and enters the bull-ring, triumphant over eighteen bulls, only to be gored back to the brush and canvas again by the superior strength of the nineteenth; finally to win world-wide recognition as one of the great artists of his time. An "open letter" calls attention to Sainte-Beuve's engagement in 1869 as an occasional contributor to the *Evening Post*, and includes Sainte-Beuve's letter to Mr. John Bigelow regretting his inability, from lack of time and strength, to continue the contributions.

—Professor Münsterberg's German book has been done into English by Dr. Edwin B. Holt, his assistant in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, and makes a handsome volume which is a credit to its publishers ('The Americans,' McClure, Phillips & Co.). The original work was reviewed at length in these columns, so that all that now remains to be done is to speak of the merits of the translation. While the book is easily readable, being written in a fluent style and betraying little of the awkwardness which attaches to so many translations and at once betrays them as such, a cursory examination of passages taken at random reveals not a few infidelities, inaccuracies and ineptitudes. In some places the translator does not quite correctly reproduce the original, and in others he unnecessarily adds to it. Where the author says that the "American yields to inconvenient social requirements," the translator says he "lends himself to social situations which are otherwise inconvenient"; where the author speaks of amiability (*Liebenswürdigkeit*), the translator renders it "good-nature." The translator, again, speaks of the American Constitution as having "given the American body politic its *remarkable and* permanent" form, and of the "events which to-day arouse the *keenest* public interest"; in both of these cases the words we have italicized are absent from the original. It is often necessary in a version to transpose words in order to avoid ambiguity or an unidiomatic construction; the present translator does this where there is no reason and no necessity for it, and where it actually weakens the phrase. An instance in point is Dr. Holt's speaking of American ambition being directed toward "athletic virtuosity and wealth," while in the original the word "wealth" comes first, in conformity with the elementary rule, followed unconsciously by men who have the literary instinct, that of two nouns, one qualified by an adjective and the other not, the latter should, if possible, come first. Again, in speaking of the decline of the theological predominance, Professor Münsterberg says: "*As late* as 1790, 150 of the 350 pages of the book-catalogue of Harvard College were filled with theological books. *To-day* Harvard has nearly a million of books, the greater part of which belong to the domain of literature, history, philology, philosophy and jurisprudence." This is what his translator represents him as saying: "*As early* as 1790 the catalogue of Harvard College contained 350 pages, of which 150 were taken up by theological works. Harvard has to-day almost a million books, mostly in the department of, etc." Aside from infelicities of rendering there are occasional inelegancies, or, to speak more precisely, grammatical slips, as when we are told that "*the demand* for shorter hours and higher wages *were* the main issues."

—Among "distinctive features" of the Cambridge Edition of Wordsworth, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Prof. A. J. George proposes the following desiderata (p. v.): "the latest text adopted by the poet"; "the chronological order of the poems"; "the date of composition and that of publication of each poem"; and a "bibliography of Wordsworth's works." In reproducing Wordsworth's text, aside from an occasional lapse from his use of capital letters, the publishers have succeeded well; in preparing it, the editor has evidently neglected the well-known textual criticism by Mr. Hutchinson in his preface to the Oxford Edition. In attempting a chronological arrangement of the poems, more than once Mr. George has slipped obviously. For example, he inherits (p. 70) a traditional misplacing of "The Birth of Love" (? 1795), allowing "The Reverie of Poor Susan" (1797) to precede it, as in the Globe Edition (p. 72); similarly, with the poems of 1811 he includes (pp. 399, 400), as does the Globe Edition (pp. 404, 405), two "Inscriptions" improperly dated 1808. In assigning dates of composition and first publication, Mr. George has fared ill. Following his records simply up to the year 1826, we find fifty-nine cases of agreement with faulty dates in the Globe Edition, which derives, of course, from the Edinburgh; we may wonder wherein the editor's acknowledged debt (p. vi.) to more trustworthy sources consists. A proper use of Mr. Hutchinson's Oxford Edition—not to speak of his article in the *Academy* for August 26, 1893—might have spared the sponsors of the Cambridge Edition some post-mortem regrets. In compiling his Bibliography, Mr. George has omitted not merely Mr. Hutchinson's reprint of 'Lyrical Ballads,' but even Professor Knight's indispensable Eversley Wordsworth. No excellence of type, inclusion of supplementary material like that in the Globe Edition, or of miscellaneous Notes from all quarters, whether properly supplied with quotation-marks and references or not—not even the presence of "The Recluse," hitherto guarded by a Macmillan copyright—can atone for such evidences of editorial incompetence, which might be multiplied.

—Two new periodicals in the field of Celtic philology have made their appearance within the year just closed—the *Celtic Review*, to be published quarterly in Edinburgh, and *Eriu*, of which two numbers a year are to be issued by the School of Irish Learning in Dublin. The Scottish Gaels, though they have maintained their language in literary use and produced such eminent Gaelic scholars and writers as Campbell of Islay and Alexander Cameron in the last generation, or Dr. Macbain and Mr. Carmichael in the present, have nevertheless borne a comparatively small part in the recent revival of Celtic studies. It is the object of the new review to stimulate them to greater productivity. The editors are Professor Mackinnon and Miss E. C. Carmichael, and the first number contained articles by English, Irish, and Continental scholars, as well as by the Gaels of Scotland, who are likely hereafter to be the chief contributors. The programme of the review provides for essays and notes upon all subjects of Celtic interest, philological, literary, or historical, and we judge from the first two numbers that popular articles will be admitted as well as those which are severely scientific. An important part of the work will be the publication of inedited Gaelic manuscripts, of which many are preserved in Scotland; and Professor Mackinnon has begun with an edition of the story of Deirdre from the Glenmasan Manuscript in the Advocates' Library.

—*Eriu* is edited by Profs. Kuno Meyer and John Strachan, the directors of the newly established School of Irish Learning in Dublin. They also announce as one of their chief objects the publication of texts, and it is hoped that the Dublin school will train a good number of competent editors. The Irish libraries (particularly those of Trinity College and of the Royal Irish Academy) possess a great quantity of manuscript material in the Irish language, and much of this is not only inedited, but very imperfectly catalogued. A group of young scholars working every summer under the direction of such expert Celticists as Professors Meyer and Strachan ought to be able to make rapid inroads on these collections, and to render thereby considerable service to both literary and historical studies. The work of the school, as we understand it, will bear somewhat the same relation to regular university teaching in Celtic that the work of the archæological schools in Athens and Rome bears to the classical instruction of the universities. The directors, who are themselves professors in English universities, do not undertake to supply the entire training of a Celtic philologist, though they offer vacation courses in Irish grammar and literature. But while they do not duplicate the work of the universities, they supplement it most effectively by placing the materials of research in the hands of men already possessed of some special knowledge and training, and by guiding them in their investigations. Students of this sort will be able to make best use of the opportunities offered by the School. At the same time the directors mean to bring together native Irish speakers, and turn their knowledge to account. Some of these can be trained to become competent copyists or editors of modern manuscripts, and others will undoubtedly be encouraged to acquire the more complete equipment of the philologist. The School has already selected one man of spe-

cial promise, and sent him to study on the Continent. The friendly coöperation of trained scholars with native speakers is one of the best features of the undertaking. In view of this and of the abundant material for research accessible in Dublin, the new foundation ought to prove an important event in the history of Celtic studies. The first number of *Eriu* is of a character to confirm our hopes and strengthen our interest in the School. It contains a series of excellent articles (chiefly editions of texts), contributed by both directors and students, and representing all the periods of Irish literature. We may add, also, that it was to meet the exigencies of instruction in the School that Professor Strachan recently published his 'Selections from the Old Irish Glosses,' the only Old Irish reading-book at all adequate to the present needs of students beginning the subject.

LANG'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. Vol. III. London: William Blackwood & Sons; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

This History of Scotland is an interesting illustration of the change that has come over the manner of writing history—an illustration the more interesting in respect of the character and gifts of the author of the book. Mr. Andrew Lang is a literary man of high, and deservedly high, reputation. He is a poet, whose verses have indeed been few, but have been good, with the true spirit and touch of poetry in them. He has also written an historical romance, and has in his more elaborate treatises on myths and folk-lore shown himself a scholar and inquirer of a high order. No man might have been deemed more likely to write history in a romantic spirit, to tell his tale with dramatic skill, to lavish upon the striking situations and brilliant personalities which Scottish history presents all the resources of his literary art. But the tendencies of our time have been too much for him. His labor has been given to the collation of authorities and the ascertainment of facts. He marshals and examines the divergent or contradictory statements of contemporary writers; he engages in arguments with other recent historians; he seems to take no pains to please the reader by any highly finished passages either of picturesque description or of philosophical reflection. Indeed, he takes little or no thought about style, but simply jots down the facts in a succession of short sentences. He is sometimes arid and precise enough to satisfy the soul of a German Dryasdust, or of the Cambridge professor who maintained that history, if it was to be good, must begin by being dull. The modern passion for scrutinizing all the sources and presenting their results in the most plain and summary fashion has seized and carried away this accomplished man of letters.

For the pains he has taken, the utmost credit is due to him. Whether he is always, or even usually, right or not, no one can pronounce without following his steps through the dreary labyrinth of the often obscure and almost always prejudiced and partisan authorities whom he quotes. With his general views of the period many students will not agree. We personally think him quite wrong, though we cannot argue the matter within the limits of an article. But all must recognize his diligence and his acuteness. He loves a riddle, and throws himself eagerly into the effort to solve it. Though in this volume he encounters no mysteries quite so perplexing as the Gowrie conspiracy or as some episodes in the life of Queen Mary of Scotland, there are here, too, some problems, such as the so-called Incident that befel Charles I., worthy of his labors and his ingenuity; and he has thrown a light upon them from which every successor will draw benefit.

The chief blemish of the book is the spirit in which it is written. A contemporary historian is almost inevitably influenced by the sentiments of his sect or his party, or by his personal likings and aversions. No one expects impartiality from such writers as Clarendon or Burnet. Mr. Bancroft did not attain it; still less did the earlier historians of the American Revolution. Mr. Lecky, who was eminently fair when he dealt with the history of Ireland in the seventeenth century, became a partisan when he touched the nineteenth. We might have expected Mr. Lang, in dealing with men and events that lie two centuries and a half behind him, to show that calmness and detachment which befit the philosophic historian. But he writes about the Presbyterians of Scotland in the days of the Stuart kings with an unceasing bitterness which becomes positively wearisome. This volume is one long-drawn-out gibe or sneer at their folly or their hypocrisy; the clergy being, of course, the chief victims of his satire. Let us for the sake of argument assume them to have been stupid, ignorant, cruel, arrogant, bigoted; their Covenant to have been, as Mr. Lang represents it, a grotesque conceit; their political notions fit for Bedlam; and if this be so, let Mr. Lang say it once for all, and thereafter consider it to be taken as part of the situation. It is the iteration and reiteration of petty pin-pricks, the unending process of that sort of scolding which is called in Scotland "girding," the constant ironical use of phrases like "the godly," "the pious," etc., that fatigue a reader who may or may not deem the objects of Mr. Lang's sarcastic fleering to be just as unwise as Mr. Lang does, but who realizes that as nearly all men in the seventeenth century had notions about politics and religion entirely unlike ours, there is no use in perpetually insisting on the absurd results of those notions. One of the consequences of this way of treating the leaders and the ideas of the time is that we lose the perspective of events and tendencies, and are helped but little to understand what was really passing.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries other people as well as the Covenanters did strong things, inconsistent with their Christian professions. A Pope gave thanks for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Good men conspired to murder the enemies of their Church. But Ranke does not think it necessary to be always reminding his readers that the conduct of the Popes was not quite what we should now expect from the Vicar of Christ. In one place (p. 285) Mr. Lang says, "We must try to display the serene calm of history." He seems, however, to have been goaded out of that serene calm by reading one or two recent Scotch books in which the Covenanters have apparently been depicted as patriots and martyrs; and, in seeking to redress the balance, he forgets to give us that fair and penetrating view of the whole position, and of the circumstances which drove to excesses a people not specially fierce or fantastic, which we look for from a writer of his knowledge and his capacity.

However treated, the history of Scotland for nearly a century after her native king went to reside in the far larger and wealthier realm which passed to the Stuarts on the death of Elizabeth, is a dismal story. Had the King stayed at home, he would probably either have been dethroned, or been forced to comply with the dominant sentiment of the nation in ecclesiastical affairs. Trying to coerce Scotland from his position of power in England, he provoked a civil war there; that civil war accelerated the outbreak of another civil war in England. Scotland was herself in the end conquered by an English army under Cromwell, and, after a brief lull in the storm, the Restoration of Charles II. opened another period of bloodshed, oppression and cruelty which ended only after another civil war, with the establishment of the Presbyterian system under William and Mary. In this dreary tale Mr. Lang finds only one noble figure, only one character standing out from the general folly or turpitude, the figure of Montrose. The best parts of his book, and certainly the most readable, are those which describe the campaigns of that brilliant leader. If we cannot go so far as Mr. Lang does when he calls the burial-place of Montrose in St. Giles's Church (in Edinburgh) "the most sacred spot in Scotland," we can admire the chivalric spirit of the great Marquis, his energy and resource in war, the courage that sent him to his death in the cause of a faithless and contemptible prince. He shows to great advantage by the side of the time-serving and selfish Argyll, and indeed of nearly all the Scottish nobles of that generation. They were not as ferocious as had been their grandfathers in the days of James the Fifth and Mary, but they were almost as tricky and unstable. Yet lovingly as Mr. Lang dwells on the military exploits of his hero, he does not make Montrose as living and real a figure as we had hoped he would. A more definite impression is conveyed to us of Lauderdale and of Sharp, the Presbyterian minister who became archbishop of St. Andrews, and, having incurred the wrath of the extreme Covenanters by what they deemed his apostasy as well as by the severities which he bore a part in inflicting, was murdered on the Magus Moor, in Fifeshire. Cromwell moves across the scene, but little is said of him, and nothing of the other Englishmen who came into the story. It is a pity that Mr. Lang does not keep his readers better informed of what was passing in England from 1638 to 1651; he seems to assume that they are carrying it all in their minds. This no doubt they ought to do, but it would be convenient to them to have the main facts given, if only in an occasional note.

Scotland produced no first-rate statesman or leader of the people during all this troublous time, hardly even any man high in the second rank. She had not only no Cromwell, but no Hampden and no Pym. This may be set down to chance; there was no

man in the French Revolution big enough for the events till one came from Corsica. Yet perhaps it is not merely chance. We feel through all these civil debatings and ecclesiastical wranglings, breaking out ever and anon into wars, the want of that kind of solid common sense and public spirit and reasonable view of things which show themselves in England even in her most distracted days. Was this due to some inferiority in the Scottish character, to a hotter sort of passion, to a tendency to look at things "in the aibstract"? Or can it be ascribed to the difference in the social and economic conditions of the two countries, and to the absence in Scotland of that long experience of political life which the English had? Ever since Henry the Third's time, they had been accustomed to work a Constitution—a Constitution loose, no doubt, according to modern ideas, but still a Constitution which had its rules and its maxims. They had long known and prized their Parliament, a Parliament which had come scathless through civil wars in the fifteenth century and a kingly power that was almost despotic in the sixteenth. They knew what politics meant, and they did not let religion swallow up politics, even when they were most furious against the Pope, or when the soil was seething with new and strange sects — Anabaptists, Brownists, Quakers. Scotland had never had any such regularly working Constitutional assembly. She had been the prey of incessant disorders. She was really as far behind England in the political side of civilization as she was in wealth and the comforts of life. The Scotch had already shown, since the days of Alexander of Hailes and Duns the Scot, that there was no lack of intelligence among them; but they were among the least known and least regarded of European peoples, and no one could predict the place which, small as they were, they would ultimately win.

The distemper of religious passion had been raging all over Europe for a century when the Scots raised the standard of the Covenant in 1638—that standard round which the two factions fought till Presbyterianism, if not the Covenant, finally triumphed, after fifty more years of bloodshed, in 1689. Scotland was only one of many countries that suffered from it, and some of the other countries carry their scars to this day. But Scotland was the only country in which the idea that the nation as a whole must legally pledge and bind itself to God, after the fashion of the bond which united Israel to Jehovah in the Old Testament, came to dominate men's minds and become the centre of controversy. Why this happened is a curious problem which Mr. Lang has still an opportunity in his concluding volume of endeavoring to solve. He shows himself so well read in Covenanting literature that he doubtless possesses the materials, if he will try to handle them with a little sympathy, for helping us to a solution. With his exceptional gifts he will, it is to be hoped, give us, before his narrative comes to a close, a philosophic study of the forces that were at work through Scotch history, together with a fuller account of the social phenomena of Scotch life, and the part played by the classes that stood below these mostly repulsive nobles who fill the foreground of his pictures. No one should know better than he does how to extract a gleam of humor from the dismal record of raids and skirmishings, and intrigues, and abominable yet futile persecutions which makes up the greater part of the history of this seventeenth century in Scotland. But the gloom of the time is too much for him. We have now and then a touch of fun in watching the tergiversations of such men as the elder Argyll and Atholl, now and then a happy quotation, like that of the Scotch proverb, which he applies to the Remonstrants, that some men are "kittle to shoe behind." But these do little to relieve the sombre monotony. Our author is too much occupied in pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the sectaries whom he dislikes, and in showing that every atrocity committed upon Presbyterians had its justification, or palliation, in some other atrocity committed by Presbyterians upon Roman Catholics or Episcopalians, that he gives us far less entertainment than might have been expected from such a pen as his.

One curious moral stands out from the whole story. If Mr. Lang is right, every one in Scotland was either a persecutor or persecuted. Nobody would even tolerate his opponent, much less allow that his opponent might possibly have some glimmer or fragment of the truth. It was left for the English Cromwell to say, in his letter to the Commission of the General Assembly in August, 1650 (p. 233): "Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that you say? I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken." Yet the doctrine of full and absolute liberty of conscience, dimly hinted at by one or two stray thinkers in the Middle Ages, had already been proclaimed in England, and, in the very year when the Covenant was adopted by the people of Scotland as the basis of its national existence, that doctrine had been made by Roger Williams the foundation of his colony at Providence, which has grown into the State of Rhode Island. Like other peoples before and since, the Scotch fell under the dominion of the Old Testament so much as to forget the New. Their faith brought them not peace, but a sword. "Tantum relligio potuit suadere malorum" might be the motto for the history of the Scottish Reformation in this century.

THE FIRST JAPANESE CAMPAIGN.

With Kuroki in Manchuria. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated from photographs by James H. Hare. Scribners. 1904.

This first of the Mantchurian war books is likely to be excelled in no vital quality by any part of the library yet to come. The author went to Japan, from Japan to Korea, and thence into what was Russian Mantchuria, with a cosmopolitan experience in the observation of warfare that compelled him to write to the point. Accordingly he wastes no time upon himself; he ignores, except as they illustrate conditions in the field, the discomforts and trials that civilians attached to a marching army must undergo, and he describes public not private affairs. A civilized island race, transformed from fighting with swords and bows to fighting with small-bore rifles and battleships, and impelled to acquire room on the mainland for its congested population, is, nearly in Mr. Palmer's words, one factor of the situation that presented itself. Korea as a geographical dagger pointed at the heart of Japan with a foreign hand upon the hilt—Yamagata's view of the situation—is the other. So the Japanese contention is plausible, that this is a war of defence in anticipation of invasion, an imperative effort to delay if not to terminate the "glacial approach" of Russia, whose uncontrolled possession of the seaboard would not only practically blockade the islanders, but would be a constant menace to the integrity of their empire. However, the book is a narrative of facts, not a discussion of statesmanship.

An excellent example of even-tempered intelligence is the recognition of the problem that the foreign press presented. More disastrous than the South African plague of flies and women, which only tormented the disabled, the budget of a prying newsgatherer, once opened to the world-pervading telegraph, might readily prove a Pandora's box to too obliging hosts. The unwelcome company of journalists, so easy to become more than a risk, a positive although undesigned danger, appears to have been the only contingency unanticipated in this prearranged war of precision. Japan had forgotten that wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. But upon their arrival the authorities did not hesitate to do what American, and doubtless European, generals have often prayed might be done. Better than a censorship of the pen, although presumably combined with it, they restrained the writers themselves until the armies were well under way, and afterwards held them in a careful leash. It was Japan's war, and Japan could afford to expose no part of her plan for the gratification of curious or sensation-loving foreigners. Mr. Palmer appreciates this at its full value, and it has not prevented his giving interesting and instructive views of the wonderful conflict without those querulous complaints that have been heard elsewhere. He recognizes that an army fighting for its country has another mission than to furnish "copy." But "the contention that a modern army cannot keep its secrets and have correspondents in the field, has been made ridiculous by the Japanese success in this respect. It can never be used again to excuse military incompetency." However, that these correspondents were ingulfed in the sea of an unknown tongue has greatly assisted in maintaining that secrecy.

What impressed the author among the conditions that he has succeeded in placing before the reader, was not merely the tactical skill of the Japanese in taking up offensive positions and deceiving the Russians as to their probable points of attack, but the ingenuity with which every man not necessarily in view and every gun were masked. There was no bravado nor spectacular play, no revelation before the time. But when the hour struck, the blow fell. At the crossing of the Yalu, the breaking out of the infantry from behind their natural ramparts and the batteries from their artificial screens reminds one of the manifestation of a Virgilian deity, in the good old days of Æneas, from its nimbus, its pillar of cloud. This unmasking was of Mars himself. In the immediate presence of the enemy, these fighting furies did not hesitate to conceal themselves before the combat, nor with infinite pains to

extemporize from cornstalks and shrubbery effective "covered ways" to veil from hostile observation the passers-by, whether coolies or cannon. But, once in motion, they persevered. When Ord led the Army of the James from Farmville to bar the way of Lee, fleeing before the Army of the Potomac, he stimulated his men by a series of little roadside speeches, insisting that if they would only maintain their gait they surely would win; that good marching would terminate the war. And legs won, for the presence of that infantry across the Lynchburg road made Appomattox what it was. Jackson's "foot-cavalry," sometimes overrated it may be, but, despite its stragglers, extraordinarily effective, gave another illustration of the efficiency of vigorous infantry, properly handled. It is so also in the East. After the Yalu was forced, when an average army, having accomplished its immediate object by severe and prolonged effort, might have sat down, this army pursued. It justified the prophecy of one of its officers, that the mobility of the infantry would be used to offset that of the Cossacks, and "these little men, who had been ceaselessly at work for thirty-six hours, were only beginning the day. . . . [The advance] followed up its advantage with stubborn persistence." This persistence resulted in the capture of 1,000 prisoners, besides twenty-one field-guns, six Maxims, and small arms and transportation in proportion. The Russian casualties, other than the prisoners, were as two to one as compared with those of their assailants. All this occurred at Hamatan, miles away, where the vigorous pursuit overtook the sluggish retreat. This consecutive vigor augmented the victory. The Russians were immeasurably outnumbered from the first, but through sheer folly they suffered these losses. They invited the disaster by turning, without preparation therefor, an action that at best could have been only one of delay into a formal battle, with no more regard for lines of retreat than was the boast of a general in our civil war. Mr. Palmer philosophically accounts for their behavior by combining the contempt of a white for a yellow man with the character of the Siberian troops engaged, and the condition of the old commanders, inactive over their samovars, through eons of peace.

Much acute observation and sensible comment is met with in these pages. Especially interesting is the contrast between the Chinese and the Japanese national character. The Chinaman, intensely attached to his family and beyond it to his clan, seems incapable of appreciating the claims of country. For instance, although not mentioned here, in the war of 1894 the Chinese fleet at the mouth of the Yang-tse positively declined to coöperate with the fleet in Korea Bay, not from affirmative disloyalty, but because the admiral failed to recognize any reason why he should embroil his squadron with the happenings at the north. At the same time, the individual Chinaman has a most satisfactory contempt for death when the motive for exposure appeals to him. That motive is usually pecuniary. The Japanese burns with martial ardor, whose inspiration is the identity that he maintains with the Mikado as the real father of his people, and hence with the whole nation as of the same family; and in their defence or aggrandizement he sacrifices everything. Thus, the humblest bearer, ineligible for military honors and beyond the possible range of personal praise, receiving the merest pittance and condemned to constant drudgery, serves the military host with an industry and a spirit that leave nothing to be required, all because of this essential patriotism.

Those who have seen an army in the field will be filled with admiration for the man in the ranks, the short, stocky "buttress," not the scraggy-necked, long-legged "pole," who bears his forty pounds to the end of his day's march and remains in line. Judging by the illustrations, he carries the old type of knapsack, which progressive officers have so long attempted to discard, "the monkey on the back" that breaks down the average soldier, that crushes the ordinary recruit. But Nippon Denji, the Man of Japan, whom Mr. Palmer apostrophizes from time to time, comes through, knapsack and all, without delay, and, best to know, without straggling. The marches, shorter than those over the superb roads of Europe, are the tireless advance of the whole body, exactly as the system of precision foreordains. This war has demonstrated not only the possibilities of machine-like movements, but at least two conditions for soldiers to remember. It has shown that the bayonet (which seems to be a sword-bayonet and not a sharpened steel rammer) is not obsolete, and that night attacks, not merely surprises at dawn, are again fashionable and convincing.

It is fascinating, this collection of field letters; and chapter nineteen alone, because it was written by a man who had other standards for comparison, is worth cords of the grumbling of the correspondent who finds the little yellow man to differ from the Seventh New York, let us say, and therefore thinks ill of him; and is better than clouds of incense from the enthusiast who praises the successful soldier because he is successful, he knows not why. The chapters on the campaign against Liaoyang—the book closes there—are an admirable popular exposition of active war, where audacity counts as well as the more formal rules of the game.

The only observed blemish that a subsequent edition might omit is the statement, which is repeated, that in his youth Marquis Ito cut off his queue when he went abroad surreptitiously. In those days the Japanese did dress their hair with a sort of top-knot, but it was not a flowing queue *à la Chinoise*, as might be inferred. Some other designation for the style had better be used, less likely to lead the unwary to imagine that the Mantchurian badge of conquest had once been naturalized in the Land of Sunrise. And then, when one finds "different to" (p. 141), he is almost deceived into taking the writer to be imported. One had rather retain him without such disguise. That such a war should come is lamentable; having come, this truthful and vivid portrayal is delightful.

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

The History of the Standard Oil Company. By Ida M. Tarbell. 2 vols. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Few luxuries are greater than to give way to righteous indignation, and the prosperity of the wicked has from the days of Job afforded the chief opportunity for this indulgence. We are all secretly conscious that our merits are not fully appreciated, nor our deserts properly rewarded, and we are only too ready to believe that great success is attained by evil means. The man who has to support a family on a dollar a day thinks it unjust that his employer should have ten dollars, and his employer is quite sure that no one can honestly earn a hundred. When it comes to incomes of a thousand dollars a day, the condemnation becomes general, and the richest man in the country is the object of universal execration.

This book seems to have been written for the purpose of intensifying the popular hatred. The writer has either a vague conception of the nature of proof, or she is willing to blacken the character of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by insinuation and detraction. She undoubtedly knows her public, and it is unfortunate, from the dramatic point of view, that Mr. Rockefeller has been caught in no worse crimes than underselling his competitors and getting rebates from railroads. When we come to look into the matter, we find that the directors of the Standard Oil Company did not, as is commonly believed, conspire to blow up a rival oil refinery in Buffalo. But this does not discourage our author. A still did explode, or come near it, and there was a trial on a charge of conspiracy. A whole chapter is devoted to this episode, on the ground that it illustrates the evil results of "the Standard policy of making it hard for a rival to do business," and shows the judgment to be expected from a hostile public. The public "read into the Buffalo case deliberate arson." It refused to admit that there was no evidence of the guilt of the Standard Oil directors, "but demanded that they be convicted on presumption." The inference to be drawn from this chapter by the ordinary reader is that, while Mr. Rockefeller perhaps did not personally blow up the still—it is not clear that any one tried to—he would probably not have grieved had the attempt been successful if it had been made; and that he is at all events no better than he should be.

His depravity appears again in a transaction with a widow whose husband had left her a refinery in Cleveland. This property the widow had offered for sale to another party at a price considerably less than Mr. Rockefeller paid for it two years later, which price Mr. Rockefeller avers was 50 per cent. more than the property was worth. He states, indeed, that the works for which he paid $60,000 could have been replaced for $20,000. He avers further that when the widow told him that she was afraid of the future, and especially that she could not get cars enough to transport her oil, he offered to lend her his cars, or do anything else in reason to assist her. As she still wished to sell, Mr. Rockefeller's agents attended to the transaction. It is asserted by the seller that Mr. Rockefeller had told her that she might retain some of the stock in the company, a promise repudiated by his agents. The widow wrote to him at once in complaint, and the day after he received the letter Mr. Rockefeller replied, to the effect that he had understood her to prefer to receive the whole price in money, but that if she wished stock she could have it, or that he would, if she

chose, return the property. When this offer was received, the seller declares that she had made such arrangements that she could not conveniently accept it, and indignantly threw the letter containing it into the fire. This transaction is represented by Miss Tarbell as taking a deep hold on the public sympathy, and as contributing to make the superstitious fear of resistance to Mr. Rockefeller almost insuperable. It is undoubtedly true, Miss Tarbell concedes, that this widow was not obliged to sell out; nevertheless, "she gave up her business to avoid ruin."

It is a matter of public notoriety that Mr. Rockefeller is offensively reticent. The most enterprising reporters cannot induce him to talk, and his perversity is so well known that the most unscrupulous do not dare to invent "interviews." Miss Tarbell complains of this exasperating taciturnity, although she tells us that the officers of the Standard Oil Company have offered her every assistance and discussed every episode in its history with her; but she has hit upon a simple and ingenious method of defeating its odious purpose. It is only necessary to attribute certain cruel and hateful intentions and sentiments to Mr. Rockefeller, and then to express them between quotation marks. This imparts crispness to style, and the ordinary reader may be trusted to be careless enough, or prejudiced enough, to carry away the impression that he has heard the monster's *ipsissima verba.* But a careful study of the records made by any one who is able to distinguish assertion from fact, does not make it clear that Mr. Rockefeller ruined all his competitors. He seems to have usually bought them out, representing that they were in danger of being beaten in the race, and to have advised them to become partners in his concern. The Standard Oil Company, like the railroad companies, has exercised a kind of eminent domain. In order to systematize a business conducted with frightful waste, property was condemned; but the owners received compensation.

Another rhetorical device is personification. In impassioned, if turgid, language, a desperate struggle is described between the powers of evil incarnate in the Standard Oil Company and the powers of goodness appearing in a metaphysical entity called the "Oil Region." This being, it appears, loved virtue for its own sake; it believed in independence and fair play; it hated rebates and secret rates; it hated, but it also feared, its adversary. Very eloquent appeals for our sympathy with this generous being are made; but when we descend to the concrete our feeling cools. The "Oil Region" means a number of men engaged in the wildest kind of speculation, many of whom proved themselves willing to engage in every kind of wickedness of which the Standard Oil Company was accused. They conspired with one another and with the adversary. They accepted secret rates and rebates when they could get them; they sold out; they limited production, they put up prices by combination, they destroyed the property of their rivals, they violated their agreements; and all these sins are attributed to them by Miss Tarbell herself. She tells us of a man who confessed that he had been stealing oil for two years from the Standard Company, and who was found innocent by a jury, the verdict being approved by the Oil Region. The blame for this apparent lapse from virtue is laid upon the victim of the theft. The hideous mien of the monster had been seen too oft; the iniquity of the Standard Oil Company was contagious; and the Oil Region might say, like the French deputy to his constituents, "So intense was the corruption that even I did not altogether escape."

Men who can remember the discovery of petroleum will smile at the suggestion that the early producers and refiners were of different stuff from what is to be found now in a mining camp. Miss Tarbell tells us that they counted on profits of 100 per cent., and had no conception of economical production. They spent their profits as fast as they got them, and when the price of oil fell they denounced every one but themselves. The managers of the Standard Company seldom made such profits; they certainly did not spend them. They paid moderate dividends, and put their surplus earnings into their property. They displayed very great skill in carrying on their business, and it is by no means incredible that their good management resulted in economies that were equivalent to a large profit. One of the best chapters in the book is that on the legitimate greatness of the Company; and, although the particulars are inadequately given, enough is told to show that ordinary competitors could not possibly have succeeded even if their great rival had been indifferent. Yet it is true that there are and always have been independent refineries and pipe-lines. Miss Tarbell accuses the Standard Oil Company of many odious practices in the way of underselling and espionage. That such practices are odious is true; but competition is necessarily odious. Competition means that A will try to sell to B's customers, and B to A's, and the only escape from conflict is in combination. It is absurd to represent "Standard Oil methods" as peculiar.

In one sense this book is a history. It tells us profusely what was said, what was believed, what was suspected, what was charged. It repeats to a tedious extent and adopts slurs, insinuations, slanders—possibly, sometimes perjuries. But as to what was done, the record is imperfect. The great matter involved was the transportation of oil. The managers of the great railroads, in the seventies, were engaged in desperate competition. They apparently lied to one another and to their customers. They broke their agreements and granted all sorts of rebates in order to get business and to keep it from being diverted from them. Deplorable as it was, the managers of the Standard Oil Company were compelled to fight the devil with fire. If they had not obtained special rates, they would have seen their business pass into the hands of rivals who were less scrupulous. A vast mine of wealth was suddenly disclosed, great fortunes were to be made, and it was a question who should make them. Had the men who made the Standard Company never existed, other men would have done what they did, with perhaps equal gain to themselves and perhaps less gain to the consumers. It was a condition and not a theory that confronted the oil refiners, and they met the condition as best they could.

The theory of rates on which Miss Tarbell bases her denunciation is altogether untenable. She labors under the impression that rates are equal, just, and fair, only when the charge for carrying a barrel of oil is the same proportionately as that for a carload or a trainload. She tells us that in 1872 Mr. Rockefeller shipped daily from Cleveland to New York sixty carloads of oil. By moving these cars in solid trains, the time for a round trip was reduced from thirty days to ten days, the number of cars needed was reduced from 1,800 to 600, and the investment in cars from $900,000 to $300,000. To charge the same price for transportation which costs less is not to maintain equal rates; it is to discriminate in favor of small shipments, to furnish a service which costs more at the same price as one that costs less. Until this truth can be beaten into the heads of the public, the various nostrums which are presented to Congress will continue to embarrass the country, and to arouse expectations that will surely be disappointed. To determine the actual cost of carrying any commodity is literally impossible; to define precisely what rates are "equal" is beyond human capacity; and to fix rates from Chicago to New York and Philadelphia that will be accepted as fair by both cities and the rest of the country, can be done neither by the Interstate Commission nor by all the courts that now exist or can be hereafter constituted.

We have dealt with this book at length, not because it is to be taken as serious history, or because Mr. Rockefeller and his associates are in want of sympathy, but because it is desirable to protest against attempts to treat grave problems sensationally. To stir up envy, to arouse prejudice, to inflame passion, to appeal to ignorance, to magnify evils, to charge corruption—these seem to be the methods in favor with too many of the writers who profess a desire to reform society. They will not accomplish reform in this way, but they may conceivably bring on revolution. They are doing their best to stir up hatred and to excite bitter feeling. They propose to educate the people by unfitting them for calm judgment and rational inquiry. We need reforms badly enough, but we shall not get them until we have an electorate able to control its passions, to reserve its condemnation, to deliberate before it acts. When that time comes, a railing accusation will not be accepted as history.

George Canning. By W. Alison Phillips. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The most striking feature of this short biography is the passage with which it closes. Mr. Phillips admires sufficiently the imposing presence, the personal force, the wit, the eloquence of Canning, and admits that his ambition was of the noble sort. But none the less he declines to join in the unstinted praise which was poured upon their lost leader by the Tories of 1827.

"That he did a great and necessary work for England," says Mr. Phillips, "is true enough, . . . yet what has been said of Metternich seems to be true also of him: that he was less skilful in discerning the direction and force of the great undercurrent of human affairs, than in dealing with those phenomena which from time to time appeared on the surface. His great speeches on Reform, so impressive when delivered, form curious reading now. The 'will of the people' has long been expressed in Parliament; yet who will say that Edward VII. is less firmly seated on the throne than George IV.? Or who will affirm that the

House of Lords is impotent to stem the violent onrush of democratic legislation?"

Even the foreign policy of Canning, which has been so generally extolled, Mr. Phillips will not admit to have been suggested by the highest wisdom, despite its effect in raising England from the fifth place among European nations to the position of umpire. And here he seizes for his crucial point upon Canning's favorite principle of nationality:

"The Grand Alliance had been established in the interests of peace; Canning proclaimed that the interests of peace would be best served by studying the rights of nationalities. Yet the clamor of nationalities for their rights has been since, and will yet be, the most fruitful cause of bloodshed; and in our own day, as the direct outcome of the principle which Canning championed, we have the nations of Europe weighed down under the crushing burden of an 'armed peace' almost as intolerable as war."

When one has read these two passages he has grasped Mr. Phillips's attitude toward the subject of his sketch, for it is upon the concluding years of Canning's life that his reputation rests rather than upon his term of service under Pitt or upon his first tenure of the Foreign Office. For ourselves we must confess to having a higher opinion of Canning than that which Mr. Phillips seems to hold. His speech on Reform we should be inclined to call interesting, not curious, reading; and it may be doubted whether at the present moment he would not accept the attitude of the late Mr. Lecky. That Canning was not the man to modify his views under education as Sir Robert Peel did, is clear, but there is little about his principles or his expression of them which seems more "curious" now than in his own day. As to his foreign policy, Canning recognized in nationality the strongest of all political forces—stronger, if a comparison were forced, than democracy—and it is at least an open question if his forecast was not justified. Of course the "armed peace" is expensive, but then countries like Germany and Italy get something for it—more, certainly, than they got without a national organization between the Congress of Vienna and 1848.

Controversy, however, should play a small part in our notice of this excellent little book. The Canning of a precocious boyhood and *Anti-Jacobin* wit will ever remain a bright figure in British politics and literature. Mr. Phillips gives us some of the stories about his youth, but there are others which he has not seen fit to include. Prominent among these is the jest which was circulated at Canning's expense when he entered Parliament under the auspices of Pitt. At Oxford his debating powers had made him known even to Sheridan and Fox. Accordingly, when he came to London he was introduced at Devonshire House and made free of Whig society as a prospective ally. But Pitt stole a march upon his opponents by offering Canning a seat in Parliament at the age of twenty-three. Apparently no undertaking of support had been given to Fox, and Canning accepted Pitt's advances; whereupon the young member of Parliament was greeted with the following jest, which is a compliment to his talents while a slur on his consistency:

"Turning one's coat so common is grown
That no one would think to attack it.
But never till now was an instance known
Of a schoolboy turning his jacket."

Mr. Phillips gives a good account of Canning's connection with the *Anti-Jacobin*, and quotes in complete form some of its most sparkling verses; for example, "The Needy Knifegrinder" and "Mrs. Brownrigg," besides giving a typical excerpt from the "New Morality." To one of Canning's most famous poems, however, no allusion is made. We refer to the eloquent verses on "The Pilot Who Weathered the Storm"—lines wherein Canning's devotion to Pitt shines forth more clearly than in any other of his utterances. By way of compensation for this omission, Mr. Phillips cites with admirable comment the "Lines addressed to Miss Scott before Marriage," which deserve to be widely known, both from their intrinsic merit and from the light they throw on Canning's character.

Among the political questions which are taken up, the attitude of Canning towards the Holy Alliance receives fuller and more interesting notice than any other. Incidentally Mr. Phillips shows by reference to official correspondence that Castlereagh was not so docile a follower of the Tsar as he is frequently supposed to have been. For example, Castlereagh resented equally with Canning the remarkable claim contained in the protocol of Troppau which would have given the Alliance a right to regulate the domestic affairs of states in addition to supervising their foreign relations. What stand Castlereagh would have taken had he been alive when the Duc d'Angoulême entered Spain to restore Bourbon absolutism, can only be conjectured, but the tragedy which removed him from the Foreign Office and opened a way for Canning placed the latter in office at a time of crisis, and thrust upon him the necessity of defining England's relations towards the Powers of Europe. First of all he was determined that no symptom of rebellion in Ireland or other issue of prime importance to England should be made an excuse for foreign intervention in British affairs. When the royalist *Etoile* instanced the disturbed condition of Ireland as a menace to European peace, Canning was ready to declare his position quite frankly. "Naples, Piedmont, Spain, Ireland! Who shall draw the line if the principle of the 'European question' be once admitted?" His defence of independent nationalities against the confederation idea had its solid cornerstone in his resolve that neither Alexander, Metternich, nor the Comte d'Artois should have the least excuse for interfering with England.

Canning's part in the war of Greek independence and his share in the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine are treated by Mr. Phillips at adequate length, although he does not attempt to add fresh information at either of these points. Another large subject which he is able to touch upon only slightly, is Canning's support of Huskisson, when the state of the country clearly demanded a reduction of the corn duty; but Canning's attitude toward this issue as well as towards Catholic Emancipation is well understood, and requires less explanation than is demanded by the development of his views on foreign policy. Mr. Phillips has managed to say a great deal in a brief compass, and this volume will add to the reputation which he gained by his book on 'Modern Europe.'

Abraham Lincoln. By Ellis Paxon Oberholtzer, Ph.D., author of 'Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier,' 'The Referendum in America,' etc. (American Crisis Biographies.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

The publishers of this series pledge their consecutive writers to an unhistorical and radically false interpretation of the civil war: "The civil war will not be treated as a rebellion." Examining a list of the intended writers, we find ourselves wondering how many of the nineteen announced will be able to stretch themselves comfortably on this Procrustean bed. It has seemed to Dr. Oberholtzer "that there is lack of a readable, compact life of Lincoln by one who never saw him." But this lack was already met by Mr. Hapgood, whose book was quite as compact as Dr. Oberholtzer's, and more readable, more literary, and less journalistic, as keen upon the scent of Lincoln's faults, but with a livelier appreciation of the man's essential worth. The only exigency to which this book responds is, of course, the need of a Lincoln volume in a series which, without one, would be manifestly incomplete.

Dr. Oberholtzer writes clearly and forcibly for the most part, but with an occasional verbal arrangement that makes his meaning hard to understand. For example (p. 16):

"His wanton assassination, at a time of public excitement, raised up eulogists on every hand, and years of graceless nonentity as an ex-President saved him from semi-oblivion and the possible detraction growing out of later movements, which sometimes neutralize the impression created by the most brilliant career."

To guess what was intended here may not be difficult, but the expression could not be lamer than it is. If Dr. Oberholtzer says what he desires to say in the following sentence, his syntax is less at fault than his intelligence:

"The loyalty of the Southern women, which has not been surpassed by anything ever recorded of the women of France, must be held to have been largely due to the well-grounded impression that the Republicans were advocates of a civilization which would result eventually in the predominance in America of a mulatto race."

The first sentence of this Life characterizes the civil war as "a trial of the fundamental nature of the Union for the sake of the black slave." This is to put the cart and horse where they belong. It recognizes that the saving of the Union was not the ultimate end or inspiration of the war. But Dr. Oberholtzer does not keep a steady keel upon his anti-slavery course throughout his book. To change the figure, he runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. He depreciates the force of Lincoln's earlier anti-slavery sentiment, at the same time blaming his slow awakening and praising his affront of the more radical anti-slavery party. Against the abolitionists he habitually sharpens his countenance, but an occasional inadvertency seems to carry him over into their camp. Writing of the victories of 1863 he says:

"Those who two or three years before would have cheerfully assisted at the funerals of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, were coming into perfect sympathy with them, looking upon slavery as the abomination it always was and always will be, and eager enough to forget that any other view of the subject had ever been entertained."

It is an instinct with Dr. Oberholtzer to minimize all appearances of high purpose and noble ardor. Lincoln's concessions to the anti-slavery spirit he reduces to their lowest terms. "He issued his edict of freedom as a war measure and on no ethical or sentimental grounds." Certainly none that were avowed; but Lincoln had not forgotten his parable of "the divided house," and it seems not unlikely that when he grasped emancipation as a war measure he made the exigency an excuse for striking at the rebellion's inmost heart. Touching the feelings of the slaves on their emancipation, we have another minimizing view:

"Their grief at Lincoln's death more fittingly expressed the loss they would feel because of their too hasty introduction to all the responsibility of citizenship by other men when Lincoln's commanding grasp relaxed, than the regret inspired by anything he had positively done in the act of emancipation."

It is improbable that any signs of a grief so constituted ever existed beyond the pale of Dr. Oberholtzer's ingenious imagination.

The "Bibliography" of this volume is remarkable for its inadequacy. If it had included a good biography of Garrison, there might have been clear gain in some particulars—notably on page 167, where "Garrison and the Abolitionists" figure "on the floor of Congress" denouncing slaveholders in terms more accurate than soft, and on page 169, where we read of "the Garrisonian-Giddings-Lovejoy-John Brown method, which contemplated the sending of emissaries among the slaves to incite them to murder and insurrection"; a mixture of incongruous names, suggestive of Carlyle's "Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society." It is pitiful that Dr. Oberholtzer should need to be informed of what every intelligent reader of his book should know, that Garrison was absolutely opposed to John Brown's method, and to any and every attempt to stir up slave insurrection.

Dr. Oberholtzer's predilection is for such memoirs as serve the more sordid and vulgarizing conception of Lincoln's character. Herndon's, and even Lamon's, baser insinuations are sweet morsels for his tongue. The ghastly Mary Owens episode is presented baldly enough, while the Anne Rutledge story is told with grudging sympathy. The chapter on the Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858 exhibits a judicious use of the biographer's best material. That on the nomination of 1860 is calculated to make our contemporary political methods seem tolerably respectable. The war chapters are good, and bring out the larger elements of Lincoln's character in strong relief. There are three generalized chapters, "The Slave in the War," "Lincoln the Politician," and "Lincoln the Man." The first of these makes far too little of the sincere anti-slavery spirit pushing against manifold opposition to its glorious end. In "Lincoln the Politician," there are many lines that we would gladly blot, such justification will the baser sort find in them for their crooked ways; but that Lincoln did not always pursue virtue virtuously seems to be incontrovertible. The seamy side of his personal characteristics is needlessly paraded in "Lincoln the Man," but his great powers of sympathy and tenderness are permitted to shine with splendid radiance. Dr. Oberholtzer's book will do nothing to enhance Lincoln's fame. Those will be most grateful for it who are tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and those who enjoy the writing down of history to the level of the more sinister and sordid manifestations of the human spirit.

The Preparation of the Child for Science. By M. E. Boole. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904.

Mrs. Boole's little books, taken as a whole, have a certain unity, but their value does not lie there; and what is true of the whole is true of any one. The present volume is decidedly the best of the series thus far. Information and salutary wisdom are to be drawn from it everywhere. The very dedication informs us of a fact interesting for the history of science in England, that Sir George Everest, on his return from India about 1829, inflamed the minds of Babbage and John F. W. Herschel with "certain ideas about the nature of man's relation to Unknown Truth which underlay all science in ancient Asia, and which he had learned from Brahman teachers." It would be curious to reperuse the books that Babbage, in 1830, and Herschel, in 1831, published about the general nature of science (a subject that had long been untouched in England) in the light of this information. Certainly, they two and Everest's son-in-law, Boole, are, as mathematicians, marked by their great predilection for what are called "symbolical" methods (that is, reasoning about operations as if they were things), to which English mathematicians generally, both before that day and since, have shown a marked aversion. The preface contains brief notices of ten writers whose thought pursued paths off the main lines of intellectual traffic. Two of them, Boole and Babbage, are famous; one, Nicolas Antoine Boulanger, once was so; Père Gratry is still read; and a fifth, Ramchundra, received aid from the British Government in his mathematical researches. The others, Thomas Wedgwood (who made a study of Genius), James Hinton (author of 'Life in Nature,' etc.), Dr. Charles Winslow (author of 'Force and Nature'), "the late Dr. Wiltshire," and Benjamin Betts, never attracted much attention, but would seem to be worth some acquaintance.

The purpose of this little volume is to offer "suggestions as to means by which the scientific condition of mind can be induced" in children. The desirability of doing this is a topic distinctly excluded. In the first chapter, the scientific mind is portrayed, slightly, but with a rare fidelity to nature. "Scientific culture is the result of a steady, life-long habit of friendly and intimate, though reverent, intercourse with the Eternally Infinite Unknown." This might have been better expressed; yet, taken as it is, of many a man of science (especially of a passing generation) who might think the likeness execrable it is more true than he himself knows. "The typically scientific mind," says the authoress at the beginning of the chapter, "may be described as one which stands in a definite relation to As-Yet-Unknown Truth, and especially to that portion of As-Yet-Unknown which is just below the horizon of knowledge"; and she goes on to explain of what nature this relation is, laying much stress "upon the rhythmic alternation of attitude" of such a mind toward phenomena.

Rudiments of all the scientific features begin to appear in the mind of every child, in one more strongly, in another less so. It is possible, however, to extirpate them. "That delicate sensitiveness to the touch of the illogical, to the limits of knowledge, and to the Presence of the As-Yet-Unknown . . . is often destroyed in the human brain by rough-and-ready processes, adopted sometimes for the purpose of fixing the opinions of young people, sometimes for that of enabling them to pass examinations successfully in subjects which they do not understand." When it first dawned upon "the advanced section of educationalists" that the rules of Latin grammar are not sufficient aliment for the mind, the first step was to substitute facts of natural science regarded as dead truth, just as the rules of grammar were regarded. Next, when it was forced upon the attention of the advanced that the scientific truth of one generation does not altogether accord with that of the next, "they substituted up-to-dateness, instead of endeavoring to induce the habit of true scientific method." Mrs. Boole herself embraces an "eternal truth" of mental pulsation, which she otherwise phrases as "alternation of opposites." Perhaps the scientific mind may alternate as to the truth of this doctrine.

We continue culling specimens of the volume's contents. The authoress protests that the spirit of inquisitive destructiveness brings more poison than pabulum to the scientific character, and, being naturally excessive in the child, ought to be restrained rather than stimulated. She thinks that "a good deal might be done by teaching children, when they see a flower, not to touch it till they have learned all they can of its poise and mode of growth, so as to be able, after dissecting it, to reconstruct in their minds an accurate picture of how it looked before they disturbed it." One of the points that must receive sedulous care from the earliest lessons of the child is that the line of demarcation shall be clearly preserved between what he has experienced and what he has learned at second hand. To this end, children must be drilled in the power of reproducing exactly what it is that one or another person has said; and from this point of view no study is more wholesome that that of Latin. "Give no more time to science than you can afford to let the children spend in the really scientific manner."

Chapter II. is about the unconscious mind, and particularly about those intervals when the current of thought almost or altogether comes to a standstill, so that the ideas that float in it have time to settle and to compact themselves. "We are sterile for lack of repose far more than from lack of work." "It is curious and painful to observe how many things have been proposed by true educationalists simply for the purpose of ministering to the action of the unconscious mind, and afterwards perverted, by persons possessed with the teaching mania, to the purpose of stuffing into children's minds some idea which is in the teacher's mind." Let children alone to their own thoughts or absence of thoughts during a good part of their time. Let them bother a carpenter, and pick up what skill

they can; and on no account pay the man for the loss of time they occasion, for then he will feel obliged to show them how to work.

Chapter III., on hygienic sequence in development, has much to say of the same color. Chapter IV., on mathematical imagination, deals with a subject of the utmost importance in education. The last chapter, on ethical and logical preparation, is perhaps the very best and most practical in the book; but we believe our readers now have some idea of what to anticipate from the reading of this and of the whole book.

Farmington. By Clarence S. Darrow. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904.

Farmington is the Pennsylvania village in which Mr. Darrow's childhood was spent. His publishers call this autobiography of a boy an "idyl," and it is certainly a "little picture," with human beings in a rural setting. There ends its idyllic quality. An idyl is not complex nor psychological, and Mr. Darrow's recollections are curiously and sadly analytic. On its lighter side the picture is charming enough. The boy's life centred round his father's old mill and all its associations:

> "The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still,
> The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
> The dark round of the dripping wheel,
> The very air about the door
> Made misty through the floating meal."

His father, though, like Tennyson's miller, he must have had a "slow, wise smile," was, in the essential interest of his life, a thwarted man. Books were his passion, the mill was his necessity, not his choice; and, once the day's work done, he would retreat to his little study and read far into the night Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He would even carry his books with him to the dusty mill and snatch a moment's forgetfulness of his uncongenial toil. "To his dying day he lived in a walking trance; and his books and their wondrous stories were more real to him than the turning water-wheel, the sacks of wheat and corn, and the cunning, soulless farmers who dickered and haggled about his hard-earned toll."

The boy went to the district school outside the little town. Of that school, of the teachers, who were changed every season and were always unpopular; of the school readers, which we hope have long since been superseded, if we are to judge them from Mr. Darrow's quotations; of all the relations of boys and girls that grew out of the school life, Mr. Darrow gives an unsparing and unsoftened picture. It is not that he had a peculiarly unhappy childhood; all the accessories were there, all that a country-bred boy can extract from life in such a community was his. But it is obvious that what strikes him with most force, as he reviews those years before his teens, is the lack of knowledge of the childish mind, the lack of sympathy with childish pains and pleasures that most children have to endure from their elders. The path of the child is not smooth. Like the dog in Maeterlinck's essay, he is surrounded by problems and riddles which those who know have not the time or the kindness to explain. Life for both is full of humiliations and hostile forces, shadowed by incomprehensible suppressions of instinct, a continual disillusion. All about him are bent on his doing what he dislikes:

"It seemed to us as if our elders were in a universal conspiracy against us children; and we in turn combined to defeat their plans. I wonder where my little playmates have strayed on the great round world, and if they have grown as unreasonable as our fathers and mothers used to be. Reasonable or unreasonable, it is certain that our parents never knew what was best for us to do. . . . The very fact that we wanted to do things seemed ample reason why we should not. I venture to say that at least nine-tenths of our requests were denied; and when consent was granted, it was given in the most grudging way. The one great word that always stood straight across our path was 'No,' and I am sure that the first instinct of our elders, on hearing of our desires, was to refuse."

Mr. Darrow's chapter on "Rules of Conduct" should be read by all parents. The book is not one that lends itself to quotation. It should be read in the leisurely mood in which it was composed. Its simplicity, its monosyllabic, wholly unornamented style, almost amount to preciosity; but it is written with a sincerity impossible to question.

Arbitration and the Hague Court. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

This book deserves all the attention that its author can ask. Mr. Foster writes with great knowledge and facility, and has made what he has to say about a subject inherently dry much more attractive than it might have been expected to prove. His publication, important in more than one respect, is, so far as we know, the first to give, in a small compass and an interesting way, the present status of arbitration and its practice under the Hague convention. This has already become of more consequence to the world at large than is generally understood—more, too, than was anticipated by many of the strongest friends of arbitration at the time of the assembling of the conference of 1899. When the Hague Court was established it was an experiment, such as had never been tried before. Treaties which should bind nations to arbitrate some, or all, of their differences, were one thing; it was demonstrable that such treaties were, wherever ratified, additional guarantees of peace; but not only would the establishment of an international court effect nothing unless the tribunal were resorted to—the mere fact of non-resort to it would throw a cloud over the cause of arbitration, and tend to the desuetude of arbitration itself. This doubt has been partly dissipated by the resort to the court in the "Pious Fund" and the Venezuela cases; while, apart from the tribunal itself, the machinery of inquiry provided for in Title III. of the Hague convention seems to have been adopted by Russia and England to arrive at a basis of settlement of the very dangerous questions growing out of the Dogger Bank disaster.

These are good instances of the weight which the mere existence of permanent international judicial machinery has in disposing quarrelling nations to peaceful ways of settling their disputes; but, outside of this, we have now in actual operation several treaties of general arbitration, *e. g.*, that between Spain and Mexico of 1902, the Netherlands-Denmark treaty of 1904, and the Anglo-French treaty of 1903, which may be said to have been called into existence by the Hague convention. These in substance provide, following the declaration of article xvi., either for the arbitration of all questions whatever (especially those of a "judicial order" and relating to the interpretation of treaties) which cannot be settled diplomatically, or for the arbitration of all such questions, provided they do not involve the honor, independence or vital interests of either nation. Further treaties of the same sort have been negotiated by Mr. Hay between the United States and European countries, which are awaiting the action of our Senate. To support the ratification of these the aid of the press and public is much needed. The enemies of arbitration, it may be expected, will do all in their power to defeat them, notwithstanding the insertion of the clauses excepting questions involving honor, independence, and vital interests, for they now perceive—what was not clear at first—that this exception is not likely in the long run to prove a serious obstacle to the settlement of any question by arbitration which is in itself capable of such settlement.

That there will always be questions which neither diplomacy nor arbitration will prove competent to settle, may be assumed; and it may also be assumed that such questions will come to appear, to one side or both, to involve honor, or vital interests, or independence, and will be settled by war. But such questions will probably be settled by war whether the right to go to war over them is reserved in a treaty or not. The reason, of course, is that in such cases one party or the other will not endure the arbitrament of a third Power, it may be because independence is really involved (and this cause is by common consent a justification), or it may equally be from a base determination to force a war upon an unwilling foe. It is impossible to imagine the Franco-German dispute of 1870 settled without war; our civil war had to be fought out to the end; no one has yet been able to reach a belief that the "good offices" of any third Power would have been tolerated by Russia or Japan. In all those cases no paper agreement could have affected the result, and, to our minds at least, it would not have made the smallest difference whether or not there had been a paper agreement, conventional or even constitutional, providing on the one hand that there should be no war at all, or on the other that war should be resorted to only if honor, independence or vital interests were affected. "Honor" and "vital interests," moreover, are very elastic phrases, and may mean much or little according to circumstances. It should never be forgotten that Lord Russell refused to entertain the idea of the arbitration of the *Alabama* claims on the precise grounds that honor and vital interests were affected; yet the *Alabama* claims were successfully arbitrated exactly as all our other differences with England have been since the war of 1812.

The great point is, that, a general treaty of arbitration once signed, when a new difference arises which cannot be settled diplomatically, the treaty, whether it contains this clause or not, interposes a serious obstacle which must be surmounted before war can begin. If the treaty contains no exception, the treaty at least must be fla-

grantly torn up; if there is an exception of "honor," "independence," or "vital interests," to which an appeal is made by the war party, it is still open to the peace party to show that the appeal is false, and a delay for this purpose may of itself avert war. Hence, what the enemies of arbitration dread—and among those enemies we may count, if not all supporters of, at least all those supported by, a large navy—is a general arbitration treaty, however worded; and what we should insist upon is the immediate ratification of treaties. We have provided for it in the Hague convention, several of the great Powers have carried out their promise in subsequent treaties, and it is now this country, the great promoter of arbitration, which lags behind. Mr. Foster calls attention to the fact that "the two most southern republics of this hemisphere" have united "in a treaty of peace and unconditional arbitration whereby their armies are disbanded and their navies reduced by the sale of a number of their battleships and the transformation of cruisers into vessels of commerce," thus terminating a controversy which threatened to drench both countries in blood for generations. This treaty of arbitration and disarmament between Argentina and Chile is an interesting justification of the Hague Convention.

Roma Beata: Letters from the Eternal City. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1904.

'Roma Beata' consists of familiar narrative of things Roman in letters to friends at home, from the point of view of an ardent lover of Italy, whose good temper and optimism are proof against eventualities disturbing to the ordinary traveller. Determined to "do in Rome as the Romans do," our author's attitude of mind is that of readiness to be enlightened by the native; and although she seems to have met with many flagrant cases of unreliable amiability and dishonesty in business transactions, they do not seem to have spoiled her enjoyment in the very least. Her various experiences during a six years' stay in the Eternal City are told with vivacity and a keen sense of humor which make pleasant reading. The book will also be found of some practical use to travellers who mean to keep house in Rome, for it contains much information the guide-books do not give about house-hunting, manners, customs, domestic arrangements, roof gardening (which is such a joy in the summer to those who have to spend the hot months in the city), and many primitive methods still in vogue relating to the washing of clothes and cooking, the price of fuel, and the ways of the Roman servants, cab drivers and other hangers-on to every foreign apartment-holder. All these details are blended into the narrative of the author's daily life in conversations in the popular dialect given in the original and translated—a cumbersome method of imparting local color.

The book tells further of exciting events which do not often fall to the share of the ordinary traveller, such as a visit to Queen Margaret on the occasion when Mrs. Potter Palmer and Maud Howe had an audience with her Majesty, who was interested in their work in the woman's department of the World's Fair; and, later on, the Queen's visit to Mr. Elliott's studio to see his decoration for the Boston Public Library just before it was completed—a very unusual event, as the royal family rarely visit the Borgo, the quarter of the town surrounding the Vatican in which the studio was. The description of the hurry and excitement which the sudden announcement of the impending honor entails, gives a very good idea of how those things are done in Rome, where simplicity and ceremonial are so singularly blended. Maud Howe goes back to earlier recollections of Rome to tell us of a presentation to Leo XIII. in 1878, on which occasion Protestant and Jewish visitors were more favored by his Holiness than those of his own flock. Several chapters relate to summer excursions in the Abruzzi mountains—and to the sea at Ischia and Viareggio.

The illustrations are eminently perfunctory.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach de Gotha, 1905. Lemcke & Buechner.
Angell, James Rowland. Psychology. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Beale, Joseph Henry, jr. The Law of Foreign Corporations. Boston: William J. Nagel.
Clinch, Bryan J. California and its Missions. 2 vols. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co. $5 net.
Edward, Robert. On Collecting Engravings, Pottery, etc. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Finck, Bert. Musings and Pastels. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.
Gaebelein, A. C. Hath God Cast Away His People? Gospel Publishing House. $1.
Hardy, Edward. The Elementary Principles of Graphic Statics. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50.
Lang, Andrew. Historical Mysteries. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Maule, Francis I. Only Letters. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Papers of the British School at Rome. Vol. II. Macmillan Co.
Ramsay, W. M. The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3 net.
Schleinitz, D. von. George Frederick Watts. Lemcke & Buechner. 4 marks.
Shelley's Complete Poetical Works. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Smith, George Adam. The Forgiveness of Sins. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1 net.
Umbrella, The, and Other Stories. The Insurance Press.
Van de Put, A. Hispano-Moresque Ware of the XV. Century. John Lane. $4 net.
Weston, Frank E. Carbon Compounds. Longmans. 75 cents.

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OF THE

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GEORGE E. IDE, President

256 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

JANUARY 1ST, 1905

ASSETS

*Bonds and Mortgages	$4,735,239.19
Bonds and Stocks (market value)	7,852,107.49
Real Estate	1,731,053.76
Collateral Loans	12,750.00
Loans to policy-holders	1,551,511.78
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	332,299.68
Interest and Rents due and accrued	122,636.38
Renewal Premiums in transit and Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	268,630.79
Total Admitted Assets	**$16,606,229.07**

LIABILITIES

Policy reserve at 3, 3½ and 4 per cent. int.	$13,783,512.00
Present value of all Dividend-Endowment Accumulations (Deferred Dividends)	1,290,036.00
Total as per certificate of N. Y. Insurance Dept.	$15,073,548.00
All other policy liabilities	170,365.51
Fund voluntarily set aside to meet possible fluctuations in the price of securities &c.	228,211.31
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies	1,134,104.25
Total Liabilities	**$16,606,229.07**

*Of the Mortgage Loans of the Company 87 per cent. is on property located in New York City, 72 per cent. is guaranteed as to principal and interest, and all are on a basis not exceeding 60 per cent. of a conservative valuation.

INCOME IN 1904

Premiums: New	$725,997.69	
Premiums: Renewals	2,312,034.92	
		$3,038,032.61
Interest, Rents		684,647.85
Total		**$3,722,680.46**

DISBURSEMENTS IN 1904

Total Payments		$2,517,417.19
Including Death Claims, Matured Endowments and Annuities	$1,158,871.29	
Dividends to Policy-holders	248,950.65	
Surrender Values	194,143.52	
Balance—Excess Income over Disbursements		1,205,263.27
Total		**$3,722,680.46**

NUMBER OF PAID-FOR POLICIES IN FORCE, **41,541**, being an increase of 3,436
AMOUNT OF PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, **$74,892,289**, being an increase of ..... $ 5,481,707.00
RETURNED TO POLICY-HOLDERS since organization, plus assets now held for their benefit $45,367,568.30

RESULTS OF THE YEAR 1904

	PER CENT.
Increase in Renewal Premium Income	10.23
" " Total Premium Income	10.03
" " Admitted Assets	9.95
" " Policy Reserves	8.33
Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force	7.90
" " Deferred Dividend Fund	12.94
Ratio of Interest received to mean Ledger Assets	4.47

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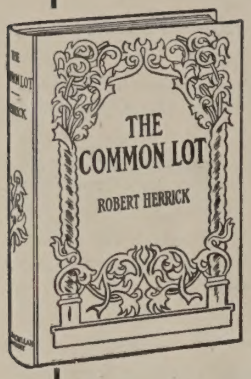

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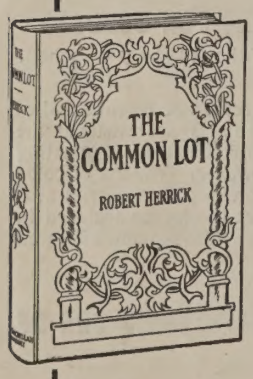

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905.

The Week.

The patriotic Senate, fearful lest harm befall an innocent President exposed to the wiles of wicked foreigners, wants the arbitration treaties to provide that each particular case of dispute shall be submitted to its omniscience. In short, we shall agree to arbitrate whenever it pleases the wisdom of the Senate to arbitrate. All this would leave us in exactly the position which we now occupy. The treaties are intended to bind us to a form of legal procedure, and thus to steady the Executive and Congress against gusts of popular passion. The Senate, however, insists on its right to indulge in bluster whenever such a course seems popular, and for the luxury of cheap swaggering would cheerfully emasculate the treaties. It is part of the old and settled Senatorial policy of encroachment upon the rights both of the lower house and of the Executive. The appointing power is nominally vested in the President, with the approval of the Senate; but the theory of "Senatorial courtesy" is to vest it in the Senate, with the approval of the President. The attitude of the Senate toward treaties is meant to make the Secretary of State a mere clerk of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. These pending treaties, Mr. John W. Foster notes in an article in the *Independent*, "fall far short of the desire of the ardent friends of arbitration." Nevertheless, the Senate would nullify them in order to glut its greed for power.

There will not be another Charleston earthquake as a consequence of the confirmation of Dr. Crum as collector of that port. Now that the unavailing struggle to prevent this intelligent and dignified negro from holding office is over, we think those responsible for all the sound and fury evolved must be a trifle ashamed. None of the dire things they predicted has come to pass or will come to pass. The social system of the South has not been torn asunder, nor will it be. All that has happened is that a competent, educated, and self-respecting man has been given a Federal office, and that the color of his skin was not held to be sufficient of itself to shut him out of it. Yet the President, in his efforts to combine the policy of the open-door of advancement for worthy black men with the plan of recovering his personal popularity in the South, should be under no illusions. The South is willing to have him make love to her, but she is notifying the suitor in advance upon what terms she will insist. Thus, the Atlanta *Constitution* expresses a readiness to resume amicable relations with the President, but tells him frankly that he cannot be regarded as a friend by the South "if the negro is to be thrust into official position to serve white people." Either Mr. Roosevelt or the South will have to retreat; that is plain.

It looks as if the future historian would have a chance to dub the coming Roosevelt Administration "the era of warm-heartedness." Here is the case of Mr. Cortelyou. He was to have been made Postmaster-General immediately after the election, but the untimely death of Mr. Payne and his own engagements as National Chairman made it necessary to postpone the honor. Now, after a few months' waiting, the way is prepared to the higher post of Secretary of the Treasury. But Mr. Cortelyou was once a clerk in the Post-Office Department, and has since cherished the natural ambition of the boy in the story-book to come back as the head of the establishment where he served his apprenticeship. It is a sentimental consideration, but was it not sentiment that put Mr. Roosevelt into the Presidency? At all events, Mr. Wynne is to retire on March 4, and Mr. Cortelyou to administer the office for three months until he passes to Mr. Shaw's desk. It is as pleasant and human a story, all around, as has come from official life in a long time, and shows how far we are from having a cold-blooded bureaucracy at Washington. Yet the practice should not be made a precedent. Mr. Cortelyou was also, at one time, executive clerk at the White House, but that would hardly be a sufficient reason for giving him the Presidency.

There are conflicting reports touching Mr. Paul Morton's position. He has explained things to the President, and all is well. But he also has not explained, and all is not well; the Republican leaders are reported to be getting very nervous over the situation. Mr. Morton's case has certainly not been strengthened by Representative Baker's offering a resolution respectfully inquiring whether Mr. Morton's retention in the Cabinet is conducive to the public interest and in harmony with Mr. Roosevelt's last message. But what will hurt him still more is the revival of his testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington on December 19, 1901, when the present Secretary of the Navy said, in reply to a question: "Yes, sir, it was an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew that." Whether Mr. Morton can still be punished for this violation of the law, is open to question. But there is no gainsaying the fact that Baker has put Mr. Roosevelt in a very awkward fix. One who has been so vigorous in enforcing laws from the time he was Commissioner of Police in this city to the present day, cannot be pleased to find at his council table a confessed violator of the law. Young men who "do things" are, of course, desirable adjuncts to a strenuous Cabinet, but sometimes it is well to find out in advance just what they have done.

The letters on tariff revision which the *Evening Post* has been printing for the last three weeks reveal at least the strong sentiment which exists among intelligent Republicans in favor of correcting the abuses under the present tariff law. Five out of six, in round numbers, of the Republicans whose letters have thus been published from day to day want the tariff revised. A canvass shows that only about one Republican in eight is not in some measure a tariff-reformer. Among 183 Republicans, only fifteen gave an unqualified "No" in answer to the question, "Do you favor tariff revision?" In fact, some of the men who began by stating that they did not believe in revising the tariff, practically took back that answer in the next line by naming schedules which they wished to see amended. It is rather hard to derive from this showing any confirmation of the notion that Mr. Roosevelt's overwhelming victory was a mandate to let the tariff alone. Under our political system the party in power is, of course, privileged to ignore the demand of fourteen Democrats out of fifteen that the tariff be reformed, or even the wish of nine out of every ten men whose names are taken from a recognized list of men of achievement in all departments. But the voters who placed their confidence in Mr. Roosevelt and helped him to the highest office in the land, have a right to be listened to.

The voice of protest against the candidacy of two unfit men for the United States Senatorship from Connecticut has not yet been smothered. The political, social, and financial power of Fessenden and of his rival, Bulkeley, president of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, has muzzled most of the newspapers of the State. Relatively few of them, Republican or Democrat, dare to speak out and put these two men where they belong—in the pillory. But the leader of the movement for decency, the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, continues his course inflexibly, and there is hope that the protestants, with such a candidate as

Representative E. J. Hill, may hold the balance of power between contending corruptionists. But should both Fessenden and Bulkeley fail, the blessed result will apparently be due more to their quarrels with each other than to the zeal of the press and aroused public spirit.

After the sort of news that we are accustomed to reading from Colorado, it is decidedly startling, though none the less pleasant, to learn that the disputed election for Governor is to be settled in the regulation, common-sense way. That is to say, the Democrat who has an unquestioned plurality, according to the returns as sent to the Legislature, has been inaugurated, and his Republican opponent will make a contest. The allegations of Democratic fraud in Denver being met by charges of Republican fraud in Pueblo and elsewhere, the investigation may closely parallel the previous court proceedings. According to the last score we have seen published, the Democrats have succeeded in putting several more Republicans in jail for election frauds than the Republicans have incarcerated Democrats for contempt of court. The action of the Supreme Court in throwing out the vote of whole precincts in Denver, even though the fraudulent votes could be perfectly identified in the ballot boxes, continues to be discussed. One clever cartoon makes the cashier of a bank say, "I am afraid there is a counterfeit bill in this package, so I must burn the whole lot." The Republicans reply that it would be unjust merely to subtract the fraudulent ballots, as there would then be left all the legitimate Democratic votes, while a good share of the lawful Republican vote was scared away or cheated out of registration. Like all election contests, the question is exceedingly complicated. Still, Saturday's action seems to show some return in Colorado to the old notion that an inquiry into the facts should precede the decision of a case.

In Gov. Pennypacker's periodic discussions of the liberty of the press, nothing is more happy than his choice of illustrative anecdotes and striking precedents. Two years since, in his rôle of historical student, he remarked that one hundred years ago such conduct as that of the Philadelphia cartoonists was punished by chopping off the offender's head and displaying it on a pole. He did not say, in so many words, that he endorsed this treatment, but it was hard to escape the inference. Just so in his message of January 3. "What is the remedy?" he asks, after deploring the state of the Pennsylvania press. "Sooner or later one must be provided. Recently, in one of the States, an offended citizen shot and killed an editor." Pennypacker's own suggestion is that an offending journal should be suppressed by the State authorities as a public nuisance. The amiable dragon which typifies "Graft" and has been portrayed as having at least a calling acquaintance with Mayor Weaver, seems to have incensed the Governor as much as did the parrot bearing his own likeness, or the ungainly cats which represented Mr. Pusey, the author of the bill which forbade the use of "unhuman animals" in cartoons.

The Massachusetts Legislature assembled last week with one of its members in jail for violation of a Federal statute, and saved itself from an awkward predicament by promptly declaring his seat vacant. Mr. Curley of the Seventeenth Suffolk District was to finish in three days his term of incarceration, and his plan was then to begin his term of office-holding. If Mr. Curley had been elected with an unsullied record and afterwards been caught in wrongdoing, the situation would be clear. But his case was peculiar, in that the Representative-elect was already in jail on election day, and, in fact, carried on his campaign from that building as an office. His constituents decided that violation of the Civil Service law to oblige a friend was no disqualification. If they really want to have a convict represent them, it seems a trifle hard not to let them. One legislator had prepared a bill making convicts ineligible to elective office for five years—a piece of legislation which, but for the special conditions, would have been thought almost unnecessary. But the House preferred to take the shorter cut, and draw the line at convicts.

Vermont is the latest of the States to undertake a systematic investigation of tuberculosis. The Legislature which has just closed its session authorized an extension of the scope of the commission which had been at work for two years inquiring into the prevalence of the disease. It will now be continued as an educating body. The importance of bringing home to the people a sense of their peril is indicated in the programme published by the Vermont physicians: "It shall be a part of the duty of the commission to adopt and make use of means to educate the people of the State in respect to the cause and nature of tuberculosis, and the means that may be taken by the people themselves for its prevention and cure, to the end that the large death-rate from this fatal disease—the largest of all in this State and in all civilized countries—may be reduced to its lowest possible limit." Though able to touch only the fringes of the great problem because of the small appropriation available, the Vermont commission is preparing to hold public meetings in every county in the State, at which lectures will be delivered outlining simple precautionary measures, indicating rational treatment and dissipating foolish prejudices against sufferers from tuberculosis.

Superintendent Kilburn of the State Banking Department signalizes his annual report by explicit recommendation of a law requiring cash reserves to be held against trust-company deposits. Mr. Kilburn first refers to the effort of the New York Clearing House, two years ago, to enforce such a requirement by the refusal of check-clearing facilities to trust companies except such as should, at certain stipulated dates, accumulate a reserve to amount eventually to 10 per cent. of their several deposits. The upshot was that practically all the trust companies voluntarily withdrew from the Clearing House. Mr. Kilburn now advises that the Legislature amend the law so as to require of trust companies a reserve—15 per cent. for New York city institutions, one-third of which must be in cash, and 10 per cent. for others, one-half of it being cash. In other words, an absolute uniform requirement of 5 per cent. cash on hand against deposits is recommended. This is a mild application of the law; the New York trust companies, in their statements of last June, showed cash holdings footing up, on the average, only 3⅝ per cent. of deposit liabilities. Furthermore, at the height of that very dangerous speculative period, 1901, the average cash reserve of all the trust companies in this State was but 1¾ per cent. The proposed 5 per cent. reserve is less than State banks in the larger cities have to hold; from them is required a total reserve of 15 per cent., of which half must be cash on hand.

On the retirement of Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall and President John De Witt Warner from the Art Commission, the Mayor has appointed Mr. Walter Cook, the well-known architect and critic, and Mr. Robert W. De Forest, who has shown a public-spirited interest in many of our local art organizations, particularly the Metropolitan Museum, of which he is a trustee. These selections show that Mr. McClellan desires to maintain the high character of the Commission and to keep it an efficient part of the city government. Nothing else, of course, was to be expected from a man of Mr. McClellan's taste, but it is well to note, also, that the successors of members as active as Messrs. Marshall and Warner—who, one may say, were virtually the founders of the Commission—are also men who will take their function seriously. The Commission has already proved its usefulness in vetoing unworthy plans and sites for civic buildings; it is the only official organization that has any jurisdiction over the public art of New York. Unless

it is efficient, the various active volunteer bodies who are working for a more beautiful city will largely waste their toil. Moreover, while the Commission has made good its position, the extent of its powers is yet to be worked ou' in practice. Accordingly, the Mayor deserves everybody's thanks for appointing two gentlemen whose names will adorn the Commission, while their services will undoubtedly strengthen all its operations.

The case against Bishop Ethelbert Talbot has apparently fallen to the ground by the withdrawal of signatures from the presentment. This result puts the other protagonist of the controversy, the Rev. Dr. Ingraham N. W. Irvine, in an unfortunate position, because the signers now allege that their names were obtained by misrepresentation. Bishop Talbot cannot be happy, for in the mind of the public he is suspected of conspiring with a divorced woman to drive Dr. Irvine from the Episcopal Church. Bishop Talbot ought, for the sake of his own fair fame and that of the church in which he is a leader, to press for an impartial and searching inquiry that shall finally settle the question whether he is a colossal liar or Dr. Irvine is a hypocrite. A clergyman's reputation, like a woman's, should be above suspicion. At present, both the bishop and the unfrocked priest are dogged by whisper and innuendo which go far to counteract their utterances and undo their labors. A criminal's reasons for wishing to smother investigation and escape on a technicality are evident; but an honest man wronged by unjust charges must court the fullest publicity or submit to the natural inference.

The marvel of Mr. Carnegie's library gifts is thoroughly familiar, but Mr. Horace White's statistics, presented in his opening address at the Beloit College library, on Thursday, bring out the old facts with renewed force. It will be surprising to many people, for example, to learn that Mr. Carnegie has established nearly as many libraries in England and her colonies as he has done in the United States. His native Scotland is more liberally supplied than any other large district, excepting only New York State, 55 per cent. of whose population may, if they will, use Carnegie libraries, as compared with 43 per cent. of the Scotch population. Of the more populous English-speaking divisions, only Alaska, Arkansas, Delaware, Mississippi, Rhode Island, Australia, British India, and the Cape have failed to profit by Mr. Carnegie's liberality. There could be no surer indication that his plan has corresponded to an urgent need. As for the criticism that libraries are temptingly offered to communities too poor to afford them, the choice lies in the hands of every town, and we have yet to hear of a town wrecked by a literary rake's progress under Mr. Carnegie's incitement. That the libraries frequently circulate trash is true enough, but, as Mr. White well said, within the bounds of morality a public library can hardly do anything else than give people what they want to read.

Evidently there should be written a new chapter on the uses of an ally. England is, of course, our warmest friend in Europe, bound to us by blood which is guaranteed thicker than water, and, above all, by that dear old oratorical commonplace, a common language. Yet we learn with surprise that this highly cherished ally, not to be outdone by our naval Board of Construction, is going us one better in the matter of battleships. Her Admiralty has designed a vessel which will carry ten 12-inch guns, and will be capable of destroying anything afloat or designed. Lest we Americans mistake the import of this action, a London newspaper informs us that this is merely Great Britain's reply to our latest battleships, "in friendly competition." The step is undeniably friendly to our shipbuilders and naval constructors, for it will now be their duty—purely as a matter of "friendliness" to our ally, of course—to outdo her by devising a ship of 500 tons greater displacement than this new terror of the seas, and capable of carrying two more 12-inch guns. England can then again show her friendliness by designing a still more formidable ironclad, merely for the purpose of fighting by our side some day, or rather in behalf of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the most delightful game we know of, and the best part of it is that if an ally lags behind, one or two putative enemies will do quite as well as partners in the sport.

No wonder that the English Liberals are busy framing the next Government. Every bye-election shows how strongly the tide is running against the Balfour Ministry. On Saturday the Conservatives lost a seat at Stalybridge, the Liberals winning by a thousand votes. As it happened, the Board of Trade returns for December, and for the entire year 1904, were published on the same day, and showed how absurd is the Chamberlain contention that England is being rapidly ruined by free trade. Ruin on the terms of an increase of about $100,000,000 in foreign commerce is not so black as it is painted. It was noted in the last speech made by Mr. Chamberlain that he did not quote a single figure. Mr. Asquith commented upon the fact satirically, and asked if there were to be no more statistical demonstrations of the havoc wrought by free trade. The Board of Trade, however, has furnished the missing figures. They are as eloquent in their way as the poll at Stalybridge. Both of them show what good reason the Conservatives have to dread a general election.

Nothing has become the present Hungarian Parliament like its taking off. The Opposition has distinguished itself by obstructionism almost unparallelled for rowdyism; Premier Tisza has been forced to strain the Constitution in order to maintain even the semblance of a law-making body. The Government and the Opposition go before the electorate with little credit on either side. The appeal is hardly to principle. Vague enthusiasts for Magyar independence will vote with Kossuth; prudent believers in the compact between Austria and Hungary with Tisza. The Independence party has, however, gained a valuable ally in Count Apponyi, a vigorous debater and party leader, who seems rather moved by indignation at Premier Tisza's drastic measures of parliamentary discipline than by any zeal for the idea of an independent Hungary. It is assumed that the Premier has the unqualified support of the Emperor-King, and will be able to present himself definitely as the champion of the Dual Monarchy. But it will be very difficult to get a clear mandate on this issue from the voters. The electoral system is so perversely complex as to make a vote anything but the rendering of a popular verdict. Furthermore, the merely personal vote is large; that based on uncompromising Magyarism still larger. In short, about the only hopeful feature of the Parliamentary situation in Hungary is the generally conceded fact that a new House of Deputies can hardly be more ineffectual than the last.

To detect political meaning, primarily, in the resignation of Prince Mirsky, whose portfolio of the Interior M. Witte is reported to be about to assume, is difficult. Both are liberals. Witte presumably is of a more prudent and calculating mind, as befits an ex-Minister of Finance. Prince Mirsky, according to varying accounts, is either offended at the reprimand to zemstvo agitation with which the Czar's rescript was accompanied, or frightened by the spectre of Constitutionalism which he himself has evoked. It is pretty well established that the general and guarded form which the reform ukase finally received was due to M. Witte, Prince Mirsky desiring concessions in the direction of an Imperial Parliament. It seems likely, then, that Mirsky goes for having manifested *trop de zèle*—and hence for reasons very largely personal—and that the projected reforms will come about gradually under the cautious direction of Witte, whose allegiance to progressive ideas is unquestioned.

THE PROGRAMME.

The conference on Saturday between President Roosevelt and the Republican leaders in Congress did little but report progress—backwards. Nothing is to be done the present session. Those whose strength is in sitting still, are in control. No tariff changes, no railway-rate regulation, no general legislation of any kind, will be attempted this winter. The proposed extra session of Congress in the spring is to be abandoned. A policy of stand pat all round will prevail. Such is the net result of the bruited conference which was to agree upon a legislative programme. It is said that there are to be further conferences, but the more they confer, the more things will remain unchanged.

Mr. Roosevelt elaborately disavowed any intention to dictate to Congress. It was simply for information that he rose. To consult party sentiment was his only desire. What the managers thought the wisest course was all he wanted. But these are only conventional and hollow phrases. Everybody knows that the President has measures near his heart. Everybody knows that he is doing his best to persuade Congressmen to take up his views. He may not openly assert his power; but the astonishing conversions already recorded are proof that Representatives and Senators secretly feel his sway. Jupiter does not ostentatiously demand sacrifices; but somehow an evil disease attacks the man who refuses to bring an offering, or a murrain falls upon his cattle. Similar are the workings of Presidential disfavor. Mr. Roosevelt would never think of dictating to Congress. He simply, after earnestly instilling certain ideas of his own into the minds of influential leaders, asks them to come in a body and restate the matter as if it originated with them. In so far, his method is not unlike Odell's famous way of going to work to "collect the sentiment of the party."

The upshot as to tariff revision is, that a gentleman's agreement has been made to begin that work in an autumn session of Congress. During the interval, the really wise and great "friends of the tariff" will ponder over the true number of thirty-seconds to cut off, in answer to the Hamlet cry, "Oh, reform it altogether!" Even this delayed beginning of an urgent work is conceded grudgingly. Messrs. Platt, Cannon, Dalzell, and Grosvenor state that their personal conviction is wholly against the necessity of touching the tariff at all. Still, they say with fine magnanimity, since it is apparent that the country wants it—the proof being a "sudden and unexpected agitation"—it is "advisable to meet the wishes of the people and grant them the concessions which seem to be desired." Thanks, gracious sirs! We know that we are foolish children crying for tariff candy that will give us colic, but it is so kind and condescending of you to give it to us. Only, we beg, do not repeat your gift of 1882, when you promised to cut down the tariff but really raised it, and then, when hard times followed, turned on us reproachfully and said: "Now you see what comes of interfering with protection!"

That the President sincerely desires the undoing of at least the grossest tariff outrages, we have no doubt. But does he desire it so intensely as he does certain other things? Some of the leakings from the conference make us a little doubtful on that point. Mr. Roosevelt assents to the deferring of tariff revision, but against the proposal to retrench in naval expenditures he sets himself firmly. That part of his programme he regards as vital. To him, the voting of one battleship instead of four, and two cruisers in place of seven, would seem a sort of leze-majesty and high treason combined. Has he not himself declared it necessary to the peace of the world to have a navy big enough to be a constant threat? If he is told that the Treasury is running too low to afford such luxuries, he replies that he sees clearly the need of keeping down expenses—only it must be the other fellow's expenses, not his. The question is if as stiff a fight for tariff reform as the President is making for swollen armaments would not have left him something better than his fine array of delays and uncertainties.

Of two things, we think, he may rest assured. One is that his opponents in Congress will resort to every subterfuge and dilatory measure to thwart him or any other tariff reformer. Their motto is, "We and time and the rules of the Senate against any two Administrations." We are freshly reminded of what can be arrogantly done in that line by Senator Teller's calm notification that he will not allow the Statehood bill to pass. A tariff bill next October or next December may encounter such a Senatorial veto. What is certain is that one delay invites another, and that, the standpatters, having drawn first blood in disposing of the spring session, will press on to make the autumn session barren if possible. And President Roosevelt ought not to count too much or too long upon his "tact" in using his party machinery for the public good. His appeal to party loyalty will steadily diminish in force as his term progresses, and as the plans to nominate another man in 1908 are perfected. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly accomplished surprising things in his first term by persuading the party to fall in behind him; but then he was the predestined candidate. The case will soon be very different with him, and we fear he will find, to his disappointment, that he has not at hand that "constant service of the antique world" which "sweat for duty, not for meed." All the greater reason, then, for his striking hard and boldly for the causes he holds dear, before the authority derived from his remarkable endorsement by the people shall have grown pale and dim.

THE LAND FRAUDS.

The reports that there have been extensive frauds in the Government land offices of Oregon and Idaho will surprise no one who has even a casual acquaintance with the commerce and politics of the Pacific Northwest. The astonishing thing is that operations in which prominent politicians (and, in all probability, large corporations) are involved should be investigated by officers of justice. Putting in the probe has demanded more energy and courage than most Eastern men suppose; and praise for fearlessness should be heartily accorded to both Secretary Hitchcock and President Roosevelt. In removing a United States District Attorney and pressing for an indictment against Senator Mitchell and Representative Hermann, they have encountered the bitter hostility and dared the wrath of strong social, political, and financial interests. For in that part of the country the land question, as it is sometimes called, is one phase of the eternal struggle between the corporations and the people.

The avowed policy of the Federal Government has been to keep the public lands from falling into the clutches of corporations, to prevent monopoly, and to give every man a chance at the soil. This idea is not only popular, but just. The corporations, however, are always aiming to secure large holdings: they want huge tracts of the best farming lands; the rival lumber companies are scheming for the largest acreage of the finest and most accessible timber; combinations of contractors have plotted to seize long ridges of choice building stone; coal operators wish to extend their possessions; and the machinations of the copper miners to obtain the most valuable deposits have made Montana politics a synonym for corruption.

In order to preserve the rights of the individual, Congress has passed exceedingly stringent laws for the distribution of land. The person who takes up a homestead, for example, must reside upon or cultivate the tract for five years, and he must swear that he is "not acting as agent of any person, corporation, or syndicate," or "in collusion with any person, corporation, or syndicate, to give them the benefit of the land entered, or any part thereof, or the timber thereon," and that he is not engaged in the enterprise "for the purpose of speculation." All this before a clear title can issue. The applicant for mineral lands must take a similar oath, and he must expend five hundred dollars in improvements on the claim. Stone and timber entries, under specifications suit-

able for the nature of the land, are guarded with equal care. It is against these strict provisions that certain corporations have organized a formidable conspiracy.

Their frauds fall roughly into two classes. In the first place, the thieves describe the land wrongly. The difference in price between lands for farming, lumbering, and mining may make it worth while to secure a tract of timber under pretence that it is a farm, or a mine under cover of a timber entry. Sometimes there may be actual doubt as to whether a given section is worth more for farming, lumbering, or quarrying; but if the Government officials are lax, doubts where none exist will be raised and settled in favor of a claimant. In frauds of the second class, the land is correctly described, but the claimants are either speculators or dummies. Many an individual on his own initiative will make entry and commit perjury in the hope of turning an honest penny by the sale of his claim. The process, if the officers of law are conveniently deaf, dumb, and blind, is so simple that the proprietors of a lumber mill in Oregon or Washington will deliberately hire fifteen, twenty, or even more men to take up contiguous claims, which shall later be consolidated in the hands of the company. The concern is thus saved the expense not only of buying in the open market at high prices, but also of operating with heavy and costly machinery on small and scattered tracts. If the registrar of the local land office will mind his own business and not go behind the affidavits, he will usually hear of something to his advantage.

But vulgar bribery is not the only method of swindling Uncle Sam. The more important companies, with hundreds of employees, have intimate connections with banks and mercantile houses of all kind. They are socially and politically an enormous power. In any campaign they can make it clear to a candidate for either branch of Congress that he will alienate them and their friends unless he guarantees men of the right sort in the land offices. The appointees, who can always have the enthusiastic endorsement of the leading men of their region, bankers, lawyers, and even clergymen, understand in advance that they are not to run amuck. The big lumber operators are pillars of State, and as such can do no wrong. To question them or doubt their good faith is to interfere with the divine order of the universe. The United States District Attorneys are early taught the important lesson that they must not ruin local industries and plunge the community into woe. There is, in fact, a tacit understanding among high and low that a patriot will let sleeping dogs lie.

Into this Garden of Eden, a paradise of corruption, the strenuous President has rudely broken with the flaming sword of justice. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho are almost as much shocked as New York would be were men of the unquestioned standing of Senator Chauncey M. Depew and the officers of the New York Central indicted for granting rebates to favored shippers.

"FOR BUSINESS REASONS."

"Why did you violate a statute of the United States?" "For business reasons." Such were, in effect, a question and answer at the Interstate Commerce hearing in Chicago on December 30. The question was put by the Commission to W. B. Biddle, freight-traffic manager of the great Santa Fé Railway. It had first been shown that a rebate had been secretly given by his orders on coal shipped by a certain company to certain points. A copy of the confidential circular to the road's agent had been put in evidence, carefully headed: "This publication is for the information of employees only, and copies must not be given to the public." Here were at least two clear violations of the Interstate Commerce Act, which forbids in terms the granting of rebates under any guise whatever, and directs common carriers to "file with the Commission" all its "schedules, contracts, agreements, arrangements," etc., relating to freight traffic. Reminded of this law, and plumply asked why he had not obeyed it, Manager Biddle coolly replied, "For business reasons." A highwayman might have said the same.

This scandal goes higher. It touches Mr. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy. He has been advertised as President Roosevelt's handy man in promoting legislation to regulate railway rates. Yet he now appears as one who defies existing law. The transaction referred to took place in 1902, when Mr. Morton was Vice-President of the Santa Fé, in especial charge of freight traffic. Whether at the time directly responsible or not for Manager Biddle's illegal acts, Secretary Morton approves them now. "What Mr. Biddle did was exactly right, in my judgment," he says. And he adds: "Everybody did just as we did, and they had to or go out of business." So might Dick Turpin defend the taking of purses on Hounslow Heath. He needed them in his business. Yet it was the same Mr. Morton who said in his testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1900: "I think the corporation should be fined whenever it grants a rebate, and the shipper should be fined and forced to disgorge what he has received." Evidently, Mr. Morton would not fall under Walpole's objection to "good men" in times of emergency, namely, that they "will not go the necessary lengths."

President Ripley of the Santa Fé takes substantially the same attitude as Mr. Morton. He regards it as an outrage that the Interstate Commerce Commission should bring to light such purely private business arrangements. When asked if there had not been a violation of the law, he loftily replied that this was "a matter for adjudication by legal minds." But the plain, every-day lay mind is competent to adjudicate the moral aspect of the affair, and it will see in it an alarming indication of the tendency of men in control of great corporations to consider themselves above the law. Statutes are well enough for the ordinary run of poor devils, but a railway magnate, a giant captain of industry, a vast operator, must necessarily be *supra legem*. Otherwise, as Mr. Morton explains, he would "have to go out of business." The truth seems to be that some of these men feel their power so great that they are arrogating to themselves the divine right of a sovereign to be immoral. They adduce what are practically "reasons of State" for their cool disregard of the laws that bind common mortals. The Machiavellian principle that "a good result" excuses any violation of law or morals, they quietly adopt; along with every defence made of a Napoleon or a Bismarck. Just as a German University lecturer could declare that "the maintenance of the State is superior to every moral rule," so they assume that, in order to "get business," a man may trample on the law and perjure himself like a gentleman. To say that entire truthfulness and scrupulous regard for the law of the land would mean a certain loss of freight, is enough, in their minds, to justify lying and lawlessness.

It is acts such as the Santa Fé's secret rebates, and attitudes such as that assumed by President Ripley and Secretary Morton, which are pushing on the movement for more stringent legislation with irresistible power. "This beats anything I have known during my twenty years and more of service in the United States Senate," said Senator Cullom the other day. He was referring to the flood of letters pouring in upon him every day from Western business men begging for the passage of a law regulating railway rates. We in the East are not so excited. This is partly because we take our cheating in more docile spirit than they do in the West; but more because in the West nearly every farmer and merchant is a shipper, and feels intensely the power of the railroads to ruin him by discrimination. These men are not enemies of property; they are not filled with hatred and envy of the rich; they will not go in for any kind of Socialist propaganda unless driven to it in despair. But they want common carriers to be made to obey the law, and not allowed to plot in the dark to pull down one man or company in order to build up

another. They are thoroughly aroused on the subject, and President Roosevelt can nowhere make a more welcome application of his doctrine of "the square deal." Only, of course, he will have to take the cards out of the hands of Mr. Paul Morton.

On their side, railroad men have no reason to dread a fair measure of regulation. If it restrains them, it will also protect them; and no one can have mingled with railroad managers without having heard them cry out against the special-car companies, and the elevator companies, and the terminal companies which beset them and raid them and torment them with demands for secret and illegal favors. Instead of trying to get on without the law, or in defiance of it, a really far-sighted railroad manager should be glad to have rigid statutes which it would be an advantage all around to live up to literally. When a man like Mr. J. J. Hill comes over to this view, the project cannot be dismissed as either ignorant meddling or disguised confiscation; and, in the end, "business reasons" must tell fatally against the men who really demoralize traffic as well as conscience by their reckless methods. Any business whose honor rooted in dishonor stands, demands attention—even if there result a vacancy in the Cabinet.

OLD SUBSIDY WRIT SMALL.

Senator Gallinger's report accompanying the new ship-subsidy bill is at least a literary success. Never was so brave an attempt made to butter stale parsnips with fine and freshly devised words. The terms "subsidy" and "bounty" are avoided as if the plague lurked in them. "Subvention" the wise it call, or eke "payment." And a curious felicity in inventing novel phrases to cover up familiar jobs marks the play of Mr. Gallinger's fancy. Steamships which their owners are paid by the Government to build and operate have unpleasant associations; but now, it appears, we are to say, "our marine delivery wagons." That makes all clear—plain sailing, as it were. Every country storekeeper, however opposed he might be to paying money out of the Treasury to the Shipping Trust, is expected to see at once the need of setting up delivery wagons to carry our goods to market, lest, as the report elegantly observes, we "smother at home in our own prosperity." So, too, we learn that a subsidized steamship is rightly to be regarded as "a floating factory," or as "a locomotive and a steel bridge wrought together." Few suspected Senator Gallinger of having such command of "the hoight of foine language intirely."

When all his flowers of rhetoric and his special pleading are brushed away, however, we find a vicious idea underlying them, namely, that of making a private business pay by vote of public money. Disguise it as the report may try to do, that is the principle upon which the bill goes. Obviously, the argument is just as sound for any other business as for that of shipping. At least, any industry or means of transportation involved in the production of goods destined for foreign commerce is as much entitled to subsidy as the steamship. The farmer's wagon that hauls the wheat to the railroad is as deserving of a subvention as one of Mr. Gallinger's marine delivery wagons that carries it across the ocean. Capt. Mahan has written hopefully of the time when American shipping will again "pay"; the report starts off by assuming that it never can be made to pay unless the Government makes up the recurring deficits.

The report abounds in unconscious self-contradictions. It says that the high cost of materials in this country, combined with high wages, makes it impossible to compete with foreign nations in shipbuilding. Yet it admits that we can compete in locomotive-building and bridge-making, though the same alleged causes of inferiority are operative in those industries; and is not a steamship merely a locomotive and a steel bridge wrought together? The report dwells upon the present depression in American ship-building as if it were due to foreign competition; ignoring the fact that our yards were crowded with business two or three years ago, when foreign shipwrights were also busiest, and that the depression is now world-wide. Elsewhere, it is true, the report speaks innocently of the "period of dulness which alternates with activity in shipbuilding," and which now "prevails in England." As for the wages argument, it is employed on different pages of the report with delightful inconsistency. Nowhere do we find a really scientific comparison of wages on the score of efficiency of labor.

But the most glaring fallacy of the report and of the accompanying bill is the contention that the present laws leave American shipbuilding without protection. We carefully protect every other industry, laments the report, but leave our shipping industry exposed to the full fury of foreign competition. But the reverse is the truth. Shipbuilding is the most completely protected of all American industries. Foreign imports in that line are not merely taxed; they are absolutely prohibited. An American citizen cannot buy a steamship abroad and sail it under his own flag or engage with it in our coasting trade. This is the very acme and perfection of protection. It is as if American steel-makers had not simply their $7 a ton duty, but were able to get a law enacted that no steel whatever could be imported. Shipbuilding really enjoys protection *in excelsis*. The idea was to force Americans to buy home-made ships. The result has been that they have gone without, just as they would go without bananas if all were shut out except the $2 apiece brand grown in American hothouses for Americans. What we truly have in the Gallinger report is a confession that the most thoroughgoing system of protection imaginable has abjectly failed, and that resort must now be had to direct bounties.

The bill itself is hardly worth while discussing in detail at the present time. It is admitted at Washington to have no chance of passing in this Congress. When every effort is necessary to keep down appropriations, it is highly improbable that a gratuity will be voted to shipowners. It is doubtless in view of this situation that the present demands of the bill have been whittled down to the lowest terms. "Ocean greyhounds" are omitted. There is a fine flourish about securing a naval militia of daring American seamen, but the crews of the subsidized vessels are required to be only *one-sixth* American, and the best the report can promise is 3,000 men, as against the 20,000 which the Navy Department says is imperatively needed. For two admissions we thank Senator Gallinger. One is his frank confession that the law ostensibly allowing the free import of materials used in shipbuilding has never had any practical effect; and the other is the statement that American steelmakers furnish foreign shipbuilders plates at from $8 to $10 a ton cheaper than they sell at home. This the Gallinger report calls "an unjust and intolerable burden," but it lisps not a syllable about removing tariff duties behind which such outrages shelter themselves.

GOV. HIGGINS'S MESSAGE.

The first message of Gov. Higgins suggests no revolutionary reforms, no such changes in the organization of departments as Gov. Odell set on foot four years ago. The document is, as people expected it would be, clear, direct, and business-like.

The most important problem for the incoming administration is keeping expenditures below receipts. In the first place, the total appropriations in force October 1, 1904, are $2,319,222 more than the income; and the Comptroller estimates that under existing laws the revenue for the present year will be less than that of last. For one thing, recent decisions by the Court of Appeals will reduce the taxes from certain corporations and compel the return of money already collected. If the savings-bank tax is repealed—as Gov. Higgins in accordance with his preëlection promise recommends—$720,000 more will go by the board. Then, too, judgments and other claims against the State demand an extraordinary outlay this year. In

the face of such conditions the Administration must get more or spend less, or do both.

Since Gov. Higgins urges no plan for increasing revenue, his mind is evidently turned toward the sound policy of retrenchment. For example, instead of having a census of the State at a cost of $600,000, he would have a mere enumeration at $250,000. This, of course, is only a drop in the bucket. His main reliance is to persuade the finance committees of the two houses to supervise rigidly all expenditures. Here he is on firm ground, for his most valuable public services were as chairman of the finance committee of the Senate, where he gained an intimate knowledge of every branch of the State's business. In the Legislature, as in Congress, there are many separate appropriation bills, conceived with no particular reference to each other or to the resources of the treasury. Various members are trying to get what they can for their pet schemes. A consolidation of these different bills into a single act would go a long way toward enlightening the public and the legislators themselves as to ways and means. The Governor is under no illusions as to the pressure that will be exerted in "particular instances" even by the loudest advocates of "economy in the abstract." He is therefore, we assume, prepared to exert the great power reposed in him by the Constitution to veto separate appropriation items. Under this authority he can practically fix limits and declare that whenever they are exceeded he will interpose.

In treating the State charitable institutions, Gov. Higgins would evidently steer a middle course between centralization and local control. The former policy, as carried to the extreme by Gov. Odell, roused bitter hostility among many well-disposed people who were much interested in charities. Gov. Higgins, for his part, would not go all the way with critics of Gov. Odell, for he recognizes the demonstrated necessity of centralized management of financial operations. He would, whenever possible, make purchases in large quantities and from the lowest satisfactory bidders after public advertisement. The dribbling out of supply contracts through local boards would indubitably result in leakage and loss. The all-important, and at the same time difficult, point is the phrasing of a measure which shall define and adjust the relative rights of the two contending forces, shall secure economy and efficiency and "retain the coöperation of philanthropic citizens."

Residents of Greater New York will be gratified to learn that Gov. Higgins will resist the annual attempts to break down our Tenement-House law. This measure, which aims not merely at "the benefit of the poorest families," but also at "the general welfare of the community," is, in his view, definitively established. From his tone we are justified in inferring that no changes can be made except by the friends of the law.

The Governor's utterance on excise is also of deep significance. His mind is plainly more open than that of his predecessor, for he would have the Legislature consider whether the "right of local option should not be extended to cities and the divisions thereof." Thus far the desires of Greater New York have received scant consideration at Albany. Our virtuous rural statesmen, who stand sponsors for the malodorous Raines-law hotels, have recoiled with horror from the thought of allowing this wicked city to have a voice in the regulation of its saloons. The agitations of the last four years spent their strength against the granite of Gov. Odell's refusal to take up the question. Assemblyman Newcomb's bill for a referendum to discover the actual state of public opinion here and proceed upon it, was heartily backed by many of the most earnest advocates of temperance; and yet the whisper that legalized opening on Sunday was a possibility killed that measure before it fairly saw the light. The attitude of Gov. Higgins will lend heart to the movement led by District Attorney Jerome, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, and others. This time New York may get at least half a loaf.

The temper of rural constituencies is not such as to nourish hope of an act immediately granting local option on Sunday opening. That phrase would be a flag of defiance to all the country churches. But the small end of the wedge would be local option as to the exclusion of saloons from specified districts. The main fight at this moment is for the establishment of this principle. Once the application has been made, it will be extended. The time may yet come when hours of opening and other police regulations will depend upon the widely different habits and needs of the communities which form this vast city.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

On successive Saturdays the *Evening Post* has been publishing critical articles on the collections in the Metropolitan Museum. In the first essay it was shown that five-sixths of the drawings by old masters in the Vanderbilt collection were unworthy of exhibition; the remainder misnamed and recklessly catalogued. It was shown in the next article that there is about 10 per cent. of false attributions in the paintings by old masters. A third article revealed constant and only partly excusable disregard of chronology in the placing of casts and inscriptions. In the fourth and last article was brought out the fact that many of the Tanagra terra-cottas are forgeries, and that the two capital pieces of the "Olbia Treasure" are pretty certainly recent work of the creator of the Louvre Tiara of Saitaphernes. This discovery confirms rumors long current among art dealers and amateurs. In a word, so far as the *Evening Post's* investigation has gone, it has brought to light defective scholarship and bad museum management.

It was well that the facts should be displayed with considerable minuteness, because more general criticism was likely to be misunderstood, certain of the trustees having publicly and privately attributed these comments of the *Evening Post's* to its well-known atrabiliousness. Others hinted that the criticism was of an ignorant sort. Except in a small remnant of the governing body of our greatest American museum, there was found a marked disposition to maintain that this was the best possible museum in the best possible world. The refutation of such ill-informed optimism is the facts adduced by the *Post;* but perhaps the most instructive because unconscious illumination of the causes of the present disorder has been letters in the *Tribune* by a member of the executive committee and by Mr. George H. Story, curator of paintings. The trustee took the ground that all deficiencies which had been noted were due primarily to lack of funds for administration. Mr. Story brought out the significant fact that the necessary corrections in the attributions of the old masters in the Marquand collection were known to Mr. Marquand and himself some ten years ago. That no changes were made in the catalogue was due to Mr. Marquand's personal instructions. The trustee's apology *in forma pauperis* is plausible, and, of course, accurate as a definition of the growing financial needs of the Museum, but it displays a shortsighted view of museum economy. By various obvious savings, a fund to pay proper salaries to expert curators could be accumulated. Mr. Story's apologia puts him in the position of consciously perpetuating error to please a generous donor. This absolves Mr. Story, but it casts a rather startling light upon a novel attitude of donors towards their gifts. Apparently, the Marquand collection continued to be handled as if it were the private possession of its giver. And what would be the position of a museum which should honestly write on all its erroneous labels, "Retained by order of the President"? That Mr. Morgan will take any such stand, with regard to any exhibit, including his own "Olbia Treasure," is inconceivable; he will, on the contrary, both as a business man and as an enterprising collector, take such steps that the Museum shall be able in the future to detect forgeries through its own staff and before exhibition.

Mr. Story's avowal of the curious position he occupied as a perpetuator of error under Mr. Marquand, casts a strong

light upon the real weakness of the Museum. It has not had officials who exercised the responsibilities of curatorship. Too many of its curators are merely a superior sort of custodian. They have simply guarded the objects chosen and contributed by other people. Now the chief function of a competent curator is to serve as buying agent for his department. Knowledge of the market, and initiative, are indispensable; in fact, the ideal curator combines the qualities of the savant with those of the art dealer. The Museum has grown chiefly through the unstinted generosity of its trustees and friends. Such liberality has, taken in the large, been discriminating; it rarely, however, has been fully informed. There has always been a needful work of revision, which has by chance, and even by design at times, been left undone. The result of this neglect is the rather scandalous disorder which now prevails.

That there were reasons for this state of things we know, and, knowing, refrain from blaming anybody of the inner staff or the general administration. Trustees and private donors necessarily cannot have the knowledge it takes connoisseurs years to acquire; overworked custodians with no money to spend for acquisitions cannot become experts. The Museum has drifted into the present confusion through no especial fault of any one; so much, for the sake of argument, we concede willingly. But the facts are the facts. To-day, in all that pertains to scholarship, this institution brings discredit upon its administration and the city. There is a more important task than that of apportioning blame or determining historic causes. The situation itself makes its own appeal. Here are great sums to be spent annually with inadequate resource and skill to withstand the assault of astute forgers, interested dealers, and disguised art brokers; here is inherited error of the gravest kind to be set right. Clearly, the case calls for the ablest director and the most scholarly curators that can be had. Mr. Morgan can do no better service to the Museum he controls, and to the city, than to perfect an organization which will be answerable for everything but the financial management. It may be assumed that such a needful reorganization would find a place for those officials who have served long and faithfully according to their lights and opportunities. The imperative thing is that it should be undertaken. In the light of museum science as it is practised to-day, malfeasance would not be too strong a word to apply to any prolonging of the old régime. In this matter we are sure that we speak the thought of the most enlightened friends of the Metropolitan Museum.

THEODORE THOMAS.

Theodore Thomas, the most famous of American conductors, who died in Chicago on January 4, was not an American by birth. He had, however, lived in this country from boyhood, and in it his ambition, his interests, and his affections were centred. He was born in Esens, Hanover, on the 11th of October, 1835, his father being August Thomas, a violin player, who discovered his son's musical ability while the latter was still an infant, and did his utmost to encourage it. He succeeded to such good purpose that the young Theodore could play the violin cleverly when he was six years old, and was proficient enough to make a public appearance before he had attained the age of ten. In 1845 his family settled in this country, and remained in New York for two years, during which time the boy played successfully in concerts. His performance even then was distinguished by remarkable resonance of tone, precision, and delicacy. From New York he went South and travelled until 1851, when he returned to this city and played at the opera as one of the principal violinists during the engagement of Sontag, Jenny Lind, Grisi, and Mario. In 1853 he cancelled most of his engagements and devoted himself to a study of various branches of music, taking a course in harmony under Rudolph Schellinger. Under Arditi, who was then conductor of the opera during the engagement of Mme. Lagrange, Theodore Thomas rose to be leader of the orchestra, and continued to fill the position of leader and conductor in different German and Italian troupes until 1861, when he gave up all connection with the theatre. Before this, in 1854, he had become one of the leading members of the Philharmonic Society of New York, and in 1857 he travelled with Thalberg and afterwards with Piccolomini and other distinguished foreign artists. In 1855, in connection with Messrs. William Mason, Bergmann, Rosenthal, and Matzka, he established quartet soirées which proved immensely popular.

Mr. Thomas's authority as a conductor and as an expert in the making of programmes was now fully assured, and he began laying the foundation of that splendid orchestra which for many years represented the height of musical achievement in this country and made his name celebrated throughout the artistic world. In 1866 he gave concerts in Irving Hall, and subsequently travelled with his orchestra through many sections of the country, returning to give performances at the Terrace Garden in Third Avenue, and later in the Central Park Garden, which places became the Meccas of all lovers of good music. His orchestra remained practically intact until 1888. In 1878 the presidency of a new college of music at Cincinnati was tendered to him, and he accepted the offer on the express condition that he should be at liberty to carry on his work as conductor of the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts. He held this post for only two years. The success of the Cincinnati triennial festival, established in 1874, led to others of a similar nature. In 1884 Mr. Thomas organized a series of festivals in the leading cities of the country. At the close of these festivals, which occupied three months, his entire orchestra was taken across the continent to the Pacific Coast, where similar programmes were presented. In 1885 he accepted the directorship of Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company. With a great orchestra and a numerous band of singers, he gave "Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Orpheus," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Nero" in various places. The enterprise was a monetary failure, but the important cities of the country enjoyed a rare festival of opera.

In 1891 he was called to Chicago to direct the new orchestra established in that city. He was not a stranger there, for he had visited Chicago as early as 1859, and ten years later began a series of orchestral concerts, continuing them, under local organizations, from 1870 to 1877. In this latter year he established in Chicago a regular season, gave festivals there in 1882-84, and continued the annual series of concerts after the establishment of the orchestra over which he had charge until his death. This orchestra was founded in 1890, through the efforts of fifty men who contributed each one thousand dollars. Since that time the orchestra has given many concerts in Chicago and elsewhere, and under Mr. Thomas's leadership has reached a high degree of proficiency. He gave the Chicago organization the use of his private musical library, the largest in the world, and of inestimable value. In 1895 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States. Only the other day, on the 15th of last December, he took formal possession of Orchestra Hall, the fine new building erected on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, as the permanent home of the band of which he was the creator. The occasion was a brilliant one, and the costly structure was filled with an enthusiastic audience, the élite of Chicago, to honor the man of whose lifework they were to enjoy the fruits. That night he conducted with all his wonted authority and inspiration, and there were no premonitions of the death that was soon to overtake him.

The most remarkable characteristics of Mr. Thomas as a musician were his catholicity of taste and consequent versatility. No one ever interpreted the oldest masters —Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart— more impressively than he, or with a keener insight into the antique spirit of music. Beethoven and Schubert he worshipped, and he made propaganda for them every week of his life. At the same time, he was an enthusiastic champion of modern music. He did missionary work for Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, at a time when it meant money out of his pocket and the incurring of critical censure. And he kept his interest in new music to the last moment, his latest protégés having been Elgar and Strauss. In this catholicity of taste and ability to interpret the old and the new equally well, Theodore Thomas resembled Franz Liszt. He had chosen for his Philharmonic programme in this city, in March, Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and Richard Strauss's "Death and Glorification," thus exemplifying his liberal-mindedness. Had there been room he might well have added some work like Professor Paine's "Island Fantasy" by way of calling attention to the fact that he did more for American composers than any other conductor has done.

Theodore Thomas was a born commander. As a general he would have held Port Ar-

thur as long as Stoessel held it. His stubborn determination to carry out his plans and wishes frequently got him into trouble, and he made many enemies; but they were for the most part enemies to be proud of. He was not without jealousy, and when Anton Seidl came to America he looked on him, unfortunately, as a rival rather than a helper. But when he became more familiar with Seidl's admirable work (with the Thomas orchestra) at some of Mr. Grau's operatic performances in Chicago, he cordially offered his colleague his friendship and praise. Dr. William Mason, speaking of the early days when he and the future conductor played chamber music together, says that Mr. Thomas "rapidly developed a talent for making programmes by putting pieces into the right order of sequence, thus avoiding incongruities. He brought this art to perfection in the arrangement of his symphony concert programmes." Here, indeed, lies one of his chief distinctions.

At rehearsals Mr. Thomas was a martinet. Woe to the player who, from indifference or lack of skill, made a mistake! Numbers could not hide him. Among twenty violinists his ear and eye would pick out the offender. In the concert hall his conducting was calm and undemonstrative, but he obtained the results he wanted because his men knew him. An amusing phase of his life, on which he himself liked to dwell jokingly, was that when he first began his career as conductor, some of his critics declared that while he was an excellent quartet player, he was out of place at the head of an orchestra. Later on it was said that while, of course, he was a first-class orchestral leader, he made a mess of it when he conducted a chorus; and, finally, when he assumed the bâton of the operatic leader, his ability as chorus conductor was conceded, while he was advised to keep his hands off the operatic scores. As a matter of fact, he achieved splendid results in all these departments of music, while he was greatest, undoubtedly, as an orchestral conductor.

His place will be hard to fill. The one crumb of comfort to music lovers in Chicago is that he would not have had many more years to conduct, as he was nearing seventy. He preserved much of his vigor, however, to the end, by eschewing work several months every year, and spending his summers on his estate in the White Mountains, of which Mrs. Theodore Thomas has recently given an interesting description in her book, 'Our Mountain Garden.' Glimpses may be had in this book of the tender side of Mr. Thomas's character. He had a keen sense of humor, and his Autobiography, soon to appear, will doubtless include some of the stories of his early experiences which throw an amusing light on the history of music in America.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

BOSTON, January 1, 1905.

The sixth general meeting of the Archæological Institute of America was held in Boston and Cambridge on December 28-30, 1904. The sessions of Thursday were held in Cambridge, in the Fogg Museum of Art; the others were held in Boston, in the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The first session, on Wednesday afternoon, was devoted to the commemoration of the founding of the Archæological Institute in Boston twenty-five years ago. The circular issued in 1879, calling a meeting to effect a formal organization, was signed first by President Eliot and last by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who is justly considered the true founder of the Institute, and who served as its first president for twelve years. Prof. F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum also was active in founding the Institute, and the presence of these three distinguished founders gave pleasure to the scholars who gathered for the general meeting. On Wednesday afternoon, after a graceful speech of welcome by the host, President Pritchett of the Institute of Technology, Professor Norton gave a charmingly characteristic address, speaking of the true aims of the Archæological Institute, of those who had been associated with him in its work, and of what had been accomplished. He was followed by Prof. John Williams White of Harvard University, President of the Institute from 1897 to 1903, and he in turn by representatives of the four chief fields of the Institute's scientific activity—Prof. James R. Wheeler of Columbia University, Chairman of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens; Prof. Andrew F. West of Princeton University, Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School in Rome; Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard University, Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School for Oriental Study and Research in Palestine; and Mr. C. P. Bowditch of Boston, Chairman of the Committee on American Archæology. The School at Athens was founded in 1881, soon after the Institute itself; the School in Rome in 1895, and the School in Palestine in 1901. At its first session in the Fogg Museum of Art, on Thursday afternoon, President Eliot welcomed the Institute, and in some detail drew out the contrast between what archæological excavators now uncover of the remains of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and what the archæologists of two thousand years hence are likely to find as the relics of our civilization—when the paper of our books shall have rotted, when the stone veneering shall have fallen from our buildings, and the iron frames shall have rusted.

The Boston Society of the Institute had made abundant provision for the social entertainment of the visiting members, including a dinner in the "Living Room" of the Harvard Union and a reception by Professor and Mrs. White; and on Friday noon all who were free from other engagements were received by Mrs. Gardner at Fenway Court. The papers presented covered the entire field of archæology. Prof. G. Frederick Wright spoke of the physical conditions in North America during man's early occupancy; Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward on "The Evidence from Archaic Art as to the Origin of Babylonian Civilization," showing that it must have been imported; Mr. A. M. Lythgoe on an "Early Prehistoric Cemetery at Naga ed-Dēr, in Egypt." Mrs. Williams reported on the pottery found in Miss Boyd's important excavations at Gourniá; Prof. L. B. Paton on his explorations, which seem to have determined at least one point in the line of the third wall of Jerusalem; Professor Marquand on the temple of the Didymæan Apollo near Miletus, and so on to the Indian archæology of southern California and Mr. C. F. Lummis's entertaining presentation of the Primitive Music of the Southwest. As usual, papers on Greek subjects slightly predominated—owing chiefly, no doubt, to the influence of the School at Athens; but Oriental and American archæology had a fair share of attention. None of the papers were strictly philological. Some papers were read in full which should have been read by title and printed, but a specialist does not easily remember how unfamiliar his data may be to most of his associates. Important adjuncts to the meetings were addresses given on successive mornings in the Museum of Fine Arts—by Mr. Edward Robinson, the director of the Museum, on its collection of vases; by Mr. M. S. Prichard, assistant director, on the terra-cottas, bronzes, and coins, and by Mr. B. H. Hill, assistant curator, on the original sculptures in the Museum. The number of scholars in attendance was larger than usual, but none came from States west of Michigan or south of Mason and Dixon's line, except Mr. Lummis and Dr. Palmer from Los Angeles. The winter recess in our institutions of learning is not long, and not all scholars are willing to be absent from home during the Christmas holidays.

For the first time, the business meetings of the Council of the Institute and of the Managing Committees of the two Schools of Classical Studies were held in connection with the general meeting of the Institute for the reading and discussion of papers on archæological themes. Most of the business before the committees of the schools was of a routine nature, no important questions arising for determination. Great satisfaction greeted the announcement of the appropriation by the trustees of the Carnegie Institution, for a term of years, of $1,600 a year for two research-fellowships, and of $1,000 a year for the publication of the results of research, for the School in Rome, and of $1,000 a year for an architectural fellowship, and $1,500 a year for explorations, for the School at Athens. The Institute established a fellowship in mediæval and Renaissance archæology, to be administered by a committee, of which Prof. Allan Marquand of Princeton University is chairman. The Institute also enlarged its Committee on American Archæology, and appropriated $2,500 to be expended under the direction of this committee. This is probably the largest appropriation of the kind made by the Council, and indicates not only the increase in the means of the Institute, but also that the Council recognizes the desire of many members to have an efficient part in the work of American archæology. The Council gave its vote of sympathy with the bill proposed in Congress for the reservation as a public park of a district designated by the Colorado Cliff Dwellers' Association. The Institute's Committee on the Preservation of the Remains of American Antiquity has prepared a bill which has secured the approval of archæologists of all parties, and which will be urged upon Congress this winter. The commercial and wanton despoliation of American ruins has continued far too long.

The report on the publications of the Institute shows that several important works are nearly ready. The long-delayed second volume of 'The Argive Heræum,' an

elaborate exposition of the excavations conducted on that site by Dr. Charles Waldstein and his associates, is all in type, except the index. The first volume of "Papers" of the School in Rome, also richly illustrated, is to be published within three months. Of the folio publication of the explorations of the Institute at Assos, the second and third parts will be published together, leaving the fourth and fifth parts for a later year. The drawings of the architectural survey of the Erechtheum, on the Athenian Acropolis, are said to promise the most satisfactory publication ever made of an ancient building, but the form and time of publication are not yet determined. The facsimile of the Venetian codex of Aristophanes, published jointly by the Institute and the (English) Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, has sold so well that the price of the remaining copies will be raised after April 1 next. For the elaborate work by Prof. A. L. Frothingham, jr., of Princeton University on the Triumphal Arch of Trajan at Beneventum, a prospectus is to be issued immediately.

The former officers of the Institute were reëlected with the exception of President D. C. Gilman, who declined a reëlection as vice-president, and to whose place Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard University was chosen. The membership of the Institute has been increased in a marked degree, and now numbers nearly 1,500. The next general meeting of the Institute is to be held in conjunction with the Philological Association in the Christmas holidays of 1905, at Cornell University.

BARONESS DU MONTET'S REMINISCENCES.—II.

PARIS, December 28, 1904.

The 'Recollections' of Madame du Montet are almost painfully disconnected—it is evident that she took to her pen in the most irregular manner, as the spirit moved; but this irregularity has its good side, as she wrote only under the impulse of a lively desire and of a clear perception of the past. We find, for instance, a passage on "Napoleon, First Consul," of this character:

"I have always," she says, "felt a certain distrust and incredulity in looking at portraits. I am glad to have *seen* Napoleon. There are historical faces which make us see clearly into history. I pity the contemporaries of this prodigious man who were deprived of this advantage; it seems to me that he must produce on them the effect of a cloud of fire, of a colossal bronze image, or of the exterminating angel. . . . It was in the month of July, 1801, in magnificent weather. The First Consul was to hold a review in the Court of the Tuileries. We had cards of entrance to the grand apartments through which he was to pass; they were filled with an enormous crowd when we arrived. Fine grenadiers enclosed us, keeping open way; my father was behind them. . . . [I remark here that this passage will remind the readers of Balzac of the beginning of one of his striking novels.] We stationed ourselves in front of the great staircase which the First Consul was to descend. He appeared a few moments after, surrounded by a brilliant cortège, all that Paris contained at the time of the famous generals. We fixed our gaze only on Napoleon. He wore the green chasseur uniform without gold; a very simple hat also. . . . On reaching the landing, he stopped suddenly and put his hand to his hat, casting on our little group a glance which I shall never forget. We were dressed in white, and had on our heads (it was the fashion of the time) rather long veils of very thin white muslin. . . . My father gave us his arm; his face was noble and severe; his dress still revealed the old soldier; there could be no mistake—he was a real gentleman. The First Consul regarded us with a deep, scrutinizing look, with a glance of well-marked benevolence. . . . Perhaps he thought that we had a petition to present to him—the *émigrés* often presented them at the throne. I can say without presumption that it would have been well received.

"Bonaparte was then twenty-nine or thirty years old. He was very thin, pale, with very dark hair and eyebrows; his physiognomy had a sort of melancholy which expressed not a painful preoccupation, but, rather, profound thought. . . . The Emperor Napoleon, very fat at the end of his reign, did not resemble at all the First Consul."

Many are the details given on the subject of the Empress Marie-Louise. In July, 1815, Madame du Montet writes from Baden (near Vienna):

"This is the life which the Princess leads at Baden this summer. She rings for her women at six or seven o'clock. Her inkstand is brought to her, and she writes in bed till ten o'clock, when she gets up. Her morning like her evening toilet is delicious; her women take extreme care of it. At eleven, the *grande-maîtresse* comes down, as well as all the persons of distinction attached to the Princess. Then comes an excellent breakfast. She works, draws, performs music like an angel—most of the time with her *grand-maître*, General Count Neipperg, who is an excellent musician. Nothing is said, nothing done without Marie-Louise inquiring of this officer, 'What do you think of it, General? What do you say, General?' It is the everlasting refrain."

"Here are some examples of her rare coolness. When she heard the news of Waterloo, she was at the castle of Schoenbrunn. She took in the afternoon a long ride, without showing the least emotion. Élise's husband is *cavalier d'ambassade*, and Élise was afraid, on account of some commission she had given him, that he might not have arrived in time for the battle of Waterloo. She expressed this fear very unwisely to Marie-Louise, who, after having heard her for a long time with the greatest patience, ended by responding coldly, 'Are you going mad?' "

"The Empress said one day to Élise that Napoleon only once showed himself angry with her, telling her 'You are a *petite sotte*, and I will send you back to your father'; upon which she turned majestically towards him and said to him: 'It is all I desire.' He immediately asked her pardon."

So little has been said about Marie-Louise after she was brought back, not unwillingly, to her father, that I will cite some more extracts from Madame du Montet's journal. She writes, again from Baden, in July, 1815:

"Marie-Louise is pretty, as fresh as a rose, and with a charming figure. People here are surprised at this change, for when she left Vienna, she was awkward, she walked and stood with little grace. She is adored by her attendants. Élise tells me that Napoleon's servants who followed the Princess have an attachment which savors of fanaticism for the ex-Emperor; his reverses throw them into despair. One of the ladies, who is the wife of a confidential surgeon of Napoleon, speaks of him only with tears in her eyes. A few days ago she saw the little Prince up to some childish tricks. 'What a pity!' she exclaimed; 'they will make of him a little Capuchin.' "

The French servants of Marie-Louise were soon replaced by Germans; her *grand-maître*, the Marquis de Bausset, did not long remain. The Emperor had made M. de Bausset a baron; he said at Vienna: "The first thing Louis XVIII. did for me was to give me back my title of Marquis." (M. de Bausset published Memoirs not devoid of interest.)

During the Congress of Vienna, the Princesses were constantly putting questions to Marie-Louise about Napoleon. They would be informed what degree of intimacy there was between them, whether Napoleon allowed her to have a confessor, etc. The Grand Duchess Catherine was the most indiscreet; speaking of M. de Neipperg to Marie-Louise, she would always call him "your general"; speaking of Gen. Koller, she called him simply "my general." Marie-Louise once told how she first saw Napoleon. She did not expect that he would go so far to meet her. She was in a carriage with Mme. Murat, the Queen of Naples; it was very hot, and they had taken off their hats and put lawn handkerchiefs on their heads. They saw a great cloud of dust; the door of the carriage was opened; Mme. Murat was frightened. Napoleon kissed the forehead of Marie-Louise several times before saying a word.

During the war of 1809, Napoleon established his headquarters at a little distance from Vienna, in the splendid Benedictine abbey of Mölk, which still exists and may be admired on the way to Vienna. Madame du Montet gives some details about his stay there:

"He occupied the great ceremonial apartments. The furniture and the pictures were very simple, but the rooms were adorned with the portraits of the Princes of the Imperial house. That of the Emperor Francis II. occupied the place of honor. After a few moments' repose, Napoleon sent word to the superior that he wished to speak to him. The old man obeyed the order, and arrived at once with two monks, one of whom, Aloys Stüpfel, an Alsatian, was to be the interpreter. Napoleon was in the middle of the room, on a chair which he kept half-turned before him. His face was dark and threatening; he looked intently at the Father Abbé, and put him this question: 'Can the Church release subjects from the oath of fidelity taken to their Prince?' . . . The old man, broken by age, made such an energetic answer that the officers present were stupefied, and feared a violent scene. After a moment of silence, Napoleon changed the conversation."

I have met with this anecdote nowhere else. It is characteristic of the state of mind of Napoleon at the time. He visited, during his stay at Vienna, the monument which Canova had made for the Archduchess Maria Christina, by the order of the Duke of Saxe-Teschen. It was late in the evening, when the monks were already in their cells. He admired the work, and said merely, "Vanité des vanités, tout n'est que vanité." None of the officers who were with him knew, nor did he himself, that it was in the same church that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette had been affianced and married by proxy to the Dauphin of France.

It is curious to read the observations which Madame du Montet makes on the son of Napoleon, the Duke of Reichstadt. She saw much of him, and writes, at the end of 1817:

"Prince François has all the gestures and attitudes of his father. It is very singular, for he could not copy them from him, as he did not see much of him, and his governors here try to correct them. He continually keeps his hands behind his back. He also has a habit of advancing one foot, as Napoleon did. His long blond hair, which is carefully curled every evening with forty *papillotes*, make him look deliciously pretty, but this toilet is insupportable to him, and he asks constantly that his hair be cut, like that of other children. [There is, in

the Château de Chantilly, a little portrait of the young Prince, with this abundance of curls, which, I believe, came from the Princess of Salerno, who was an Austrian Archduchess, the sister of Marie-Louise.] He resembles the children of Maria Theresa in his eyes, complexion, and beautiful blond hair; but he has in his mouth and his general aspect something which reminds one of his father. . . . This child has certainly much intelligence. . . . History is his passion. He is timid, and always consults with his eye Count Dietrichstein, his *grand-maître*, before doing anything or accepting anything."

The passages which I have excerpted from the 'Recollections' of Madame du Montet will probably save her book from oblivion. It is a pity that she did not put some sort of order in a work which here and there has interesting pages, and notes on an immense number of people. As it is, the volume can be read only as you listen to an interrupted conversation. The writer was evidently fond of gossip, and most of her recollections can be classed only under this rather vulgar expression.

Correspondence.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES AND BIBLIOGRAPHIES

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am sorry that in the issue of the *Nation* for December 29 you find it advisable to speak with such severity of the series of bibliographies prepared under the direction of Mr. Griffin of the Library of Congress. All that your reviewer does say is very likely true, but these lists, I think, ought in fairness to be judged according to the measure in which they fill the purpose for which they seem to be intended. I am not too familiar with them, but they have impressed me as standing somewhat to bibliography as newspapers do to literature, serving a present need, and as an aid to busy people in quick and probably superficial investigation. The speed with which they appear indicates the character of their construction. It must surely be of considerable service to public men, especially in Washington, to be able to reach promptly a mass of information, even if it is not fully digested, on such timely matters as Chamberlain's tariff plan, on "recognition" in international law, or on the popular election of Senators. When we speak of bibliography in its full sense, that is quite another matter. I have been at this humble trade for nearly twenty-seven years, and I honestly doubt if elaborate bibliography serves any extended usefulness. These lists, however, are unpretentious, and seem practical and timely, wholly aside from the question of their scholarship, accuracy and the natural differences of opinion as to methods of arrangement pursued. In regard to the partial furnishing of notes of information, I recall that Mr. Griffin is one of the pioneers of descriptive bibliography, and has rendered no little service in this way. The fact is, any elucidation which clears the tangle of books on any subject is just so much to the good, and as for the perfect bibliographer, there is none perfect—no, not one.

Possibly your reviewer has unintentionally failed to give credit for the actual zeal shown and the help probably rendered to others besides scholars and thorough investigators. As a rule, experts can look out for themselves. Lindsay Swift.

Public Library of the City of Boston, January 7, 1905.

[We allow full weight to the above plea in mitigation, but we could adduce careless and erroneous annotation in addition to technical defects of arrangement, etc.—Ed. Nation.]

A DISCLAIMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Very greatly valuing the application of your higher canons of criticism, I can with ill grace complain of your judgment of my 'Abraham Lincoln.' I think, however, that the slur which your reviewer cast upon "my" grouping, in the phrase, "the Garrisonian-Giddings-Lovejoy-John Brown method," is not deserved, since it is mine in no sense, and it ought to be a plain inference from my text that I am describing a kind of feeling in the South, where, at the time, distinctions as to the precise views of Mr. Garrison and John Brown were not clear—where, indeed, existed a desire to confuse names and place the responsibility for violence where it did not belong. If I have not made myself understood in so plain a matter, it is my sad misfortune.

Any "sordidness" in my view of Lincoln is not felt, and it is again a misfortune if it has been expressed. If the testimony of Herndon, and the many whose reminiscences have been gathered by Mr. Thorndyke Rice, and the impressions of men like Charles Francis Adams, Goldwin Smith, Henry Villard, and Edward Dicey are to be disallowed, the picture may be more pleasing, but it will be very far from dispassionate or just. As for the rest, there is much in the point of view. That my portrait may not be perfect in color or proportions is entirely conceivable. It is, at any rate, an attempt at an honest presentation of character in the light of this century, when we are coming to think less and less of the meaning of those old names "North" and "South," wherein for long lurked so much antagonism, suspicion, and bitterness. Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

Philadelphia, January 6, 1905.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS AT ATHENS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. T. W. Heermance, Director of the American School of Classical Sttudies at Athens, kindly wrote me a letter on the 18th of December containing information in regard to the coming Archæological Congress at Athens, which cannot fail to be of interest to a large circle of readers of the *Nation*.

The committee on the Archæological Congress met on the 17th of December and fixed definitely the date of the meetings. The Congress will be opened on Saturday, the 8th of April next, and the sessions will close on Thursday, the 13th of April. On the 14th of April the special archæological journey will begin, and will continue until Tuesday, the 2d of May. A special steamer will convey the party taking the journey to some of the more important sites in Greece accessible by sea, and to some of the Cyclades and other islands, to Crete, to Rhodes, and to some of the coast cities of Asia Minor, and finally to Troy and to Mt. Athos. This itinerary is unusual, and exceptionally attractive. It cannot fail to open new vistas to those archæologists who may be so fortunate as to take the voyage. The Congress, whose opening session, as I understand, is to be held in the Parthenon, will surely be most stimulating to the progress of archæology.

In general, as one who feels the stirring influences of the meetings in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the American Institute of Archæology held in Boston last week, I should like to be allowed to say here that I am convinced more firmly than ever that the significant advance in scientific archæological research made by American scholars in the last quarter of a century, and the widespread sympathy with this study, are among the most potent agencies to cope with whatever of vulgar materialism exists among us, and to give shape to aspirations for culture—culture at once refined and quick with large humanity of feeling.—Very truly yours,

William Carey Poland.

Providence, R. I., January 2, 1905.

Notes.

We recur to the announcement of the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland, the publishers of the important historical series, "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898," that the edition will be strictly limited to the number of subscribers after February 1 next. They state that the support accorded this publication, which was to comprise 1,000 numbered sets, has been so inadequate that they are facing serious financial loss upon it, but that they intend to complete the fifty-five volumes promised for the libraries and individuals who have subscribed. Thus far, less than 100 sets have been placed in this country, although a larger number have been placed in the public libraries of Europe, India, Australia, the Far East, and the Philippines. Of the sets thus far sold in this country, all but seven are in public libraries. Twenty volumes had been issued to the end of the year, and, after the issuance of volume 22 on or about February 1, the number of volumes printed prior to that in excess of the number subscribed will be destroyed. The publishers are strictly correct in alleging that this "is the only work making anything like a comprehensive array of Philippine historical sources available in any language, particularly in English, and the call for it will increase from year to year, especially when the volumes cover more recent years and the index volumes make these sources more readily available." "With the limitation of this work to so few sets, it will practically not be procurable later on, and will scarcely be found outside of the larger reference libraries."

We may add that the Arthur H. Clark Co. announce that volume xxxii. and possibly a portion of volume xxxiii. of the Philippine series will contain the original Pigafetta relation of the Magellan expedition, with a page-for-page English translation. The Italian text is copied from the original manuscript in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana,

Milan, Italy, the oldest Pigafetta manuscript in existence. All the peculiarities of the manuscript (which is written in the queer Venetian dialect of the early sixteenth century, with occasional French and Spanish words) have been carefully preserved; and thus for the first time will scholars who cannot have access to the original manuscript be enabled to have before them the exact text of Pigafetta, along with the copious annotations, while the translation will for the first time open to English readers the unabridged narrative. It was at first the intention to publish the older of the two manuscripts (both in French) which are preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and that manuscript was actually copied; but it had to yield to that of Milan. Pigafetta's is a sympathetic and apparently true account of the first circumnavigation of the globe, and is full of information of many strange lands and peoples.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, make the important announcement that they will bring out in April the Musical Autobiography of the late Theodore Thomas in two volumes—"the first devoted to his life work, the second almost entirely to programmes." The work was quite finished before death overtook the writer, and had been intrusted to Mr. George P. Upton, the well-known writer on music, who will essay an appreciation of the great conductor. A chapter on "programme-making," from Mr. Thomas's own pen, will accompany (with other like discourse) the groups of programmes here brought together.

Brentano's have nearly ready two volumes in a series of handbooks entitled "The Music of the Masters," viz., 'Wagner,' by Ernest Newman, and 'Tchaikovsky,' by E. Markham Lee. They will deal solely with the music of the respective composers, and will contain many musical quotations.

Four of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, 'Vivian Grey,' 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred,' are to be brought out handsomely in March by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, with photogravure frontispieces and critical introductions.

'Who's Who' for 1905 is, from force of habit, larger than its predecessor (London: Black; New York: Macmillan). Its principle of inclusion is not defined even for British subjects. The American ambassador at St. James's, Mr. Choate, naturally finds a place, but equally does our ambassador to Rome, Mr. Meyer, and Prof. Dewey of Columbia (for example). The existence of 'Who's Who in America' might suggest a reduction and elimination on this line to cope with the swelling home matter. Continental names occur sparsely, yet often enough to enhance the value of this standard work of contemporary biographical reference.

To the Athenæum Press Series (Ginn), Mr. Beeching contributes a convenient and useful edition of 'The Sonnets of Shakspeare.' The introduction fills fifty-five pages; the notes, fifty-one. Concerning the identity of Mr. W. H., the dark lady, and the rival poet, Mr. Beeching adopts the only tenable view—that of the agnostic. Certainly the Sonnets can no longer be regarded as having been written as mere poetical exercises or in adulation of a patron; they must, if interpreted most naturally, have had a basis of actual experience. But that Southampton, Pembroke, "William Hughes," William Hervey, or any other person thus far mentioned was the friend, is "not proven." All that can safely be affirmed is that he was "a person known in society, of good birth and fortune," but not necessarily a nobleman; and possessed of the wit and passion which were typical of the gay Elizabethans. As for the claims of Chapman, Daniel, and Barnes to be called the rival poet, Mr. Beeching is equally skeptical. The section dealing with form and style is admirably specific; the illustrative lists might have been extended to advantage. The notes are concise, but in general satisfactory. The note on *canker-blooms*, liv. 5, might have included a reference to correspondence in the *Athenæum* for July 23-August 27, 1904. On the bibliographical side Mr. Beeching's book, like most text-books of our time, is inadequate. But what he has attempted, Mr. Beeching has done well.

The 'Vital Records of the Town of Brewster, Mass.,' to the end of the year 1849, is the first fruits (apart from the *Mayflower Descendant*) of the Massachusetts Society of *Mayflower* Descendants. The industrious editor of that periodical, Mr. George Ernest Bowman, has had the collation and proof-reading of the present volume, which is to be followed rapidly by similar ones for Halifax, Truro, and other towns in Barnstable and Plymouth Counties. To this end, a "Cape Cod Town Record Fund" has been established (and must be sustained) by private gifts. The execution in the case of Brewster is admirable, and all the names of those whose births, deaths, and marriages are recorded in the eight original volumes are duly indexed under one alphabet. Contributions or orders should be sent to Mr. Bowman at No. 53 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.

In recording the completion of Miss Hapgood's translation of Turgeneff (Scribners), in sixteen volumes, comprising *all* the novels and tales found in the St. Petersburg editions of that author's works, we should have remarked that "The Region of Dead Calm" (volume xii.) seems to be the tale to which a correspondent in the *Nation* for April 21, 1904, refers under the title "Country Life," and which, as he states, is not included in Mrs. Garnett's translation.

The "Maybrick Case" had certain peculiar features, the most important of which was the impaired mental health of the judge who tried it; but everything of public interest about the matter has been long since told. 'Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story' (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) adds nothing to our knowledge in this respect, and will not alter the judgment of such as have concluded, after a careful examination of the record, that the Home Secretary did well in recommending a commutation, and not a pardon. Whatever value the book has, is due to the account given by the author of the administration of prison discipline in England, which appears to be, compared with our own practice, exemplary.

In the five hundred and odd pages of 'The Naval Constructor,' by George Simpson, M.I.N.A. (New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.), there is compactly stowed nearly, if not quite, all the material data needed by those engaged in the design, construction, equipment, and maintenance of ships. As it would be inconsistent with sanity to attempt to know all the facts this book contains, it may well be recommended to modern shipmen as a vade-mecum, in accordance with the claim of the title-page and the handy size of the volume.

In his 'Analytic Interest Psychology and Synthetic Philosophy' (Baltimore: King Brothers), Mr. John Summerfield Engel, a graduate student in the Johns Hopkins University, imports into psychology from pedagogy an element all but entirely neglected hitherto by the psychologists; and he seems to have struck a rich vein. This neglected through recognized element is *Interest*, of which the pedagogicians have always made much. It is surely wrong that the pure science should pay so little attention as it has hitherto done to a fundamental element that shows itself so important in applied science. The book evinces a very considerable force of thought, with thorough and original study. A further prosecution of the theory will clear it of its crudities, and it is likely eventually to undergo considerable modifications; but it deserves mention now as the first germination of a body of thought which by its vigor and vitality promises to grow into something that may occupy a large place in the future of psychology. At present, Mr. Engel would reduce all feeling, volition, and cognition to the action of Interest, and to make it the corner-stone of philosophy, which we guess is a good deal too much.

The latest of the Knackfuss 'Monographs on Artists' (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is devoted to George Frederick Watts, with text by O. von Schleinitz, and the usual profusion of reproductions. In these, Watts's largeness of composition and weight of thought are as conspicuous as ever, but the defects of the process have rather accentuated the faults of his technical method, so that one gets a rather painful impression of woolliness and feebleness of representation. A few of the portraits form exceptions to the rule in this respect. We miss the noble portrait of Joachim, one of Watts's finest and most unequivocally successful productions.

The publication in German of Professor Fahlbeck's recent work 'Sveriges Adel,' under the title 'Der Adel Schwedens [und Finlands],' brings a very meritorious treatise before a larger audience. The Swedish edition has been compressed into one volume, and such matter has been omitted as was of comparatively local interest. The work undertakes to study the vicissitudes in decline and regeneration of a class, and is led into what is really a biological examination of fertility, longevity, mortality, and the many other elements that enter into the complicated question. The basis of the study is largely genealogy, but the author cuts loose from the microscopic scrutiny into which genealogists often fall, and envisages the subject in a way to give his results a wide-reaching importance for the social sciences. Of especial interest is the discussion of the "results and dangers of the two-children system." The author thinks that restriction of births was a factor in antiquity second to none in inducing degeneration and decline. He realizes, however, as many harsh judges of the so-called disciples of Malthus do not, the forces in the modern systems which make limitation of offspring inevitable. Among these he is led to assign great weight to the movement towards an independent status on the part of women. He regards

four or five as the ideal number of living children to the family, and he looks to religion alone and a "sense of duty towards the Origin of all things" to react against the tendency of the age, and to inspire man to present sacrifice for the sake of society and the future.

The third volume of the 'Jahrbuch der Deutschen Bibliotheken' has received a welcome addition to its list of publications relating to the various libraries, in that not only the titles in the two previous volumes have been cumulated, but the principal references in the 'Adressbuch' of 1893 have been added, making a very complete bibliography of the chief sources of German library history. These sources are very numerous, and show clearly the important place which libraries occupy in the intellectual life of the nation, besides being a worthy monument to the literary activity of German library workers. The statistical part of the present volume is devoted chiefly to library buildings. Circulars asking for data were sent out to the 147 libraries contained in the previous volume of the 'Jahrbuch,' and 124 replied. The 23 from which no information could be gained are mostly of minor importance, though the university library of Heidelberg is one of them. During the past year six foreign institutions have entered into agreement for direct loans with German libraries; among them the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg and Trinity College in Dublin.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna has decided no longer to permit the promiscuous attendance of women at the practical exercises of the teachers and the lectors as special students (*Hospitantinnen*). In a communication to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the dean of the philosophical faculty, Dr. Meyer-Lübke, gives the reasons for this reactionary step, the chief being that the privilege has been abused, and that women have flocked by scores to these practical departments, who, unprepared to do the work, evidently came chiefly because private lessons in French and English were too expensive. Practically the measure means that women will be admitted only after a more rigorous examination of their abilities, and, of 97 applicants recently made, 20 were rejected. Naturally, this decree does not affect the regular women students.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that the number of foreign students at the French universities is steadily increasing. During the past academic year the total was 2,510, and of these, 1,003 were women. Paris alone reports 1,315 foreigners, and among them 401 women. Montpellier has 224 foreigners enrolled, fully half of whom are women. In Grenoble there are 223 foreigners, nearly all of these being Germans; and in addition 352 non-French took part in the well-known "vacation courses" of this institution. Of the other French universities, Nancy reported 165 foreigners; Lyons, 87; and Bordeaux, 86.

A new scholarship scheme for the public schools of London has been presented to the County Council by a sub-committee of that body. It has some features of general interest. Under the present system 3,174 children of parents whose income is below a certain sum hold scholarships valued at $390,000. The new plan proposes to throw open the junior scholarships to all pupils of the elementary schools of the age of 11-12, who have reached the "scholarship standard," with an additional maintenance allowance when needed. These scholarships would then cease to be badges of poverty and become titles of honor, the striving for which would supply an immense stimulus to the work of the children and secure the interest of their parents in their education. The expenditure, it is estimated, would in 1910-11 amount to $1,376,000. The scheme is criticised by the London Teachers' Association as one aiming to secure teachers rather than to improve the general education of the London children. This is shown by the selection of twice as many girls as boys, and the restrictions on the continuance of the scholarships after 14 unless a bond to become teachers is entered into. Such a plan, "while giving girls opportunities of becoming teachers, will not help the nation in competition with other countries, as too few scholarships will go to boys."

A novel educational feature in the Far East is a course of "visual instruction as to Great Britain" about to be introduced into the curriculum of the schools of Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, and Ceylon. Simple lectures on the scenery, country life, London, historic centres, etc., have been prepared and are to be translated into the different languages spoken by the children of these colonies, and will be illustrated by lantern slides. The object of the scheme, in furthering which these colonies have taken the lead and provided the funds, is to strengthen through mutual knowledge the ties uniting the Empire.

—The January *Harper's* opens with a readable sketch of Dr. Thomas Radcliffe, famous for his attendance, and his refusals of attendance, upon ailing British sovereigns, about the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Dr. Radcliffe is said to have died of an apoplexy brought on through fear of being murdered because of the popular resentment aroused by his crusty refusal to comply with a summons to the bedside of the dying Queen Anne. The article is finely illustrated with reproductions of portraits of Queen Anne, Dr. Radcliffe, and other famous physicians of the time. Professor Lounsbury discusses the *-or* vs. *-our* controversy, with the comfortable conclusion that one has a right to his individual preference in the matter. Prof. John Bassett Moore traces the steps by which the United States advanced from the traditional transatlantic doctrine to the position that a man has the natural right of expatriation, with the full right to claim protection by the country of his adoption against any further claim of authority over him by the Government which he has abandoned. Hugo De Vries, the Amsterdam botanist, describes an extended series of experiments with the great evening-primrose (*Œnothera Lamarckiana*), by which he has been led, contrary to most biologists, to the conclusion that permanent variations in natural development originate in sudden leaps, rather than by the slow accumulation of changes so slight at any one time as to be practically invisible. The Easy Chair discusses sweetly the problem which now and then generates so much of the *odium philologicum* in more scientific circles, whether or not people can think at all without "thinking in words." The decision is in the affirmative, which has the double advantage of being right and of cutting the writers of romance out of the claim that they have really *thought* simply because they have been so prolific of words —a claim which might be hard to dispose of if the identity of language and thought were once admitted. We have the promise for February of some new Longfellow material—a really important find, if we may accept the estimate of the publishers' announcement. Another interesting announcement is that Mr. Howells and Mr. James will exchange their literary bases for the year, Mr. James being in America to write of things American, and Mr. Howells studying at first hand the England of to-day, both exclusively for—etc. We do not feel sure that the willingness of our most prominent writers to bind themselves so closely to one channel of expression is in the best interests of literature, however unobjectionable that channel may be.

—Dr. Andrew D. White's second paper on Hugo Grotius easily takes first rank among the contents of the January *Atlantic*. The 'De Jure Belli ac Pacis,' "the most beneficent of all volumes not claiming divine inspiration," is nevertheless not so wonderful as the faith of its author in working out such doctrines at a time when no other human being could see in the anarchic darkness of the age any tribunal which could recognize a plea for right reason in international affairs, or enforce a decision upon it. By faith alone could Grotius have courage to appeal to the heart and mind of man as the supreme tribunal. Dr. White makes the pertinent suggestion that, in the palace of international justice to be erected at The Hague, the statue of Grotius should stand supreme among the memorials with which its corridors will doubtless be embellished. The first instalment of Thoreau's Journal is contained in this number, with an introduction of some length by Bradford Torrey. It will doubtless be a surprise to many to be informed, with ample proof, that Thoreau's real knowledge of the plant and bird life about him was of a very limited character, and that, too, in matters in which knowledge depended upon nothing more difficult than the application of a good pair of eyes to what was continually going on about him. One is amused to find him on February 7 moralizing in a self-gratulatory tone as to his superiority over his neighbors in being able to dispense with winter clothing, only to be housed a week later with a severe attack of bronchitis. But there is evidence that experience brought wisdom, for ten days later he writes: "The care of the body is the highest exercise of prudence. If I have brought this weakness on my lungs, I will consider calmly and disinterestedly how the thing came about, that I may find out the truth and render justice." Col. Higginson gathers up still another thread of reminiscence in a paper on American audiences in the earlier days of the lecture platform.

—Mrs. Steuart Erskine's 'London as an Art City' (Scribners) belongs to a series of art monographs edited by Selwyn Brinton. It is clearly impossible in so brief a space to treat of the art treasures which London possesses, nor is the term "art city" at all suitable to London from any aspect. Mrs. Erskine's sketch begins with

the earliest times: she considers that the Romans, when they imposed their laws on the country, in 61 A. D., gave the first impulse to art also. They founded the city, on their own lines, on the two hills divided by the Walbrook from the site of the Tower to the Fleet, Southwark being a populous suburb connected by a fortified bridge. Roman remains in the British and Guildhall Museums and tesselated pavements which are still existent show that the Romans made use of designs similar to those employed in Rome. Mrs. Erskine swiftly touches on the succeeding artistic impulses which made London down to our own twentieth century and its latest monuments—the splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster in the early Christian Byzantine style, of brick and stone, with its campanile 284 feet high, designed by J. F. Bentley, and Lloyd's Registry, in the Renaissance style, in the City. A chapter is devoted to literary London, which tells of the associations of certain places with authors of celebrity, and another describes studios and artists. Mrs. Erskine has very optimistic views as to what is being done architecturally for London at this moment. She also seems hopeful about the tendencies of painting and sculpture. The book is illustrated fairly well, but has no index.

—Apparently the Anglo-Saxon race has, among its other qualities, an unlimited power of purchasing books on the French Revolution. The publishers will not call a halt until they are encouraged to do so by the public. In the meantime, the reviewer groans under a burden of writings which add nothing to the store of knowledge, and represent only the intrusion of kindergarten methods upon a sphere that does not belong to them. For thirty-five years after the restoration of Louis XVIII., France poured forth a tide of memoirs relating to every aspect of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era. Whether authentic or apocryphal, most of these works were spun out to enormous length for the purpose of making lucrative "copy." During the past decade it has become a recognized industry to translate such literature, abridge it, make it the basis of historical novels, and, in short, to work it up in every conceivable style. No form of book-making is less difficult, but one may doubt whether it serves any useful end. We need not continue the subject farther. The foregoing remarks, which might be illustrated at great length, derive one further illustration from 'A Daughter of the Revolution,' by Catherine M. Bearne (Dutton). The central figure of this volume is Mme. Junot, the Duchess d'Abrantès, whose copious autobiography supplies most of the material required. Here and there bits, like Cazotte's prophecy, are interpolated from other sources, in order to lend the narrative more vivacity, but with few exceptions Mme. Junot's own tale is found the most convenient magazine of detail and anecdote. We cannot see that much skill has been shown in the work of adaptation, and therefore it becomes impossible to praise either method or result. Were there fewer books of the same sort, one might adopt a more genial tone in referring to this one, but in the interest of history we must protest against the multiplication of abridged and adapted memoirs.

—The Rev. Kota Hoshino's 'Mission of Japan and the Russo-Japanese War' (Yokohama: The Fukuin Printing Co., Limited) is a small tract of some sixty pages, half patriotism, half religion. An appendix gives the official correspondence containing the negotiations between Japan and Russia preceding the war, but the main drift of the book is to draw as a moral from Japan's present situation that what is needed chiefly there to "crown the edifice" is the general adoption of Christianity. The author is an ordained minister of the Church of Christ in Japan, and his main reason for advocating this change is that the country is in need of a religious system of greater moral power than any which it now has, and can find this only in Christianity. His conclusion is stated rather than supported by argument, and so is rather lame. We are merely told that the days of Buddhism and Shintoism and "Bushidōs" are over, and that to escape Utilitarianism and Materialism the only resource is the gospel. The greater part of the tract is a summary of facts bearing on the political and belligerent birth of the new Japan, and there is such a want of continuity between this and the religious part as to lead to a suspicion that the reverend author does not himself very well know why Japan should suddenly become Christian. One or two Japanese authorities whom he quotes seem to look upon the adoption of Christianity as an inevitable part of a true state policy. To be entirely Western and modern, and like those wonderful Americans who first showed Japan the path, is it not necessary to be Christian, too? Was it not through Christianity that modern Europe became great? Can a nation be truly great without becoming Christian? The old answer was that no nation could become great without accepting Christianity, because Christianity was the final revelation of Truth. Statesmen have, however, even in the Western world, promoted Christianity for other reasons.

—The Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America, writes a correspondent, held its tenth annual meeting in Chicago, December 28-30, in the City Building of Northwestern University. The meeting was in many ways a noteworthy one. In point of attendance it was considerably larger than that at Ann Arbor last year, notwithstanding the fact that last year's meeting was a national, and not a "division" meeting. Thirteen States and Canada were represented by teachers of modern languages from twenty-three educational institutions. Not only was the attendance larger than in former years, but there was a noticeable increase in the number of women present, and in the number of teachers from the secondary schools. Perhaps the most significant feature of the convention was the attention bestowed upon topics broadly educational in their scope, and hence of interest to men from the university and from the secondary school alike. The dominant note was struck at the first session by Professor Hohlfeld in his chairman's address, when he affirmed that the time is ripe for a readjustment of ideals here in America, such as has already been started in Germany. The university ideal of scholarly research ought not, he said, to be allowed to supplant permanently the old ideal of faithful and devoted teaching. That there has been such a change of emphasis is shown by the fact that whereas over one-half the papers which appeared in the Publications of the Association between 1884 and 1892 were pedagogical, now the Publications, like the other journals of the same class, are ostentatiously devoted to research. Professor Hohlfeld's contention was that neither ideal should be held to the exclusion of the other, but that both should be maintained with equal enthusiasm and at the same time. Quite in accord with the tone of the chairman's address was that of an extremely interesting paper by Professor Rambeau, director of foreign-language instruction in the Manual Training High School at Kansas City, on "The Teaching of Modern Languages in the American High School." Incidentally Professor Rambeau pointed out the dangers of the elective system now prevailing almost universally in the American high school as a result of the influence of President Eliot of Harvard. Its chief disadvantages are its expense and its tendency to encourage superficiality. He thinks we may profit by the experience of schools of a grade similar to ours abroad, particularly by that of the Realschule in Germany, because these present so close an analogy to our own high schools. Pedagogical subjects came in for still further and more detailed discussion at the departmental meetings. The informality of these sectional meetings as compared with former years, and the alert, even eager, manner of the participants in the discussion, showed conclusively that interest in them is increasing from year to year. Yet the attention of the Association was not confined to pedagogic matters. Among the most attractive papers was that presented by Professor Belden on "Folk-Song in Missouri." He has found a number of examples of ballads, some descendants of eighteenth-century English broadsides, some of native origin; the former showing curious variations from the original ballads as found in Child's collection, and all attesting the perennial hold of the ballad on a simple and illiterate people. The paper showed how a scholarly method may be applied, and important results obtained, from material apparently unpromising, and this in spite of a lack of library facilities such as are usually deemed essential conditions of productive research.

—The social element in the proceedings was, as usual, a prominent feature. At the business sessions the report of the joint committee appointed by the American Philological Association, the National Educational Association, and the Modern Language Association to consider the possibility of forming a phonetic alphabet was discussed. The report was approved and accepted, with the further suggestion that the committee consult with the various European committees with a view to securing international agreement. As officers for the ensuing year, Professor Blackburn of the University of Chicago was chosen chairman; Professor Weeks of the University of Missouri, secretary; and, as members of the executive committee, Professor Hohlfeld of the University of Wisconsin, Professor Bowen of Ohio State University, and Professor Dodge of the University of Illinois. The Association voted to accept the invitation of the University of Wisconsin to meet at Madison next year. It is probable

that thereafter, at least on alternate years, the meetings will be held in Chicago.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN ON HOBBES.

Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1904.

This book is the last of Leslie Stephen's delightful and philosophical biographies. One is sorely tempted to make this the opportunity for a review of Stephen's own work as a thinker; but the occasion is not really appropriate. Hobbes is too considerable a figure among the moral and political philosophers of England to be made the text for an examination into any other man's achievements. Yet it may be possible to connect together, what (to the present writer at any rate) are almost inseparable thoughts as to Stephen's unrivalled skill as a critical biographer, and reflections on the career and speculations of Hobbes. It is worth while, in any case, to direct the attention of intelligent readers who are not metaphysicians to some among the answers given by Sir Leslie Stephen to questions which are certain to perplex any student who seriously peruses the latest biography of that "Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, author of the 'Leviathan,'" who was admittedly "the most conspicuous English thinker in the whole period between Bacon and Locke."

Was Hobbes a man of a selfish or heartless character? There have been plenty of censors, both in his lifetime and since his death, well inclined to answer this inquiry with a decided affirmative. A whole school of moralists treat Hobbes's system of ethics as grounded on selfishness, and it is natural, though not really logical, to believe, and to assert, that a teacher who makes self-interest the basis of human action, must himself be marked by obtrusive selfishness. Hobbes, too, always appeals to men's reason; he never attempts to enlist the support of sentiment or imagination. He is a logician, he is not a rhetorician or a poet. What is more natural than to conclude that so cool-headed a teacher was deficient in kindly feeling and incapable of warm friendship? Leslie Stephen shows us at once that this idea is unfounded.

"It would be altogether unjust to set down Hobbes as a man of cold nature. Whether he was a man to make any romantic sacrifice to friendship may indeed be doubted. Retired philosophers may congratulate themselves that they are seldom exposed to such trials, and in Hobbes's life the case did not occur. But everything goes to show that he was a man of kindly if not of ardent affections. Few men appear to have won so many friends or to have retained them so permanently. His long connection with the Cavendish family proves the existence of a mutual esteem creditable to both sides. . . . Certainly we cannot claim for him the posthumous affection which is bestowed upon men of the heroic type like his contemporary Milton, or of the saintly type like Archbishop Leighton. But neither of these eminent persons made any mark in philosophical speculation. We must admit the excellence for its own purpose of more than one type. A man who is above all to be a cool reasoner and to shrink from no conclusion forced upon him by his logic, is a very valuable person, and may be forgiven if his spiritual temperature does not rapidly rise to boiling-point and obscure his clearness of vision. Hobbes, if one may venture to say so, had probably quite as much benevolence as was good for a metaphysician."

These words sum up the whole matter. Men such as Hobbes live in the world of thought; their one vocation is to think truly; their legitimate enthusiasm is the passionate search after truth. The one object of their legitimate detestation is everything which impedes free inquiry. In an age when tolerance was unknown, Hobbes denounced persecution with unsparing vigor.

Did Hobbes publish the 'Leviathan' that he might gain the favor of Cromwell? Here again the assailants of Hobbes have looked upon his conduct from the most discrediting point of view. Hobbes might be counted at one time among the Royalist exiles at Paris. He was there mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. In 1650 he was anxious, and not without reason, to return to England. He published the 'Leviathan' in the middle of 1651. The book admittedly encourages or enjoins obedience to any established sovereign. The duty of a subject is to submit to the sovereign *de facto* and not to yield allegiance to the sovereign *de jure*. Hobbes, soon after publishing the 'Leviathan' retired or escaped to England, and there lived peaceably. After the Restoration, Wallis, in a controversy with Hobbes, declared that the book was "writ in defence of Oliver's title." Clarendon asserted that, at the time of the publication, Hobbes, after a discourse between jest and earnest, had, when asked why he propounded the absolutist doctrine of his treatise, said, "The truth is, I have a mind to go home." Here we have surely the evidence of willingness to sacrifice loyalty to self-interest, yet in truth Leslie Stephen demonstrates that the charge against Hobbes is little better than slander or misapprehension.

Hobbes, it is certain, never changed his principles, for the principles of the 'Leviathan' are identical with principles found in the 'De Cive,' written long before the 'Leviathan.' Hobbes, again, on the return of Charles to Paris, after the final defeat at Worcester, actually presented the King with a manuscript copy of the 'Leviathan' which is now to be seen at the British Museum, and this copy contains the passages which were the most offensive to ordinary Royalists. His retreat or escape to England, it will be said, was in itself desertion of the King. But those who make this assertion neglect certain facts. Hobbes had been banished from the King's court. The Anglican prelates found fault with the theology of his book. He had certainly attacked the Catholic Church. He stood in fear of the Catholic clergy. He thought, rightly or not, that his life was in peril. From Charles he had received little favor. The young King was set against him, and trusted in those in whom his father had trusted. Hobbes, concludes our author, "was hardly called upon to stay in a place where his countrymen and the native authorities agreed in considering him to be an atheist, and held atheism to be not only damnable, but criminal."

To those who look upon Charles I. as a martyr, and Charles II. as the King to whom every Englishman owed moral allegiance, this apology will seem insufficient. Nor to some critics who have no respect or admiration for the Stuarts will it appear so clear as it seems to have been to Leslie Stephen, that a man of Hobbes's acuteness could not recognize the full import of the victory at Worcester and see in Cromwell the true sovereign of England. But the defence suggested for Hobbes does assuredly free him from any charge of political baseness. He never was a zealot for the King; his whole moral doctrine made it the course both of wisdom and of duty to obey every *de facto* sovereign. Without any treachery he acted in accordance with his avowed principles. He possibly, too, had, even in 1651, the insight or foresight to see in Cromwell the one European ruler who wished to establish toleration in matters of religion.

Was Hobbes in truth an atheist? This is an inquiry to which persons of very different classes give opposite answers with equal confidence. The man in the street, who hardly pretends to knowledge, and represents only ignorance and tradition, is prepared to say offhand that the philosopher was certainly an infidel and probably an atheist. This, no doubt, was the belief of the electors of Southwark who, some sixty years ago, were called upon by Mr. Miall to deprive Sir William Molesworth of his seat because he had edited the works of Hobbes, the infidel. It is perhaps hardly an unfair account of the contest to write, as does Molesworth's latest biographer, that "wherever he went in the constituency, Sir William was met by the absurd cry of 'No 'obbes' from people who knew as much of Hobbes as they knew of Egyptian hieroglyphics."

The liberal theologians, who profess to speak with a certain amount of knowledge, and who maintain the doctrine, for which it is not always easy to find a strictly logical ground, that a man's religious opinions have nothing to do with his fitness to fill every political office which is open to the citizens of a State, shirk the inquiry as to Hobbes's theological creed, and either, with Sir William Molesworth, ask the question whether in Hobbes's works you can find "one single sentence hostile to Christianity," or, with Sir William's biographer, content themselves with the perfectly true, but singularly irrelevant, remark that, "in a word, Hobbes was an Erastian." The plain truth is that the fanaticism of intolerance and the much more creditable enthusiasm for religious freedom and toleration are, like every form of passion, incompatible with sound and sane criticism. If we wish to know how far and in what sense Hobbes may be charged with atheism, we must turn to an author who, equipped with complete knowledge of his subject, recognizes the constantly forgotten consideration that a critic is a judge, and that his whole duty is to give true judgment according to the evidence. Never was any man better qualified for judicial criticism than Leslie Stephen. On a matter such as the tendency of Hobbes's opinions, he writes with unrivalled authority. No one can accuse him of want of sympathy with the philosopher. Our author clearly wishes to render to Hobbes the fullest justice. He points out with characteristic equity the distinction (which will always be overlooked by mere controversialists) between the true tendency and effect of a man's doctrines and the view of these doctrines which the man himself entertained. It is impossible to reproduce the whole of Stephen's view of Hobbes's theology; it is contained in some thirteen small pages, every word of which deserves careful study. But his conclusions are expressed with as much clearness as temperance, and may be given pretty nearly in Stephen's own words.

We are in fact engaged in two different inquiries. The one, and by far the most important, is, What was the true tendency of Hobbes's teaching? The answer is this:

"If we now come to the question what was Hobbes's real position in regard to theology, I think that there can be only one answer. It is quite clear that his, like other materialistic systems, is incompatible with anything that can be called theism. His argument comes merely to this, that if the world was created—a point which, we see, he admits to be doubtful—the Creator must have been a Being of stupendous power, but one of whom we are unable to say anything else. . . . A religion of this kind is not likely to give much trouble to anybody; and Hobbes's opponents were right in regarding him as virtually opposed to all possible theology."

The other, and by far the less important inquiry, is, what Hobbes himself thought of his own position. A man may well hold dogmas which make for atheism and yet himself be a sincere deist. Leslie Stephen at any rate gives as fair a reply as the circumstances make possible:

"What Hobbes himself thought," he writes, "is not quite so obvious. There is a presumption, indeed, that so bold a thinker must have seen the plain inferences from his principles. . . . I do not, indeed, feel certain that Hobbes admitted, even to himself, the true nature of his position. He may have retained some of the horror for 'atheism' in which he had been educated, and thrown dust in his own eyes as well as in other people's. My chief reason for doubting [whether he recognized to the full the tendency of his philosophy] is that . . . he relies in his political writings upon certain doctrines as to the 'laws of God' which are apparently essential to his argument, and which could hardly be used by one to whom the words meant nothing."

If we regret that so powerful a thinker should have thrown dust in any one's eyes, we must remember, that, in Hobbes's time, free expression of opinion might mean death, and that

"it would, indeed, be difficult to blame a timid old gentleman for not courting martyrdom. The blame for reservation belongs to the persecutor more than to the persecuted. It is, I think, far more remarkable that Hobbes spoke so frankly than that he did not reveal his own mind."

To many readers, as to the present writer, it will seem that the fairest of critics has, after full examination, pronounced judgment, and that this judgment is likely to be final.

THE LETTERS OF AN EMOTIONALIST.

Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The friendship between Ruskin and Professor Norton began in 1855, when the greater part of Ruskin's work as an art-critic had already been done. The first and second volumes of 'Modern Painters' had been long before the public, and the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and the 'Stones of Venice' were published. The third and fourth volumes of 'Modern Painters' were in preparation, and only the fifth volume was to be written later, with much groaning, as a task that had to be done, though the author was more interested in other things, and doubted if the time and labor spent on matters of art were not all wasted. It is Ruskin the social reformer, the man who found the time out of joint, and conceived himself born to set it right, that wrote the letters to Norton; and yet these letters are perhaps most valuable for the light they throw backward on Ruskin the critic. It is only ironically that Ruskin refers to himself as "the author of 'Modern Painters' "; but it is as the author of 'Modern Painters' that he is most certain to be remembered. He was far from being the greatest of art-critics—far, even, from being the greatest of critics who have written in English—but he was, for good or evil, a phenomenally effective one, and the only man who has ever been able to arouse the general public to enthusiastic interest in writings devoted to art. As a social reformer he accomplished little or nothing. As a critic he made a colossal popular reputation for a painter whose genius was hardly of a popular order, and he exercised an unmistakable influence on the art of his own country and time—two things that no other critic has done. It is because of these things that we are interested in the personality of John Ruskin, and welcome anything that helps to make this personality clearer to us.

Professor Norton, who has connected the letters by passages of explanation and comment, expressly declines the attempt to depict in words a nature "in the highest degree complex"; but one sentence in his preface gives the key, as nearly as one sentence can, to what was strongest and weakest in Ruskin. Ruskin's will, he says, "was unstable, for in him reason was subject to sentiment and often to transient emotion." It is emotion more and more dominating reason until it becomes almost hysterical, and a self-abandonment to emotion which makes the final breakdown of the reason comprehensible, which give these letters their interest and their pathos. The man who prided himself above everything on his logical powers, and who thought he proved everything he advanced by calm and clear reasoning, is always working himself into a frenzy of enthusiasm, or lashing himself into a fury of denunciation, in which reason and plain fact are alike forgotten; and the possessor of a truly remarkable gift of observation becomes incapable of distinguishing between what he sees and what he would like to see. He is quite honest, yet altogether untrustworthy, and you can believe nothing because he says so—not even that a picture contains such and such figures.

It is the acuteness of his observation of natural facts and appearances that gives all its permanent value to Ruskin's writing, but it was his emotionalism that gave him his power with the public. A strange lack of creative force prevented his becoming an original artist, but he had in the highest degree the artistic temperament, and that gift of "infecting others with his own emotion" which Tolstoy makes the criterion of art. What he believed for the moment, he believed so intensely that he thought he knew it; what he felt, he felt so profoundly that he made others feel it also. He played upon men's emotions like a musician, and made them feel and think and even do as he wished.

Yet even as an artist in words there is the same futility and the same impotence that marked the artist in lines and colors. The lack of measure, of balance, of continuity, of controlling will and formative power, prevented his producing a single book that is a work of art. He makes, at times, a great parade of method, and lays out a scheme with divisions and subdivisions, but the filling in is essentially a matter of whim and impulse. Brilliant, eloquent, eccentric, wonderfully right or completely and astonishingly wrong, he is always the artist rather than the critic, but his art is that of the *improvvisatore*, not of the composer.

Of the generosity, the sweetness, the highmindedness, the personal lovableness of the man, there are many glimpses in these letters; of his clearness and shrewdness of observation there are some; of his bitter prejudices, his unrestrained and feverish emotion, and his utter irrationalism, there are most of all, and many of them would be comic if they were not pathetic. His prejudices and his hatreds were innumerable, for they included almost everything modern, but the fiercest was his hatred of America and Americans. Indeed, this became inclusive of all the others, for he held America responsible for everything else which he disliked—even, apparently, for the decrease of the snows of Mont Blanc. He seems, rather, to have loved all the Americans he knew, but this did not prevent his hating all those he did not know. He is sure there is no hope for American art because a well-meaning young lady sent him some studies of autumn leaves, and he is convinced that all American scenery is ugly because he has seen some landscape paintings which he does not like. At the outbreak of the civil war his antagonism becomes still more intense. He writes letters which, under the circumstances, must have been a strain on friendship, and finally ceased to write altogether. After the fighting is over and friendly intercourse resumed, he says, under date of September 11, 1865: "The war has put a gulf between all Americans and me in that I do not care to hear what they think, or tell them what I think, on any matter; and Lowell's work and Longfellow's is all now quite useless to me."

Of Ruskin's sudden reversals of opinion under stress of feeling, and of his positiveness of the rightness of his present mind on any matter, there are many instances here. In 1874 he was in Assisi, where he had gone to copy Giotto. On the 19th of June he records his "discovery" of a Cimabue,

"wholly unexpected—Vasari mistaking, as usual, the place where he is, and everybody passing, as I did myself, the apparently coarse Madonna of the Scuola Greca. At last I set myself on it on a bright day and upset Giotto from his pedestal in a minute or two's close look."

Two days later he has got far enough to say:

"It may be useful to you in your own work to know what I have—I may already almost say—ascertained about him. That he [Cimabue] was a man of personal genius, equal to Tintoret, but with his mind entirely formed by the Gospels and the Book of Genesis; his art, as you know, what he could derive from Byzantine masters—and his main disposition, *compassion*. . . . Giotto is a mere domestic gossip, compared to Cimabue. Fancy the intellect of a Phidias with the soul of St. John and the knowledge of a boy ten years old. . . . I am prepared to assert her for the sublimest Mater Dolorosa ever painted, as far as my knowledge extends, in the Italian Schools."

And all this on the strength of a few days devoted to the study of a picture whose

authorship is entirely conjectural, the attribution resting on no authority but his own, and about a painter by whom no well-authenticated work exists.

As we have said, however, these letters deal more with social reform and "political economy" than with art, and it is in several letters written in August of 1869 that Ruskin's peculiarities of temperament are perhaps most clearly shown. From these we must quote at some length. First, under date of August 15, we have this:

"Meantime, look here: No one can do me any good by loving me; . . . but people do me good by making *me* love *them*—which isn't easy. Now I can't love you rightly as long as you tacitly hold me for so far fool as to spend my best strength in writing about what I don't understand. The best thing you can do for me is to ascertain and master the true points of difference between me and the political economists. If I am wrong, show me where—it is high time. If *they* are wrong, consider what that wrong extends into; and what your duty is between them and me."

Three days later he breaks out again:

"I do not (in my books) dispute Mill's morality; but I flatly deny his *Economical Science*, his, and all others of the school; I say they have neither taught, nor can teach, men *how to make money*—that they don't even know so much as what money is—or what makes it become so—that they are *not* wise men (nor—I say *here, good* men); that they have an accursed semblance of being all these, which has deceived you and thousands more of *really* good and wise men."

And a little later in the same letter:

"*Don't tell me* any more about good and wise people 'giving their lives' to the subject and 'differing from me.' They *don't differ* (look in dictionary for *Differo*) from me. They are absolutely contrary to and in *Collision* with me; they don't know the *alphabet* even of the science they profess; they don't know the meaning of one word they use; not of Economy, for they don't know the meaning of *Nomy* nor of law, nor of the verb *νέμω*; not of a House, for they have no idea of Family; not of politics, for they don't know the meaning of a city; not of money, for they don't know the meaning either of *nummus* or *pecus;* and if you were to ask Mill at this moment, he couldn't tell you the historical facts connected with the use of alloy in precious metals—he could tell you a few banker's facts, and no more.

"They don't know even the meaning of the word 'useful'—they don't know the meaning of the word 'to use,' nor of *utor*, nor *abutor*, nor *fruor*, nor *fungor*, nor *potior*, nor *vescor*. The miserable wretches haven't brains enough to be prologue to an egg and butter; and you talk of their giving their lives! They haven't lives to give; they are not alive—they are a strange spawn begotten of misused money, senseless conductors of the curse of it, flesh-flies with false tongues in the proboscis of them. Differ from *me*, indeed. Heaven help me! I am bad enough and low enough in a thousand ways, but you must know the difference between them and me, a little better, one day. And that's 'just what I mean.'"

After this display of sweet reasonableness, which may, indeed, have been partly humorous in its exaggeration, it is a little surprising to find him saying: "I do not know what it was in my last letter that gave you the impression of arrogance. I never wrote with less pride in my heart." He had already forgotten what he had written, and attributes Norton's characterization to another and earlier letter.

Such a mind and such a temper could end only in tragedy. After confusing art and religion for years, he comes to the conclusion, one day, in studying Veronese, that "positively, to be a first-rate painter—you *mustn't* be pious; but rather a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world." The discovery not only upset his belief in his own earlier teaching, and gave him a shock from the effects of which "he never wholly recovered," but it was indirectly responsible for all the misery of his later life. "In 1858," says Professor Norton, "he had had for a pet and pupil in drawing a girl ten years old, Rose La Touche, who became, as time went on, the mistress of his heart. . . . She loved him, but refused to be his wife, because, holding a strict evangelical creed, she could not make up her mind to marry a skeptic." They tortured themselves and each other until her death in 1875; then Ruskin began to dabble in spiritualism, and "got into a steady try if I couldn't get Rosie's ghost at least alive by me, if not the body of her." In 1878, through overwork, overexcitement, and the lack of all self-restraint, his brain gave way, and he suffered the first of those attacks of intermittent insanity which clouded his later years. The last letter printed here was written in 1887; the last published work in 1889, which ends with a tribute to an affection that had endured more than thirty years. "The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement, and, save for recurrent attacks of brain trouble, his days were peaceful, and not unhappy."

Dar-ul-Islam: A Record of a Journey through Ten of the Asiatic Provinces of Turkey. By Mark Sykes. London: Bickers & Son; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xxii, 294; many maps and photographs.

The journey here described was taken in the winter of 1902-3, and ran north from Beirut by Aleppo, Marash, Zeitun to Derendeh; thence zigzagged by Urfa, Diarbekr, Amadia, Mosul, to Sulimanieh on the south; then back by Amadia and Van to the Russian frontier, returning by Tiflis and Batum. A side journey deviated to Palmyra, and the route was highly tortuous throughout.

In the record itself three things stand out. First, certain portions of the route have been mapped with care, though only in sketches, on a scale of four to five miles to the inch. These sketch-maps extend from Aleppo to Killis, Shaykhli, Marash, Zeitun, Albistan, Hassan Shelebi, Hekim Khan, Malatia. (The spelling of these names, evidently inconsistent, is that of Mr. Sykes and his geographical editor, Professor Keane.) At Malatia there is a break, easily explained by the weather, extending to Besne, although the route-table refers to a map. From Besne to Hewek is mapped, then much-travelled ground is struck, and the next map is from Zakho north of Mosul to Amadia, to Akra, to Rezan, on the Zab; from Kalat Sherkat on the Tigris to Altin Kiopru or Kantara (both meaning much the same, 'bridge') on the lesser Zab; from Dukhon to Rania, to Rowandiz, to Rezan, all in the Zab country. These maps, with the route-tables, form a by no means inconsiderable contribution to the still uncertain geography of northern Syria and Mesopotamia.

Second, there is an admirable series of sixty-eight photographs, all of value in giving either types of scenery, agriculture, etc., or of races. They are not trivial, but to the point. But the backbone of the book consists, thirdly, of the equally photographic and immediate observations and notes of the author himself. The book was written, practically, upon the spot, and we have in it, "untouched," the sensations and ideas of a fresh and keen mind passing through these most distressful countries. Thus he has made no attempt to reduce his impressions to misleading uniformity and fallacious law. It would be easy to find inconsistencies and contradictions in them, but that has not disturbed him. So it seemed to him at one place, so otherwise at another. Generalities on races—a fruitful source of misleadings—he will not have. He has seen far too much variation where the environments were different. Of course, with all this there goes some prejudice. He is affected by the repulsion from the native Christians which every traveller feels. The virtues of the dominant races naturally appeal to him, and the too often unhappy results of Europeanizing, as in the "Gosmobaleet," move either to horror or to laughter. So, from time to time, he seems—it probably does not go far below the surface—to fail to see the permanent good in the steady work being done by missionary institutions throughout his field of view. Education, for him, is all very well, though it tends sometimes to the ridiculous, but who can resist this picturesque "tail" of an Agha: "Squatting on the floor and divan, a host of cartridge-girdled Martini-bearers grinned at us with terrier-like cheeriness"? Armenians, too, are either poor creatures without any fight in them—which is often true—or conspirators with dynamite in their boots and treachery in their hearts. The usual explanations of the massacres are given, many of which are certainly true, but the unshaken fact that they were directed and carried through by the central Government is dropped untouched. On that, Vambéry's evidence in his just published autobiography, is ample. Of Mr. Sykes's rabid Teutophobia the less said the better.

But allowances can be made. There remains a very clear-eyed and withal picturesque record of things seen and heard. A few quotations will make this plain. First, a description and a meditation, both of essential truth:

"I arrived at Rayak about 1:30, not more than an hour late, and there prepared to board the Hama train; this conveyance was filled with people, some frantically mounting, others excitedly descending from the cars. At one third-class carriage three native porters were wildly endeavoring to cram a Turkish officer, a Saratoga Trunk, a little Boy and some Loaves of bread into a compartment which already contained three Mohammedan Women, a Fruit-seller, a Zaptieh, a Barber, a Prisoner, a Native Mission teacher, the Zaptieh's saddlebags, a Sword, two Umbrellas, a Bandbox containing a Sewing Machine, the Fruit-seller's Stall, and one hundred and fifty Oranges in a cloth. The cloth had burst, and the oranges streamed through the chinks in the door not occupied by the porters wrestling with the officer; the Mohammedan ladies explained in brief that there was 'no Majesty and no Might save that of Allah, the Glorious and the Great'; the Zaptieh, who had not paid his fare, roared explanations over the Officer's shoulder; the porters thrust the Officer; the Officer pushed the fruit-seller; the Fruit-seller cast aspersions on the religion and ancestors of the Oranges; the Barber cried 'Shame!' on all for having so little self-control, while the Mission Teacher, on whom he was sitting, was too overcome to make any comment. Truly there was no engine on the train, nor was there any likelihood of its immediate movement; but it must not be

supposed that Orientals are never in a hurry; on all occasions of departure or arrival, confusion, violence, and strife reign supreme; fatalism is forgotten, and it is every man's duty to heave, to punch, to kick, to curse and swear, until the train, steamer, or caravan has started" (pp. 2-3).

Then an impression, threadbare, but renewed by a parallel:

"The whole of the route to Ma'aret en-Noman is dotted with wells and tombs, all interesting and worthy of archæological observation: it is on such a road as this that the contrast between the South African veldt and Syrian open country is so remarkable—the former empty, unmeaning, where man is an uninteresting cipher, and the only thoughts of the traveller can be of the future; but in Syria every stone has an interest, every hill has been trodden into paths, man has left his marks on every rock; the very caverns are inhabited by troglodytes, and every stage of early society is to be seen—the cave-dweller, the nomad, the semi-nomad, the villager, the townsman. No one who has the least imagination can long remain unaffected by such associations. The road from Damascus to Aleppo has seen nations rise and fall, vanish, revive, and die out; many have trodden its dusty paths, and there are more to come" (p. 52).

Then an observation, true beyond question:

"Personally, I think that the public moral sense of Europeans is practically wanting in Orientals, and unless this is assumed one cannot attempt to comprehend them; meaning that an Oriental is capable of all personal goodness, such as acts of personal friendliness, personal devotion, personal self-sacrifice, and brotherly love to those of his own creed; mercy to one's enemies and mercy in public matters is absolutely lacking. Whether this is a defect, and, if it is a defect, whether it can be remedied by education, or whether it is caused by race or religion, are questions which must be left to philosophers and men of science" (p. 78).

Another, closing a paragraph all equally to the point: "Orientals hate to be worried, and hate to have their welfare attended to—oppression they can bear with equanimity, but interference in their private affairs, even for their own good, they never brook with grace" (p. 104). Of a Jekyll and Hyde suggestiveness is this: "Indeed, it is not a good thing to know too much of Orientals; if you do, perhaps you may wake up one morning and find that you have become one. Horrible instances of this kind have occurred; and any one who has seen an Oriental European usually retires to a convenient distance to be sick" (p. 171). The truth of all which, every Orientalist, whether of the bazar or the study, will recognize. And there is very much more of the like. A solitary incomprehensible lapse is (p. 64) the denying of humor to Turks except as to the broad, practical joke. Surely Mr. Sykes has read his Nasir ed-Din Khoja. Finally, may the hope and not the fear here expressed (p. 35) for the Syrian fellahin be the event:

"They are easy to rule, and will be easy to raise from their present state of squalor, for all their faults are those of ignorance or omission; hence it is to be hoped that their future will be happier than their past—unless, indeed, the East becomes a prey to capitalists of Europe or America, in which case a designing Imperial Boss might, untrammelled by the Government, reduce them to serfdom for the purpose of filling his pockets and gaining the name of Empire-maker."

An Abridged History of Greek Literature. By Alfred Croiset, Dean of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris, and Maurice Croiset, Professor of Greek Literature in the State College of France. Authorized Translation by George F. Heffelbower, A.M., Professor of Greek in Carroll College. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. x, 569.

This handsome and well-printed volume is an English version of an abridgment of the 'Histoire de la Littérature Grecque,' by MM. Croiset. The original work we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best history of Greek literature that has yet been written. Its composition engaged the industry of those eminent scholars for more than twelve years, the first volume appearing in 1887, the fifth and last in 1899. Each of them took certain periods of the literature and treated them independently, but submitted his work to the counsel and revision of his colleague. Thus securing the advantages both of independence and collaboration, and each being endowed not only with the laborious patience of the professional student, but also with that fine critical insight, large sympathy, and catholicity of taste which distinguish the French savant at his best, they made the result of their joint efforts equally a boon to scholarship and to letters.

The year after their last volume appeared, MM. Croiset published an abridgment, achieved chiefly by striking out all matters of controversy and minute scholarship. The essential facts of history, and all that was most important and striking in criticism and appreciation, were retained. In other words, whereas the original is a work of reference which no one would ever think of reading through, many will read the shorter book with pleasure from cover to cover. If the reader desire information about the Erotic Fragments, or conjectures about the life of Empedocles, he should consult the five-volume edition. But if he be in quest of definite facts in regard to well-known writers, or illluminating discourse upon them, he will save time and lose nothing of importance by going to the one-volume manual.

We are compelled to say, on the other hand, that both the larger and smaller works are strangely deficient in treating the origins of the Greek people. The first words of the first chapter of the abridgment run thus: "The Hellenic race belongs to the great Aryan family, and it forms, together with the Italian race, a distinct group, characterized by two things: a close affinity of idioms and similar fundamental religious conceptions." But the theory of a Græco-Italic unity has long since been exploded, and the theory of an Italo-Celtic unity has taken its place.

"The race from which the Greeks of history sprang," we read further, "appears between the twentieth and fifteenth centuries, scattered in tribes of various names, on the coast of Asia Minor, in the islands of the Ægean Sea, in Thrace, Macedonia, and the Hellenic Peninsula. Apparently that race came from the Orient and gained possession of these territories little by little, now by land and now by sea. Although tradition would seem to unite the tribes under the common term of Pelasgi, we can be sure that they do not constitute one people. For the only bond between them was that of a common origin and language. . . . The Pelasgic period, then, was one of confused elaboration, during which the future Greek race seems to have lived, if one may so put it, in an inorganic state" (pp. 1-2).

It is hard to see how scholars who have presumably kept abreast of archæological and ethnological science for the past twenty years can make such statements as these.

Outside of this strange lapse in regard to early history, we have found nothing that calls for serious criticism. The treatment, in chapter iii., of early epic poetry and the literary conditions in primitive Greece show a fine historical as well as critical discernment. The Homeric question is fairly stated, and the conclusion of the authors is modest and conservative, as befits a subject so obscure. In connection, however, with the statement on page 46 that the vocabulary of the Odyssey is more modern than that of the Iliad, should go the qualification that the Iliad in some of its parts, notably in the whole of the ninth book, is in language and vocabulary on the same temporal plane as the Odyssey.

But the fact which most clearly proves the title of our authors to a high place among literary critics and historians, is that they are at their best in dealing with the classical period, in which they are concerned with certainties and not conjectures, and in which the Hellenic genius reached its highest intellectual development and its highest artistic expression. Of the melic poets, the tragedians, the comedians, the historians, the orators, the appreciations by MM. Croiset are delightful to read and full of instruction.

Mr. Heffelbower's translation is fluent enough, but full of infelicities when reproducing MM. Croiset's rendering of gems of Greek literature. A few examples may suffice. (P. 121) "Dainty Eros" becomes "*delicious* Eros." "Eros like a *butcher* has struck me with his great *cleavers*," seems to be due to the similarity of form between *butcher* and *bûcheron*. "*Scorning me with her lips*, turned to another," is quite absurd. (P. 136) Simonides, in his dirge over the Greeks who fell at Thermopylæ, says: "This grave holds the glory of Greece; to this Leonidas is witness." But our translator makes of it: "The urn that holds the ashes of these heroes *has the most brilliant polish that Greece can give. See if you will that of Leonidas of Sparta.*" (This sounds like a recommendation of a stove polish.) And on the same page, the *chest* in which Danaë and her infant were put into the water, becomes an "exquisitely built *wherry.*" On page 428, the *Ephemerides of* Alexander are said to be somewhat like "the *Mémoires de Dangeau* of Macedonian Epic"; but what this is, no one could say. Did the translator suppose the *Mémoires de Dangeau* to be a Macedonian epic?

The God Asclepius and the poet Asclepiades are both *Asclepias* to the translator, and that repeatedly. Milo is made to "regret his lost heifers" (p. 448), while Theocritus says that his heifers *miss Milo;* "a goat's foot wounded by a thorn" should be Battus's foot wounded by a thorn"; "Thyonichus will forget the *unfaithfulness*" should be "Thyonichus will forget his unfaithful mistress." On the next page, the wish of Theocritus that he might again attend such a harvest-home festival and again fix his winnowing shovel in the top of the pile of grain, is twisted into, "O that I *still might fan the chaff from my grain.*" And on the next page, the wish of the reaper that he were as rich as Crœsus—then he would dedicate to Aphrodite golden statues of his love and him-

self—becomes: "*'Would I were as rich as Cræsus,' men say; but even our statues, though made of gold, are adorned for Aphrodite.*"

A translation which shows such inaccuracy and such ignorance of the masterpieces of Greek literature of which it treats, should be used with extreme caution.

The Strategy of Great Railroads. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Mr. Spearman is an enthusiast about American railroads, and it is difficult to escape from the contagion of his enthusiasm. He writes well, and with full and accurate knowledge of his subject, but his optimism leads him to avoid altogether or to pass lightly over the less pleasing parts of the railroad story. The book deals with nine of the great systems, viz.: the Vanderbilt, Pennsylvania, Harriman, Hill, Gould, Rock Island, Atchison, St. Paul and Northwestern. In each case full justice—perhaps more than justice—is done to the skill and sagacity which have brought about these great combinations. The remaining chapters describe the rebuilding of the Chicago & Alton as an example of judicious expenditure in bringing an old road up to the requirements of modern business; next, the difficulties overcome by the builders of the first transcontinental line; and, lastly, the early days of railroading. The last chapter gives an interesting account of the efforts made by the inhabitants of Erie, Pa., to prevent what is now the Lake Shore road from running trains through the town. Railroad companies did not find much favor in the courts of those days, and from 1853 to 1856 the efforts of the townspeople were entirely successful.

Of course it is pleasant to the patriotic mind to learn that whereas, in 1852, the Pennsylvania Railroad moved 70,000 tons of freight in a year, it now moves as much in an hour; that, as a result of modern improvements, a ton of freight is hauled forty miles for ten cents; that, owing to the "community of interest" method of conducting railroad business, the secret freight rates and rebates that built up the Standard Oil fortunes have been done away with. All these things and many others like them mark the steady development of railroad business, but Mr. Spearman does not refer to other aspects of the case which are not so cheerful. For instance, accidents are increasing more rapidly than earnings, and the number of deaths on railroads, due to preventable causes, is simply appalling. Again, the present prosperity of some of the great systems described by Mr. Spearman, notably the Harriman and the Atchison, is largely due to the drastic reorganizations of a few years ago. It is no secret that in those reorganizations the interests of security holders were ruthlessly sacrificed for the benefit of the reorganizers, and European holders (of whom there were many) still feel aggrieved over their losses, and would hardly join in Mr. Spearman's pæans over the brilliant position which the systems in question now occupy.

But, after proper allowance has been made for shortcomings attributable to Mr. Spearman's optimism, it must be said that his book is on the whole an admirable study of the American railroads of today; and we would suggest a second volume dealing with the anthracite roads, the Southern, the Illinois Central, etc., so as to cover the whole ground and establish a record of the situation as it now appears.

Theophano. By Frederic Harrison. Harper & Bros.

In the preface to a book published in 1894, Mr. Harrison, long known as a Positivist and historical essayist, stated that he had been "constantly occupied with the teaching of history since 1862." It is only such an occupation (or, to speak more truly, such an obsession) that accounts for this so-called novel. The "Widow Theophania," who takes up one sentence in Gibbon's work, here forms the main theme of 485 pages. Not unnaturally, therefore, the volume is padded to a degree that makes even the writer say: "The very enumeration of the endless stages . . . becomes intolerable." Whole chapters are devoted to processions, sieges, funerals, descriptions of Mr. Harrison's beloved Constantinople, coronations, marches, etc., in all of which the reader, unless exceptionally familiar with the history of Byzantium in the tenth century, feels, like Eric the Norwegian, one of the minor characters, that his knowledge is "far too slight and vague to enable him to follow." Of plot and characterization there is virtually none, and the dialogue serves only to impart information in the manner dear to Mr. Puff. The weight of learning goes even into the terminology, and we are confronted at every turn with such words as akritas, proto-spathaire, cathisma, and the like. Under our sense of overwhelming ignorance, it seems almost presumptuous to criticise the spelling of Appollonius and Amalphi, or to question the transliteration which produces such a word as Tzykanisterion.

This is, we believe, Mr. Harrison's first novel, and as such it is entitled to respect; but surely never was there an instance where the much study of the writer resulted in greater weariness of the reader's flesh.

The Epistles of Erasmus, from his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year. English Translations by Francis Morgan Nichols. Vol. II. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

This second volume of Mr. Nichols's translations from the letters of Erasmus of Rotterdam will be heartily welcomed by all students of the Renaissance and all admirers of the unique genius of the writer. In the first volume, published in 1901 and noticed at the time in these columns, the editor laid down the principles which he proposed to follow in his selection and arrangement. Without making undue claims to infallibility in his results, he worked out a chronological scheme which, in the absence of all trustworthy precedent, is probably as useful as any that is likely to be invented by any other writer. It is certainly as nearly correct as the attempts of the two Germans, Richter and Reich, which, taken together, cover the ground of Mr. Nichols's two volumes. In the introduction to volume i. the editor promised a more detailed examination of Reich's book which covers the period included in volume ii., but it is a little singular that no reference is made to him in the preface to volume ii., and that, so far as we have been able to see, his name appears but once, and then in a very brief note. It is true that the chronology for this second period of Erasmus's correspondence is much more easily established than for the former period, but it would have been instructive to know where and why Mr. Nichols differs from Reich's arrangement.

The same qualities of careful rendering and intelligent conjecture mark the work of this as of the first volume, and the same little formalities and tricks of usage occur here as there. The attempt to give an idea of the course of narrative by continually changing page-headings is most praiseworthy where there is a continuous narrative, but where, as is the case here, the subject treated varies with every few lines, this practice is wasteful and confusing. Mr. Nichols seems to have a taste for putting foreign names into English, but is not consistent even here. Why say Josse Bade and Peter Gillis? On the whole, it is safer to keep to the Latin except where there is a perfectly recognized English form. Mr. Nichols falls into the usual error, that Erasmus was a counsellor of Charles V. in something more than a titular sense. In this volume appears the famous Grunnius correspondence, on which the biographers of Erasmus used to place their chief reliance for the story of his early years. We are inclined to agree heartily with Mr. Nichols in his bold assertion that this correspondence, Grunnius and all, is a pure fiction of Erasmus to cover up a plan he had much at heart, but which he did not care to bring out before the world.

It is not likely that the critical work here attempted by Mr. Nichols will be done again soon, if ever. It offers an indispensable starting-point for every future study of the great humanist.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1905.

The Week.

President Roosevelt has come to the conclusion that the Panama Canal Commission was badly conceived and has worked badly. A year ago, of course, it was a monument of American sagacity in dealing with new problems; but now, it appears, the whole thing was a blunder from its birth. Undoubtedly, a strong argument for reconstructing the Commission can be made from the point of view of executive dispatch of business—to unify and centralize responsibility is the first dictate of efficient administration; but it is to be hoped that the President and Secretary of War do not share the ignorant prejudice against the eminent engineers on the Commission. There has been a foolish outcry that these experts have not "done things." They have wasted a whole year—just think of that!—in making careful studies of routes and plans, as if the true way were not to "make the dirt fly" as long as the money held out, leaving technical questions to take care of themselves. The Administration cannot be thought guilty of endorsing the wholly unfounded criticisms of the engineers, but it should beware lest its impatience to get the canal dug result in its being badly dug. It must be mortifying enough for the President to have to confess that his whole scheme for constructing the canal and governing the canal zone has broken down on his hands. Such plagues coming to him out of Panama would not, however, surprise a Greek, with his notions of Nemesis.

The long and obviously inspired statement of Judge Jones of Alabama in regard to President Roosevelt's attitude towards the South, published on Monday, is merely another proof that it is the President's policy to win back that section of the country. As we have before pointed out, this has been on the cards since the election. Mr. Roosevelt's trips to New Orleans and to Georgia, scheduled for the spring, are part of this effort to end the hostility and distrust which have existed ever since the Booker Washington incident. With Mr. Roosevelt's desire to bring about a better understanding, in both his own interest and that of the white and black residents of the States which constituted the Confederacy, everybody must sympathize who remembers that, in his treatment of the colored men aspiring to office, the President has merely stood for fair play, and for the sound American principle that the color of a man's skin shall not of itself bar him from office. The chief interest which attaches to Mr. Roosevelt's wooing of the South lies, therefore, in the manner. There has been, naturally, much curiosity to see just how far he would go in the direction of a compromise in order to bring about a reconciliation. Upon this point Judge Jones's statement may be accepted as authoritative.

Primarily, it is to be noted that the President has set his face against any reduction of the Southern representation in Congress. At least we are assured that "his Administration will be slow to countenance anything which is harmful to the Southern people," and we have a positive denial that he inspired the recently-introduced resolutions looking to that end. This is in accord with our own information about the President's attitude at this moment. It is, however, very far from being in accord with the Republican platform upon which Mr. Roosevelt was elected. This declared that the Republican party "favors such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discriminations the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited; and if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the electoral colleges shall be proportionately reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States." And Mr. Roosevelt told us last September that, though the Democratic platform was insincere, "our promises may surely be trusted." There are, of course, wide differences of opinion as to the advisability of this action; but the President's position makes it clear that, so far as he is concerned (which means Congress also) the platform, the resolutions of the Union League and the Republican Clubs, and the wishes of thousands of his followers, are to be disregarded—all in the interest of harmony with the South. Under the circumstances, we are glad to know that the President has, at least, not repented of the Booker Washington luncheon. That, Judge Jones tells us, was "not a premeditated affair." It did not mean, we learn, that the President in any way favored the admixture of the races, or "social equality" as it is termed in the South.

It was very cruel of the House to vote that retired army officers above the rank of major detailed to the militia of a State shall not draw the active pay of their grade. This was plainly aimed at Gen. Miles, who is now lending distinction to the militia of Massachusetts by acting as its inspector-general, and whose services ought surely to be worth the trifling $13,000 he would otherwise receive from the Federal Government, particularly as he has just declined to accept any pay from Massachusetts. Why the line should be drawn at majors we cannot understand. A retired colonel or brigadier-general, if physically active, may give as valuable service as any major, and, as Mr. Cockran argued, should not be discriminated against. The action of the House is all the more unpleasant because it is obviously *ex post facto*. Gen. Miles, nine brigadiers, and five colonels are now on duty in various States drawing full pay. But the House must be praised for at last awaking to the swollen retired list of the army. The number of retired brigadier-generals is about 250, and is steadily growing. The whole retired list is now 882. In 1889 there were but 490 retired officers. Since the war with Spain 479 have been pensioned. Many of the retirements with high rank have been deserved; others have been bestowed for political reasons or as a matter of pure favoritism.

Joseph Ralph Burton, United States Senator from Kansas, gets a new trial. The Supreme Court declares that there was sufficient evidence of crime to warrant conviction; but the difficulty is that the original trial court in St. Louis had no jurisdiction, because the unlawful payments were made in Washington and not in St. Louis. Justice Harlan, who dissents, holds that the payments were not completed till the checks were paid by the St. Louis bank. The decision virtually affirms Senator Burton's guilt, legal and moral, but grants him a new trial on mere technicalities. Under the circumstances, no one can blame the Kansas Legislature if it asks Burton to resign. Burton, however, has not hitherto been of the resigning kind. His theory of office-holding—as demonstrated in the evidence brought out in his trial—is to stick as long as you can, and to "work" the job for all it is worth. His enthusiasm for Senatorial perquisites is what brought him into trouble.

One passage in Gov. Johnson's inaugural message has had a startling effect upon the place-hunters of Minnesota. In it he urges upon the State Legislature the desirability of providing for an amendment to the Constitution changing the tenure of office of the Governor from two years to four, and making the incumbent ineligible for reëlection. Further, he points out the necessity for getting the amendment through before his own two years' term expires, and so cutting himself off from any chance of reelection. By these sensible recommen-

dations Gov. Johnson is said to have "sent a cold chill down the backs of many of his Democratic supporters who were looking for pie, either immediately or in the more remote future." Coming into office as the only elected representative of the Democracy in Minnesota, and in the face of an unusual Republican plurality for the national ticket, Mr. Johnson has met a hungry and numerous tribe of office-seekers. He has listened to hardly veiled threats from politicians who are warning him to be "good" to them on pain of political throttling. But this "bluff" has been met squarely in his initial message.

Few of the retiring Governors are having such kind things said of them as Gov. Aycock of North Carolina—the "educational Governor," as he has been called. The Raleigh *Biblical Recorder* declares that his voice has always been "of peace and for peace, a voice for law, a voice for justice, a voice for equal rights, and a voice, too, for the education of the disfranchised as well as the enfranchised." The *Progressive Farmer* echoes a number of dailies when it says that Mr. Aycock retires to private life "recognized by the public generally as the greatest North Carolinian since Vance." It finds that he has always dared to stand for principle, no matter what the popular clamor against his course, and describes him accordingly as a "brave and fearless statesman." These tributes seem to an observer at a distance well earned in the main, despite Gov. Aycock's connection with the disfranchisement of the blacks; for he is one of the growing number of Southerners whose attitude towards the colored people is that of helpfulness and guardianship.

President Ripley of the Atchison indignantly telegraphed to the *Evening Post* on January 4 that the action of his traffic manager, Mr. Biddle, in the case of the alleged secret rebate, was "right, legally and morally." He has since discovered, however, that there was a "technical violation of the law." Hence he has withdrawn his demand that the Interstate Commerce Commission should give him and Secretary Paul Morton a hearing, in order that they might trample upon the false charges. The incident is sufficiently instructive as it stands. We would only remark that all violations of law are "technical." Criminal statutes have a way of being exceedingly minute and verbally precise, and many a man has been sent to jail for having overlooked some nice point in the law. Railway managers ought to be tolerably familiar with the technique of the Federal statutes by this time; and for one of them to confess to a "technical violation" is scarcely less serious than to be charged, as the Atchison officials were by Commissioner Prouty, with a "barefaced violation." But where is the promised exculpatory statement of Secretary Morton? We hope that in his new zeal to punish the lawlessness in which he himself used to glory, he will not forget the public curiosity about his own plight.

The resignation of A. G. Loomis as vice-president and director of the National City Bank came none too soon. The public was shocked by the jaunty attitude of some of the friends and officers of the institution when Loomis's connection with a singularly disreputable stock-washing swindle was first made known. The excuse was offered that the bank was amply secured in its loans to the syndicate of jobbers, that the so-called "over-certification" was within the letter of the law—in short, that no criminal indictment could lie against Loomis. But in such a case the public is not concerned over technicalities. The point was, that an officer of one of the largest fiduciary institutions of the country was taken red-handed in an attempt to work off a stock of doubtful value on the messenger boys, cab drivers, and frankfurter-peddlers of Broad Street. This was the thing which troubled plain men who make no pretence to expert knowledge of legal or financial matters, and which made the resignation of Loomis necessary to save the reputation of the bank.

Returns of December's American iron production, published last week, are interesting because of their reflection of industrial conditions generally. The iron industry has, in fact, fairly fulfilled, in this curious past year, its traditional function of the "barometer of trade." In May, 1903, the country's monthly iron output reached the maximum of its history—1,713,000 tons. By December of the same year, production had actually fallen to 846,000—a decline of 50 per cent. A brief recovery last spring was followed by fresh relapse to a trifle over a million tons last July, when trade stagnation was general. From that month onward came a slow recovery. The output rose to 1,167,000 tons in August, to 1,352,000 in September, to 1,450,000 in October, to 1,480,000 in November, and finally, last month, to 1,614,000. It will be noticed that the figure is still pretty well below the maximum, and, in fact, it is not very far above the level reached in the short-lived recovery of last May. But the fact that so much lost ground has been recovered is encouraging, when one recalls how accurately the conditions of general trade have been mirrored in the iron statistics of the past two years.

The St. Louis Fair evoked a remarkable body of enlightened opinion from prominent foreign visitors. European newspapers abound in evidences of a better understanding of American conditions, never more valuable than where admiration is tempered with judicious criticism. In Vienna, Baroness von Suttner's impassioned eulogy of the United States as the land of highest ideals, making for permanent peace, has been followed by a sober examination of the causes of our material success by Dr. Kobatsch, Secretary of the Industrial Association of Lower Austria. Instead of dwelling on the "American peril," which has in the past led to the absurd anti-American leagues of Austrian and German officialdom, he advocates the formation of an "America Committee," consisting of men who know the United States, and who shall strive to bring the lessons of American ingenuity home to Austrian manufacturers. Almost equally emphatic as to the need of imitating American models in another field was the architect, Herr Hengerer, of Stuttgart, who, in a public lecture in that city, held up the modest house of the American workingman as a noteworthy example of "sound architecture, practical utilization of space, and comfort attained by simple means." He recommends in particular the introduction into Germany of our sanitary arrangements, the lack of which has kept many strangers from taking up their residence in Stuttgart. The modern private dwellings of our cities Herr Hengerer describes as "often architectural gems, though, it must be admitted, sometimes degenerating into pompous extravagance." Clubhouses, school buildings, public and charitable institutions come in for generous praise, while churches, hotels and the huge office buildings are but guardedly referred to. It is gratifying to find in Berlin, as in Vienna, warm recognition of our philanthropic endeavors, such as has been accorded to our hospitals by the eminent pathologist, Prof. Johannes Orth. He spoke of them, after his return from this country, as in many respects the most complete institutions of their kind, thus reinforcing the previous praise of Professor Lorenz of Vienna.

"For a nice, clane, aisy job," said the gentleman with the pick in the bottom of the sewer, "I'd like to be a bishop." The common illusions on this point have been dispelled by the Bishop of London, who has recently published what may be called "an episcopal balance-sheet." He states that in three years the place cost him £5,000 over and above his salary. The details of his expenditures show that his salary is eaten up by fixed charges, the extent of which must surprise the man in the ditch. The Bishop is forced to maintain Fulham Palace, not because he himself could not live in comfort in "a

small flat in the centre of London, and possibly a cottage just outside," but because he must entertain the ordination candidates; he must give great garden parties to the clergy, their wives, and their children. But, above all, he must keep up the palace and its grounds for the boys who use the field for football and cricket, and in the summer every Saturday for the hundred factory girls or boys from the slums, or tired women, or men's clubs, who have tea in the garden. The £10,000 which, according to popular fancy, enables the Bishop to roll in luxury, is more than spent, partly in enabling him to support a state suitable to his position, and partly in carrying on ecclesiastical and philanthropic enterprise. All of which goes to show that the lot of the emerged tenth is in some respects as painful as that of the submerged tenth.

The election of M. Paul Doumer to preside over the Chamber of Deputies indicated the further weakening of M. Combes's Government. On the denunciation of the Concordat and the army spy system Doumer had taken sharp exception to the Ministerial policy. He belongs to that class of Radicals which deprecates the parliamentary alliance with the Socialists. His prestige has been steadily rising of recent years. Passing from a schoolmaster's and journalist's desk to the Chamber and thence to the governorship of French Indo-China, he established a solid and brilliant record as a colonial administrator. His promotion to the presidency of the Chamber is significant, because he believes, with many of the old Moderate Republicans, that a truly Republican Government can live without the votes of the Socialist members. On this issue, the *Temps* has been conducting a poll which comes out with the above comforting assurance. M. Combes's weakness lay not merely in the distrust of his more conservative followers; the Socialists were far from easy in their loyalty. The other day, ex-Minister Millerand, in a public address, disapproved Combes's ruthless haste in breaking the historic bonds with the Vatican. The general aspect, and a bare majority after a passionate personal defence, have decided M. Combes to resign.

People who look to the price of public securities of belligerent Powers to throw some light on the actual situation in a war, may have been puzzled by the movement of Japanese and Russian bonds since Port Arthur's fall. Japanese 4 per cents rose 1½ points on the London Stock Exchange in the two or three days after the surrender, but have now gone back to the price which they held before the news. Russian 4 per cents, in the same period, fell 1 per cent., but recovered all the loss. Allowing for payment of the January coupons, both bonds now sell at the price of December 31. This might appear to mean that no importance whatever is attached in financial circles to the fall of Port Arthur. The truth is, that the markets, as their habit is, had "discounted" some weeks in advance the effect of the Japanese success. During December, Japanese bonds rose 2½ points in London, while "Russians" fell 1¾. Furthermore, the top price for the Japanese securities a fortnight ago was the highest since the outbreak of the war, and represented a rise of 16 points since April, whereas the price simultaneously touched by Russian 4s was barely 2 points above the lowest figure reached in all the period of hostilities, and marked a decline of 6 points since April. It is probable that, if a general belief had existed, on the markets, that Port Arthur's surrender meant early termination of hostilities, advance in Japanese bonds, and probably in "Russians" as well, would have been very rapid. But predictions of early peace have not had great weight.

Russian state papers, it has often been observed, are generally of an extraordinarily personal character. So the note to the Powers complaining that China has been unable to fulfil her obligations as a neutral may reasonably be interpreted as a grimace—a natural outlet for emotion in a distressing situation. But it also hints at very grave possibilities in case the war should be prolonged. What if the Czar's generals should be ordered to assist the Chinese Emperor in living up to his duties as a neutral? From a military point of view a flanking movement through northern China would have its obvious attractions. To be sure, Secretary Hay's collection of adherences to the principle of immunity for the "administrative entity" of China stands in the way. But it is doubtful if the Powers would make good their professions by force. It would be a case, indeed, in which military interference of an effective sort would be very difficult. At present, one may assume that no such design is seriously entertained. In case of another reverse near Mukden, however, and the continuation of the struggle, a descent upon Liaotung Gulf west of the present seat of operations would be a natural counsel of desperation. Accordingly, the Russian circular with its grave implications constitutes another strong argument for prompt negotiations for peace.

The German Emperor's insistence that it is the duty of the Imperial Government to bring its influence to bear upon the great coal strike now in progress in the Rhenish-Westphalian mining district, pointedly recalls what took place in Pennsylvania in 1902. True, so far as has yet appeared, there is no question of union or non-union labor involved in the German struggle. The number of possible strikers is estimated at 300,000, and of these only about 111,000 belong to the four workmen's associations. The oldest union controls 60,000 men; the Hirsch-Duncker Association, 1,000; the Polish, 10,000; and the "Christian Workers' Guild," 40,000. But in both cases the laborers locked horns with the most powerful association of mine-owners in their countries. While there are other coal-mining districts in Germany, notably in Silesia, the Rhenish-Westphalian mines are as essential to the public welfare in South Germany as are the Pennsylvania mines to the inhabitants of the eastern portion of the United States. A curtailing of the coal supply, particularly in view of the unusually severe winter weather prevailing in Germany, is certain to be widely and quickly felt, despite the use of peat, wood briquettes, and other substitutes for coal in the homes of all classes.

The Federal and State governments in Germany have a much deeper interest in this strike than had those of Pennsylvania and the United States two years ago. When Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers were casting about for a reason for his intervening, there were frequent references in the press to the need of coal for the navy as a reason why Uncle Sam should take a hand. In Germany the national and State ownership of railroads makes the various governments the largest consumers of coal. It is true, there are important public mines, particularly in Prussia's territory. That State has always pursued the policy of owning mines in the various districts within its boundaries, practically controlling all those in the Saar region and producing one-fourth of the coal mined in upper Silesia. Its recent attempt to obtain a foothold in the Rhenish-Westphalian district, the scene of the present strike, by the purchase of the Hibernia mine, came to naught last fall, as was chronicled in these columns at the time. The reasons why it sought this property are also the reasons why the sympathy of the German public is likely to be on the side of the strikers. The Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate has steadily refused to follow the Government's example in selling directly to the farmers' associations at the same prices given to the large coal dealers. A Trust, *qua* Trust, is no better beloved in Germany than in the United States. It is to be noted, also, that the disposition of the strikers is preëminently peaceable, and that they have formed their own police to aid in preventing disorder. What the Emperor will do next, since his interference failed to prevent the declaration of a wholesale strike, remains to be seen.

THE OWNERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Various explanations are offered of the sudden opposition in Congress to the President's plans for tariff revision. The trouble is said to be this or that; one difficulty or another is reported to be blocking action. But these pretences and excuses thinly disguise a glaring and ugly fact. The owners of the Republican party are asserting their rights of property. In a word, the protected interests, the tariff beneficiaries, have sent word to Washington that this nonsense about cutting away the abuses and monstrosities of our tariff laws must stop. The unexpected revival of the brute stand-pat doctrine in the House is not a spontaneous movement: it has all the marks of being in obedience to outside orders. Everything was going smoothly; Representative after Representative was assenting to Mr. Roosevelt's contention that the tariff should be modified, when suddenly pressure from without was applied. Then the pure mind of Gen. Grosvenor began to be filled with horrid doubts; the Pennsylvania and Ohio delegations were seized with patriotic fears; and soon the President was informed that a majority of the Republicans in the House had decided that his tariff proposals would "disturb business," and that therefore they must be dropped.

The case is clear to the close observer. This revolt against the chosen and triumphant leader of the party has nothing personal about it. The Republicans who have put their names to a document practically repudiating Mr. Roosevelt have no wish either to thwart or to humiliate him. They simply act according to the prompting of a power too mighty for them. They are creatures of the party organization, and upon that the grip of protection is firmly fastened. The men who have financed the party machine do not propose to surrender the *quid pro quo* which they got in the shape of tariff favors. They angrily ask, "May we not do what we will with our own?" And considering the Republican party as their own, they have imperatively told its leaders in Congress to quit their fooling about the tariff.

These mysterious gentlemen behind the Congressional arras do not condescend to give reasons for their edicts. As Macaulay said of Southey, reason has no place at all in their minds, as either sovereign or slave. They never trouble themselves to answer the arguments of their opponents. To them it is a sufficient account of the way in which they have arrived at their decisions to say that it is their will and pleasure to have reached them. And they work themselves up into a fine glow about the sacredness of property. Have they not bought and paid for tariff legislation? Does not the obligation of a contract exist between them and the Republican party? What, then, are we coming to if it can coolly be proposed to set aside vested rights like theirs? They have been applying their favorite methods to this tariff business; their recipe always being, when any trouble is threatened, to "go out and buy somebody or something." They have raised money to subsidize newspapers and put a first mortgage on the Republican organization. The latter they are now threatening to foreclose. That is the real secret of the antagonism with which President Roosevelt is at present confronted.

Whether he is greatly surprised at it, we do not know. He has, however, no reason to be. From the time of his first timid and somewhat vacillating references in 1902 to the desirability of tariff changes, he must have seen with what huge resentment the feasters at the protective-tariff table regarded his meddling. He was left to subside for the time being, and wrote his letter of acceptance last summer like any stand-patter of them all—though, as usual in his public utterances, he inserted a few qualifying phrases to which to point in case he changed his mind. But, after the election, he thought he was at liberty to put his own interpretation upon the verdict of approval which he received direct from the people. His passion to improve was known, and he felt that he had obtained a mandate and had the capacity to perform. Yet he must have known, if he stopped to reflect, that the great protected corporations which had used the party for their own ends, would not without a struggle allow him to employ it for the public good. To-day they face him in sullen opposition. Their puppets in Congress know where the master's crib is located, and obediently set themselves up against the elect of all the people.

The way in which the President meets this rude challenge will show what manner of man he is. It will also furnish a good index to the success or failure of his coming four years. The time for wheedling and compromise and deferred hope is rapidly passing. In the next Congress, Mr. Roosevelt will doubtless have a greater number of willing supporters. At first, anyhow, the fifty or sixty Republicans of the House who know that they rode into office solely on the coat-tails of the President, will naturally be grateful to him—although he will doubtless find, in too many cases, that their gratitude takes the form of expectation of favors to come. But the Old Guard of protection will still be there, still in control of the organization; and if it is ever to be fought and routed, Mr. Roosevelt cannot begin charging at it too soon. As its obvious game is delay, and evermore delay, his tactics should be prompt aggressiveness. And surely his point of attack is precisely this arrogant and indecent assumption of a handful of protected manufacturers that they own the Republican party, body and soul. They have placed themselves, a stolid force, athwart the path of tariff reform, in which the President, fresh from his endorsement by 7,000,000 voters, proposes to walk. It is for him to decide whether he will permit his party to be disgraced, and his great office derided, by a few men setting up their selfish wishes against his deliberate judgment and the desire of the people.

THE SENATE'S PAROCHIALISM.

Mr. Roosevelt has put his foot down in the matter of the arbitration treaties. The Senate, he says, may take them or leave them; no amendments will be considered by the Executive. On this issue every patriotic citizen should be with the President, for the amendments mooted in the Senate are, at best, as Mr. Roosevelt has written to Senator Cullom, "a mere matter of surplusage"; he might with equal truth have said that they were an expression of the generally meddlesome attitude of the Senate in all diplomatic affairs.

There is no doubt that the Senate is deliberately seeking to affirm the same extra-constitutional right of initiative over treaties that it has already established over executive appointments. In a sense, then, certain of the patches to be affixed to Mr. Hay's treaties are merely a brand which may certify to the world that the Senate claims them as its own. And the form taken by the amendment, namely, that the treaties shall not be applied to specific disputes without the consent of the Senate, is particularly despicable. It is the sign that the Senate wishes to abridge the power of the President, and, so far as possible, to exercise itself the powers of the Department of State. Evidently, a treaty which becomes operative only on the promulgation of another treaty, has the value merely of a benevolent expression of intention. Mr. Roosevelt, then, is right in preferring the outright rejection of the arbitration treaties to their emasculation.

But, to do the Senate justice, usurpation is possibly a secondary motive for this treaty tinkering. The form of the amendments excluding the State debts from the jurisdiction of arbitration manifests a peculiar parochialism; a complete failure to grasp either the letter or the spirit of the treaties; a strange inability to understand the generous aspirations of the world, as illustrated by the arbitration movement. In 'The Federalist,' LXIII., is expressed the hope that the Senate may repair America's "want of character with other nations" by considering all measures "by the light in which they would prob-

ably appear to the unbiassed part of mankind." Contrast with this pious forecast the unintelligent pettifogging about the State debts now revealed by the President's patient explanation to Senator Cullom that the treaties will naturally not supersede the Constitution. It may be felt that a certain uneasiness as to repudiated financial obligations of his own State is natural in a Senator, and that the amendments properly characterized as "surplusage" by Mr. Roosevelt are, after all, a pardonable effort to make assurance doubly sure. Let this apology go for what it is worth; no such excuse will cover an habitually sullen attitude of the Senate towards the cause of the world's peace.

The principle of arbitration is no longer in question, as it was, except with the more enlightened, perhaps, when the Senate voted down the Olney-Pauncefote treaty in 1898. That action deprived this nation of the honor of being a pioneer in the peace movement. At that time the fretful and suspicious bearing of the Senate illustrated John Jay's words—applied to those who feared the special prerogatives of that body—"However useful jealousy may be in republics, yet when, like bile in the natural, it abounds too much in the body politic, the eyes of both become very liable to be deceived by the delusive appearances which that malady casts on surrounding objects." Precisely this unreasonable distrust of a new-fangled kind of treaty seems to have actuated the upper house six years ago; to-day a repetition of the old shuffling would be tenfold more inexcusable. The stone that a parochial Senate then rejected has become the head of the corner. France, England, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Austria are now bound by a nexus of arbitration treaties. M. Delcassé has made the framing of such conventions his chief concern; Lord Lansdowne has congratulated England because arbitration has become the fashion. Everywhere in the civilized world the movement has been greeted enthusiastically, not because it promises Utopian things, not that it can in the near future abolish war, but that it does bring under the peaceful arbitrament of international courts a large number of disputes that formerly constituted possible causes of war. In a word, the past year has strikingly confirmed Mr. Hay's foresight and practical good sense in negotiating arbitration conventions as widely as possible. Everybody worth considering, we have said, has accepted this beneficent principle. The Senate alone has refused to move on with the world; it is to-day indulging the obsolete fears of a decade ago; is treating a matter of universal import in the same spirit of ultra-parochialism with which it considers the cause of the American beet or the fish-oil industry.

The tragedy and comedy alike of the situation lie in the fact that such considerations of local interest as frequently dictate Senatorial action are absent in the matter before us. No campaign contributions will be larger or smaller, whatever the fate of Mr. Hay's treaties; no constituencies richer or poorer. In fine, the Senate opposes to the rare and tried ability of Mr. Hay and the judgment of half-a-dozen chancelleries its own declining dignity. Is it safe, it asks, to approve any agreement that will make merely Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay, unassisted by Senatorial wisdom, the judges of our national honor? Can we sleep o' nights when a case may any time go before an international tribunal without the O. K. of the Sugar or the Steel Senator? The position is grotesquely untenable. Secure in apparent immunity, the Senate may once again prefer its own pique to the will of the nation as expressed by President Roosevelt. If it does so it will be merely hastening by so much the day when its method of election will be changed, and its rules so reformed that it will cease, on either parochial or merely personal ground, to be an obstructor of the world's traffic.

THE TROUBLE WITH OUR SHIPBUILDING.

Sir William H. White, the eminent English naval constructor, has been contributing to the London *Times* a series of articles on American shipbuilding, with special reference to naval construction, which embody his observations during a recent visit to this country. He is not only the leading British expert, and a former chief constructor of the royal navy, but a teacher who has especial interest in the American fleet, because some of our best constructors were once his pupils, and he himself designed two of our early cruisers. It is, therefore, worthy of note that this foreign critic has in the main only praise for our naval achievements. Of our constructors he has a very high opinion; our Government gun factory at Washington is a "fine establishment, well equipped, and well organized"; it is greatly to the credit of naval ordnance officers that they hold "such a leading position in the manufacture of guns and explosives." Some of the finest nickel-steel work yet produced was shown to Sir William; our armor-plates are "admirable in quality and uniformity"; our warships compare very favorably with the latest foreign cruisers and battleships.

All this praise will cause Mr. Roosevelt and our naval officers to rejoice. But, for the general public, aside from the assurance that the great navy we are paying for is a well-built one, Sir William White's views of our private shipyards will be of most value, at this time of depression in the industry and of discussion of Government aid to ship-owners. Calling attention to the policy of our Navy Department to encourage the development of private establishments capable of building all classes of warships, even to the extent of giving contracts to firms wholly without the staffs or establishments to undertake them at the time of the award, our English observer finds that the general result of this "bold policy has undoubtedly been satisfactory from the public point of view." While he seems to approve the Navy Department's action, some of the evils which inevitably result when an industry has been forced by the liberal bestowal of Government pap do not escape him. The owners of the fifty millions invested in the industry, we may assure Sir William White, are those, next to Mr. Roosevelt, who are most clamorous for a great navy. They are the ones, as he records, who are most anxious to prove the fallacy of the Government's plan to build some of its vessels in its own yards, and who are eagerly awaiting action on the report of the special commission to investigate the decay of our mercantile marine. For them, navy-yards are created only to make minor repairs and to refit the cruising vessels.

Sir William White was particularly impressed by the magnitude of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company's works, advertised as the largest "in the Western Hemisphere, if not in the world." He remarks, however: "At present it has very large Government contracts; but one wonders how, under existing conditions, it and the rival establishments in the United States can secure sufficient employment to give an adequate return on the capital invested." Of course, he says nothing of the water which has only just been squeezed out of the stock of many of these establishments. Elsewhere he records the growing uneasiness at signs of a decrease in the Government appropriations.

As a matter of fact, the whole shipbuilding situation in the United States is easily summed up. Great establishments have been created, not in response to an economic demand, but almost solely with a view to building warships. Half the shipyards could more than take care of all the legitimate commercial business of the country, which is limited by absurd navigation laws. The shipping industry is, moreover, protected so highly that no American may buy a ship abroad and import it unless he desires it for his pleasure. As a result, in a slack time there is acute embarrassment and a scurrying to Congress for more pap to sustain these artificially-created establishments. More battleships and more cruisers are demanded; when this supply seems to be curtailed because of a deficit in the revenue, then there are loud calls for a reviving of the merchant marine—again by wholly artificial means. New lines are to be created. Because of an in-

creased export trade? Not at all; by reason of the fact that the Republican party is willing to make good the difference between profit and loss in the running of the steamers by grants out of the general Treasury. In other words, merely for the purpose of having a great war fleet, we must pay, first, enormous sums for the ships, and then must keep on paying gratuities so that the shipyards will not go out of business.

Such a foolish economic policy carries its own punishment with it in the long run. At our present rate of naval construction, we shall soon have all the navy that even a Roosevelt can demand. It will be, moreover, almost wholly a new navy—that is, the majority of the ships will have been launched since 1899. Replacements will not keep the private shipyards busy. General arbitration treaties, or an agreement to disarm in part, would conceivably stop even this much building. Meanwhile, with the true remedies at hand, Congress thinks only how it can give public money to private businesses.

Sir William White shows in one lucid sentence how the tariff hampers our shipbuilders. He is convinced that our steel-makers produce shipbuilding steel more cheaply than the English, but finds that they sell it to shipbuilders at a price *40 to 50 per cent. greater* than the corresponding cost of shipbuilding steel in England! Thanks to this triumph of protection, English shipbuilders rub their hands in glee, and build hundreds of ships that should be the work of our own gifted engineers and constructors and our exceptionally intelligent workmen. Abolish the tariff on steel and iron; do away with the Government incentives to needless shipyards; repeal the navigation laws, and there would be no demand whatever for subsidies to shipowners and shipbuilders. Our flag would once more cover the seas.

THE WALL STREET "CURB SCANDAL."

We took occasion, at the time of the United States Shipbuilding scandal of 1903, to point out that certain experienced financiers, personally identified with that famous promotion, either were engaged knowingly in a discreditable business, or else had displayed a simplicity which would hardly be expected from a financial greenhorn. It appears to us that the same awkward alternative arises in connection with the "Montreal and Boston" promotion scandal at present in the courts. The testimony of implicated parties is now complete enough to establish conclusively the main facts in the matter, and we think they call for some decided comment.

The "Montreal and Boston" promotion was in itself an insignificant affair; it became important only because of the manner in which a fraudulent undertaking was brought near to success, and because of the very striking light which it throws on some other recent occurrences in the financial markets. The property involved consisted of some mines and mining claims, chiefly in British Columbia. On acquiring some other properties, of no great apparent value, the stock of the concern was increased from $3,000,000 to $7,500,000. This new stock sold on the Boston Exchange, last autumn, at a trifle over $1 per $5 share. The promoters, however, were looking to New York, not to Boston, and it was on the Broad Street curb that "Montreal and Boston," like United States Shipbuilding, made its spectacular appearance. As in the Shipbuilding affair, some of the active promoters were, financially speaking, mere nobodies. The man who appeared as the responsible agent in the promotion, according to his own testimony, had been a Canadian haberdasher before engaging in mining promotions. The brokers enlisted to facilitate their New York undertaking were a firm the nature of whose business might readily be inferred by the "tips" and "pointers" of their flaunting advertisements. Under these auspices, the task of "working up" the stock to three times its existing market value was begun. The procedure employed was so brazen as to result in denunciation from the "curb brokers" themselves, whose consciences are reasonably easy. It was perfectly understood by every one, except the numerous victims who were decoyed from the "outside" during the rise in the stock from $1 to $3.50 per share. It consisted in hiring one set of curb brokers to bid for the stock at rising prices, while another group would sell it, only at a continuous advance. To the simple-minded, the course of prices seemed to indicate genuine absorption; how many of them bought on the inducement of this old financial "shell-game," is purely a matter of conjecture. One of the "brokers" has testified that he paid $1 per share for stock which he was instructed to sell at once, to some one else in the game, for $3.

We should hardly devote so much space to a vulgar imposture of the sort but for the quarters in which moral if not legal complicity in the affair has been convincingly established. The one thing which puzzled even experienced watchers of "Montreal and Boston" on the curb was where the manipulators got their money, for even a mining stock cannot be "rigged" for nothing. The investigation in the court proceedings against the bankrupt Munroe house for conspiracy to defraud has shown, not only that some highly respectable financial names were signed to the "underwriting agreement" of which these curb operations were the outcome, but that the vice-president and "credit man" of the largest bank in this city was a director in the Montreal and Boston and a member of the underwriting syndicate, and that he had been granting accommodation at his bank day after day, and on the easiest terms imaginable, to the adventurers behind this shady curb undertaking. Figures showing the disreputable use made of such borrowings have been produced in court. On one day, "Munroe & Munroe," having borrowed $60,000 from the City Bank, bought 99,200 shares of their own stock on the curb and sold 94,425. Another day, they bought 94,000 shares for $271,000 and sold 87,000 for $275,000. It was a petty swindle, precisely along the lines simultaneously practised by some larger "plungers" on the Stock Exchange itself. These sordid details, however, with the figures involved duly enlarged, throw all the necessary light on the series of "million-share markets" with which our brilliant "manipulators" entertained Wall Street and the financial world at large last October.

Commenting, a month ago, on the Stock Exchange crash which followed that notorious humbug, and the responsibility which respectable banks incurred for providing the means for the inflation of the market, we observed:

> "It is no answer to say that the bank must lend to any one presenting marketable collateral, and that these people proffered such security. One does not hear of this sort of fast-and-loose use of depositors' money by the great banks of Paris and London. Our feeling is that the spectacle presented in the money market of the past two months—of notorious speculators borrowing money to buy stocks, securing those loans by the very stocks thus bought, advancing prices ten or fifteen points through the magnitude of their purchases, increasing their loans to precisely that extent because of the rise in value of the collateral, and straightway throwing into the speculative market the extra capital thus procured—is utterly discreditable to a sober banking community."

We doubt if anything could have happened which would more obviously confirm this statement of the case than the "Munroe & Munroe" episode. What the business community is likely now to ask is, What will the banking community do about it? It is alleged that the offending "credit man" of this particular episode acted on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge of his superiors. That may be so; but, very clearly, reputable banks must somehow enforce such rules as require their responsible officers to abstain from disreputable business. The injury to the whole banking community from the alliance of great banks with stock-market "rigging" need not be argued. Such incidents give too much color to the most slanderous accusations against Wall Street as a whole.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN COLLEGE.

The story is told that a New York multi-millionaire, wishing to call on his son, an undergraduate in a New England

university, hunted up the private dormitory of which the young gentleman was an inmate. The unsophisticated elder was amazed at the magnificence of the structure. The liveried custodian—or curator—of the palace was very gracious in answer to inquiries, and promised to communicate with the lad's "man." That functionary, also in livery, regretted to say that his master was out with his footman and four-in hand. The father, however, was allowed to sit down and wait in the son's gilded parlors. When the darling boy arrived, the indulgent parent could do nothing but gasp, "How will you live when you come to New York and really have some money to spend?"

This tale we commend to the attention of the Hon. John De Witt Warner, Cornell, '72. While the simple life is being praised enthusiastically by people who would faint at the thought of living it, Mr. Warner comes forward with the suggestion that college is eminently the place to begin the good work. In a recent issue of the *Cornell Alumni News* he takes up the theme of the extravagance of college boys of to-day, and the burden which this extravagance lays upon families of modest means. "Has not the American university," he asks, "lacked of late that experience in simplicity and economy that until lately was its characteristic?" Mr. Warner does not insist that in all respects the Spartan regimen was better, but he is not happy over the fact that the expense of student life at Cornell is roughly 50 per cent. greater than it was before 1885. What he says of Cornell is, *ceteris paribus*, true of most other Eastern colleges. The money, according to Mr. Warner's investigations at Cornell, is spent on more spacious and more elaborately furnished rooms, on more expensive board, on clothing and service—"from carfare to valet attendance"—and on more costly entertainments in class, club, and society. Mr. Warner holds, however, that the modern rooms are not more healthy and comfortable than the old; that the board is "no more nourishing of brain or brawn"; and that the better wardrobe is often superfluous and in bad taste. He adds:

> "In short, a large part of the added cost that burdens parents, obstructs education, and tends to ostracize those who must deny themselves, springs from an unhealthy aping of maturity by boys, vanity that enriches the back at the expense of the head, pride in cost and possession, rather than taste for the beautiful or sense of fitness; and adds to the things which one learns to need, rather than to one's power to get what he ought to want."

From this diagnosis few careful observers will, we believe, dissent; none can deny that at the critical period of life too many young men are acquiring habits that make them the slave rather than the master of circumstances. For these evils Mr. Warner suggests two remedies: a raising of entrance requirements, and an addition to the facilities for advanced work, so as to attract more exclusively the really serious young men; and "such provision for residence and study as shall promote simplicity and economy in student life."

Mr. Warner's plan of bringing the college nearer to the level of a professional school in earnestness and quality of work has certain evident merits. Even if the standard of admission were not raised, most colleges could stiffen the curriculum and make the courses harder, without damage to the student's mind, health, or morals. Though we by no means subscribe to the theory that all soft courses should be abolished, we are convinced that many of them should. A college can be so honeycombed with them that it becomes an asylum for the lazy and incompetent, a place where the leisure of rich men's sons will suffer no great interruption. But while a curriculum so organized as to leave less time for idling would be of some help, the raising of entrance requirements would in itself do little more than thrust on the secondary schools the problem of disciplining spoiled spendthrifts.

A college dining commons and a dormitory system are what Mr. Warner has chiefly in mind as provisions to promote simplicity and economy. He would have "plain—even severe—arrangements and appointments." This is all very well, so far as it goes; but a student who will put $800 into papering a room can prove to the world that plain walls do not a prison make, nor Parker House bars a cage. To hold the lavish youth in check would call for more paternal intervention than is now usual in college. Whether such an extension of paternalism is desirable we gravely doubt. The rich have already shifted most of the responsibility for the breeding of their children upon nurses, kindergartners, school teachers, and college professors. If the father or mother will not limit allowances to minors and will not demand accountings, the college is really helpless. Its supervision of petty details of taste, and even morals, will serve merely to irritate the undergraduate without improving his habits.

The trouble lies too deep to be reached by faculty rules. Not even the wisdom of a university senate can cure the malady from which so many students suffer—foolish parents. To begin three generations back in educating a child, though obviously desirable, is impracticable. The colleges must continue to do their best with the refractory material at hand. The extravagant undergraduate is but one product of an era in which men have acquired money ten times as fast as they have acquired culture. They splurge, their wives splurge, their sons and their daughters splurge. But if our college professors and other moralists do not lose their heads—a disaster which their present salaries render unlikely—we may be saved by the slow process of education. We are optimistic enough to hope that, desperate as the outlook may be, the great-grandchildren of the people who now give monkey dinners will be well-bred and restrained students, and, after they receive their degrees, public-spirited gentlemen and scholars.

THE ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION AT CHICAGO.

January 6, 1905.

The sunshine and roses of the New Orleans meeting of 1903 of the American Economic Association, as contrasted with the blizzard and lake gale of the Chicago meeting of 1904, constituted an economic contradiction that would have satisfied even the heart of Proudhon. Beginning with an ice-edged hurricane on Tuesday night, December 27, for nearly three successive days the unwary Southerner was left doubtful only as to the relative efficacy of hospital or home treatment for pneumonia. The snows descended and the winds blew and beat upon the clans there gathered, until even the quantity theory of money and the validity of the union shop failed to develop controversial heat, and for once at least economist and sociologist found common interest in discussion of the influence of climate upon conduct. Anything short of the cordial reception and warm hospitality extended the Association by the University of Chicago and its members would, under these circumstances, have resulted in a far less successful meeting than was actually the case. As it was, a large and representative attendance enjoyed peculiar facilities for close and frequent personal association—an advantage which each successive meeting establishes more clearly as the real end of such gatherings. The programme was judiciously arranged, the papers clear and able, and the discussion, if perhaps too formal, at least thoughtful and succinct.

Beyond all question the event of the meeting was the presidential address of Professor Taussig on Wednesday evening, on "The Present Position of the Doctrine of Free Trade." In breadth of view, in sobriety of treatment, and in lucidity of expression it easily took rank as a notable deliverance. The tenor of the address is precisely indicated by the title. Forty years ago the doctrine of free trade seemed to be triumphant alike in the judgment of thinkers and in the policy of the leading countries. Since then the current has been reversed, slowly but steadily, and country after country has joined the protectionist ranks, while the change in temper among economic thinkers has been not less striking; and, so far as the doctrine of free-trade is concerned, enthusiasm has been supplanted by cautious weighing or open doubt. In succession the speaker reviewed those aspects of the tariff controversy of which most is heard in popular discussion in this country—the benefits of imports and exports, the relations of domestic and foreign industry, wages, foreign cheap labor, surplus products, overproduction, and dumping. Perfectly objective in his exposition, nowhere yielding to doctrinaire rules of thumb, pressing his analysis throughout to the recognition of the elements of truth in

opposed views—this part of the address, if nothing more than the running commentary it purported to be, was nevertheless heard and will hereafter be read as a sane and forceful contribution to a discussion marked in the past by much that is both foolish and feeble.

A typical passage in this respect was Professor Taussig's discussion of modern experience in protection to young industries. While such a policy cannot be proved useless, there are certain striking phenomena which prove it to be not indispensable. The besetting difficulty is the handicap upon all purely inductive inquiry in the doings of man: we cannot isolate causes. A protective duty may be followed by an increase of domestic production, by a new and independent industry, by an eventual benefit to the community in the way of cheaper commodities; but the question always will remain whether other causes have been at work, and whether the same result would not have ensued without the tariff in favor of the young industry.

In explanation of the strong hold which protection now has, and bids fair for some time to maintain, in European countries, Professor Taussig recognized the important influence exerted by two factors. The first of these has been the competition of new countries in agricultural products, and the other, the growth and intensification of national feeling. In the United States the maintenance of the extreme and intolerant protection which we have developed seems to be explicable chiefly on historical grounds. The system as it now stands goes back to the civil war, and is the unexpected outcome of the heavy duties then suddenly imposed. It has maintained itself chiefly by the effects of custom and iteration. The industries of the country have become habituated to it, and, what is no less important, public feeling has become habituated to it. In summary, the speaker reduced the essence of the doctrine of free trade to the proposition that, *prima facie*, international trade brings a gain, and that restrictions on it presumably bring a loss. Departures from this principle, though by no means impossible of justification, need to prove their case, and, if made in view of the pressure of opposing principles, they are matter of regret. In this sense, the doctrine of free trade, however widely rejected in the world of politics, holds its own in the sphere of the intellect.

The first regular session on Thursday morning was devoted to the theory of money, with principal papers by Professor Laughlin of Chicago, Kinley of Illinois, and Andrew of Harvard, and less formal contributions by Scott of Wisconsin, Fisher of Yale, and Carver of Harvard. The centre of debate was, naturally enough, "the quantity theory," and, if little new material figured, the opposing arguments were nevertheless aligned with unusual and gratifying clearness.

The session of Thursday afternoon devoted to the trade-union shop attracted the greatest interest. Prof. John R. Commons of Wisconsin presented an intelligent analysis of the causes of the union-shop policy, pointing out that where employment is in the hands of small competing contractors, as in the building and clothing trades, the closed shop is necessary; whereas in the stove industry, bituminous coal mines, and elsewhere, the agreements are open-shop, because the employers' associations are strong and willing enough to enforce the agreement on all of their members, which the union could do only by the strike or closed shop. Dr. John Graham Brooks discussed with characteristic sympathy and clearness the several issues involved. Mr. John Hibbard of Chicago presented a reasonable and intelligent employers' view, and Mr. Thomas Kidd of the Amalgamated Woodworkers defined a rigid and uncompromising trade-unionist attitude. In the discussion which followed, Dr. George E. Barnett of Johns Hopkins suggested that the opponents of the closed shop may be divided into two classes—those who oppose it as a part of the union's mechanism in enforcing collective bargaining, and those who regard the closed shop as synonymous with unreasonable shop rules. The unions have so long framed shop rules without conciliation that a feeling has grown up that these rules differ essentially from questions of wages and hours. This position is indefensible. The formation of employers' associations capable of dealing with such matters is the prime requisite to the extension of conciliation to cover shop rules. Where the principle of conciliation has thus been extended, the open-shop question has become unimportant.

The session on Friday morning, held jointly with the American Political Science Association, was devoted to "Corporations and Railways." Mr. Edward B. Whitney of New York reviewed the various things which Congress can probably do, negatively and affirmatively, in interference with industrial combination. Hon. Martin A. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, discussed intelligently and judiciously the regulation of railway rates, urging that the true theory of public regulation—that which is best calculated to produce useful results—is to allow the railways to unite with each other in the discharge of their public duties, thereby making it feasible and for their interest to conform in all cases to their published schedules, and to invest the regulating body with authority, after investigation of complaints upon due notice and hearing, to condemn the rates found to be actually or relatively unreasonable, and to prescribe, subject to judicial review, a substituted standard to be hereafter observed.

In a profound and original paper Prof. Henry C. Adams analyzed certain recent tendencies in the law of taxation of railways. The courts have recognized, he pointed out, the existence of a franchise or surplus value in the assessment of corporations, meaning by surplus value a value of the business as a going concern in excess of the inventory value of its physical elements. The present trend in the law of railway taxation rests upon the necessity of applying a different principle of taxation to the surplus of railways from that which is applied to the value of the physical elements which underlie it, or the value of property in general which is exposed to competition.

Preferential tariffs and reciprocity were the topics of the sixth session, on Friday afternoon. Canadian trade theory and policy in relation to the British fiscal controversy and its correlated issues were discussed by Professors Short of Queen's Unversity, Flux of McGill, and Hon. George E. Foster of Toronto, with minor notes by Willis of Washington and Lee, Emery of Yale, and Fisk of Illinois. The final session of the meeting was held jointly with the Historical Association on Friday evening in Northwestern University building. Professor Gay of Harvard presented a scholarly paper on "The Significance of the Enclosure Movement in England," and Hon. Carroll D. Wright described the economic history of the United States projected by the department of economics and sociology of the Carnegie Institution. Professors McMaster of Pennsylvania and Hull of Cornell, for the historians, and Hollander of Johns Hopkins and Seager of Columbia for the economists, took part in the discussion of Col. Wright's paper.

The officers of the Association reported encouraging conditions in its various affairs. Progress was made in dealing with the troublesome question of publication activity by authorizing the executive committee to proceed with the establishment of an Association journal, supplementary to the present monographic series, if such a step be found expedient and practicable. Professor Taussig was reëlected to the presidency, and the Association adjourned to meet in Baltimore with the Johns Hopkins University in 1905. J. H. H.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY

WATTS AND SANDYS.

LONDON, December 31, 1904.

The supply of Old Masters in England, though great, is not inexhaustible, and it must be with relief that the Royal Academy this year, for its Winter Exhibition, has an excellent reason to turn to artists who, whatever posterity may decide as to their masterliness, are certainly not "Old" in the accepted sense of the term. The Academy from time to time has reserved a room, or even all the galleries opened in winter, for the work of members who have died within the twelvemonth. This year it has lost not only Watts, of whom it can truthfully be said that he was one of the most distinguished Academicians, but also Horsley, who, though not distinguished in the least, though best known for a very absurd crusade against the nude in art, was one of the most active and efficient organizers of the shows of Old Masters, which for so long have served the Academy as a winter garment of repentance. And so, without Horsley to hunt up new Old Masters, and with Watts calling for a memorial exhibition, the problem this winter has been easily solved. The show to open next Monday (January 2) is one primarily of the "works of the late George Frederick Watts, R.A., O.M." But as the Academy has never hesitated to wear the laurels of "deceased British masters," however it may have ignored them while living, a gallery has been set aside for the works of Frederick Sandys, who also died during the summer. And, indeed, but for the outcry of artists who cared and were not afraid to speak, the chances are that Watts and Sandys would have waited while Whistler was honored. For if Whistler alive was a danger to Academicians, Whistler dead might have the virtue of bringing in shillings at the door.

As it is, Watts has the precedence, and to him five galleries are devoted. It is not

so many years since a Watts exhibition was held at the New Gallery, and a very representative collection was then got together. Nor, when alive, was Watts an artist who objected to public exhibition, like Rossetti, for instance. He sent regularly every year to the Academy, which therefore never had the excuse to treat him with the indifference that enraged Burne-Jones into resignation from the Academical ranks. He sent as regularly to the spring exhibition at the New Gallery, of which he was from the beginning one of the chief upholders and chief attractions. As a consequence, it cannot be said that the present collection at the Academy has much to tell about Watts that was not known before. A few early works that I, anyway, never remember to have seen, are included, but they only help to confirm one in the impression already formed of the manner and tendency of his development. It is amusing to see his portrait of himself at the age of seventeen (1834), undoubtedly an able piece of work for a student, though it gives no sign of any special originality of style or individuality in expression, though it reveals no seeking after the "soul" that, later on, resulted in such disaster. It is still more interesting to see other early portraits—one of Lady Frederick Cavendish Bentinck the most notable, in which the poses and the careful treatment of a lace cap point to a passing allegiance to Dutch models; or else, as with the "Augusta, Lady Castletown," in which Lawrence seems to have been striving for the mastery; while far more numerous are those revealing Italian influence—for example, the "Mother of Giorgione"; who sat for it, the catalogue does not disclose. These are the performances of the student, the able and accomplished student who has not yet found himself. And there are allegorical or mythical subjects of the same period that make one wish he never had found himself, so much better are they pictorially, so much freer from ethical encumbrance, than the work that followed. Nothing in the exhibition is more charming than a little "Aurora," a graceful goddess (or model) with orange drapery flying, attended by a swarm of *Amorini* floating in luminous space, and it bears in the catalogues the early date of 1842, though, when I first saw it, within the last very few years, I supposed it a recent work and welcomed it as a proof that ethics had not entirely closed Watts's eyes to beauty. A study for an arrangement of "Dryads and Naiads"—whether ever carried further, I cannot say—that belongs to seven years later (1849), has the same charm, and, with its romantic landscape, its figures posing for no other object than to tell in the composition, its passages of splendid color in a bit, here and there, of drapery, shows the artist still influenced by Italian masters, still absorbed in problems of beauty. Nor is it less interesting to see fragments of the cartoon "Caractacus," even if in these fragments beauty seems to have concerned him less, for the simple reason that he was trying to adapt it to mural decoration on a large scale—a more bewildering problem for the student. The cartoon made in 1842 was designed for the competition to decorate the House of Lords. It was not accepted, and, creditable though it be to the young student, perhaps it is as well for the reputation of the artist that it was not. But at least it won him one of the three prizes offered, the sum of £300, and so, by enabling him to go to Italy for further study, had not a little to do in developing his art and shaping his career.

He stayed in Italy from 1842 to 1847. It is easy to understand why, when he returned and began to exhibit his pictures, he must have made something of a stir in the art circles of London. Victorian painters were busy painting trivial little anecdotes in a trivial little way, and here was a youth who looked at the world—or tried to—through the inspired eyes of the great Florentines and Venetians; who had some sense of the dignity of form and the loveliness of color; who painted his sitters as if they were prophets and sibyls just stepped down from chapel or choir walls; who could not stoop to sentiment that had not the possibility of stateliness in its expression, or to anecdote that did not lend itself to noble lines and harmonious color schemes. Watts never associated himself nominally with the rebels of the day, the Pre-Raphaelites, though he was to a certain extent in sympathy with them and ever influenced by them. Some pictures in the present Exhibition, like the "Bianca," for example, present very much the same opulent, sensuous type that Rossetti painted and made essentially his; a picture like "Una and the Red Cross Knight" strikes one now as a reecho of the "Sir Isumbras" of Millais. But Watts never identified himself with Pre-Raphaelitism, he never accepted the creed and the methods and the subjects of the Brotherhood. Perhaps it is because he thus stood apart that he became so marked a figure among the English artists of the last half of the last century, and perhaps it is because he felt his responsibility as a marked figure, as one apart, that he became more and more absorbed in subject, more and more given to allegory, more and more ready to preach.

The Academy catalogue quotes a note written by Watts for the Catalogue of his Exhibition at the New Gallery. "The great majority of these works," it begins, "must be regarded rather as hieroglyphs than anything else, certainly not as more than symbols, which all Art was in the beginning. . . . In many cases the intention is frankly didactic." But, fortunately, art has not stood still in its first and undeveloped stage; it has long been a great deal more than hieroglyphic or symbolic; its end is beauty, not teaching and preaching. That is where Watts made his mistake. As it has happened with Ibsen in dramatic art, he gradually subordinated the artist to the teacher or the preacher, until in the end he succeeded in being neither the one nor the other. That, however didactic his intention, he was far from finding in paint the right medium for his message to humanity, is proved by the care with which his symbolic or allegoric or didactic canvases are explained in the catalogue, even when they have to do with such hackneyed themes as Faith, Hope, and Charity, Time, Death, and Judgment. On the other hand, how far, artistically, these "Symbols," with their awkward design, their cut-out forms, their harsh color, fall short of the standard the artist first set for himself, may be realized by comparing them to the early Italian experiments made before he had begun to bother about morals and meanings which have nothing to do with art.

It is the same in the portraits. A few early ones of children, and of women in the trying costume of the fifties, are full of character and grace, despite their curious primitiveness — a primitiveness of execution rather than of deliberate intention. A few, like the ever-famous "Mrs. Percy Wyndham," and, still more striking as study of character, the "Countess Somers," and the "Joachim" of 1866, and "Sir Edward Sabine" in wonderfully managed military red and decorations, and the more recent "Walter Crane," explain how, even after Watts had vowed himself to ethics, the artist in him sometimes got the better of the preacher. But in the greater number of portraits, unfortunately, preoccupation with the "soul" of the sitter led to the neglect of the more important pictorial presentment. This is felt now at the Academy, no less than at the National Portrait Gallery, where the fine exceptions always leave one wondering how it was that the man who painted them could also not only paint, but be willing to acknowledge and parade, the rest of the series. In the future, Watts's own generosity to national galleries and museums will be the worst enemy his reputation may have to face.

As I remember the New Gallery collection, it was more impressive and did greater justice to Watts, the artist, than the Academy Exhibition. Fewer works were hung at the New Gallery, and the more one sees of Watts, the more one is conscious of his serious faults and shortcomings. His meaning does not leap to the eye, his defects do. The most popular pictures are almost all here—"Hope," "Life and Love," "Love and Death," "Paolo and Francesca," the many that engravings have made known from one end of the world to the other. But they gain nothing from being seen again. If one little room were hung with only the finest things now shown, a very different impression of Watts as artist would be carried away. But to wander through room after room filled with all these mistaken sermons on canvas is to be impressed chiefly with his weakness—with the unfortunate fumbling and clumsiness and crudeness to which he was led in the endeavor to put upon canvas in paint what canvas and paint were never intended to express. It is often said, in defence of Watts, that he never found his right medium, that he should have done in fresco what circumstances compelled him to do in oil; an indifferent public and an economical Government having refused to provide him with the chance to give the world his most perfect achievement. It may be that his "Charity" and "Destiny" and "Progress" and "Mischief" and the rest would produce the desired effect if executed in fresco for a high frieze or to fill the spandrels of a lofty dome, where the heavy forms, awkward gestures and massive drapery would be modified by distance. But the fact remains that we must look at these designs as Watts gave them to us—as they are now to be seen at the Academy; that is, each as a picture within a frame. And it is impossible to look at them and then at the fine things he could and did do, and not wish that it had never occurred to him, as a duty, to suggest, "in the language of Art, Modern Thought in things ethical and spiritual."

It may have been from the Old Masters

he loved that Watts borrowed his great vigor in production, which is in such contrast to the anæmic powers—or limits—of most modern artists. Frederick Sandys, in this respect anyway, was typically modern. He produced comparatively little in the seventy years and more of his long life. Even of this little, a great deal might be, and probably will be, forgotten. His masterpieces are his illustrations, few as they are in number. For Sandys was one of the group of artists who made English illustration great in the sixties—really, the Golden Age, as it has been called. He was the friend of Rossetti and Millais and Holman Hunt, and of Whistler too. He lived with Rossetti at one time, and there is no question that his intimacy with the Pre-Raphaelites had its effect on his work, though he never gave his undivided allegiance to their principles. He was a more accomplished draughtsman than any of the Brotherhood, and the designs he drew on the wood are more perfect works of art than almost any big picture they ever painted. The greatest have a place at the Academy—"Danaë," "Amor Mundi," "Harold Harfagt," "Yet Once More Let the Organ Play," and the others—but they are seen only in the prints from the wood engravings. How much was lost in the engraving, one has a chance of learning. Sandys looked upon an illustration as of no less importance than a painting—something to be designed and executed with infinite thought and care; not to be dashed off anyhow as too trivial for him to trouble about. He made elaborate studies of figures to be introduced into the design. At times, he made a finished drawing on paper before he touched the block. Fortunately, in the Academy collection there are two or three frames, giving these studies and drawings, together with the print which was their final result. To compare Sandys's drawing in pen-and-ink with the engraver's version of it, is to deplore the loss. Much of the delicacy vanishes, the line is coarsened and becomes sadly mechanical, the spirit of the original seems to have gone out of it. The engravers of the sixties were conscientious enough, and the average of their work was good; but it needed an artist as great as Sandys to interpret his drawings. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Cole or Mr. Wolf would make of them. Of late years, when the beauty of the illustrations in *Once a Week* and *Good Words* and the shockingly got-up gift books of the period was realized by the younger illustrators at work, and many articles were written about the Men of the Sixties, it was possible to reproduce some of Sandys's drawings by process and photogravure. These, to complete the interest of the exhibition, the Academy should have hung alongside of the wood engravings. But, no doubt, the Academy considered that it had condescended sufficiently in recognizing Sandys at all, after neglecting him while he was alive, to profit by recognition.

Sandys painted a few pictures during the sixties, and they are characterized by the same fine qualities as the illustrations. The most marvellous of all is the "Portrait of Mrs. Stephen Lewis," belonging to the year 1864, and exhibited several times during the last ten years. It is a wonder of Pre-Raphaelitic detail. Millais in his most fervent days, and Holman Hunt, never equalled it. It is a small half-length of an old lady with gray hair, in a black dress and lace cap, seated in a room, all the detail of which is reflected in the mirror above the mantelpiece behind her. Even the opposite window is reflected, and the landscape seen through it is most minutely rendered. The lace cap is worked out with the elaboration and fidelity of Van Eyck or Memling. Some flowers at her side are treated with no less care. And yet Sandys succeeded, as Van Eyck and Memling succeeded, in bringing all these innumerable facts together into a harmonious whole, and in subordinating them entirely to the human interest of the portrait. The character in the old lady's face loses nothing because of the astonishing exactness with which everything about her is stated. Another presentment of an old lady, "Mrs. Clabburn," also in a white cap, is almost as amazing, though in this the detail is limited to the cap and to a spray of flowers. But in most of the other pictures and portraits (or as many as I have seen) Sandys never approached these two. I know he had high ideals of beauty—I have heard him describe the picture of the perfect woman he meant some day to paint. But in endeavoring to realize them, he came at times perilously near the old "Keepsake" or "Book of Beauty" type. And when he attempted rich, brilliant color, he was apt to overstep the bounds of reticence. He executed a number of portraits in chalk, just tinted here and there. In these there could not be the crudeness of color to which the ambitious arrangement of his paintings sometimes led, but they seem to me too often to be little more than survivals of days when sentiment and prettiness were considered essential to female beauty. Some of the portraits of men in this medium are better—for instance, the fine series of distinguished men of letters he executed for Messrs. Macmillan. But I believe that Sandys's reputation in the future will rest upon a few paintings like the "Mrs. Lewis," and, above all, upon his fine achievement as an illustrator. N. N.

Correspondence.

LAWLESSNESS AT THE TOP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article entitled "What Ails America?" in your issue of December 1 you fail to suggest a very potent cause of the increase of lawlessness in our country. When the head of our Government shows an indifference to the restraints of law; when the Government, as a whole, shows an eagerness to attack a weaker nation, and, after winning the fight, boasts blatantly of its "glorious victory"; when both Congress and the Executive begin to deny the foundation theories of our laws; when the head of the Government deliberately breaks a treaty with a friendly nation, and then puts the people into possession of a part of the spoil which it had promised to protect; when, finally, he counsels the carrying of a "big stick," what *must* be the effect upon the people? Can it be supposed for one moment that such examples incline men towards respect for law? What more, for instance, does the brutal, cowardly striker want than a big stick, if it is only big enough?

Just as surely as men are conspicuous by their high office, so surely is their example of great influence, and just so surely are our high officials responsible in a great degree for the increasing lawlessness of recent years.—Respectfully,

F. J. Le Moyne.

Isham, Tenn., January 7, 1905.

UNIVERSITY AND TECHNOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of "Alumnus" in No. 2,061 of your paper has been of considerable interest to the writer of these lines. While not in a position to enter into a discussion regarding the advisability of a union between the Institute of Technology and Harvard University (although the maintenance of a Scientific School by the latter seems to be more dependent upon "tradition" than upon actual need), the writer wishes to point out that quoting the first part only of the resolution adopted by the Union of German Engineers in Berlin on the 15th of September (not Munich, September 12), as done by "Alumnus," is apt to make a wrong impression upon the reader. According to the *Beilage zur Allgemeinen Zeitung*, No. 212 (p. 519) of 1904, the resolution reads as follows:

"(1.) Es empfiehlt sich für absehbare Zeit nicht, dem Bedürfnis nach neuen technischen Hochschulen durch Angliederung technischer Fakultäten an Universitäten zu entsprechen, vielmehr ist es durch Errichtung selbständiger Anstalten zu befriedigen; denn die technischen Hochschulen würden in ihrer selbständigen Entwicklung durch Angliederung an Universitäten beeinträchtigt werden. Diese Scheidung soll jedoch die in erfreulicher Zunahme begriffene geistige Fühlung zwischen beiden Anstalten nicht hemmen. Die Angliederung an Universitäten würde auch keineswegs Ersparnisse von Bedeutung mit sich bringen.

"(2.) Der Verein Deutscher Ingenieure steht nach wie vor auf dem Standpunkt seines Ausspruches vom Jahre 1886, welcher lautet: 'Wir erklären, dass die deutschen Ingenieure für ihre allgemeine Bildung dieselben Bedürfnisse haben und derselben Beurteilung unterliegen wollen, wie die Vertreter der übrigen Berufszweige mit höherer wissenschaftlicher Ausbildung."

A protracted stay in Germany, during which exceptional opportunity was given the writer to observe present conditions, makes him inclined to ascribe the desire on the part of the engineers to have separate institutions rather than technological faculties at the universities to the mediæval methods of instruction still prevalent at the latter. The "Technische Hochschulen" are already sufficiently hampered by the social conditions imposed upon them by the universities in the shape of the "Corpsstudent." Against this influence the teachers are powerless, inasmuch as it is fostered from above, and falls in with the bureaucratic principle, which makes it almost incumbent upon a candidate for the "höhere Verwaltungskarriere" to become a member of a "corps" in good standing.

The main objection on the part of the engineers ought to be for educational reasons. Although the German authorities insist upon a university course as a preparation for the higher offices, little is done to make the time thus spent truly profitable to the student. The methods employed are still

the same as in the time when students could not obtain books. A system which requires a professor to spread over a semester's course of four lectures per week a subject which, on the basis of the "Leitfaden," could be made much more efficient in two lectures per week, is educationally wrong. It becomes morally wrong if the same professor is forced by the authorities to testify (*testieren*)—*i. e.*, to sign his name against the title of his course in the "Kollegienbuch" of any student who has paid the price exacted by the university for that course of lectures, *no matter whether the student has attended or not*, and regardless of the fact that such signatures bestow all the privileges that may be claimed by candidates for particular offices. So long as such methods prevail at the German universities, it seems clear that the polytechnic institutions, which are free from such "traditions," have a great deal to fear and nothing to gain by union with the former.

In the experience of the writer, the presence of the technological faculties at a great university is a distinct gain to all the faculties; and wherever their spiritual union is asserted in good faith by all concerned, it is sure to intensify true culture throughout the entire body of teachers and students. J. H. S.

BERKELEY, CAL., January 8, 1905.

BURTON REDIVIVUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers may find entertainment in the following extract from an advertising letter recently sent out by a firm which manages, among other things, the 'Beacon Lights of History':

"Sir Richard Burton, who, some years ago, published for private circulation, and at prices within reach of only very wealthy collectors, that magnificent twelve-volume edition of 'The Arabian Nights' which he translated from the Persian, and which created so much discussion in England, consented, some time ago, to the printing of a second limited edition, a part of which was to be awarded to the booklovers of the United States, but not to be offered publicly for sale."

It is lucky for the author of this paragraph that Burton is dead!

G. F. MOORE.

CAMBRIDGE, January 15, 1905.

BÜRGER'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Erich Ebstein of Göttingen is engaged in collecting and editing the correspondence of the poet Gottfried August Bürger. He has reason to believe that not a few of Bürger's letters are preserved in American libraries or are in the hands of autograph collectors in this country, and he is very anxious to obtain information about any such material. Since a new edition of Bürger's letters is much to be desired, I hope that Dr. Ebstein's appeal will not remain without result. His address is Weender Chaussee, Göttingen, Germany.

KUNO FRANCKE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 13, 1905.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. will publish 'The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley,' with an introduction by Father Gray; 'Ghost Stories of an Antiquary,' by Montague James; 'A Handbook to Agra and the Taj,' by E. B. Havell; a 'Text-Book of Medical Practice,' by William Bain, M.D.; 'Petrol Motors and Motor Cars,' by T. Hyler White; 'Progress of the German Working Classes in the Last Quarter of a Century,' by Prof. W. J. Ashley; and 'The Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles and Shakspere,' by Prof. Lewis Campbell.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce 'The Complete Motorist,' by A. B. Filson Young.

A new book by Annie Payson Call, author of 'Power through Repose,' is announced by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, under the title, 'The Freedom of Life.'

Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent sermon at Harvard University, which has provoked much comment, is soon to be published in booklet form by T. Y. Crowell & Co. It is entitled "God in his World."

Dodd, Mead & Co. send us volume ii. of Dr. Thwaites's noble edition of the 'Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804-1806,' on which we have already discoursed at length. The frontispiece shows the intellectual face of William Clark, and there are several facsimiles of charts from his pencil of the Missouri and its falls. One cannot read this narrative afresh in its unchanged state without marvelling at the minuteness of the record, especially striking in the case of botanical descriptions, but also in many other ways. At page 197 the editor has an interesting note on the word *bier*, which Coues identified with the English word, but which Dr. Thwaites plausibly derives from a French word, *baire*—"that is to say, a large canvas, the ends of which," wrote the Jesuit missionary Poisson in 1727 in the Relations, "we carefully fold beneath the mattress" as a protection against mosquitoes. Elsewhere in this volume our captains speak of a "mosquito-bier," and this inverted may well have served "the Indian woman" for the child's cradle under discussion on the page cited.

The reprint of early travels in America being the fashion, it was commendable to select for A. Wessels Co.'s "Source Books of American History" 'Burnaby's Travels through North America.' The tour occupied parts of 1759-60, but in editions subsequent to the first (in 1775) changes were made with reference to the Revolution which had meanwhile occurred. These are reproduced from the edition of 1798. The author was an ancestor of the soldier-traveller, Frederick Burnaby, killed in the Sudan in 1885. He was a good observer, and his political forecasts were shrewd and sometimes verified. He entered the colonies by way of Virginia, and at Williamsburg saw Col. Byrd's house and the College of William and Mary, afterwards Princeton (Nassau Hall), and Columbia College in its infancy; and there is a bare mention of Harvard. This English clergyman observed slavery with creditable aversion, very temperately expressed, and resting as much on the provisions of the slave code as on actual scenes of wretchedness or cruelty. In the New England chapter the custom of "bundling" is described under the term "tarrying." At p. 145 he writes, of "under way": "This is usually written 'under weigh'; but I am extremely doubtful of the propriety of the phrase."

In six handy and altogether attractive 16mo volumes, Messrs. Putnams have compressed Macaulay's Essays without sacrificing the eyes, for the type is large and clear. Various portrait and other illustrations are scattered up and down, and the binding is in an excellent quiet taste. We wish only for a seventh volume—in other words, for an index, in which would lie the compliment that one who resorts to a convenient form, is not necessarily therefore among those who read only to forget and never to refer.

The eighth volume of Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) extends from Glashütte to Hautflügler. Great Britain is conspicuously treated at length, vieing with Greece; and among persons Goethe overtops every other celebrity with fifteen pages and six portraits. We are reminded by the fusion of the Goethe and Schiller Archives in 1889 that the Swiss, who have just founded a Rousseau Archive, will perhaps look in vain for a Voltaire Archive to amalgamate with it—in a less congruous manner, indeed, though these great antipathetic writers had a common bond of residence on Swiss soil. The one and a half pages devoted to the Hungarian Görgei show that this misconceived patriot is still living. Three-quarters of a page are given to General Grant, whose civil life is painted without softening. Trade (*Handel*) cuts a large figure, and there are illustrated articles on the glass industry and on gold mining. The suspended railway, variously denominated Hängebahn, Schwebebahn, and Luftbahn, in which the car body is swung below the wheels, is interestingly pictured. The range of the volume is shown by such titles as Globe Theatre (Shakspere's), globe-trotter, *go* (the Japanese game borrowed from China, and the oldest known), good-bye, *grande nation*, greenbacks, personal equation (*persönliche Gleichung*). The notice of The Hague does not forget the city's new distinction of the Conference for arbitration. Maps of glaciers and charts of the distribution of domestic animals (*Haustiere*) mingle with the customary geographical maps—British Isles, Greece, Guiana, Upper Guinea, Halle, Hamburg, Hanover, etc.

John Wiley & Sons publish three 'Untechnical Addresses on Technical Subjects,' by James Douglas, LL.D., making a slender volume of eighty-four pages. Their chief theme is mining and metallurgy, and the author pleads for the abandonment of secrecy and exclusiveness with regard to methods and processes. "As a rule, those establishments whose doors are most sedulously closed, are those least worth studying, except as technical anachronisms." Mr. Douglas exhibits in a striking manner the parallel growth of population and of the iron and steel industry of the United States under the stimulus of railroads. "If we multiply by fifty-three the number of miles of railroad in operation in 1840 and the number of tons of pig iron made in that same year by the same multiplier, we get approximately the mileage of track now in existence and the tonnage of pig iron turn-

ed out by our blast furnaces." "One single Duquesne stack turns out annually as much as the 804 little furnaces did per diem or per annum in 1840." On the Fitchburg Railroad the average freight rate in 1848 was 4.523 cents, in 1897 0.87 cent per ton mile. The third lecture deals with wastes in mining and metallurgy.

The arrangement of 'A School History of the United States,' by Prof. Wm. H. Mace (Rand, McNally & Co.), is based, "as far as practical," upon the ideas suggested in the author's work on 'Method in History.' The arrangement and the presentation strike us as very unsatisfactory. The proportion is better than in many school histories, but still leaves something to be desired. It seems to be impossible to reduce military events to anything like their proper place. In the Revolutionary period it requires thirty-six pages to relate the military events of eight years, while forty-two pages suffice for twenty-one years of peace. This proportion is, however, better than the sixty-three pages given to eight years of war between 1789 and 1865, as against the 109 pages given to the sixty-eight years of peace. The story is, on the whole, well told. Curiously enough, however, it appears more difficult to present both sides of the Revolution than of the civil war. Certainly the student will get from these pages the idea, which he probably already has, that the colonies were quite right in their contentions and in their acts, that they were quite unanimous in their resistance, and that there was no other issue involved than that of home rule. "The bolder citizens . . . formed the . . . Sons of Liberty" (p. 141); the resolutions of the Stamp Act Congress "taught the people their rights" (p. 144); "to cap the climax," Gen. Gage was sent, etc. (p. 152); "conciliation fails *in England*" (p. 154)—expressions such as these leave totally wrong impressions. As usual in books of this kind the "Regulators" movement in North Carolina is quite misunderstood (p. 147). The appendix contains a very elaborate list of questions with references, the Declaration of Independence, an analysis of the Constitution, and varied statistical material.

The appearance of 'A History Syllabus for Secondary Schools' (D. C. Heath & Co.), by a special committee of the New England History Teachers' Association, reminds us of former services which this association has rendered in much the same field. In the present work the object has been to present a carefully analyzed outline, accompanied with references, for the four school courses recommended by the Committee of Seven. There are a general introduction, special introductions for each course, lists of books, and "Bibliographical Notes and Suggestions." It is not proposed that the Syllabus should replace the text-book, but that it should supplement it. Neither is any rigid method of combining the two laid down. On the contrary, it is wisely recognized that circumstances of time and place must determine the use which can be made of the Syllabus, one of the greatest merits of which is that it is adapted to widely differing conditions. The outlines have been very carefully constructed—so highly analyzed, indeed, as to prove a trifle confusing; the selection of books is all that could be desired, and the suggestions are helpful. A few books have so recently appeared as to miss mention, such as Cheyney's 'England,' Bryce's revised 'Holy Roman Empire,' and Munro and Sellery's 'Mediæval Civilization.' For immediate practical use in a great majority of schools, the Syllabus assumes, too readily perhaps, conditions which do not exist, viz., special teachers of history, large city libraries, "historic spots," etc. It is well, however, to set a high standard; certainly the Syllabus is a book which every teacher of history in schools should possess at least, and use if possible.

The Newark (N. J.) Public Library has put forth a list of 'A Thousand of the Best Novels,' to date, ingeniously checked in the making by Denver, Springfield, and A. L. A. lists. "About 700 novels may be classed as obviously 'good,'" says Mr. J. C. Dana, in his introduction. "We think almost any reader would put about 700 of the books in this list in a list of the thousand best which he might compile. About the other 300, opinions would widely differ."

Still another list of 'Books for Boys and Girls' is that approved by the Brooklyn Public Library for use in its children's rooms. It is classified, and gives the publishers' names.

One educational use of a library, said Mr. John Morley at the opening of the public library at Plumstead on December 17, 1904, is the stimulation and improvement of public opinion. In opposition to Sir Robert Peel, who described public opinion as a "great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs," he "thought the abundant reading of newspapers was a legitimate and entirely wholesome process, provided that it was not merely idle reading." And he made the admirable suggestion that there should be a newspaper class for the users of the library—chiefly workmen at the Government establishments in Woolwich—in which "somebody should every evening take the events recorded from all over the world in the day's newspaper and explain them, where places were, what the controversy was about, and all the other elements of the world's activity referred to in the newspaper." He deprecated the neglect of the great writers, as Shakspere, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, but did not object to the reading of fiction, which "promoted cheerfulness and good humor, for that was wanted." To cultivate a taste for poetry, he should recommend, were he librarian at Woolwich, the reader to begin with Byron. "He was not the greatest of poets, but he had daring, energy, and the historic sense, with a loathing for cant in all its forms. At the beginning of the last century he was the great central inspiring force of democracy on the Continent of Europe; and when democracy extended its reading and applied itself for inspiration to poetry, apart from the facts, needs, and demands of the day, then Byron would once more have his day."

—Dr. Allan McLaughlin, who is in the United States public health and Marine Hospital service at Washington, contributes to the January *Popular Science Monthly* a paper which cuts to the quick the fallacies of that large class who make of our foreign immigrants a scapegoat for a preponderant share of our social and political evils. From ten countries named, the percentage of illiteracy among our immigrants is but about one-third of our own general average. The native children of foreign-born parents, taking the whole foreign-born population as the basis, present but about one-eighth the percentage of illiteracy found in their parents; proving that our illiterate immigrants are quick to take advantage of the opportunity of education for their children. Indeed, the native children of foreign parentage make a better showing in this respect than the children of native white parentage: statistics of school attendance give a better record to foreign-born white children and native white children of foreign parentage than to native white children of native parentage. The charge of clannishness, and consequent lack of assimilation, of the more ignorant immigrants Dr. McLaughlin rejects, so far as it is regarded as a fault peculiar to them. "The Italian, or the Jew, or the Slav, do not shrink away from their American neighbors more than their American neighbors shrink from them." The apparent excess of criminals in our foreign-born population does not mean what it seems to mean at first sight. The vast majority of crimes among any people are committed by members of the male sex between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Now seventy-five per cent. of our immigrants are between the ages of fifteen and forty on arrival, and the males are to the females as two and one-half to one. In view of these facts, the usual comparison with our entire population in the matter of criminality is manifestly unjust. The responsibility for the "slum," often charged to the immigrant, lies with money-grasping property-owners and incompetent civic administration; the immigrant is its victim, not its parent. Naturalization frauds and kindred ills are simply our own sins, taking advantage of whatever promising material immigration may offer.

—Mr. De Vinne's notable series of helpful manuals on "The Practice of Typography" is continued with 'Modern Methods of Book Composition' (New York: The Century Co.) This, while intended principally for the craftsman, may be recommended to every author. It deals first with equipment, then with composition (general, of books, difficult—as algebra, music, pedigrees—of foreign languages), with making-up, stone-work, imposition, and, last of all, machine-composition. This final section would make old Moxon of the 'Mechanick Exercises' stare and gasp, and illustration of the subject is carried so far that we have diagrams showing the correct position of the hands for the keyboard operators. Mr. De Vinne concludes, however, that the skilled hand-compositor will always be in request. He remarks of such as are fastest when they try, that they seldom set the greatest quantity of type in a week. The minuteness of the instructions in this book, in which the expert author has had the collaboration of specialists for certain chapters, is marvellous. Thus: For ease in picking up, let the type remain, unshaken, as distributed in the case; strike the planer with the end of the handle of the mallet, not with the head; pale proofs assist in detecting imperfect letters; avoid ending the first or last line of a page or paragraph with a hyphen (when possible); avoid disagreeable white spaces by doubling the measure of the longer of two parallel columns for the excess thereof; when paragraphs are sepa-

rated by dashes, use one lead less before the dash than after it (the shoulders of the last line being equivalent to a lead); in centring a running-title, consider the page numbers as blanks. The author, too, will find duties laid on him of recasting his matter to make pages come out even or acceptably to the canons; of condensing the running-title of a left-hand page ending a chapter, etc. Like the other volumes in this encyclopædic series, the typography is exemplary for ingenuity and elegance.

—New discoveries are slowly pushing the earliest known date connected with the invention of printing back towards the traditional 1440. The fragment of an otherwise unknown Middle German poem on the Last Judgment, of which the new volume of the Publications of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft gives a facsimile accompanied by philological, typographical and chronological studies, is printed in the same type as the 36-line Bible, the astronomical calendar for 1448, and the Paris 27-line Donatus, but in a still earlier stage while the composition is rather crude. Though of little interest from a philological and literary point of view, the importance of this find for the history of the earliest printing can hardly be overestimated. Dr. Gottfried Zedler, the author of the typographical and chronological study, assigns to it a date between 1444 and 1447. As the latter year is the probable date of the 27-line Donatus, the present piece can hardly have been printed later; as to the earlier date, the conjecture is open to some doubt. The argument is, that, as the fragment was found in Mainz, it in all probability was printed there, and as Gutenberg did not return to Mainz until 1444 or 1445, it cannot have been printed earlier. We must remember, however, that we know very little about how far Gutenberg had perfected his invention in Strassburg, and it is certainly not impossible that he brought printed sheets with him on his return to his birthplace. The same volume contains reproductions in photozincographic print of ten pages of Peter Schoeffer's 'Canon Missæ' of 1458, from the only known copy, in the Bodleian. This has no other connection with Gutenberg than the probability that he was the originator of the type. Heinrich Wallau accompanies the facsimiles with a very detailed technical study, dealing particularly with the two-colored initials and the method of printing in two colors.

—Gutenberg discoveries are seemingly in the air. At least three are given to the world in Dr. Dietrich Reichling's 'Appendices ad Hainii-Copingeri Repertorium Bibliographicum,' of which the first part is just at hand. One of these, a sheet of a Donatus, is shown by Dr. Schwenke in the December *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* to belong to the same copy as the sheet which he described in last year's publication of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft. One of the others, 'De Statu Clericorum,' without place, printer, or date, Dr. Reichling declares without hesitation to be "ex officina Gutenbergiana, *c.* 1450." Another edition of it is described by Hain, who ascribes it, indeed, to Gutenberg, but adds two interrogation points. Reichling gives a facsimile of nine lines—reduced "about one-half"! If he had given only four lines, but in exact facsimile, it might have been possible to discuss the matter intelligently. As it is, the facsimile is worthless for the purpose of comparison, and few students would be willing to take the author's statements without further proof, which we hope the second part will supply. Reichling seems to have received a grant from the Prussian Government to search for unknown incunabula in Italian libraries. The present volume catalogues 365 such volumes, not mentioned by Hain and Copinger, and gives "Emendationes" of some 400 others which they do mention. About one-fourth of the material was found in Italian libraries, chiefly in the Vatican Library and the National Library in Naples; but not a few are from Trinity College in Dublin and the Gymnasium in Heiligenstadt, while the bulk is from the stocks (or catalogues) of two antiquarian booksellers, Leo Olschki in Florence and Jacques Rosenthal in Munich, the latter being the publisher of the volume.

—The Rogerenes were a local sect, having New London, Conn., for their habitat. They were Seventh-Day Baptists, but they held their opinions with more inclination to variation than to fixity of type. Rationality and scripturalism made that dubious mixture of their opinions which was characteristic of a century of sects and schisms. They "declined to Quakerism," but mainly in regarding its peace principles as worthy of admiration. Clearly the Quakers were nearer the kingdom of heaven in their estimation than any of the stronger sects, but the Rogerenes were sticklers for baptism and the Lord's Supper, and they were resolved to work on Sundays if they remained idle the rest of the week. In their later manifestations they were devoted to temperance and anti-slavery and the good causes generally. Their history is a pathetic one of devotion to ideas and ideals, of fines, whippings, imprisonments and other persecutions. The F. H. Gilson Company print for subscribers 'The Rogerenes, Some Hitherto Unpublished Annals belonging to the Colonial History of Connecticut.' The book consists of two parts, "A Vindication" of the Rogerenes by John R. Bolles, and a "History of the Rogerenes," by Anna B. Williams. A pious regard on the part of the latter writer for the former has burdened the book with matter which adds little to its value. From being his reader and amanuensis, in the exercise of her functions gravely questioning the importance of Mr. Bolles's researches, Miss Williams gradually acquired a lively interest in them, and on his death resolved to carry them forward and give them a more continuous and coherent presentation than that of his controversial notes. Although produced during periods of severe persecution, the Rogerene writings were, Miss Williams judges, "perfectly calm and dispassionate in tone." So were not those of their orthodox opponents, and Mr. Bolles conformed his spirit more to theirs than to that of the people whose virtues he would recommend. Miss Williams's matter, though remarkably diffuse, is a human document of unquestionable interest. Its weight goes into the opposing scale from theirs who seek to minimize the narrowness and bigotry and harshness of the Puritan theocracy. It is, moreover, eloquent of the perversion to which the characters of those offending that theocracy were subjected at the hands of personal enemies and irresponsible historians. It has much interest as a picture of colonial times over and above what is special to the New London sectaries.

—On January 9 Mr. Henry James gave his first lecture before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. It was literally his first essay in lecturing in public, though no one would have guessed it (writes a correspondent) from his easy and resonant delivery. "His voice is mellow and monotonous; one can listen without effort, and the complete absence of emphasis and gesture gives an agreeable impression that there is no effort on the part of the speaker. The subject was 'The Lesson of Balzac,' the great French master of us all, as Mr. James said in acknowleding his debt to the author of the 'Comédie Humaine.' But fully half the lecture was introductory to Balzac, a leisurely preamble in which Mr. James reviewed a group of novelists—George Sand, Dickens, the Brontës, Jane Austen, 'everybody's dear Jane,' but rated quite high enough, he suggested, sitting always in an arrested spring, doing woolwork, dropping stitches as she dreamed over her work, 'wool-gathering' those dropped stitches (for Mr. James, like other great men, allows himself the exuberance of puns), and so making her tapestry of human life. Her work as a whole, he said, presents no more hold for criticism than is presented by 'the surface of a smooth, bald egg.' Dickens he imagined always as calling to one's imagination a dismal large room with unwashed windows, while George Eliot one sees forever in an afternoon light, the yellow light of the close of day. Balzac is for all times and weathers; yet he is not a classic, though he has always been treated with the perfunctory admiration usually dealt out to the classics—so great that one need not read him, people decide in these days when, as Mr. James assured the members of the club, we are all writing novels of our own; they, too, the ladies who sat before him in attitudes of adoring attention. At any rate, Mr. James has proved to be his prophet. For some time it has been impossible to find a copy of Balzac at home on its shelf in the Philadelphia libraries. The passing comparison of Thackeray and Balzac was interesting. The speaker dwelt on the Frenchman's greater humanity, his fairness to a woman like his Valérie. Balzac was all for the freedom of the individual, would let a woman like that have every chance, could be in sympathy with her; whereas Thackeray had no mercy for his Becky Sharp and Blanche Amory, but delighted to scourge the 'little bare white back' of the latter. Balzac would have granted her all the privileges 'of its bareness and whiteness.' The lecture, when published, will be an entertaining and not too obscure companion to the novelist's essay on Zola."

LEE AND LONGSTREET.

Lee and Longstreet at High Tide: Gettysburg in the Light of the Official Records. By Helen D. Longstreet. Gainesville, Georgia: Published for the Author. 1904 Pp. 346.

Recollections and Letters of Robert E. Lee: By his Son, Captain Robert E. Lee.

Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904. Pp. XII., 561.

An English army officer named Fremantle was with the Confederates at Gettysburg. During the fight of the third day he rode over to the right wing and found Longstreet sitting on a rail-fence, calmly watching the battle, while some of the troops were still passing to follow up Pickett's charge. Fremantle, supposing that he had arrived at a very opportune moment, exclaimed, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything." "The devil you wouldn't," retorted Longstreet. "I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed: look there!" During the more than forty years that Longstreet lived after that day, he must often have regretted that fortune brought him to Gettysburg. This was not on account of any strictly military reason or of anything that occurred during the Civil War, but of charges against him that were first made years later and were based on alleged facts as to his conduct at Gettysburg.

Of all battlefields of the Civil War, that of Gettysburg is the most picturesque and satisfactory to see; and the leading features of the main attacks of the three days can easily be carried in mind. The van of Lee's army, marching from Chambersburg in a southeasterly direction on July 1, 1863, met the advance corps of Meade's army about a mile northwest of Gettysburg. The Federals were driven through the town, but took a firm stand on Cemetery Hill, hardly a mile to the south. Before the fight was pushed with vigor, the next day, the Federal lines had taken the form of a hook, the shank of which ran along a ridge extending south from Cemetery Hill to a very high and wooded spur called Round Top, two or three miles away. The hook was made by bending the line to the east from Cemetery Hill and coming to a point near Culp's Hill. This was the Federal right wing. In front of the Federal left, Gen. Sickles made a salient on high ground, where there was a peach orchard and a wheat field, northwest of Round Top. That night the Confederates, with Ewell's corps as their left, and Hill's next, formed a semicircle running from east of Culp's Hill through Gettysburg to west of Cemetery Hill. Most of Longstreet's corps had gone into camp several miles back, and important parts of it were still much farther away.

Some conditions were favorable to making the main attack of the second day against the Federal curve, but victory might mean no more than driving Meade's army back towards Baltimore and Washington. Lee sought a victory that should put himself between his enemies and those cities. That was possible on this field only in case he could quickly swing Longstreet's corps round so as to make a long shank to the large Confederate hook and attack Sickles from the west and southwest. Of course Lee would have preferred to have this attack made at daylight, and probably expressed his wishes so strongly that some persons assumed that he had ordered it. But at daylight the main body of Longstreet's corps had eight or ten miles of marching before they could get in proper position. Reconnoitring, marching and waiting for the arrival of troops having much farther to come delayed the opening of the battle until four P. M. Then it was pushed with great vigor, the salient was driven back to the main line, and the Federal centre and extreme right were struck heavy blows; but Federal reinforcements and a lack of the needed coöperation between different parts of the Confederate line prevented an effective victory. Longstreet's corps had done the hardest fighting and achieved the only positive successes; yet expectations had not been realized, because only the salient, not the full Federal left wing, had been outflanked. Worse still, the Confederate extreme right was under the guns now planted on a rocky spur, "Little Round Top," just north of Round Top, and Federal cavalry were on the Confederate right flank.

Lee decided to fight again on the following day, striking the Federal centre with parts of Longstreet's and Hill's corps, Longstreet being in charge. There were the short, compact, and entrenched convex lines of the Federals which could easily be reinforced at any point. The Confederate lines were concave and attenuated, and the assailants would have to march in the open for a mile, always under cannon fire, which from Little Round Top was almost an enfilade. And if Longstreet should send into the attack the troops of his extreme right, opposite those hills, they would be under an enfilade fire for at least a mile, and cavalry and infantry would surely swing in behind and destroy them. Therefore Longstreet's extreme right had to hold its position to prevent the blade of the Federal jackknife from closing. Moreover, two days earlier, Longstreet had urged Lee to take the defensive several miles farther south, so as to manœuvre Meade away from his favorable ground and compel him to take the aggressive. Now, when Longstreet was ordered to attack the Federal centre, he foresaw the defeat that resulted, and it made him heartsick, and even sullen in manner. However, necessary arrangements were completed about noon, and, after the greatest cannonade the world had ever known, Pickett's charge began. At the moment when Fremantle rode up to Longstreet the first line of the attack had struck the Federal breastworks, and a small refluent wave of Confederates was coming back. That was the turning of the highest tide of the Confederacy, and the day ended with a disastrous repulse of the Southerners. Longstreet had been in command at the most important points, and no one else could be blamed because of his failure to achieve victories. But the magnanimous Lee immediately assumed all responsibility, and said to Gen. Cadmus Wilcox, who was almost overcome with grief: "Never mind, General, *all this has been my fault—it is I* that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can." His relations, which had been conspicuously cordial with Longstreet, grew to be hardly less than affectionate, and so remained until death ended them.

Two or three years after Lee's death and after Longstreet had sided with Republican plans of reconstruction, Dr. William N. Pendleton, an Episcopal clergyman in Lexington, Va., where Lee died, announced in a public address that Longstreet had been ordered to begin the battle of July 2 at daylight. Pendleton was Lee's classmate at West Point, but soon took up theology and never returned to arms except during the Civil War, when, strange to say, he was Lee's chief of artillery. Stranger still, the name of this clerical soldier, *pro tem.*, is practically unknown to military history; and when Lee ordered the greatest cannonade of the war, not Gen. Pendleton but E. P. Alexander, a brilliant colonel of artillery, was put in charge of it. However, the mere declaration of such a man was sufficient to make Longstreet, already bitterly hated politically and therefore socially, almost an outlaw among Confederates not of his corps. Lesser military lights rapidly took up and enlarged the charges: Longstreet not only disobeyed orders to attack at daylight July 2, but he also did the same the next day, and sent in with Pickett only about half as many soldiers as Lee expected; he did not wish success, etc. Therefore, was he not a military traitor to the Confederacy, as he had since been a political traitor to the South?

Longstreet wielded a pen that was as powerful as his sword; but, alas, it was very bitter, and did not spare even his affectionate and magnanimous commander. This, of course, made matters worse, and there followed a thirty-years' war of ill-tempered and even furious words. In his last years Longstreet concluded to leave careful and scientific answers to all the charges. His strength failing him, his wife nominally performed the task, but the logic and force are evidently his. Excepting now and then some bitter words, the argument is concise, lucid and extremely effective. Pendleton and Gen. John B. Gordon, respectively the first and latest of Longstreet's illustrious assailants, are thoroughly refuted, and then made somewhat ridiculous. The others were less worth noticing. Had the Longstreets turned to Fremantle's published diary, they would have found valuable corroborative evidence on several points. Longstreet had both strong and weak traits, and they were much like those of General Thomas; but the mare's-nest discovered by Pendleton and exploited by Gordon is not the true description of them.

Yet there remain two kindred questions: first, did Longstreet on July 2 and 3 act with the greatest possible promptness and with all the zeal a corps commander owes his chief, no matter if defeat is foreseen? And, secondly, ought not both attacks to have been made, if made at all, mainly from the Confederate left, or at least ought not much more vigor to have been shown there while the right corps was fighting? These are questions which we happen to know have been thoroughly discussed in the unpublished memoirs of a Confederate officer very conspicuous at Gettysburg. Therefore some of the more important questions about that wonderful battlefield must be left for a future and less personal discussion.

Nearly three-fourths of Mrs. Longstreet's book does not refer to Gettysburg, and has little or no value beyond what is biographical. The long funereal appendix is the natural mistake of a mourning widow. Instead of a large octavo, the book should have been a small duodecimo, containing but the military argument. That would have found a wider circulation and been more effective.

Let the reader with an open mind now take up the 'Recollections and Letters of Gen-

eral Lee' which his son and namesake has lately published. It contains comparatively little that is new and important regarding his military conduct, but much that is interesting about his family life and his post-bellum career of a few years as president of what is now known as Washington and Lee University. Although the picture of the *vie intime* is neither very novel nor surprising to persons familiar with earlier biographies, the gently meandering narrative that connects the letters (many of which had been already published) leads us on from one pleasing subject to another until we feel quite at home in the family circle of the Lees, and can almost hear the voice of a man who was as conspicuously great in gentleness and goodness as he was in the art of war. Like that voice, the story is gentle and soothing, and it will not disappoint those who may wish to forget the horrors of war and the screech-owls of peace.

THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION.

A History of Matrimonial Institutions, Chiefly in England and the United States. With an Introductory Analysis of the Literature and the Theories of Primitive Marriage and the Family. By George Elliott Howard, Ph.D., Professorial Lecturer in the University of Chicago, Author of 'Local Constitutional History of the United States.' Chicago: The University Press. 1904. 3 vols. Pp. xv., 473; xv., 497; xv., 449. Bibliographical index, case index, subject index.

The students in the new "Matrimonial Department" of the University of Chicago, to which Professor Howard has just presented the 1,700 volumes collected by him in the course of his investigations into the history of human marriage, are fortunate in possessing also the excellent résumé of so much of this material constituting the work now under review. The best treatises on human marriage written in the English language have an individuality about them seldom attained in some other fields of sociological research. Professor Howard's volumes illustrate this fact, as did the earlier studies of Crawley and Westermarck. His object is primarily "to trace the development of the family and marriage in the three homes of the English race," namely, ancient Teutonia, England, and the United States. Part I. consists of an "Analysis of the Literature and the Theories of Primitive Matrimonial Institutions," appreciative, often acute, nearly always well done. Part II. treats "Matrimonial Institutions in England" (free marriage, ecclesiastical marriage, Protestant conception of marriage, separation, and divorce); and Part III. discusses "Matrimonial Institutions in the United States," taking up in succession the obligatory civil marriage of the New England colonies, ecclesiastical rites, and the rise of civil marriage in the Southern colonies, the optional civil or ecclesiastical marriage in the middle colonies, divorce in the American colonies, marriage and divorce legislation in the United States, 1776-1903. In the section (pages 161-259 of volume iii.) on "Problems of Marriage and the Family," the state of the question to-day is considered, and the author's own sociological views crop out.

Professor Howard rightly emphasizes the "perils of historical narrative" in sociological studies, and the pitfalls of inference which have been the ruin of more than one theory of uniform social progress and doctrine of universal stages of evolution. The institutions and customs of human marriage have misled in these directions not a few brilliant scholars and investigators, who have mistaken the experimental for the permanent, and the local for the universal The problems of human society "can only be solved by appealing to the laws of human life and organic evolution." For this reason, the theory of "the pairing family" set forth so ably in the really epoch-making works of Starcke and Westermarck must prevail against the "horde and mother-right" theory, which first found classical expression in Bachofen's 'Mutterrecht,' and the notorious "patriarchal theory," associated particularly with the name of Sir Henry Maine, though its literature begins, as Professor Howard notes, with Filmer's 'Patriarchia' (London, 1680), a royalist *Tendenzschrift*, which was duly castigated by Locke a few years later. A better understanding of Darwinism and the laws of human evolution has, in recent years, given the deathblow to several ingenious hypotheses of original promiscuity. Past all incidents and accidents of age and environment, of historical experience and race-intermixture, of religious and political prejudices, of sexual aberration and social tyranny, we can now look back, with reasonable certainty, to primitive man as exemplifying in matrimonial affairs the same instincts and the same practices in general as does the man of to-day. We can affirm, therefore, that "marriage or pairing between one man and one woman, though the union be often transitory and the rule frequently violated, is the typical form of sexual union from the infancy of the human race." In marriage man is essentially man, and its *modi operandi* are human methods and devices. The coexistence of clan-exogamy and tribal endogamy springs from the "horror of sexual union between persons who are too near, and the dislike of connection between those who are too remote"—feelings co-existent even now among civilized men and women. Here, too close is as dangerous as too far. Professor Howard agrees with Westermarck in assigning an important rôle to sympathy in "widening the sphere of sexual selection"—sympathy stimulated by an increasing likeness in the interests, ideas, sentiments, and general culture of mankind.

Polyandry and polygeny appear to be relatively unimportant factors in human sociological history. The latter, our author states, "is not a mere limitation of promiscuity, as some writers believe, but usually makes its appearance comparatively late in social history," and the social importance of both has been exaggerated. Polygeny, of course, has been more widespread than polyandry, and it has at times been favored by such circumstances as the existence of a surplus of women, lack of jealousy among women, men's desire for offspring, the restorative instinct after wars, etc. But woman's natural jealousy and her instinctive knowledge of the best form of human marriage will always cast the die in favor of monogamic sexual relations. In like manner, the "consent of woman as the normal condition of matrimonial union is never entirely destroyed by wife-purchase"—or, indeed, by any other limiting customs or institutions. For woman is always more clearly woman than man is man. Finally, Professor Howard tells us, after careful study of his abundant material: "In short, whether regarded historically or biologically, monogamy and self-betrothal appear simply as two aspects of the same institution; they are connected by a psychic bond, and together they constitute the highest type of marriage and the family." This is an eminently sane and just conclusion, both for the beginnings of the race and for its present-day life.

As to divorce, the "practically universal rule among uncivilized races that the repudiated wife, or the woman who legally puts away her husband, shall return to her own family or clan, whose duty it is to receive her," makes her condition in the lower stages of human culture not so isolated as it is often in the highest civilized society of to-day. The history of English marriage shows that it ends, as it began, in a simple contract, but with the condition of publicity added by the state after the church had largely failed to accomplish this end. In the United States, the common-law marriage, a procedure of great anarchical possibilities, has been sanctioned or favored by twenty-three States and Territories, while twelve others look that way; on the other hand, eighteen have repudiated or seem inclined to repudiate such informal agreements. It is, however, still necessary to "create or further develop a sound popular sentiment in favor of proper social control of the marital relation," such control to be afterwards crystallized in mandatory statutes with no loopholes for evasion. In the United States, typical of western civilization, "marriage and the family are emerging as purely social institutions," and the problems involved in them are "identical in kind with those which have everywhere concerned men and women from the infancy of the race." Matrimonial forms and family types are thus clearly "the products of human experience, of human habits, and are therefore to be dealt with by society according to human needs."

This social revolution began, in a sense, with the Reformation, when the temporal lawmaker emerged from the ecclesiastical tyrant. Added to this, we have, in America especially, "the veritable revolution in the condition of woman," an inescapable accompaniment of democratic progress. Professor Howard takes an optimistic view of the problems raised by the higher education of woman and her increased interest in political and intellectual affairs. The fear that "the education of woman, in connection with her growing economic independence, will prove harmful to society through her refusal of matrimony or maternity, appears groundless"; just as groundless as the old notion that woman was by nature the inferior of man and must be kept so for the sake of society. Woman is enough of mankind to have some right in determining whether marriage is her sole vocation, and her destiny merely that of a child-bearing animal. College women are no more likely to overstep the bounds of human evolution than are college men. The larger activities of "self-conscientious society" will improve woman, not destroy her. Even

in the divorce movement hide some evidences of woman's progress and her growing independence. The increase in divorces in America, as Bryce pointed out, does not necessarily signify a fatal and permanent decline in the standard of domestic morality; this can be true locally only, *e. g.*, in certain sections of the wealthy class. The laxity of marriage laws, rather than the ease with which divorces may be obtained, is the danger-spot. Here, as elsewhere, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Checks upon the marriage of the unfit, a loftier popular ideal of the marriage relation, the gaining of a right perspective through earnest and persistent educational effort, the according to sex questions an honorable place in the future educational programme, the realization of the sociological value of coeducation and its rôle as a producer of happy unions, the sacrifice of some arithmetic or a little more Latin for practical suggestions in home-building, the repudiation of the dual standard of sexual morality, the fostering of the larger altruism protective of "the permanent interests of the future against the more temporary values of the present," the development of individualization for the sake of socialization—these are some of the aims and ideals, reforms and improvements in law, written and unwritten, advocated by the author.

His work, based on the investigation of all accessible literature, historical, scientific, and legal, touches upon every problem involved in marriage and divorce, and its optimistic conclusions are quite in harmony with the true interpretation of evolutionary facts concerning the social development of mankind. It would be well if the extreme advocates of "divorce reform" and the Mormonophobiacs could give it careful perusal. For even the general public Professor Howard's volumes cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive, for they deal attractively with the most human of all institutions, and contain a mass of facts nowhere else obtainable. A bibliography, occupying pages 264-411 of volume iii., and a double-column subject index extending to thirty-seven pages, make this work very easy of use for reference purposes. What few misprints the reviewer has noticed, *e. g.*, in the transliteration of foreign names of tribes and peoples, are of but the slightest importance, and do not detract from a well-conceived, well-written, well-printed book. It takes its place beside Westermarck, but is *sui generis*.

Fifty Years of Fleet Street; being the Life and Recollections of Sir John R. Robinson. Compiled and edited by Frederick Moy Thomas. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. 404.

On opening this book we turned first to the chapter upon "Americans in London." It is made up of anecdotes of President Grant, of Tilden, Bigelow, Sumner, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Conkling, Bayard, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and Bret Harte. We confess, the impression gained was not favorable. One sees here, what is not infrequently to be observed in our cousins, the facility with which an Englishman manages to repeat a story, first told by an American, so as to blunt the point. An example or two of this tendency, as well as the fact that half a page is given to some trifling remarks of Gen. Grant's son Fred, then not much more than a mere boy, made us expect to find the book superficial, and probably not worth the reading. A sounder judgment, however, awaited an actual examination of these pages from the beginning. The text is interesting and at times absorbing.

John Richard Robinson (1828-1893) came of a Unitarian family in Essex. He early devoted himself to newspaper work; went up to London in 1852, and three years afterward was made sub-editor of the *Weekly News*. From that he was advanced to be editor of the *Daily News*—founded by Charles Dickens—one of the great newspapers, as everybody knows, of London, and finally its manager. He was knighted in 1893 because of his journalistic efforts in behalf of public interests. He was a man of quiet manner, very observant, and accustomed to jot down in diary form his impressions of events and of people whom he had met. Once a year regularly he read through Scott's novels and Miss Austen's. The editor of this good-sized volume, a son of a friend of Sir John, and himself for years associated with the chief editor in newspaper work, here and there gives us Robinson's own words, but seems to have elaborated by far the greater part of the book.

Every book has, or ought to have, a certain tone to it. We can say of 'Fifty Years' that a vein of good nature and social enjoyment is distinctly visible throughout it. It is brimful of stories; almost every one is worth the telling. We have much about Mr. Gladstone, perhaps little of it new to English readers. Public men in general are delineated by Mr. Robinson with a light and kindly touch, and some characteristic anecdote is related of each in turn. There is a valuable chapter upon the subject of journalism, with a discussion of the question of the advantage or disadvantage of signed leaders. The difference between the newspapers of Paris and London is aptly explained. In the treatment of the war correspondent, what is said of Archibald Forbes is extremely interesting, as are the references to the Americans MacGahan and Millet. Harriet Martineau was long an editorial contributor to the *Daily News*. The chapter devoted to her is one of the best, presenting in clear outline the salient characteristics of a remarkable woman. One is tempted to quote liberally. Lord Carmarthen, when he "put up for Brixton, happened to be a very youthful-looking candidate, and a rude man called out to him at an open-air meeting, held the day before the poll: 'Does you mother know you're out?' 'No,' was the reply, 'but she will know I am *in* to-morrow'" (p. 56). Speaking of the odd way in which old-fashioned reporters used to be precise, Robinson praises their good intentions with an illustration drawn from Henry J. Byron, who was once pressed by a host for an opinion upon a particular wine they were tasting. "Ah!" said Byron, sipping it carefully and divided between his wish to avoid hurting his friend's feelings and the desire to maintain his credit as a judge, "I think it means well." There is a good deal of harmless gossip about play writers and actors. Jerrold is often mentioned, and the popularity of his "Black-Eyed Susan" remarked upon—"a crude, bombastic work of his younger days." Such is the editor's criticism; but the play found favor in America, when E. L. Davenport played *William* "in the good old days."

"It is said that on one occasion a young actor, having to play the part of the hero, was seized with stage-fright, and in the scene of the court-martial was unable to utter a word. The President of the Court, seeing how things stood, found a brilliant way out of the difficulty. 'We know, William,' he said, 'what it is you would tell us were it not that emotion checks your utterance. You would say that you heard your wife Susan giving signals of distress; you found her battling with a pirate. You cut him down like an old junk; and, had he been First Lord of the Admiralty, d—— *you*, you would have done it the same'" (p. 190).

In the chapter upon Americans in London, there are two observations which will hardly pass unchallenged on this side of the Atlantic. Speaking of Mr. Sumner's surprise, on his visit to England in 1872, at being regarded as anti-English, the writer proceeds: "They looked upon the learned Senator, rather unjustly, as the author of those celebrated 'indirect claims' which Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's brilliant pleading at Geneva had made more odious to English folk than before." Why *unjustly?* The indirect claims, by the way, had been removed from the consideration of the Tribunal by joint action of the two governments, so that Sir Alexander Cockburn was not called upon at Geneva to express any views thereon whatever, even had it been the office of a member of the court to put forth a "pleading," brilliant, or otherwise. Mr. Motley is termed a "famous American Minister . . . chiefly remembered for his splendid history, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' and a rather foolish epigram about not caring who had the necessaries of life so long as he had the luxuries." It is really too bad that such a cold-blooded assertion as this should be charged against Motley. Little did Dr. Holmes dream of getting his friend into such a scrape when, by an allusion to "my friend the historian," he set going Motley's witty remark: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries."

The book is printed from clear, large type, and has an index of names.

Men of the Covenant. By Alexander Smellie, M. A. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1904.

The Jacobite eloquence of Mr. Lang and Mr. W. L. Mathieson's defence of Scottish episcopacy seem to have aroused in Mr. Smellie a fear lest the memory of the Covenanters should fade away amid the panegyrics which are now being heaped upon their foes. With a view to redressing the balance, he tells once more the story of Lowland and Calvinist heroism to a generation that may have forgotten the works of Dodds and Gilfillan. His general attitude toward the ecclesiastical policy of Charles II. is frankly stated in the preface:

"Some may complain that the atmosphere of these chapters is too whiggish, and that they scarcely so much as try to understand and appreciate the Cavalier. I can but plead that to me it seems evident that the Covenanter, in the main, was incontestably right; although I hope that I have never been conspicuously unfair to his opponent."

These words are an honest forecast of the contents, for while Mr. Smellie reserves his enthusiasm for the Covenanters, his strictures upon their persecutors are

penned more in sorrow than in anger. He can appreciate the firmness of Montrose and the daring of Claverhouse. It is only men like Sir Robert Grierson of Lag ("Redgauntlet") who receive his unstinted condemnation. "He had not even the superficial polish with which some of his brother Royalists bedizened their cruelties. He was as ungracious in manner as he was hard of heart, a Judge Jeffreys on a smaller scale. . . . To this hour, in Dumfries and Galloway, a paramount horror cleaves to his name."

The plan of Mr. Smellie's book is well fitted to show the Covenanters at their best, since he dismisses with a brief prologue the period which lies between the swearing of the National Covenant in 1638 and the Restoration. We do not mean to imply that Johnston of Wariston and Alexander Henderson, with their followers who rallied to the Presbyterian cause against Charles I., were destitute of conviction and heroism, but the best advocate in the world cannot make out a good case for the Covenanters in 1650-51. Mr. Smellie's candor is revealed in his unwillingness to sanction the hollow compromise that was patched up between Charles II. and the Kirk. Like every one else who is not blinded by partisanship, he can see that dislike and dread of Cromwell made the elect cut sharp corners on the eve of Worcester Fight. At the same time the feud of Resolutioners and Remonstrants is not an essential feature of his narrative. Amid the martyrdoms of 1685 the hypocrisy of a former generation is forgotten, and the Calvinist stands before us in all the robustness of an unbending will.

It is difficult to say whether the Covenanters are more interesting when considered as Scots or when considered as the disciples of Geneva. Certain it is that if the Stuart sovereigns of the seventeenth century knew little about English feeling, they knew still less about the sentiment of that realm which they had deserted for Whitehall. The indifference of the British Parliament towards Indian affairs, as satirized by Macaulay, was far less remarkable than the absolute neglect of Scottish interests which is testified to by Clarendon. "When the whole nation," he says, "was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention of one page of any gazette," Even Cromwell failed to grasp the force of Scottish patriotism, and regarded the sister kingdom in much the same light as that in which Metternich regarded Hungary. Had Lauderdale added a dash of honesty to his other versatile gifts, he might have kept Charles II. from committing himself to a policy of oppression. Instead, he became the local agent of a despotism which had no better wit than to drive the Lowland peasant and the Calvinist parson to the wall. When Balfour of Burleigh withstood the appeal of David Hackston for Sharp's gray hairs and slew the Archbishop on Magus Moor, he was not acting the militant saint but the irritated Scot, and we feel quite sure that Stubbs would have allowed little piety to many of the most vociferous Covenanters. Yet their advocacy of a theological cause had some psychological effect upon even the most astute of the Calvinist politicians, while the rank and file died in the faith of Knox without hesitation or misgiving. Holland had gone through the same sort of trial on a larger scale, and issued from it a century earlier. The characteristic feature of the "Killing Time" is that the resistance of the Covenanters to Charles and James represents an extremely late instance of religious zeal blended intimately with patriotic enthusiasm. In the first half of the eighteenth century this combination of elements has virtually disappeared. The influence of Catholicism upon the Jacobites is an eviscerated thing compared with the promptings which Richard Cameron and Donald Cargill received from Calvinism.

Like all successful works of edification, Mr. Smellie's story keeps close to the concrete and the particular. In fact, his chapters form a series of portraits which is large enough to take in the heroines of the Covenant as well as the heroes. Executions among women of the Cameronian persuasion were not frequent, but sometimes they occurred, and the demeanor of the victims at the moment of crucial test seems borrowed from the age of Polycarp. Marion Harvie and Isabel Alison, two servants, were executed in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh towards the close of January, 1681. Just at the end, a curate was ordered by Bishop Paterson to pray for them.

"'Marion,' said the Bishop, addressing the first of them, 'ye said you would never hear a curate; now you shall be forced to hear one'; and he commanded one of his suffragans to pray. But he was outwitted. 'Come, Isabel,' exclaimed the unconquerable serving maid, 'let us sing the Twenty-third Psalm.' Line by line she repeated the calming and uplifting words which Scottish children are taught so soon as they can lisp their syllables; and line by line these two, who were appointed to death, sang of the Lord their Shepherd, and of the Valley of the Shadow where His rod and His staff sustained them, and of God's House in which, for evermore, their dwelling-place should be. And not a petition of the curate's prayer was heard."

In a higher station Lady Balcarres and Lady Baillie showed such zeal for the Presbyterian cause that Mr. Smellie includes them also in his group of "Women which Laboured in the Gospel."

Mr. Smellie's narrative covers the twenty-eight years which separate the Restoration from the Revolution, and embraces all the celebrated cases of martyrdom. Tragedies like the murder of John Brown and the execution of James Renwick call for no special comment when they occur among the religious animosities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. English Jesuits under Elizabeth showed the same courage which Mr. Smellie describes with so much unction in the case of Scottish Calvinists. As martyrs, these men illustrate some of the finest traits in human character, but to the historian Mr. Smellie's evangelical phrases seem a good deal like question-begging. However, he deals with facts which, in the main, are well-established, and every one must interpret them for himself. The same blood which is the seed of the Church is the seed of sects when the Church is rent by schism, and while we must admire the dour courage of the Covenanter, we must, before we give the whole praise to pure religion, consider two things—the admixture of racial stubbornness and the existence of a similar temper among Catholics and Anabaptists. This observation is called forth by the glowing periods of Mr. Smellie, which sometimes tend toward turgidity.

In point of style this book is unusual. Mr. Smellie is anxious to glorify his heroes, but he cannot conceal the fact that he is a man of wide reading. Accordingly literary allusions of more or less aptness are embroidered with the narrative at junctures where we should prefer to have the unvarnished story. At his best, however, Mr. Smellie writes well, and his pages bear the mark not only of genuine enthusiasm, but of honest intent.

The Early Institutional Life of Japan. By K. Asakawa, Ph.D. Tokyo, 1903.

This important essay, the author of which was Hadley scholar at Yale and is now lecturer on the Far East in Dartmouth College, professes to be merely a brief introduction to the study of feudal origins in Japan. The writer modestly says that his work is intended primarily for criticism and discussion, but he guides the Western student into practically unexplored regions of history, and it seems hardly too much to say that he has here laid the foundation-stone for the critical study of early Japanese institutions. It is a good many years since Titsingh, Siebold, and Hoffmann used to believe in the Emperor Jimmu's having ascended the throne in 660 B. C., but no English or German scholar has yet attempted, as Dr. Asakawa here attempts, to draw a comprehensive picture of Japanese institutions prior to the great Reform of 645 A. D., or to study in detail the sweeping changes that were then introduced.

Mr. Aston's well-known version of the *Nihongi* gains enormously in interest if read in the light of Dr. Asakawa's researches, just as the first book of Livy, which deals with a similar dawn-period of history, becomes far more interesting after a perusal of Sir John Seeley's historical introduction. The *Nihongi* and the older and more fabulous *Kojiki* furnish, of course, the chief data for institutional study, and the latter of these books is also fortunately accessible to Western students through Mr. Basil Chamberlain's excellent translation. Notwithstanding its astounding legends of the gods, the *Kojiki* may fairly be regarded, in Mommsen's phrase, as "historisch werthlos wie staatsrechtlich belehrend"; and so it has been here treated.

After a lucid discussion of the value of these and other subsidiary sources, the author devotes his first and longest chapter to a description of Japanese institutions as they existed about 500 A. D. Then follow two chapters, one on the events leading up to the Reform, the other, a particularly good one, on the political doctrine of the Chinese by which the Reformers were so strongly influenced. Next comes a long chapter on the new institutions introduced under Kôtoku and his successor; and lastly a short chapter sketches the subsequent development. The various topics are well arranged and the facts clearly marshalled, while the author's inferences and arguments are marked by critical caution and a commendable absence of cocksureness. For instance, in summarizing his conclusions as to the pre-Reform period, he says that they are "hardly more than a series of suppositions separated by wide gaps of thought."

Just at this time almost any fresh information relating to Japan is sure to be

read with interest. To those who would understand the devoted loyalty of the Japanese to their Emperor, of which we have heard so much during the present war, the first section of Chapter I. will be extremely enlightening. A most interesting account is there given of the origin of that sentiment, "which does not seem to have been in the least eclipsed, but, on the contrary, rather stimulated, by Japan's competition with the Western nations"; and its intimate connection with Shinto is convincingly shown.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the book to a Western student unfamiliar with early Japanese institutions is the parallelism which is constantly being suggested between the primitive customs of Japan and those of early Rome. Among these may be mentioned agnatic relationship, the vital importance of maintaining the family *sacra*, the *patria potestas*, the function of the *gens* (*uji*), and the early conception of private title to land. No less remarkable is the fact, which is here so clearly pointed out, that the Emperor (not the Mikado, a term against the use of which we are properly warned) was the prime mover in the Reform of 645, just as he was in that of 1868, and that these revolutions both aimed at a restoration of the imperial authority.

The author's style is clear for the most part, though he has neither ease nor elegance equal to that of writers like Professor Hozumi or Baron Kentaro Kaneko. It seems ungracious to criticise the English used by any foreign scholar, yet one cannot help wishing that this text had been emended by some one thoroughly familiar with correct English. We meet with such phrases as "charged to their descendants' keep for all time" (p. 29); "this inference . . . cannot be positively sure of its own validity" (p. 66); "an apparatus that ground on the peasant population" (p. 296)—all of which might have been avoided. The same is true of words such as "distemper" in the sense of anger (p. 70, note 1), and "distancing" in the sense of separating (p. 213), Though there are three pages of errata, these do not by any means cover all the misprints to be found in the text, of which "opinion" for opium (p. 184, note 1) is an amusing example. But when due allowance has been made for such blemishes, which are excusable, if anywhere, in the work of a foreigner, the author is to be congratulated on having successfully accomplished a difficult piece of pioneer work.

Apollo. Par Salomon Reinach. Paris: Hachette. 1904.

The Story of Art throughout the Ages: An Illustrated Record. By S. Reinach. From the French by Florence Simmonds. With nearly 600 illustrations. Scribners. 1904.

Under the somewhat fanciful title of 'Apollo,' chosen to mark its relationship to his introduction to the Greek and Latin classics, published in 1889 with the name of 'Minerva,' M. Salomon Reinach brings out a "General History of the Plastic Arts," as delivered in twenty-five lectures at the École du Louvre in the winter of 1902-'3. The first of the lectures opens with the question: "Is it possible to give, in twenty-five lessons, an idea of the evolution of the plastic arts—that is, of the arts the productions of which are representable by drawing—architecture, sculpture, painting?" The answer must be, Yes, when the teacher is Salomon Reinach. M. Reinach's exceptional equipment has enabled him to pack into his three hundred-odd pages a general history of art which not only is admirable in its broad views, but is full of acumen in the treatment of doubtful points of detail, and of illuminating and delightful criticism of particular artists, while the style is as fascinating as that of a novel should be, but seldom is. The book is a little masterpiece, and one does not wonder that it was difficult to find room for the audiences that flocked to hear the lectures when orally delivered.

Of course, the latest results of criticism, of connoisseurship, and of archæology are at M. Reinach's fingers' ends, and he is generally at one with the best and most recent authorities, though he does not hesitate now and then to differ from others, and to give, with due warning, opinions of his own, as when, *e. g.*, he dates the Venus of Milo some three hundred years earlier than do "the majority of the archæologists of to-day," and considers her a work of the school of Phidias, and an Amphitrite. His taste and judgment are as sure as his knowledge is exact, and it requires a certain boldness to question either the adequacy of his appreciations or the accuracy of his statements. Perhaps, without too great temerity, one may venture to find his account of Millet insufficient rather than wrong, and to wonder that he could discuss Donatello without mentioning the "Gattamelata," and could find Verrocchio's "Colleoni" unquestionably "the most beautiful equestrian figure of the Renaissance." The only statement of fact that strikes us as incautious is in the discussion, on page 165, of the relation of Antonello da Messina to the use, in Italy, of oil colors. M. Reinach says:

"It is well to say that oil colors were employed at this epoch only to give a superficial lustre to a very solid painting executed in distemper (glue or white of egg), which formed the basis of the picture. The first painter who painted directly and exclusively in oils was the Spaniard Velasquez."

M. Reinach may well be right as to the Italian schools, which he evidently had principally in mind, but it would seem that he must, temporarily, have forgotten Hals and Rubens, both of whom antedate Velasquez, and neither of whom shows in his work any trace of the underpainting in distemper.

The book is profusely illustrated with very small but clear half-tone cuts, and each lecture is supplied with a valuable bibliography. It is assuredly the best brief general history of art, if not the best such history of any length, that has yet appeared. It deserved a better and more faithful translation than has been given it by Florence Simmonds. Her version is readable enough, and succeeds, generally, in approximating to the meaning of the original, but it is lax and without appreciation of the finer shades of the French, and is occasionally not only infelicitous, but misleading. To say that Leonardo's method of painting was a "complicated amalgam" does not express the idea conveyed by M. Reinach's "cuisine compliquée," while to speak of Raphael's "loans" where borrowings is intended is to reverse the meaning. "Un jour d'atelier" means simply a studio light, and has nothing to do with "the sunlight of the studio," whatever that may be; and "moins pondéré et plus agressif" is singularly transformed into "less ponderous and aggressive." When M. Reinach says of Fra Bartolommeo that he "knew how to compose and to paint," he is speaking of his influence on Raphael, and has a reason for the words he uses which one would never divine in Miss Simmonds's statement that the Frate "was a remarkable colorist." The fault here is probably indolence, but in another instance one suspects intention. M. Reinach says that Millais early abandoned the principles of Preraphaelitism and became "un bon peintre bourgeois"; Miss Simmonds boldly makes him "a first-rate painter on traditional lines"—certainly a less piquant characterization.

The reason why we suspect intentional mistranslation in this last instance is that the French text is more or less altered and very considerably added to wherever English art is under discussion. The additions vary from the insertion of the single word "beautiful" in the mention of the Banqueting-hall at Whitehall to passages nearly a page in length concerning the English painters of the eighteenth century and the painters and sculptors of contemporary England. Of the alterations we will give one specimen, contrasting what M. Reinach says of English Gothic with what Miss Simmonds makes him say. This, as literally as we can translate it, is the original statement:

"In England it [Gothic architecture] took on an aspect peculiar to that country, characterized by a relative heaviness, and, later, by an unpleasant profusion of vertical lines, particularly in the window openings."

Under Miss Simmonds's hands this becomes the following:

"In England it assumed a national character, the main features of which were a greater structural sobriety and care for solidity, combined later with more richness and beauty in the ribbing of vaults and in ornament generally, and a tendency to rely upon length for sublimity of effect, rather than upon height, as did the French architects. It has, however, been made a reproach to the English Gothic artists that they made an excessive use of vertical lines, especially in their windows."

There are other small divergences from the French text, as, for instance, the appearance of Ostade in a comparison with Meissonier, where the French gives Vermeer (a much happier choice); and in these one can suspect no intention. As they occur in the last chapter, which M. Reinach tells us has been several times rewritten, and as a separate note for insertion shows that the translation was made before the final revision of the original, they may well represent an earlier state of the text. The additions and alterations we have commented on, however, are the less susceptible of such explanation in that they are accompanied by extra-illustrations taken from other books. They may, nevertheless, have M. Reinach's authorization, as they may, conceivably, be considered improvements; but, if they are authorized, some statement to that effect should surely be made. If they are not, there is still more need of explanation. As it is, one is never certain whether he is getting the opinions of M. Reinach or those of Miss Simmonds.

Apart from intentional additions, the less compact style of Miss Simmonds must add

somewhat to the length of the volume, but by using double columns and smaller type the Scribners have got the matter into somewhat fewer pages than the French publishers found necessary. The double column was perhaps adopted on account of the many small illustrations which less frequently cut the letterpress into awkward shapes than when the lines run across the page, but the device is never pleasant in a small book, and only tolerable in the larger page of a magazine. In spite of its fewer pages, the American book is larger and thicker than the French one and very much heavier. The cuts vary a little in quality in the two editions, but without special advantage to either. M. Reinach's charming preface and the opening paragraph of his first chapter are, for some reason, omitted, and there is no translator's preface and no indication on the title-page that the book is made up of lectures, though why the fact should be suppressed it is difficult to imagine.

Work and Wages. By Sydney J. Chapman. With an introduction by Lord Brassey. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

This book is a continuation of Lord Brassey's 'Work and Wages,' and 'Foreign Work and English Wages,' published respectively in 1872 and 1879; Professor Chapman here brings the inquiry down to the present date. It relates in general to the industrial efficiencies of the leading countries, and in particular to the coal trade, the iron and steel industries, shipbuilding, machinery, textile and chemical industries, and railways. The presentation of facts is admirably done, considering the moderate space that it occupies, and the deductions are made with scientific precision. In fact, the work may be regarded as an example of the methods proper to be followed in such investigations.

Professor Chapman wisely begins by exposing some prevalent fallacies. It seems to be commonly believed that the welfare of a country may be measured by the volume of its external trade. The notion is equally common that a country is "beaten" by its foreign rivals in respect of efficiency in the production of such goods as it buys abroad. But it is an elementary proposition that exchange is regulated by differences in comparative cost of production. Differences in comparative prices may start trade, but they cannot keep it going. In one country the cost of production of two things may be less than in another; but it does not follow that both will be exported. It may pay better—it often does pay better—to export one and import the other. The illustrations of this truth form one of the most interesting departments of economic science, and to ignore them is to fail to understand the nature of commerce. On similar principles, it is evident that a particular country might be prosperous without any foreign trade whatever, although the case could not occur under modern systems of transportation.

As Dr. Cannan observed not long ago, many fallacies are caused by the application of military metaphors to foreign trade. "In regard to international relations, the first business of the teacher of economic theory is to tear to pieces and trample upon the misleading military metaphors which have been applied by sciolists to the peaceful exchange of commodities." When we speak of "conquering markets," we mean that we sell in them. It is obvious, as Professor Chapman says, that such a victory means that the victors must be conquered in the same way. In war a nation might only win, but in trade a country cannot only sell. "Commercial supremacy" is a common phrase, but those who use it do not define it or know what it means. But if it means large exports, it must mean large imports as well. Estimates of the money cost of production in different countries are of no value in determining efficiency in production, or as indicating which countries can undersell others. But such estimates are of value when we know something of the natural resources, the efficiency of laborers and managers, the facilities for transportation, etc., in different countries. To impart such knowledge is the aim of this inquiry.

It is impossible for us to review, except in the most general way, the results which Professor Chapman attains. We must content ourselves with enumerating some of the conditions to be investigated in determining the comparative efficiency of two countries in one branch of industry—the iron and steel trade. We must know the amount of work to be done in assembling materials at the furnace, the rates on railways, canals, the lakes and the ocean, the cost of smelting and of producing steel, the supplies of coal and ore and their cost, and the cost of producing coke. We must also estimate the burden of taxes and tariffs, the cost of capital and the cost of labor. We must understand the conditions under which money wages are expended, the cost of house rent, of food, and the quantities and qualities of the commodities which laborers consume. When we consider that industrial efficiency is a function of all these variables, it is evident that very little of what is laid before the public on this subject is of any value at all. The mass of mankind is no more competent to grasp such an inquiry than to compute the precession of the equinoxes or the period of a comet. To most minds any scientific investigation is so laborious as to be repellent, and we cannot recommend Professor Chapman's book to the ordinary reader. But such as are really interested in the quest for truth will find it thoroughly informing and delightful.

Russian Life and Society. As seen in 1866-'67 by Appleton and Longfellow, two young travellers from the United States of America, who had been officers in the Union Army. And a journey to Russia with General Banks in 1869. Prepared by Brevet-Captain Nathan Appleton. Boston: Wood & Co. 1904.

The title of this little book is a misnomer, to a great extent. "My Recollections" would have been both more appropriate and more accurate. It begins with a description of the voyage to Brest, and of a stay in Paris; the narrative of the journey thence (with various stops) is interspersed with letters to and from relatives, including complete details—dates, and the like—concerning Mr. Thomas G. Appleton's yacht. Then follows a jumble of poetry, a biography of Gen. de Trobriand, and much discourse about Mme. Ristori, the New York Yacht Club, other clubs, beach races at Newport, Lincoln, and the Emancipation (with the Emancipation Proclamation in full, likewise the Constitutional Amendments, and personal recollections of President Lincoln, whom Captain Appleton never met—all apropos of a portrait of Lincoln by W. M. Hunt, and the failure to find Hunt in Paris). At last, on page 72, the two young men arrive in Russia. During their two months' stay they enjoyed many privileges, and their mild experiences are pleasantly narrated, chiefly in letters. But they are hardly important at the present day. Indeed, the tone of the book is that of a memorial prepared for admiring friends, and padded out to the requisite bulk with precise biographies of every person whom the author ever met or to whom he refers. For example, from an entry in his diary at the age of seventeen, he finds that he met, at a reception, a Mr. Smith. He tells at what hotel Mr. Smith was stopping, and winds up thus: "He won my heart and esteem at once. I was devoted to him. One day we strolled down Broadway, and he treated me to oysters and a glass of beer, and I thought I was a man of the world." (This, with many other irrelevant matters, including poetry about Allston's picture known as "Rosalie," and letters from the writer's brother, dated 1844, is injected into the middle of his Russian experiences.) Just as the reader has given up in despair all hope of finding anything about Russia, he is soothed with a fragment, and then the irritating process above described begins again. Captain Appleton persists in calling the Russian hood, the *bashlyk*, the "basilisk," and writes "morijiks" for "muzhiks," while other errors (probably typographical) result in curious names being applied in various directions.

Captain Appleton went again to Russia, in 1869, accompanying General Banks, spending about one month and again enjoying favorable opportunities, on his way to the opening of the Suez Canal. For good measure, he throws in a summary concerning the territory of Russia, the system of government, the serfs, and other miscellany, plus a sketch written in London in 1870, in which he treats of "Europe and America in 1870. . . Russia and the United States."

The illustrations are as badly assorted as the contents, and not well reproduced. Stripped of extraneous and utterly superfluous matter, the title-material might have furnished a successful magazine article of the travel class.

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin into English by J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

One hardly knows whether a narrowly limited *édition de luxe* of the Georgics, at $7.50 per copy, is intended to appeal to the classical scholarship of America or to our professional collectors, who are not generally supposed to care much as to the literary content provided the material elements of the volume be satisfactory—the edition rare enough and the price high enough. The classical scholar would appreciate more keenly, we think, an edition of the Georgics so attractively prepared as to tempt the college graduate to an actual acquaintance with its contents, and at so reasonable a price as to constitute no ser-

ious burden upon his purse. Such an edition should comprise an adequate introduction, and sufficient annotation to make its reading fairly easy. It should, of course, be free of all suggestion of the grind of the preparatory school, for the fame of Virgil suffers a serious handicap in the fact that the American college student gets his only taste of his work at a stage when the struggle with forms, syntax and vocabulary forbids any adequate appreciation of the poet's literary qualities. It is not particularly to the credit of our classicists that scarcely a single piece of Latin or Greek literature has been put by American hands in such dress that an educated gentleman can feel like giving it a place upon his library table, dipping into it occasionally as a means of recreation, and bringing it to the attention of visiting friends. The means of acquiring an elementary knowledge of Latin and Greek we produce in abundance; that attitude towards the literature of these tongues which would tempt to the use of such means for any higher and more lasting purpose than the securing of a degree, is sadly wanting.

We welcome Mr. Mackail's edition, then, if for nothing more than its mere suggestion to the few of our classical scholars who will see it, that there is some other possible use for a portion of Virgil's text than to serve as an aid in getting boys and girls past their college entrance examinations. Those who really care for the Georgics would have appreciated a little of the illuminating comment which Mr. Mackail is so well able to give, but doubtless the simple translation was all that his own purpose and that of his publishers required. Agreement as to what such a translation should be is, of course, impossible. Our own opinion is, that the conscious attempt to give an archaic air to the translation of a writer like Virgil may easily be overdone. "What plantations soever thou wilt set over thy fields, scatter fatting dung, and hide it heedfully deep in earth," is not English of to-day (if of any other day), nor does it bear to the English of to-day any such relation as the original text bore to the ordinary Latin of the early years of the Empire. We find, however, extended passages of very felicitous rendering. Take the following, for instance, descriptive of the coming of spring:

"The bountiful land breaks into birth, and the fields unbosom to warm breezes of the West; everywhere delicate moisture overflows, and the grasses dare in safety to trust themselves to Spring suns, nor does the vine tendril fear gathering gales or sleet driven down the sky by the blustering North, but thrusts forth her buds and uncurls all her leaves."

That in choice of materials and mechanical execution the volume is fully up to the standard of the Riverside Press is all that needs to be said in that respect. One could easily recall other bits of Latin literature well worth similar honor, but, we repeat, there is greater need that these works be presented to possible American readers in tasteful and attractive dress, and yet at prices which will stimulate their purchase for actual use rather than for the cases of collectors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arthur, J. C., and others. Plant Morphology. Revised by O. W. Caldwell. Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.
Ascham's English Works. Edited by William A. Wright. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Ball, Francis Kingsley. A German Drill Book. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bilse, Ex-Lieutenant. Dear Fatherland. John Lane. $1.50.
Borough Customs. Vol. I. Edited for the Selden Society by Mary Bateson. London: Quaritch.
Boswell's Life of Johnson. 2 vols. in one. Henry Frowde.
Bradley, A. C. Shakesperean Tragedy. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With Cruikshank's Illustrations. Henry Frowde.
Burkitt, F. Crawford. Early Eastern Christianity. Dutton. $2 net.
Burrill, Katharine. Corner Stones. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Butcher, S. H. Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects. Macmillan Co. $2.25.
Carpenter, Edward. The Art of Creation. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Catalogue of the Exhibition of Pewter held in Clifford's Inn Hall from February 24 to March 26, 1904. London.
Check List of Foreign Newspapers in the Library of Congress. Washington.
Chittenden, Hiram Martin, and Alfred Talbot Richardson. Life, Letters, and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet. 4 vols. Francis P. Harper. $15 net.
Clark, Annie M. L. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Cochrane, Charles H. Modern Industrial Progress. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3 net.
Coutts, Francis. Musa Verticordia. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Cowen, Thomas. The Russo-Japanese War. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.20 net.
Crutwell, Maud. Verrocchio. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Dulaney, Emma C. A Sky Panorama. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. X. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Forbes, A. C. English Estate Forestry. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Forms of Public Addresses. Edited by George P. Baker. Henry Holt & Co. $1.12 net.
Fraser, Edward. Famous Fighters of the Fleet. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Freeman, E. A. Western Europe in the Fifth Century. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Frost, Thomas Gold. The Incorporation and Organization of Corporations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.
Grey, Marian E. Greselda. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 75 cents.
Half a Century with the Providence Journal. Providence: Journal Co.
Handschin, Charles Hart. Das Sprichwort bei Hans Sachs. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin. 50 cents.
Hartley, C. Gasquoine. A Record of Spanish Printing. London: Walter Scott Publishing Co. 10s. 6d. net.
Hearn, Lafcadio. In Ghostly Japan.—Exotics and Retrospectives.—A Japanese Miscellany.—Shadowings. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hellprin, Angelo. The Tower of Pelée. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hibbert, Walter. Life and Energy. Longmans. $1.
Hogg, Ethel M. Quintin Hogg: A Biography. Dutton. $3 net.
Homenaje á D. Francisco Codera. Saragossa: Mariano Escar.
Howitt, A. W. The Native Tribes of South-East Australia. Macmillan Co. $6.50.
Hoyt, Wayland. Home Ideals. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Jackson, Edward O. Love Sonnets to Ermingarde. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Johnston, William Dawson. History of the Library of Congress. Vol. I. Washington.
Jones, Thomas S., jr. The Path o' Dreams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. Edited by Carroll S. Alden. Henry Holt & Co.
Lawrence, William M. The Riverside Graded Song Book. Part Two. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents net.
Mitton, G. E. The Dog. Macmillan Co. $2.
Monroe, James. Papers. Washington.
Rand, Elizabeth H. Echoes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Sheldon, Walter L. Citizenship.—Study of Habits.—Bible Stories.—Duties in the Home. Chicago: W. M. Welch Co.
Sidgwick, H. Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Somers, Percival. Pages from a Country Diary. Longmans. $2.50.
Stevens, Wm. Arnold, and Ernest De Witt Burton. A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study. Scribners.
Sullivan, Kathleen A. Memories. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Swinburne's Poems. 6 vols. Harper's.
Thomas, Edith M. Cassia, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Valera, Juan. El Cautivo de Doña Mencia. William R. Jenkins.
Van Denburg, F. A. Heart Lines. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Worcester, William L. On Holy Ground. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Young, Mary Stuart. The Griffins. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

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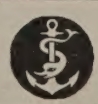
McClure, Phillips & Co.  **44-60 East 23d St., N. Y.**

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

The Week.

Whether the great industrial strike in St. Petersburg which was the prelude to the present upheaval in Russia, bore any immediate relation to the zemstvo agitation set in motion by the Czar himself, cannot now be determined. The sympathetic strikes since Sunday in other cities are apparently not attributable to such concert as marked the Milan general strike a few weeks ago, which was what may be denominated a rude form of plébiscite. Once started, however, in the capital, and expanding perforce beyond its original limits in the Government works, the strike was bound to take on a political aspect and to be used by patriots and factionists of every degree. The demonstration headed by Father Gopon which demanded an audience of the Czar in person, unarmed though it was, and attended imprudently if with a naïve national confidence in the Little Father by women and children, had a potential danger for the Czar's life and the stability of the Government which it would be unjust to deny. Americans, at least, ought to remember the apprehensions caused by the advance of Coxie's ragged "army" on Washington.

The fact that in Russia, historically, reform has come from above (as we were witnessing afresh up to Sunday), justified the people in a direct appeal to their benevolent despot. But the bloodshed of Sunday must also be judged historically—that is, with reference to preceding events, the dread caused by the avidity with which reform had been taken up and given wider scope, the dread of the newly bestowed freedom of speech and press, the palpable consequences of even peaceful industrial disturbances and popular unrest to the prosecution of the war. These considerations do not make the military suppression of the advance of Father Gopon's following any less lamentable, but they should serve to keep us from calling it wanton, and they should intensify our pity that the sovereign who has done more for the world's peace than any living ruler, by laying the foundation of international arbitration, and who has committed himself to Russian reform in Russian ways, should *ex officio* be held responsible for police excesses in his capital as he is for the war in the East. We are aware that objection will be made to the term "police," but only by those who regard the situation as ordinary, in piping times of peace. A government at war, with every energy strained to maintain its armaments and its military activity at a distance of thousands of miles, cannot be expected to take chances with the mob at the very seat of authority and depot of munitions. St. Petersburg, as we go to press, has not yet been declared in a state of siege, but the policing of the city was inevitably military rather than civil the moment the strike reduced the population to idleness and furnished the tinder for a revolutionary conflagration. Would any other government have acted differently in similar circumstances? Would any other government have failed to claim to be the judge of the danger?

Mr. Hay's circular note to the Powers has elicited the most satisfactory assurances that, whatever the event of the war, no further partition of China is intended. The Secretary already has a notable collection of self-denying ordinances; in fact, he held Russian paper expressing a profound respect for the Chinese overlordship at the time when the Russian companies were taking possession of northwestern Korea. He is, then, under no illusions as to the nature of such promises. On the other hand, no one should take too cynical a view of these negotiations. Mr. Hay's round-robins are something more than the elegant recreations of a diplomat; the existence of formal promises does make any resumption of old-style land-grabbing invidious, and to that extent more difficult. To have Germany, Russia, and Japan solemnly bound, does afford a kind of moral leverage for the more disinterested Powers. No state paper is of much avail when paramount commercial or military considerations cross its tenor; but in the rather delicate balance likely for some time to prevail in the Far East, the archives of our State Department do constitute a valuable makeweight for justice.

If San Domingo has "freely invited" the United States to administer its finances, there would be no aggression in our undertaking the job, though there might be folly. The matter will, we take it for granted, come before the Senate in the form of a treaty. Perhaps Senators may be a little more reluctant than the President to undertake the receivership of bankrupt republics. It is distinctly admitted by the State Department that it has been driven into this affair by the urgings of foreign governments. "The Government of the United States, having been explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically informed by more than one of the great Powers that it ought either to try to evolve some order out of the financial chaos in the Dominican Republic, or assent to certain European creditors of that republic doing this," has regretfully decided to go ahead. That is, we are pulling the chestnuts of foreign creditors out of the fire. European nations will view with vast satisfaction this success of their plans to force the United States to face the consequences of one of the "corollaries" of the Monroe Doctrine. They see us becoming a useful agent to collect their debts. And we suspect they will indulge in much private chuckling at our light-hearted sallying forth to make the American republics "just." Distance will lend a certain enchantment to the view of justice in Puerto Plata or Carácas or Bogotá.

The Venezue'a business will bear the closest watching. It is all adrip with asphalt, and soon may be with scandal. Why does not the State Department make public the reason which led the Venezuela Government to proceed against the Bermudez Company? Our understanding is that this American corporation was caught red-handed in an attempt to overthrow the Government. Was it not the case that President Castro had documentary proof that a revolution was financed by this foreign company doing business under the laws of Venezuela? If so, it is not strange that the courts of that country should have applied the rigor of the law to the plotters. Of course, it is very easy for an American Attorney-General in Washington to affirm that the highest judicial tribunals of Venezuela are either incompetent or corrupt; but we have only to imagine what would be thought in this country of an intervention by Germany on the ground that our courts did not know their business, or else had been bribed, in punishing a German corporation for conspiring against President Roosevelt! It is clearly a case for full and deliberate inquiry and the frankest publicity. If the Big Stick is to be swung over the head of the republic in whose behalf we were going to fight Great Britain ten years ago, we are at least entitled to know the reason why.

Secretary Hay's report on the naturalization of aliens, laid before Congress by the President, is probably the most important, as it is certainly the most exhaustive, official contribution to the subject made in recent years. It constitutes an impressive plea for legislation to remedy conditions which are constantly getting worse. Unfortunately, the vital question of admitting aliens to the rights of our citizens is one which, from the very beginning, has been affected by passing political considerations. When the first law on the subject was passed in 1790, the United

States desired citizens, and made it easy for immigrants to become naturalized; but, eight years later, in 1798, the Federalists being in control and harassed by an opposition press which was in the hands of unscrupulous politicians of alien birth, a law was passed requiring fourteen years' residence in the United States before naturalization. When Jefferson's party triumphed, this act was swept aside and the law of 1802 was passed, requiring only five years' residence before naturalization, and doing away with the requirement that returns of all naturalizations be made to the Secretary of State. This act, one hundred and three years old, remains to the present day the main source from which our system of naturalization springs. Secretary Hay's recommendation that the provision of the act of 1798 requiring returns of naturalization to the general Government be now restored, stretches no Constitutional provision, for there is an express grant to Congress of power to provide a uniform rule of naturalization.

The lack of uniformity in naturalization is emphasized by the fact that, while in most States there are no laws other than the Federal statutes governing the subject, some States have supplemental laws intended to make naturalization more difficult. The result is that in those States it is (or ought to be, theoretically) easier for an alien to secure naturalization before a Federal court than a State court, while in other States the reverse is the fact. An important point brought out by Secretary Hay is that naturalization certificates differ so widely from one another in form, wording, and appearance, that the authorities of foreign Governments are not able to recognize them, and they often contain so meagre a recital that until they have been supported by additional testimony it is uncertain whether the holders come within the benefits of our naturalization treaties. It is a reasonable plea that this evil be corrected by requiring uniformity of phrasing and appearance in the certificates, and that they be printed upon a particular kind of paper, so that it will be difficult to counterfeit them.

The amicable ending of the Watchorn episode at least brings out very neatly the workings of the Senatorial mind. When the President selected a former Pennsylvanian for the Immigration Commissionership at Ellis Island without consulting the Pennsylvania Senators, Mr. Knox was as prompt to resent the slight as if he had been steeped in Senatorial dignity for five terms. The position to which Mr. Watchorn had been appointed was not in Pennsylvania, to be sure, but he had long lived at Pittsburgh, and had even been private secretary to a Democratic Governor. Ten days ago Mr. Knox was reported to be greatly stirred up about the whole matter. Confirmation had been held up in the Senate until he and Mr. Penrose could look into the matter. On Friday all objections were withdrawn. Why? Not because it had been learned that Mr. Watchorn was a model official and a man of parts, but because he had resided in two States, and in this instance had been apportioned to New York with the assent of Senators Platt and Depew. He was to perform his duties in New York in either case. The constituents of Platt and Depew were the only persons likely to be affected by his good or bad administration. Yet if "Pa." were to appear after his name in the official register, the Keystone State Senators claimed the absolute right to reject him, while if "N. Y." adorns the same page, it matters not the least what they know or think about him. The courtesies and prerogatives of the most dignified body on earth are sometimes of unearthly grandeur.

Whether an influential bystander may be charged with "meddling" in a contest when he congratulates one of the competitors before he has actually won, is a delicate question. President Roosevelt's only fault when he prematurely greeted Mr. Niedringhaus as the first Republican Senator from Missouri since reconstruction days, was in assuming that the Republican caucus vote would be binding. Had events followed their normal course, he would have been taking no more risk than the thousands of people did who sent their good wishes to the White House on November 9, though no President was legally elected until January 9. The charges which have served as a pretext for the Kerens men to bolt from the caucus nominee must have been made, and the investigation instituted, while the President's letter of congratulation was still on the way. Why Mr. Niedringhaus should have supposed that the publication of the letter would strengthen his chances is hard to see. Certainly, it contains not the hint of a personal compliment. For having been born in Missouri and for being the son of a German and a Congressman, he cannot be said, except on the "Pinafore" theory, to be entitled to credit personally. But the other side is evidently trying to make people believe that there is an effort at dictation in all of this. So does a pleasant word from Washington get translated into a potent "Hail to thee, thane of Glamis."

Although no President has ever been elected from the Senate, Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin will take his chances and enter that body. He brings to his new duties undoubtedly great forensic ability, a singularly magnetic personality, and a Congressional experience which included service on the Ways and Means Committee during the framing of the McKinley bill. But the association of Spooner and La Follette as colleagues within a year after the open split in the party is a situation which future events might easily make either comic or tragic. It is rare enough, in the first place, for any State to have two Senators who possess the capacity for leadership. And when the two, as in the present case, represent opposite ideals and policies, the inevitable friction is likely to impair the usefulness of both. Questions of patronage are sure to force themselves to the front.

The reduced and almost vanished majority for the articles of impeachment in the Swayne case was in striking contrast with the practical unanimity with which impeachment proceedings were voted a month ago. And the change is not due merely to partisanship rallying to the aid of a Republican judge under fire; it represents an honest doubt about the charges, many of which under debate have turned out to be of the flimsiest sort. Indeed, the whole incident illustrates the value of full and free debate in the House, as compared with the machine-like procedure by means of which bills are generally ground out into laws. Evidently, to have sent the Swayne charges on with a perfunctory approval would have worked a real injustice. The time necessary to thresh the matter out was by no means wasted; it has, reversing the late Mr. Reed's epigram, demonstrated that the House may usefully be a deliberative body. It is eminently a lesson to lay to heart as the important railway-regulation bills, most of them extremely inchoate in form, are pending. They should be not merely strangled in committee or precipitated upon an unprepared House, but thoroughly debated. Only in such fashion are we likely to get near the truth of a very difficult and complicated matter.

Speaker Cannon quietly revealed last week the game of delay, by playing which the President's Republican opponents hope to defeat his plans for tariff revision. In a speech before the Washington Board of Trade, the Speaker said that business must not be "disurbed" by any talk of tariff changes at present. Next December, urged your simple-minded "Uncle Joe," will be time enough to take up the whole question with deliberation. Thus we see that, having induced Mr. Roosevelt to abandon his valiant intention of summoning Congress in March or April, the next move is to make him give up calling it in September or October. But the President can scarcely fail to see the snare. Once pushed over to the regular session, all the old political arguments

will be worked hard in favor of doing nothing whatever about the tariff. The Congressional elections will be impending; plans for nominating a President in 1908 will be afoot; and it would never do to say "tariff" above a whisper. We know that dreary old round. So must President Roosevelt. And unless he wishes to see himself tricked, betrayed, and thwarted, he will press with all his authority for an early consideration. Meanwhile, he should leave off talking about tariff revision as a mere question of "political expediency." What really gives edge to the demand that the tariff be revised, is the general and growing sense that gross favoritism and rank injustice go with the existing law.

If only because the Fall River strike was the greatest ever known in the textile industry of this country, its settlement last week is of high importance. What the return to work means to the operatives, may be inferred from their demonstrations of joy. Thousands of them have been brought to the verge of starvation; and, as they go back to the mills at the 12½ per cent. reduction in wages against which they struck on July 25, 1904, it must be clear to them now that the strike was a mistake from the beginning. The loss in wages alone has been about $3,000,000, and there is now only the promise of a slight increase in the rate up to April 1, provided that an independent examination of the manufacturers' books shows that they can afford to pay it. Gov. Douglas deserves praise for having brought his business knowledge and good relations with the employees so happily to bear. To the mill-owners, also, credit is due for having consented to an expert examination of their business, so as to prove to the public that they have paid as high wages as possible. This is a kind of voluntary publicity wholly admirable.

Gov. Stokes of New Jersey informed the State Legislature in his inaugural, last week, that the news wafted from Washington on every breeze may mean the "preliminary steps" to the passage of a national incorporation law. He reminded the State that it can continue to meet its expenses without levying direct taxes only on condition that the Secretary of State continues to do a flourishing business at the old stand in corporation charters. But he cannot if capital is invited to seek incorporation, upon favorable terms, under Federal laws. Having called attention to the possible dangers that threaten the revenue system of the State, the Governor passed on to consider ways and means by which the impending peril might be averted. "Business methods," he says, "progress and modernize," and laws must keep pace with changing conditions. New Jersey, in the face of increasing competition from other States, would do well to consider whether she should not make her appeal to the confidence of the honest investor rather than the favor of the get-rich-quick concern. "If our enactments fail," remarks Gov. Stokes, "to give either the public or the investor sufficient protection, let us make them sufficient."

One could wish that this exhortation had not been delayed until a prospective loss of revenue had furnished the preacher with an appropriate text, but Gov. Stokes is entitled to the credit of having made the most of his first opportunity. He recommends that a commission be appointed to study the corporation laws of the State, and to devise some plan by which New Jersey may lead the way in enlightening public sentiment upon the subject. We are not oversanguine that Saul will immediately take a high place among the prophets of the new dispensation of public control of business corporations; but, whatever the immediate fate of his proposal, Gov. Stokes will not lack other opportunities of improving the policy of his State. In recent years the ugliest feature of the situation has been the readinss of the New Jersey Legislature to tinker with the statutes whenever sufficient pressure has been brought to bear. The courts of the State have been inclined to hold corporation directors strictly accountable for all infractions of the few salutary restraints in the existing laws; but, whenever respectable financiers have unexpectedly found themselves caught in the toils, the Legislature has been willing to rush to their relief and grant full absolution and future immunity. Performances of this sort have been rapidly reducing to a pitiable farce the little protection which the law has professed to offer minority stockholders and the public.

Mayor McClellan has taken an admirable stand upon the question of water supply for this city. As he explained to the Manufacturers' Association on Thursday evening, although a strong partisan himself, he has come to realize that the water question confronting Greater New York is so difficult and so serious a problem as to necessitate its being taken wholly out of politics. Therefore, he has had introduced into the Legislature a bill to turn the whole question over to permanent commissioners—one to be appointed by the Mayor, one to be nominated by the Chamber of Commerce, and one from a list made up by the American Society of Civil Engineers. When one considers the long line of scandals which have followed the construction of practically every aqueduct and almost every reservoir in this city, one cannot but rejoice that there is a prospect of dealing with this all-important question in a civilized way. Astonishment that the proposal to eliminate politics from this field of municipal endeavor should come from a Tammany Mayor should, however, prevent no one from giving Mr. McClellan the great credit to which he is entitled. He has shown himself in this matter an enlightened executive, and should be upheld by all good citizens.

From the first it has been only too evident that the projected reform of the Turkish *gendarmerie* in Macedonia was ineffectual. Too few European officers were appointed, and those were cleverly divested of their nominal authority. Accordingly, Austria and Russia, who are primarily responsible for the discredited scheme, now bring forward a plan for financial control of the disorderly vilayets. Generally speaking, the revenues of each of the three provinces are to be detached from the Ottoman treasury and separately administered. So radical a project makes a distinct advance towards the plan openly advocated in England of setting up an administration directly answerable to the Powers—in other words, a modification of the policy so successfully pursued in Crete. Clearly, if the Austro-Russian entente adds to its pretensions to control the police the power of the purse, rather little will be left of Turkish suzerainty in Macedonia. Only the fear of worse trouble can move the dual alliance for the Balkans to stir up the question of reform at this time. But as the truce agreed upon by the revolutionary committees expires, and a new uprising seems imminent, some risks must be taken. All observers of the at present hopeless conditions in upper Turkey must long to see firm action by the European Concert soon supersede the half-measures to which Austria and Russia are traditionally committed.

Rouvier's Ministry promises to be merely a milder version of Combes's, for the new Premier is a less brilliant personality and a less convinced doctrinaire than his predecessor. In general, the new French Ministry is merely the old revamped. New elements of strength come with Etienne (the Interior) and Dupuy (Public Works). Both of these statesmen belong to the aggressive class, being advocates of colonial expansion. In the main, however, M. Rouvier and his associates will devote themselves to unfinished business—the income tax and the separation bill. Rouvier, an accomplished statistician and financier, is an indifferent manager of men. It seems unlikely that he can long hold the dwindling composite majority together, and his appointment seems merely an intermission, before the considerable reaction already provoked by the rigid anti-Clericalism of M. Combes finds a policy and a leader.

THE POLITICAL BOGEY AT WORK.

Mr. Bryan's zealous praise of the President, renewed in last week's *Commoner*, has its amusing aspects. That it is practically embarrassing to Mr. Roosevelt, there can be no doubt. His sole use of Mr. Bryan is as a bogey. "You object to my moderate regulation of your railways, do you? Well, if you don't assent to that, I tell you that Bryan will ride into power and simply confiscate your property." Naturally, it is a little awkward to have the bogey appear as sympathizer and supporter. It does not aid the President in his efforts to get Republican Senators into line, to have Mr. Bryan somewhat noisily applauding him, and intimating that Mr. Roosevelt is rapidly being converted to the true doctrine. To learn from an enemy may be good political strategy, even when he is your horrible warning; but to be enthusiastically lauded by him is disconcerting.

Mr. John Sharp Williams has been testifying to the President's political skill, which he admits the Democrats grossly underrated. A good part of it consists in denouncing the Democratic party and then quietly appropriating its issues. But the continued success of that method calls for continued political opposition. The Whigs must go on attacking the man arrayed in their stolen clothes. If they begin complimenting him on the excellent fit, it will necessarily trouble the good Conservative tailors. The latter will wonder what is to become of their business. Exactly this is happening at Washington, in consequence of Mr. Bryan's fulsome approval of the President's "vigorous fight" upon those who "prey upon the necessities of the people." There is much grave shaking of Republican heads. Senators, we understand, have gone in deep concern to Mr. Roosevelt and to Commissioner Garfield and said, "When we told you that we thought your proposed legislation soundly Republican and thoroughly conservative we did not dream that Mr. Bryan would hail it. His endorsement compels us, of course, to change our minds."

The whole situation vividly illustrates the inconvenience of owning a political bogey. It is one of the most unruly of horned cattle. We see how even a skilled ranchman like Mr. Roosevelt may be nonplussed by its antics. That Mr. Bryan is sincere in welcoming the President as his most illustrious convert, may be admitted; but if he wished shrewdly to aid in the enactment of the Roosevelt bills, he would attack them violently. They would rise like a kite against the gusts of his stormy opposition; his bland commendation threatens to make them fall in a heap. In a word, the President has rather overdone his use of Bryan *in terrorem*. To picture the fearful lengths to which an agitator will go unless the saviour of society goes half way, is certain to make men look askance at the latter. His course may be clever politics for the moment, and may pile up huge majorities; but the historically-minded will recall Louis XVI. putting on the cap of liberty, and shortly having no head to put anything on.

What the real statesman will steadily keep his eye upon is, not a bogey, but reason, justice, duty. He will not endeavor to throw the public mind into a state of panic, for then the rational faculties will not work, and out of hysterical fear social justice was never born. It is not even politically wise for President Roosevelt to say, as he does, to great railway managers: "If you don't agree to what I want done, Bryan will come along some day and wreck you." That has plainly nothing to do with the merits of the question; yet there is, of course, a certain truth in it, at which the President may be vaguely grasping. It is that the railroads themselves have provoked the demand for their further regulation by Congress; that their management has seemed to millions of American citizens to be inequitable, high-handed, and law-defying; that so a genuine grievance exists—a real injustice to be corrected—and that it is neither wise nor safe to let public wrongs of the kind go unredressed. If the President would harp more upon those strings, and not try so much to frighten Congress into his arms by pointing it to Bryan's hoofs and horns, he would have a better chance of obtaining a measure founded in sound reason and justice, rather than in terror, and so more likely to be an enduring solution of a vast problem.

Unhappily, President Roosevelt appears to believe in the Greek theory that a democracy is amenable to discipline only so long as its fright lasts. Bryan is by no means his most fearsome bogey. That bad eminence he reserves for the unnamed foreign Power which is to descend upon us and rend us limb from limb unless we make haste to build a big navy. It is distinctly an appeal to these horrible imaginings upon which he bases his pet naval policy. Ask him for a rational survey of our foreign relations, with a calm forecast of the future, and request him to point out a single cloud on the horizon, and you get only denunciation as one who would "Chinafy" the United States and make it an easy victim of the spoiler. But the really pitiable victim, we submit, is the man who cowers in terror before a bogey like that. It is not the part of a civilized man to go about distraught with baseless fears; and a naval policy buttressed by no better reason than those of the colored servant who tells her mistress, as if it were an ultimate explanation of everything, "I'm so skeered," is not the policy for a civilized nation.

THE CASE OF JUSTICE HOOKER.

The more important facts in regard to Justice Hooker of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, by appointment of Gov. Odell, have been public property ever since the Bristow report on the postal frauds, November, 1903. That interesting document showed that George W. Beavers, now under indictment, had appointed at Fredonia a clerk and two laborers, and at Dunkirk a laborer, who had drawn pay regularly but had rendered no service to the Government. The postmasters who permitted this larceny were forced to disgorge. At Fredonia and Dunkirk, also, there had been some curious increases in office rental, but the Government could recover none of this money. Mr. Bristow did not mention the name of Warren B. Hooker, but in the course of a few days it became known that Beavers, chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, had been conspiring with Hooker, who at the time of at least two of the frauds was Representative in Congress from the district; and that Hooker, afterwards a justice, was really at the bottom of these palpable jobs. During the year that has elapsed the subject has been discussed in the press, the committee of the State Bar Association has conducted a deliberate investigation, and Justice Hooker has had every chance to present his side.

The increase in post-office rental at Dunkirk from $1,350 to $2,000 a year, although a lease for ten years had been signed at the former figure, may be passed over; for Justice Hooker explains that the building, of which he is half-owner, cost much more than he expected when he signed the lease. The attempt to beat the civil-service law may also be set down as a minor item in the charge. Far more serious were the appointments to the Dunkirk and Fredonia offices of persons whose services were not required, and who, as a matter of fact, did nothing but draw pay. One of these superfluous employees was Maurice Hooker, nephew of the Justice. This lad of sixteen was not a resident of Fredonia, but as he wanted to attend the normal school there, the Justice and Beavers, two eminent patrons of the higher learning, generously provided for him at the expense of the Federal Government.

A yet blacker affair is that connecting Hooker with Frank P. Ball, a ticket scalper of Dunkirk. Ball owed Mrs. Hooker $3,085 for money invested in oil lands in West Virginia, and Justice Hooker devised a new way to pay old debts. He had Ball appointed first a laborer, and then a clerk in the Fredonia post-office at $600 a year. The postmaster had made no request for more help, but Hooker told Beavers that he had "a great interest in Ball." The exact amount of this interest seems to have been $600 per annum, for Ball did no work and turned over "substantially all" his salary to Mrs. Hooker. By this means the industrious Ball suc-

ceeded in reducing the indebtedness to $775. Ball received the appointment about a month before Hooker was made Justice in November, 1898, but young Maurice Hooker was not thrust into public office until 1902. So, whether we consider Hooker's activities either as Representative or as Justice, we must conclude, in the face of undisputed facts, that, even though he occupy a judicial position, the sub-committee of the Bar Association let him off easily in describing him as "morally unfit."

The Bar Association can do nothing but offer expert advice. It might, as the majority of its sub-committee recommended, have urged a further investigation by the Legislature before a tribunal having compulsory process—in fine, impeachment; or it might have agreed with the minority of the sub-committee that the facts already proved constitute cause for Hooker's removal from office under section 11 of Article VI. of the State Constitution, which reads:

> "Judges of the Court of Appeals and Justices of the Supreme Court may be removed by concurrent resolution of both houses of the Legislature, if two-thirds of all the members elected to each house concur therein. . . . But no officer shall be removed by virtue of this section except for cause, which shall be entered on the journals, nor unless he shall have been served with a statement of the cause alleged, and shall have had an opportunity to be heard."

The Bar Association, however, last week dropped, with a word of mild censure and with no recommendation to the Legislature, the charges against Judge Hooker. The only defence which the Association can offer is that its meeting was packed; that the friends of Hooker resorted to the dirtiest methods of ward politics in order to whitewash him. Quibble is the only term to apply to the resolution by which Hooker was let off. The Association "disapproves of all such political practices as are disclosed by the record in this case." To excuse Hooker's frauds upon the Federal Government on the ground that they are "political practices" is worthy of the cheapest pettifogger in a police court. If Hooker has simply fallen into reprehensible political practices, then his fellow-conspirator in looting the Treasury, George W. Beavers, now under indictment, should be acquitted on the same ground.

Another equally flimsy plea for Hooker is that in his dealings with Beavers, the most eminent of the postal thieves, he acted merely in his private capacity, while as a judge his behavior has been above reproach. This is an impossible distinction. A man who is guilty of the offences with which Hooker is charged is not fit to dispense justice in any court. Knowledge of the law, an acute mind, capacity to marshal facts and to draw logical conclusions, Hooker doubtless possesses. But these are not all the qualities needed for the bench. More important even than fine technical equipment are character and conscience. Justice Hooker has stated that he is "unconscious of having done anything wrong." Plain people with no pretension to legal learning must be shocked to discover a Justice of the Supreme Court who cannot in his own mind distinguish between right and wrong; and they must stand with Mr. Hornblower "on the broad proposition that if a jurist does anything disgraceful, he is subject to removal."

The action of the Bar Association could be regarded as nothing more than expert advice to the Legislature, with which final authority rests. Therefore, as the scandals in regard to Hooker were common talk in every corner of the State, any Senator or Assemblyman, Democrat or Republican, who cared for the reputation of the judiciary, might have moved for an investigation. Justice Hooker has anticipated this action by requesting legislative inquiry. Such is the force of public opinion, backed by more than fifty prominent lawyers of this city, without distinction of party, who had united in a petition calling for a special meeting of the local Bar Association to consider its duty in the matter.

THE MUSEUM DIRECTORATE.

By appointing Sir C. Purdon Clarke to the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum, the trustees signify their intention of emphasizing its educational function. A number of American archæologists who might have been eligible are probably the new Director's superiors in connoisseurship. One could name several business men of artistic proclivities who are at least his equal as an organizer. Unquestionably, then, there will be disappointment in certain quarters that the directorship of the greatest American museum should not go to an American; but we believe that, when the case is carefully weighed, it will be agreed that none of the other candidates combines so many desirable qualifications as the actual appointee.

The new Director brings an uncommonly varied training. For a generation he has advanced through different grades in the South Kensington Museum to its headship. He has served successfully as purchasing agent in fields so widely separated as those of Oriental and of Renaissance art. More particularly, he represents a vigorous ideal of popular education. In fact, the significance of the great institution at South Kensington, which has undergone—and not unjustly—rather sharp criticism from the *cognoscenti*, is that it has shown an openhanded and enlightened hospitality to all students of the history and practice of art. In a hundred ingenious ways it has furthered this end. Its curators are at the service of every serious inquirer. By the distribution of reproductions of all sorts, it aids private students and smaller institutions throughout the world. Its system of exhibition and labelling is planned to give the visitor the most essential information in the most convenient way. Needless to add that it offers lectures on a great variety of topics in arts and crafts.

Evidently, the introduction of such a spirit into the management of the Metropolitan Museum is a matter for profound congratulation. It means that the student will henceforth have the consideration always enjoyed by the casual visitor, and that the hundreds of thousands of casual visitors who annually pass through the galleries will be offered every opportunity and inducement to become in a measure students. Bringing this experience and enthusiasm, the new Director should soon make the Museum, which has in the past had too much the character of a vast curiosity-shop, a genuine home for all who concern themselves seriously with the arts.

The *Evening Post* has urged the pressing need of rehabilitating the Museum before the world of scholarship by a prompt and radical overhauling of the collections. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, takes the genially agnostic position that such a revision is either impossible in the near future or undesirable, or at least had better wait till all the so-called experts cease disagreeing. We fancy that Sir C. Purdon Clarke will not share our neighbor's optimism to the extent of expecting the happy advent of critical unanimity during his administration, but will rather proceed to set his house in order, and to remove the reproach which by laxness in scientific management previous housekeepers have left him as a legacy. To do this most needful work he will require curators of the very highest attainments. In fact, the efficiency of the cataloguing and purchasing departments calls not only for a staff of expert curators, but for autonomy, department by department. Subject to proper safeguards, a museum thrives best when the Director is a Czar, but a Czar sagacious enough to trust his privy councillors. In other words, to gain the real benefit from the change, the new Director should, once budget and general policy are approved by the trustees, enjoy complete independence of action. Various suggestions of trustee committees for internal administration or of outside advisory bodies by no means commend themselves as practical. The ideal is perhaps the organization of the Louvre: the Director subject to the Ministry of Fine Arts (the trustees), the curators independent in their departments, but subject, in the case of acquisitions, to the joint approval of the curators. Such an organization secures initiative and promptness, indispensable qualities for any successful competitor in the narrowing art-market of the world.

Accordingly, as we congratulate Mr. Morgan and the board of trustees upon

the wisdom of their choice, we also hope that a habit of direct management, quite justifiable under the old, will not be carried over into the new régime. Mr. Morgan and his associates will administer their great trust most acceptably by giving the greatest possible liberty to so very competent a representative as Sir C. Purdon Clarke.

CLUB DEFICITS.

A club has been defined, not inaccurately, as an organization in which nine men who stay away contribute to the comfort of one who goes. It is one of the least successful forms of charity, apparently, for the nine never give quite enough, and the one fellow in the club never admits that he is reasonably comfortable. Hence club deficits are almost as much a matter of course as entries in the complaint-book. Deficits are borne with various degrees of fortitude. The Union Club, for example, whose finances have been perhaps unnecessarily prominent in the press, plans merely some trifling retrenchments. A neighboring organization of marked plutocratic complexion simply assesses its members annually as a matter of course. Nobody winces, it is said, because nobody uses the club; the game is fair all around. Many less pretentious clubs pursue an ostrich plan, hiding considerable deficits under more or less fantastic bookkeeping credits until the day of reckoning comes.

Since clubs, like armies, march on their stomachs, gourmandise may fairly be said to be the root of these financial evils. To the dining-room and kitchen is charged more than three-quarters of the current deficiency of the Union Club. A club with a large artist membership has for years past turned over a quarter of its fixed income to pay the café deficit. Even more striking was the case of our largest athletic club, which, with an enormous membership and good attendance, accumulated annual deficits of five figures, until one of the stewards was put in full control. Straightway the service improved, and the contractor, now one of the best-known restaurateurs and hotel keepers in town, began to reap personal profits corresponding to the previous losses. In fact, his success was so phenomenal that the club could not afford to keep him, being in the position of an investor whose 2 per cents have crossed par.

The incident, which might be reinforced by many others, shows pretty clearly that the problem of club and restaurant management are nearly identical. Only a year or two ago we saw in common embarrassment on this score a club devoted to old-school Republicanism and one attached to tariff reform; bloated protectionists and gaunt free traders were equally costly table boarders. The desideratum, then, is to find a House Committee chairman who is a thrifty and skilful caterer—in other words, a man who will superadd to his regular vocation the training of a restaurant-keeper—a very complicated business in itself. And for service that undertaken professionally would command a handsome salary, a House Committee chairman has merely his own pains, and, usually, the imprecations of his fellow-members. For your fastidious clubman will curse at the variation of half a degree in the temperature of his claret; divine discontent fills him when the end of a fortunate bin puts it no longer in his power to drink a *château* bottling at an *ordinaire* price. Smithers is outraged if his cheese will not stand upright, Juggins is pained unless his runs enticingly upon the plate. Such is the temper of the "tenth man" to satisfy whom, without hopelessly alienating his treasurer, is the House Committee chairman's bounden duty.

With labors at once so onerous and carrying so little appreciation, it is no wonder that the supply of competent chairmen is smaller than the demand. There are seventy clubs of some social prominence in this city; probably one hundred and fifty at least which have restaurants. This represents several regiments of House Committee men who have fallen by the way; but we have yet to hear of an old man's home for deserving persons of this class, or of any other form of public recognition of a profession which must surely rank among the extra-hazardous occupations.

So keenly has this been felt that certain clubs have paid a member in cash or perquisites for giving all his time to the management. This practice, not uncommon, we are informed, in England, runs counter to American ideals of good club ethics. Practically, then, the problem of management reduces itself to securing honest and efficient stewards. Such men are more precious than rubies, and about as scarce. To hold them is difficult, because the ability to discipline a force of servants and to restrain the wastefulness of cooks and marketers and the wiles of tricky tradesmen will command a higher salary than most clubs are able to give. But here, fortunately, considerations of loyalty frequently prevail, while permanency of tenure and agreeable associations outweigh speculative opportunities.

The rise of an occasional House Committee chairman of genius is only the exception that proves the rule of mediocrity. In this matter as in others the amateur cannot hope to compete with the professional. The production of honest and capable club stewards is the desideratum, and the discouraging feature of the case is that many men of this class have had a training, as waiters or otherwise, that makes against direct and disinterested dealing. The calling should have a recognized standing, for the money reward would always be sufficient to attract men from salaried positions in general business. Until a better class of club stewards is found, club deficits will continue to be the rule, and the nine men at home who provide for the one man at the club will be assuming a task only a little less satisfactory than that of the Danaids.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY IN LONDON.

LONDON, January 7, 1905.

The International Society, though the Exhibition just opening in the New Gallery is only its fifth, is already the most formidable rival the Royal Academy has ever had. It grew out of what may be called an English Secession. By its choice of M. Rodin to succeed Whistler as President, and the many foreign names in its list of members, it has shown its readiness to be as International in fact as in name; in a word, it has adopted since the start such a strong policy that one must regret the more any signs of weakness by which its influence in the country might be lessened.

One cause of its strength is its equal recognition of the three arts it represents. In England, painters monopolize most of the exhibitions. In France, it is true, sculptors receive due consideration, but, even in France, the poor engravers are apt to see their work thrust into odd corners, and hung as if the only object were to have it take up the least wall-space possible. The very title of a society of "Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," however, carries responsibilities with it, and these responsibilities are not shirked. The painters are still in the majority, but the "gravers" are treated with a deference seldom accorded to them elsewhere. They have to themselves one of the three rooms at the New Gallery, or, rather, they share it with the draughtsmen in different mediums who, for exhibition purposes, are usually classed with them; and the prints and drawings have been so judiciously selected, and hung with such distinction, such appreciation of a decorative whole, that this room is the most effective of the three, and promises to be again, as it was last year, the centre of success. It is a triumph especially for American and Dutch artists, from whom much of the most remarkable and most distinguished work has come.

American illustrators and engravers have never made so fine a showing in London before. There are groups of wood engravings from Mr. Cole and Mr. Wolf; Mr. Cole sending a series of proofs of his blocks after the English landscape painters—Constable, Crome, Cotman, Wilson, Turner—those wonderful little prints that, in black and white on a few inches of paper, seem to preserve for you all the life and atmosphere and light and even color of the originals; Mr. Wolf contributing his reproductions of more modern pictures, chiefly portraits, the series culminating in the print after Whistler's "Little Lady Sophie of Soho," a really wonderful performance, so well has Mr. Wolf suggested the very feeling and strange charm of the painting. There is no need for me to go into a more detailed description,

for all this work by Mr. Cole and Mr. Wolf is already well enough known at home. The great thing now is to see it, in such fine proofs, hanging in a London gallery. Then, Miss Mary Cassatt, who is so seldom to be found anywhere out of Durand-Ruel's, is represented by a set of etchings printed in color that are among the most successful, technically, ever produced by a Western artist. The color is pure and brilliant and gay. Many men who have been trying their hand at color-printing never seem to want—or, it may be, they never know how to get—anything save dingy blues and murky reds. But Miss Cassatt's color-schemes have all the gayety, and her tints all the brilliance, of the work of the Japanese, by whom, indeed, it is evident she has been as strongly influenced in design—in the way of placing her figures and balancing her spaces of reds and blues, grays and yellows. But it is a good influence, and she has adapted Japanese methods to subjects that intelligent study of Degas have made her own. Her mothers and children, her women at their toilet, are essentially European, essentially the models her life and surroundings have provided, and they are as graceful, as characteristic in their way, as are the women and children of Utamaro in theirs. There are also etchings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the "Sky-Scrapers of New York," that have not yet been exhibited in America, and by Mr. McLauglan, his motives found largely in the old streets and the old houses of the French towns. I have never seen better work by Mr. Albert Sterner, who does not always maintain his own level in the magazines, than a strong portrait in chalk of Mrs. Humphry Ward, full of observation and character. And pastels, notable for their decorative arrangement, by Mr. Fromuth, and charcoal drawings by Mr. Mura, complete a list which, if comparatively short, includes much of the best being done by Americans to-day.

The work by Dutch artists is equally strong, for chief among these artists are Matthew Maris, the master of the older generation, whose etchings, both of figures and of landscape, have the elusive quality of his paintings, and are so rare that I doubt if they have ever been seen in America, or ever will be seen again in a public exhibition in England; and Bauer, the coming man in Holland, whose prints, a vindication of the big plate, are the same that won him the Grand Prix in St. Louis, and who also shows two or three of the large shadowy water-colors in which, as in his etchings, good, sound drawing is the basis of the mystery with which he likes to envelop his every subject. There are etchings, too, by Dupont, large in design, vigorous in handling; and by Wittsen, whose Canals of Dordrecht are careful and sometimes effective, but not without an element of dulness.

I do not mean that all the good work must be credited to Holland and America. A striking collection comes from France, with two drawings by Rodin to set the standard. These are really notes and memoranda of subjects and compositions such as the old masters used to jot down for their own use, and not the sham old-master drawings some of the younger men to-day in England produce as their masterpieces to exhibit to the public. Both were in the International Exhibition that last year made the tour of several American towns, but both have come back unsold, though I notice that, even before the exhibition here has opened to the public, one has been bought. It looks as if Rodin were still but a name to the American. The etchings by M. Louis Legrand and M. Lepère alone would give distinction to any collection of black-and-white, for they are men who see for themselves—Lepère, the architecture he loves, Legrand, the most modern type of woman and the most modern phases of life; and alike they have the courage to express what they see according to their own methods. For this reason, their work strikes one more in London than in Paris; the artists just now most in evidence in London being men who see everything through the prints of older masters, and who express everything as it has been expressed in the past, so that their etchings and lithographs and wood-engravings are really but "British Museum-and-water," as I have heard them described. The color prints of M. Thaulow, M. Gaston La Touche, and M. Raffaëlli are amusing technical achievements, and, if I dwell upon them at no greater length, it is simply because the collection is so good as a whole that I have not space to do more than point out the things that make it good. From Germany comes little except one masterly study of hands in pencil by Menzel, etchings by Klinger, and brilliant water-colors by Von Bartels; from Spain, little except the drawings by Vierge for 'Pablo de Ségovie.' I must confess it is with disappointment I find them here, for, like the Rodin drawings, Vierge's illustrations were exhibited in many American towns, and I had thought there would be at least one museum in America to realize the advantage of possessing a series of designs not only so amazing in themselves, but of such genuine value to students, of such tremendous interest in the history of illustration. They simply *made* modern pen-drawing for "process." Among the works of Englishmen, the illustrations and chalk drawings of the late Frederick Sandys are prominent. The series of his illustrations in the New Gallery is complete, and includes fine proofs of the engravings. Other English exhibitors are Mr. Nicholson, who, however, sends none of the prints which I, anyway, prefer to his water-colors; Mr. Conder, whose dainty fans, in America, shared the same fate as Rodin's drawings; and Mr. E. J. Sullivan, who has done no illustrations of greater distinction than the eight or nine designs for the "Rubáiyát," now shown, but still unpublished.

The care devoted by the Society to the decoration and arrangement of the galleries is nowhere more apparent than in the Sculpture Hall. The court of the New Gallery, a banal affair of colored marble and gilding, has been turned into a white temple, by shutting it in with temporary white-draped walls, to which the railing of the balcony above (a feature ordinarily not to be noticed one way or the other) serves as a golden frieze. The green of a few well-placed plants breaks the severity of these walls, without, however, destroying the simple dignity of the effect, but I am afraid only the artist will feel, as it should be felt, the subtle beauty of the white of marble and plaster against the softer white of the draped walls.

Rodin sends nothing as impressive as "Le Penseur," the great Titan that, last year, sat brooding, high above the crowd, in the centre of the court. His chief work this year is one of the creations in which he seems to set at defiance all the laws that have, until now, governed the world's great sculptors. "La Main de Dieu," he calls it. From a distance the large marble—a small plaster cast is placed beside it—is an inchoate, shapeless mass, with no beauty of outline, no grandeur or loveliness of form. From a block of marble emerges a gigantic hand holding what appears to be a rugged boulder until, as you draw nearer, you see, gradually taking shape from out the marble, the nude figures of a man and woman, delicately, tenderly modelled, one long flow of rhythmical line in the posing and grouping of the two bodies. You may read into it what meaning you will, but you cannot deny the beauty of the two figures thus shaped out of chaos by their creator: a beauty, however, which you do not see until you are close to it, which cannot dominate an entire gallery as the masculine, the heroic beauty of "Le Penseur" did a year ago. This is Rodin's most important contribution, though he has also a large study of a "Femme Couchée" in plaster, and a by no means remarkable bust in marble of Mr. George Wyndham.

After the Rodins, nothing is as notable as the work of M. Glicenstein, an artist whose name is unknown to me, but in whose bronze bust of D'Annunzio, with its unmistakable truth—the head seems to explain the novels—and "Sphinx Group," with nothing sphinx-like in its frank admission of Rodin's influence, there is much promise, if less individuality in accomplishment. Had I more space, I should like to speak at length of the statuettes by Mr. Wells, the portrait bust by Miss MacLaren, the statue by Mr. McGill; there would be much to say also of the jewelry of Mr. Cooper, the enamels of Mr. Alexander Fisher, the silver of Mr. Nelson Dawson. If the collection is small, almost everything in it is worth seeing, and the advantage of its being small is that everything can be seen.

I have left the paintings to the last, because I think they have scarcely been selected with the same care, or judged by the same high standard, or arranged with the same distinction, as the prints and the sculpture. It is in this section that I cannot help being conscious of regrettable signs of weakness. Much that is commonplace, and worse, has not only crept in, but been treated with unexpected deference and placed prominently, and this is unpardonable in an exhibition that pretends to admit nothing but the most important and most individual work now done, not merely in Europe, but in America, too. Several distinguished members are content to be represented by their least distinguished performances. M. Cottet, for instance, is positively insignificant after the impression he made on the same walls a year ago with his large, solemn "Deuil Marin." Other members do not send at all. Sir James Guthrie is absent. So are Zuloaga and Anglada, whose canvases certainly had the merit of daring and vivacity, but they now give way to those of another Spaniard, who would be passed unnoticed even at the Old Salon. One of the disappointments to me is that the Americans, who are so strong in the black-and-white room, are here so weak.

I have seen it announced that Mr. Chase—who himself sends his portrait of Whistler—was the appointed delegate to select the American pictures, but it seems almost impossible that he could be responsible for a selection that, with one or two exceptions, is so absolutely feeble and devoid of result. He had so much to choose from; for, while the Americans at work in Paris and London are well enough known here, the Americans at work in America are hardly known at all, and it is high time they should be.

But I must not give the impression that there is no good painting. There remains much that is interesting, or even fine. There are portraits by Mr. Lavery, the Vice-President; Mr. Nicholson, whose "Belle Chauffeuse" proves that picturesque effects may be discovered in the most practical modern dress; M. Blanche, who, however, has not made the most of a sitter so full of possibilities as M. Rodin; M. Simon, who has painted M. Blanche—posterity will have no difficulty in forming a gallery of the portraits of the artists of to-day by their contemporaries; Mr. Sauter, whose large full-length, "Mrs. Nico Jungmann," is one of the few attempts to give a delicate harmony, a subtle study of tone, as well as a realistic presentment. It is Mr. Sauter also who has the one important nude, "Bridal Morn," inspired, perhaps, by some vague, unconscious memory of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love"; for its motive is the contrast between a nude and a richly draped figure—only Mr. Sauter has worked this contrast out in his own fashion; his two women stand against a window, through which the sunlight falls, and it is the effect of atmosphere which has been his chief concern. There are landscapes by M. Thaulow—one of his marvellously true studies of snow—Mr. Peppercorn, M. Raffaëlli, Mr. Priestman, Mr. Mark Fisher. A tremendously vivid, well-modelled peasant girl by Von Bartels is so strong that everything near it simply disappears, and this, too, I believe, toured America unsuccessfully. A "Gypsy Family," by C. H. Shannon; the charming "Place Chateaubriand, St. Malo," by Mr. Morrice, from last summer's New Salon; Millet-like groups of mother and child by Mr. Strang; tender little fantasies by M. Aman-Jean, also seen but unappreciated in America—all these and many more form a collection that anywhere else in London would seem more remarkable, and that show how entirely the International has the courage of its name in its liberal attitude to the artist abroad as well as at home.

It may be to the credit of the Society that it has any exhibition of its own this winter, for a great part of the time and energy of the Council has necessarily gone to preparing the Whistler Memorial Exhibition which is to open in the New Gallery at the close of the International, on the 22d of February. Many important pictures have been obtained. M. Loubet has granted a special permission for the loan of the "Mother" from the Luxembourg—the first time such a concession has ever been made to a foreign private society, and it does honor to M. Loubet no less than to Whistler. The "Carlyle" is coming from Glasgow, the "Sarasate" from Pittsburgh, other pictures from the Boston Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, and private collectors in England, on the Continent, and in America. The King has lent his Whistler etchings from the Royal Collections at Windsor; in black-and-white alone there will be almost five hundred examples. Altogether, the Exhibition promises to be more representative even than the magnificent show in Boston. And every American owner of Whistlers should prove his appreciation by lending them to round out and complete the Exhibition organized by the society of artists of which Whistler was the President, and so help to make it in every way worthy of the great man to whose memory it is a tribute. N. N.

Correspondence.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL STANDARDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his defence of Mr. Griffin, in the last number of the *Nation*, Mr. Lindsay Swift makes a couple of statements that ought not to go unchallenged, as they affect questions of principle, wholly aside from the disputed publications.

He says that Mr. Griffin's lists "seem practical and timely, wholly aside from the question of their . . . accuracy," and suggests that the reviewer might have overlooked or underestimated "the help probably rendered to others besides scholars and thorough investigators." "As a rule," he says, "experts can look out for themselves." Yes, within their own specialties. But an historian or an economist can hardly be expected, "as a rule," to unravel mysteries caused by careless bibliographers, any more than a bibliographer can presume to solve those that have grown out of the carelessness and ignorance of mediæval scribes. That the average scholars are more or less helpless in handling bibliographical material, must be clear to any one who has had occasion to use the "bibliographies" which they append to their books. The statements that inaccurate bibliographies may still be "practical," and that "any [presumably no matter how inaccurate] elucidation which clears [!] the tangle of books on many subjects is just so much to the good," are very dangerous doctrines.

Mr. Swift further says that the lists have impressed him "as standing somewhat to bibliography as newspapers do to literature." What would he say if Harvard University should publish a newspaper in the place of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*? Aksel G. S. Josephson.

Chicago, January 16, 1905.

Notes.

'A Short History of Venice,' by William R. Thayer, author of 'The Dawn of Italian Independence'; a work on 'The Bahama Islands'; a 'Life of Florence Nightingale,' by Miss Sarah A. Tooley; and 'Problems of the Panama Canal,' by Gen. Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A., will shortly be published by the Macmillan Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce 'The Color Line,' by Prof. W. B. Smith of Tulane University.

Cassell & Co. publish directly 'Fifty Years of Public Service,' by Major Arthur Griffiths; 'The Other Side of the Lantern,' a world tour, by Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.; 'Canada, at Work and at Play,' with a chapter on Newfoundland, by A. L. Haydon; 'Strategy, Illustrated by British Campaigns,' by Captain Macquoid; and 'The Handyman's Book of Tools, etc., in Woodworking,' edited by Paul N. Hasluck.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, now offers the first volume of the most important series ever undertaken to facilitate genealogical research in the mother country. We refer to J. Henry Lea's 'Historical, Genealogical and Topographical Abstracts of Wills in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, at Somerset House, London: Register *Soame*, 1620.' That is, Mr. Lea gives in 600 pages "concise but exhaustive abstracts of *every will* proved" in that court during the year named, viz., 1366 in all, with 40,000 references to persons and 10,000 to places, all thoroughly indexed. It is hoped to continue this sweeping work for the decade 1620-1630, and even to the end of the seventeenth century. We shall thus have a fine outcome of Mr. Waters's 'Gleanings,' Mr. Lea's predecessor in this rummaging. The volume may be had for six dollars of N. C. Nash, treasurer of the Society, Somerset Street, Boston.

At a recent meeting of the Bavarian Academy of Science, Professor von Woelfflin reported that the first two volumes of the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' in large folio form, are rapidly approaching completion. The editors have decided to limit materially the space devoted to proper names, and have sent out instructions to their colaborers to make their articles as brief as possible, so that the work will conform, on the whole, quantitatively to the original programme set before the subscribers.

The four volumes of the late Lafcadio Hearn's writings about Japan, just reissued in uniform style by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, date back as far as 1898 for the earliest. Together they offer an extraordinary variety of *aperçus* of Japanese character and customs and beliefs, subtly apprehended, and expressed in a style infused with sympathy, phantasy and color. In 'Shadowings' one may read of Japanese female names, whose translation is impossible without a knowledge of Chinese also—"*Kana* give only the pronunciation," and "the chief and, for the present, insuperable obstacle to the use of Roman letters in writing Japanese [Romaji] is the prodigious number of homonyms in the language." Or take the section on the frog in 'Exotics and Retrospectives,' which sets out with the observation that none of the numerous poems on this creature refers to its clamminess; passes through a consideration of Japanese tactual sensations, the absence of physical display of affectionate feeling by hand-clasps, kisses and the like; and ends with a call to admire "my Kyōto tobacco-pouch, with centipedes of gold running over its figured leather like ripplings of gold." So, at page 190 of 'In Ghostly Japan,' the howling of his dog leads Mr. Hearn to reflect that "only by eating each other do beings exist—You cannot even drink without swallowing life"; and that "the faith of the Far East meets that problem better than the faith of the West." 'A Japanese Miscellany,' finally, offers attractive read-

ing about songs of Japanese children (nearly a third of the book), and descends to their "method of bolassing dragon-flies," among other modes of capture.

The new edition of Nares's 'Glossary of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions,' particularly relating to Shakspere and his contemporaries (Dutton), is that put forth in 1859 with addenda by Messrs. Halliwell and Wright. Its illustrative value has hardly been impaired by time, or can be; but meanwhile the Oxford English Dictionary has appeared with its vast enrichment of the same field, and with its scientific etymologies and chronological array of quotations. Thus, Nares give us "HADE. Apparently a high pasture. I see no probable origin for it but the Saxon *had*, or head. [There follows a couplet from Drayton.]" Dr. Murray says, "derivation unknown," and defines: "A strip of land left unploughed as a boundary line and means of access between two ploughed portions of a field; also [but doubtfully, etc.]." The same extract from Drayton is appended, but one nearly a century older from Fitzherbert precedes it. On the same page of Nares one may compare what he has to say about *hacqueton* (haqueton), *had-I-wist*, *haggard*, and *haight* (hait) with the corresponding rubrics in Murray. Nares, with less knowledge, supplies fuller (not more numerous) examples than the Dictionary could afford. Haggard, by the way, he defines as "a hawk not manned or trained to obedience"; Murray insists, a *female* hawk. One might do worse than possess Nares for the useful discipline of going through it in company with the Oxford Dictionary, which supplements and corrects it at every turn.

There is certainly need of a popular history of the United States, better proportioned and more authoritative than Bryant and Gay, and more comprehensive than Fiske, This need Dr. Elroy M. Avery has sought to supply in his 'History of the United States and its People' (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), the first volume of which has lately appeared. Mechanically the book is sumptuously got up; indeed, it is one of the handsomest pieces of bookmaking that have recently come to hand. There is a profusion of pictures, all well executed, and most of them of historical significance, though we must regret the introduction of such a meaningless conceit as Harry Fenn's "Sea of Darkness" (p. 68). The maps are a notable feature, the reproduction of old maps and sketches being unusually well done. A commendable feature is the notes accompanying the table of maps and illustrations, many of these being contributions as important as the text itself. Dr. Avery's text stands well the test of critical examination. The narrative, covering in this volume the period down to the end of the sixteenth century, and including chapters on American archæology and the aborigines, is systematically compressed, but it is well proportioned, and gives evidence throughout of careful use of authorities and of intelligent and restrained judgment. As the volume has had the benefit of unusually extended revision at the hands of experts, perhaps there is a division of honor to be recognized; but the book is Dr. Avery's after all. From a literary point of view, this history is eminently readable, though the style shows a tendency to ornateness. The omission of foot-notes is compensated for by a well-chosen bibliography at the end. The work is to extend to twelve volumes. If the remaining volumes are carried out as well as this one, we shall have a worthy popular history.

In 'The Hardy Country' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), Mr. C. G. Harper traverses ground that he is by no means the first to describe. Mr. Windle's 'The Wessex of Hardy' was so exhaustive that little was left for later pilgrims to identify and illustrate. Mr. Harper is less of an antiquarian than his predecessor, and he writes in a lively style all his own and not out of place in a work necessarily rambling and full of anecdote. He contributes yet another map of the Hardy country, and his book is illustrated by his own attractive sketches of Wessex villages, and by photographs of the more famous literary landmarks of the Wessex novels. His readers will probably agree that the most interesting of the sketches are those depicting the little cottage in which Mr. Hardy was born in 1840. It is still occupied by members of the Hardy family. "You enter its garden up steep, rustic steps, and find its low-ceiled rooms stone-flagged and criss-crossed with beams. At the back, its walls, with small latticed windows, look sheer upon a lane leading into the heart of the woodland. . . . Branches of those enshrining trees touch the thatched roof and scrape the walls, and the voices of the wind and of the woodlands reverberate from them. . . . It is an ideal spot for the birth of one whose genius and bent are largely in the interpretation of nature." In the course of his pilgrimage the author came to Winterslow, where poor Hazlitt lived for nine years in sulky seclusion, and wrote the essay "On Living to One's Self"; to Eastbury, the vast mansion of Earl Temple, who offered in vain an income of £200 a year to any one who would reside there and keep it in repair; to the village of Pentridge, where is to be seen the absurd tablet erected by the poet's admirers to Robert Browning's "first known forefather, formerly footman and butler in the Bankes family" ("All service ranks the same with God"); and to many other secluded places of interest, an interest not limited by their connection with the novels of Mr. Hardy.

Major C. E. Dutton, United States Army, has written for Putnams' Science Series a lucid account of the present state of the scientific study of earthquakes. The book contains a description of the modern instruments designed for recording earthquake shocks, chapters on the nature and causes of earthquakes, and an exposition of the mathematical treatment of the theory of earthquakes, in language which the general reader can understand. One of the most important of the conclusions of modern seismology emphasized by the author is the relative insignificance of volcanic action as a cause of earthquakes, even in a country like Japan. Major Dutton ascribes the fracturing and shaking of the earth's crust to forces of elevation and depression. What these forces are, the author believes to be a matter for future discovery and explanation. In an appendix there is a list of earthquakes, tabulated according to regions and the intensity of the shocks, which affords the most concise summary of the distribution of seismicity obtainable.

The distinctive merits of 'Murray's Small Classical Atlas,' edited by G. B. Grundy (Henry Frowde), are a liberal scale and a representation of natural configuration by tints, thus ensuring the utmost clearness in the names of places. The customary maps are supplemented by a plate showing fourteen battlefields notable in Greek and Roman history. In the case of England, France, and Palestine, modern names are subjoined to the ancient; elsewhere this laudable practice is omitted, which is all the more to be regretted because the index is not availed of for this purpose. Nothing is more interesting to the classical schoolboy, for whom this work is intended, than to learn of such identifications, and trace the phonetic decay by which the modern name has often been evolved from its predecessor. As it stands, however, this atlas is very handsome, extremely legible, and moderate in price.

A 'Check List of Foreign Newspapers in the Library of Congress' has been compiled by Allan B. Slauson and published by that institution. It shows that the Library has very good beginnings of a collection of this material, already the largest in the country. The various *Mercurius* issues of 1648-1656 are among the earliest of the English news-letters, and there is nothing earlier from the continent of Europe than the Dutch issues of 1766-1780, and a notable file of the *Gaceta de Madrid*, beginning with 1753 and reaching, with breaks, to the present time. The political experiences of French journalism are hinted at in notes. Spanish-American papers are very well represented, and will prove a storehouse of information for the historian; but the corresponding Philippine issues are absent —an unfortunate omission.

In his report to the Carnegie Institution on the Diplomatic Archives of the Department of State, 1789-1840, Mr. Andrew C. McLaughlin indicates the wealth of historical material which these records contain. Not more than one-fourth of the total number of dispatches and instructions have been printed in the State Papers. Only such documents, or parts of documents, were included as the question immediately under discussion seemed to demand; and the supposed need for diplomatic reserve resulted in some curious treatment of the dispatches. A few sentences only were given from a letter of many pages; paragraphs were mutilated beyond recognition; and matter of essential value to the historian was omitted, without any indication of such omission. The indiscretions of the writers required some pruning, and the occasional frank expression of opinion could hardly have been made public at the time; but, even with such allowance, it is surprising how far the censorship was carried, and how much legitimate news was suppressed. Some part may have been communicated to the newspapers of the day; but the fifteen examples given in the report whet the appetite for more. The letters from John Quincy Adams and William Short are particularly good. That this report may induce the Government to print these diplomatic records is greatly to be desired.

The *Library Journal* for December last is occupied wholly with the Proceedings and papers at the Library Section of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis in September. It is rich in gen-

eral discussion and in practical details in every branch of the craft. We will instance Salome C. Fairchild's impersonal investigation of the relative employment of men and women in American libraries. She notices at the outset the astonishing growth in the proportion of women in attendance at the conferences of the American Library Association. At the first, in Philadelphia in 1876, there were but 12 women out of 103 members present; at Chicago in 1893, 166 out of 805; at Magnolia in 1902, 736 out of 1,018. Mr. James D. Thompson, of the Library of Congress, reported progress on his 'Handbook of Learned Societies' the world over, which is now in press for completion next month.

The principal feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for January is the paper by Mr. Z. F. McSweeny on the "Character of Our Immigration." It bristles with facts and statistics, and contains some noteworthy suggestions. In view of the coming into our life of multitudes of peoples of whose traits or habits we know little or nothing, the writer advocates the study of racial geography in our colleges to determine the economic, moral, and social effect on the community of these aliens. It is somewhat surprising to learn that the Syrians are the least desirable of the foreign element. Attracted, apparently, first by the World's Fair of 1893, they have since then scattered over the whole continent, and "are the toughest problem that official and private charity has to meet in the communities in which they live." On the other hand, "during the past few years in New York . . . the Jewish children have obtained more honors than all the others put together." According to the latest report of the Commissioner, the number of immigrants into this country since 1820 is 21,905,684. Mr. McSweeney is in error when, referring to the early opposition in this country to immigrants, he says that William Penn (who died in 1718) "as early as 1765 . . . expressed himself as being apprehensive of the coming of the Pennsylvania Dutch to his colony." Of great interest are the illustrations of this number, consisting of characteristic scenes at the Ellis Island Station, and reproductions of photographs of Lhasa presented to the National Geographic Society by the Imperial Russian Geographical Society.

Lemcke & Buechner, 11 East Seventeenth Street, are the New York agents of the humorous Munich paper, the *Meggendorfer-Blätter*, whose pictorial comicalities are plundered for the columns of our Sunday papers without improvement in the process.

The University of Berlin has begun an innovation of special interest to foreign students. A Bureau of Information (*Akademische Auskunftsstelle*) has been established, which will offer its services also to others than university students, extending help to all who may be engaged in scientific pursuits in the German capital. Indeed, the programme includes information by correspondence with inquirers from abroad. The Bureau's quarters are on the ground floor of the University building. German learned journals urge the establishment of such bureaus in other university centres. The University of Munich has a similar arrangement in its "Arbeitsamt," which secures work of various kinds, such as private tutoring, examination of sources, proof-reading, and the like, for students who need to earn their support. The good offices of this institution are offered to students of all nationalities and confessions, and are given free of charge.

The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (*Beilage* 264) contains a warm plea, from the pen of an experienced teacher, Dr. H. Molenaar, of Munich, for shorter hours and a single daily session in the Realgymnasia of Germany, where, according to the present schedule, the pupils are engaged in class work from six to seven hours daily, and have from three to six hours additional preparatory work to be done at home. The writer declares it to be impossible to cut down the course and still furnish a good education on a modern basis, but maintains that the whole work could be crowded into the morning hours, with recitation periods of forty minutes, and is convinced that, with this arrangement, which leaves the afternoon for recreation and bodily exercise, the amount accomplished will in the end be as much as or even greater than under existing circumstances. He gives a tentative schedule of the new order.

By an inadvertence, in noticing last week Dr. Asakawa's 'Early Institutional Life of Japan,' we omitted to name the American publishers, Messrs. Scribner.

We must do Prof. Mace, author of the 'School History of the United States' which we briefly characterized last week (p. 52), the justice to say that the types made us express just the opposite of our intention concerning "the arrangement and the presentation" of his work. For "very *un*satisfactory" we had written "very satisfactory." He has our apologies.

—Robert Elward's little book 'On Collecting Engravings, Pottery, Porcelain, Glass, and Silver' (London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) belongs to the "Wallet Series," of which other volumes deal with 'Hockey for Women,' 'Water-Color Painting,' and 'Dress Outfits for Abroad,' in pleasing variety of subject. It is really a curious experiment in saying in very few words—22,000, perhaps—all that is most likely to be needed in the way of advice to beginners in collecting in five interesting and important branches. There are, indeed, deliberately chosen omissions which strike one as odd. Engraving on wood is mentioned only as of Dürer and Bewick, with three other names given on pages 8 and 9, and is then dropped, with not a word about the conditions of study and purchase. Sèvres porcelain is not mentioned, and it is avowed (p. 59) that "this chapter is intended to be a description of *English* porcelain," while no other chapter is given to Sèvres or any other Continental porcelain, save a few words about that of Dresden. The splendid French faïence, from Rouen to Moustiers, is left without notice; but indeed the book assumes that English collectors will care for English arts alone. A generally sagacious tone of advice and comment is to be found in the book. The hints, even when extremely naïve, are still of the right kind. What is said about "states" in prints from etchings and engravings is very much to the purpose, and the precautions suggested to the unwary or inexperienced buyer are good ones to keep in mind. Decided errors are few; but it is a pity to leave the reader with the idea that "soft porcelain" is a coequal variety of porcelain, instead of an accidental result of a search for something else; and also that iridescence (p. 65) in ancient glass comes of "wear," instead of long inhumation and the result of the chemical action of the covering soil.

—Under the title 'Poverty' (Macmillan), Mr. Robert Hunter presents a very gloomy picture of the life of a great part of the population of this country. He assures us that he has not the slightest doubt that there are ten million persons in the United States "pursuing hopelessly the elusive phantom of self-support and independence." He admits that he is "largely guessing," but thinks that there may be as many as fifteen or twenty millions. These people, "although using their best efforts, are failing to obtain sufficient necessaries for maintaining physical efficiency." In Pennsylvania, "that State of colossal industrial crimes, one hundred and twenty thousand little ones were, in the year 1900, sacrificing a part of their right to life, most of their right to liberty, and all of their right to happiness except of a bestial kind." The number of persons in distress in Boston and New York, according to Mr. Hunter, may equal, proportionately, the number of those in London. About 10,000,000 of the persons now living will, if the present ratio is kept up, die of tuberculosis. Nearly half the families in the country are propertyless. We fear that this method of pleading the cause of the poor will not advance it. Hysterical shrieks do not take the place of facts, and nothing is more fatal to reform than to have reformers make themselves ridiculous. One of Mr. Hunter's appalling cases is that of a vagrant who told him that when a boy he had "for five years made two movements of his hands each second, or 23,760,000 mechanical movements each year." The careless reader naturally infers that the vagrant had become "broken-down, drunken, and diseased" because of the "five years of hell" during which those mechanical movements were performed. But if he will compute the pulsations of his own blood or the number of movements of the hand in a day's clerical work, or in a few hours' practice on the piano, he may think that his sympathy has been obtained by false pretences. Such a book as this stands in deplorable contrast with Mr. Rowntree's study of poverty in York. That study deserves to be taken as a model by philanthropists. The precise statement of the actual condition of the poor is more affecting than volumes of lurid rhetoric.

—The city library of Geneva has just received on deposit a manuscript work by J.-J. Rousseau, entitled 'Institutions Chymiques,' and composed in 1747. It consists of 1,203 beautifully written pages, with few erasures, and is divided into two parts, the second a torso, only a quarter as long as part one. A very interesting account of this unpublished treatise, with extracts that exhibit the literary quality which its author perforce gave to the treatment of every subject in the wide range of his genius, will be found in the *Semaine Littéraire* of Geneva for December 17, 1904, from the pen of M. Théophile Dufour. M. Dufour discovered the precious relic in 1882 in the possession of Mlle. Susanne Nicole, great-granddaughter of Rousseau's trusty friend and correspondent, Paul Moultou; and this lady has

now given it over to public keeping. Like so much of Rousseau's work, it was preceded by a rough draft. There have been elaborate studies of Rousseau as botanist and as musician, but his interest in chemistry has escaped notice, being, indeed, slurred over in the 'Confessions,' to which M. Dufour furnishes an illuminating note on the subject of Baron d'Holbach's employment of Rousseau in 1757 to dress up a "manuscrit de chimie" for him, and to place it with a publisher. Rousseau's dabbling in chemistry began (almost disastrously) at Chambéry in 1737. In 1743 he was attending a course in chemistry under Rouelle, with M. de Francueil, and resumed the study in the following year after the Venetian episode; in 1747 at Chenonceaux he was still occupied with the subject along with literary and musical composition. Ten years later, as we have seen, he was summoned in as a two-fold expert by Baron d'Holbach. In all his wanderings he preserved the unfinished 'Institutions Chymiques,' and bequeathed it with other papers to his literary executor, M. Moultou.

—M. Dufour now looks for the publication of the find, and no doubt it will receive the consideration of the new Société J.-J. Rousseau just getting into working order in Geneva. Over and above its Archives, it contemplates a periodical publication (*Annales*) of memoirs and documents and reviews of new Rousseau literature, and eventually a complete bibliography; an authentic Life, with a critical edition of the 'Confessions'; an exact edition of Rousseau's correspondence and of his works in general. We gladly call attention once more to this interesting enterprise, which invites support from all quarters of the globe. The annual membership fee (which includes subscription to the *Annales*) is twelve francs; life membership a hundred (or not less). The president is Prof. Bernard Bouvier, Bourg-de-Four 10; treasurer, M. Alfred Cartier, place Bel-Air 12. Forms of application with other documents may be had of the secretary, M. Maurice Trembley, Petit-Saconnex, Geneva.

—Recent travellers from Spain report that one of the apparent results of the loss of the Spanish colonial empire to the home country is a widespread commercial and industrial activity, affecting all sections of the country. The new national energy penetrates also the intellectual field, and a significant sign that the movement is not a temporary ebullition is the fact that those who dominate the revival frankly recognize the meaning of the past and the present, and are determined that the nation shall learn and profit by what they teach. It is a fair question whether the scholars of any other European race would care, or dare, on the morrow of national defeat, to begin the publication of material for the study of the history of the colonial domain whose last vestiges had just been wrested from them. Spanish historical students have done much in the past to make accessible the documentary records of their national activities in America and Asia, and those of the present day who are taking up the work give every promise of meeting the demands of contemporary standards as fully as their predecessors met those of a previous century. The first three volumes of the new "Colección de Libros y Documentos referentes á la historia de América," published by Sr. Victoriano Suárez of Madrid, make a most promising beginning. The first contains an account of the Jesuit missions in the Maynas country, at the headwaters of the Amazon, written by P. Francisco de Figueroa. P. Francisco was one of the two missionaries who established the earliest stations in that region, and his narrative, which contains a chapter on the natives, is a useful check on the account by his companion, P. Acuña, on which students have heretofore had to rely for knowledge of their undertaking. The second and third volumes contain two of the five parts of the 'Quinquenarios,' or 'Historia de las Guerras Civiles del Perú,' by Pedro Gutiérrez de Santa Clara, which is edited by Sr. D. Manuel Serrano y Sanz.

—Gutiérrez de Santa Clara appears to have been the son of a Spanish settler who attained a respectable position in Mexico as a public scribe, a vocation which doubtless accounts for the son's literary gifts. Young Pedro, while still a mere boy, went off to try his fortune in the regions where Pizarro was making life in Mexico seem sadly monotonous. He became secretary to Lorenzo de Aldana, one of the conquistadores, who is remembered chiefly because of the foresight and skill with which he anticipated each change in the fortunes of the successive winners in the struggles for the domination of Peru. Aldana knew men and affairs, and he found in Gutiérrez a most competent assistant, who possessed that primary requisite for a successful private secretary, a retentive memory. For his use of this, historical students are under deep obligation to him. Gutiérrez knew intimately the men in every party to which his chief belonged in turn, and he was in a position to understand the significance of all that happened. His contribution, however, does not so much consist in new facts and motives, which were already set forth in the numerous official documents and correspondence previously published. What makes his narrative exceptionally valuable is the intimate personal anecdotes and illuminating descriptions of episodes which become significant when the manner of their happening is made known. When the new exponent of the events of these sorely troubled decades in American annals writes his much-needed history of Peru, he will find Pedro Gutiérrez as useful to-day as he was to Aldana 350 years ago.

ROYCE'S SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and Review. By Josiah Royce. Together with a Chapter of Personal Reminiscences, by James Collier. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

Exactly one-half this volume is occupied by Professor Royce's estimate of Spencer. Such a review by so very eminent a philosopher of one of his elder contemporaries should be of great and permanent interest. It will not, however, add to its author's reputation. Five different meanings of the term "evolutionist" are given, and yet a very important meaning is omitted—that in which Aristotle was an evolutionist, since he certainly based his central conception on the idea of a plant coming up from seed, or upon something of the sort. Aristotle is represented by Professor Royce as one of the two great anti-evolutionists of Greece, in some sense hard to understand from the few sentences he devotes to this matter. But doubtless many of Professor Royce's readers will agree with Zeller that, from the passages which the latter cites in Aristotle, the continued evolution of higher perfection "erhellt." To some of us it appears to be chiefest of the differences between the historical Aristotle and the imaginary Aristotle of the scholastics that the former makes the form to grow out of the matter, and continually to increase in perfection in the passage through the vegetable and animal kingdoms to man. However, Professor Royce has earned so much credit for accuracy that we cannot doubt that in this difficult matter he has chapter and verse ready for citation.

Having sketched the general history of evolution in bold and strong lines, he reviews the origin and significance of Spencer's own view of evolution. This Englishman's extraordinary innocence regarding every sort of nexus between his own philosophy and that of any remote period or foreign country receives due notice, as well as his failure to regard philosophical thought as itself an evolutionary process in which his own thinking had an organic place. His unemotional, direct, plain, and simple mental build is very well described, and brings up to our minds the picture of a common American balloon-frame house with the conventional gable and ell, with its own reasons for being as it is and not the slightest suspicion of any reason for being otherwise. A great deal of attention is bestowed upon Spencer's invalidism, which is attributed in large part to eye-strain, in accordance with the general theory of Dr. G. M. Gould.

Professor Royce next goes on to give his own restatement of Spencer's principle in these four propositions: (1) that if the parts of any large body are as nearly alike in any specific respect as they then can be, this homogeneity will be unstable; (2) that the differentiating mass, as it ages, will react by its various structure upon the play of the external forces which impinge upon it; (3) that, as the body slowly integrates, the energies within and about it tend to assume an orderly character; and (4) that "evolution is the consolidation of a mass of matter, attended by a loss of some of the energy that this mass contained; while, as this consolidation takes place, both the matter concerned and the energy which it still retains pass from a state in which there is little firmness of structure, little orderliness of arrangement, little sharpness of contour, and much inner resemblance of part and part, to a state in which there is great firmness of structure, much orderliness of arrangement, much sharpness of contour, and much inner variety of part and part." Evolution being thus completed, the reverse process of dissolution begins.

Professor Royce passes to a criticism of Spencer in something less than four thousand words, or, say, two pages of the *Nation*. Here we remark the fairness and catholicity which might confidently have been anticipated. He finds Spencer's limitations to be "as obvious as it is unfair to make one's judgment of him dependent upon them." "The real question is, How far did he help people to understand evolution?" He ought not to be condemned because he undertook to conceive of evolution in mechanical terms. "He would

have been false to his just philosophical purpose had he conceived it otherwise."

The Spencerian will derive great comfort from the different attitudes of the idealist and the logical scientist toward his master. The fault which each finds with Spencer is a virtue in the eyes of the other. The latter objects that cosmology, because of its immense variety, cannot possibly be deduced as a consequence of a fixed law, such as that of the "persistence of force," which will not of itself suffice even to explain a steam-engine. To do this the second law of thermodynamics has to be invoked; and this law, as Maxwell first showed and as is now universally acknowledged, merely provides that nothing shall interfere with certain chance distributions; for an intelligent demon opening a door for molecules that happened to be moving with particularly high velocities in one way as well as for those moving with particularly low velocities in the other way, would produce the effect which this "law" denies. It thus has a character opposed to that of ordinary definite laws, since these provide that mere chance is not to have its way. The physicists further object that, so far as Spencer explains any phenomena of nature, he virtually bases his explanation on a principle quite independent of that of the "persistence of force," and, moreover, that many of his deductions are too vague to have any value as explanations, although they may be valuable as general descriptions of the course of nature. On the other hand, they admit that he did well in putting the emphasis he did upon the distinction between *simple* and *compound* evolution; the former describing histories such as that of a planet, and the latter, histories such as that of a plant or of a race of plants. These objections are familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the world of physical research. They are worth recalling, however, because their contrast with the objections of Professor Royce brings out the distinctive character of the idealistic views; and we may presume that Professor Royce intended to mark this contrast. He is very explicit in bracketing the two laws of thermodynamics as of precisely equal rank, the one determining the *quantity*, the other the *direction*, of change, and is equally explicit in praising Spencer for reducing all the transformations of the physical universe to this *single* invariant type. Nor has he one word of fault to find with his deductions as being too vague. A reader who should know no other writing of Royce than this would think him substantially a Spencerian like Youmans; for the only objection he makes is that simple and compound evolution ought not to be described as a *single* process. But the question whether Spencer does as a matter of fact describe them as a single process or as two processes would appear, to the Spencerian and to the physicist alike, to be little more than a question of words.

The third quarter of the volume is given to a criticism by Professor Royce of Spencer's educational theories, which, by the way, have no apparent connection with the doctrine of evolution. They are treated with much greater severity than is that doctrine, and the last paragraph of this part reads as follows: "Let us honor him for what he was. But let us be glad that he is not the trainer of our children."

The volume is brought to a close by some personal reminiscences of Spencer by Mr. James Collier, who was for nine years his secretary, and for ten his amanuensis. It is as good a personal portraiture as any we call to mind; not speaking, of course, of large books. It begins by saying that Spencer was no recluse, and telling where he might often be seen in London. The places mentioned do not include any at which he would be drawn into serious discussions; and though, besides the places mentioned, he could be found, for many years, almost every evening at the Athenæum, upon the committee of which he served, yet he did not join the conversation circle there, but played a certain number of games of billiards and went home to bed. It was only his sworn adherents who could see much of him. It was that vast work which so absorbed him that sometimes, having of his own motion brought about an interview, when the occasion came he found he must not talk. Yet, let an attack be made upon any position he had taken, and instantly upon hearing it read out he would be ready to dictate his reply, for two or three hours, without wishing to make any corrections. On such occasions, his grasp seemed Napoleonic. In short, he had converted himself into an apparatus for performing that one task, and he had no passions or intuitions which in any way deranged his adjustment to that.

That he certainly was a wonderful thinker in his peculiar way appears much more clearly now that his work is done. Mr. Collier says he never read any book of philosophy except Mansell's 'Prolegomena Logica,' and it is a great pity that he ever read that, because it was just that which introduced an element into his 'First Principles' which philosophical students then and always regarded as utterly refuted and out of date, and which did not harmonize with his original work. When one thinks that his 'Psychology' appeared in 1855, five years before Fechner's 'Psychophysik,' and simultaneously with Bain's first book, 'The Senses and the Intellect'—so inferior in originality and value, although it taught us more, because we were better prepared for it—one cannot but rank Spencer very high. He wrote when the ideas of energy were in the air, especially among engineers, with whom he had mingled much. But those conceptions were by no means *répandues*, as they now are. That he had grasped them in his own way, we need not say. His valuation of Darwinism was from the first extraordinarily near to that of biologists of to-day. So it was with his estimate of the nebular hypothesis at a time when the objections to it appeared most redoubtable.

He did his work in his day, but the system of Synthetic Philosophy will never become a classic. It will not be read forever, like Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding,' Berkeley's 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' and Hume's 'Treatise of Human Nature.' In a few years it will have passed into history, along with Cudworth and Ockham—books that one wishes to know about, but to be excused from reading.

RECENT DRAMATIC VERSE.

In "The Sin of David" (Macmillan) Mr. Stephen Phillips has produced a play better calculated to "place" him critically than any of its predecessors. There is certainly nothing in it to furnish any occasion for those critical rhapsodies which, at the publication of "Paolo and Francesca," caused some momentary anxiety to admirers of Sophocles and Shakspere. On the other hand, while the general tone is still of an elegiac wistfulness, rather than of true dramatic unction, "The Sin of David" is, essentially, less of a melodramatic spectacle, more of a tragedy, than either "Herod" or "Ulysses." The chief impression made by it is that it is the product of a moderate poetic faculty guided by an industrious and self-poised intelligence. Nothing could be cleverer than the scheme of setting the old Hebrew story of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba over into the very Israelitish times of the Puritan Commonwealth. David is represented by Sir Hubert Lisle, a commander in the Parliamentary army; Uriah by Col. Mardyke of the same army; Bathsheba by Miriam, his wife, who, for the sake of the poetry, is given a touch of Southern blood and a pretty vein of romantic fantasy. There is no addition to the Scriptural story save in one respect; but structurally that one is important. It is in the first scene of the play, where we have Sir Hubert Lisle condemning to death Lieut. Joyce, one of his officers, for a wrong to a maid. The accused offers no defence save to say:

"Her face was close to me and dimmed the world."

With fine tragic irony, Sir Hubert afterwards urges again and again the same extenuation for his own act.

It is needless here to follow the course of so familiar a fable, or to present any specimens of Mr. Phillips's habitual Tennysonian imagery and cadence. There is, however, one point in the play as its ethical knot is untied that calls for comment on the score of its general significance. In the view of any Puritan moralist, Sir Hubert Lisle has, like David, been guilty of the two tragic sins of murder and adultery. Yet at the end, when, five years after their marriage, Sir Hubert and Miriam are punished by the death of their child, the dramatist is content with this vicarious expiation, and leads us to hope that his married lovers, chastened by grief, will continue to live happily together. Read in the closet, this conclusion is moving and purging to the passions, leaving us in that sitnation, "durch Mitleid wissend," that is so agreeable to our modern mood. Yet on the stage, coming as it does after the execution of Lieut. Joyce for a less subtle but no more mortal sin, we fear that the effect of this conclusion will be that of a rather cynical morality. It is, of course, open to Mr. Phillips or to anyone to contend that this morality is less cynical than that of the source in Samuel, where we are told that David, after the absolving death of his love-child, "comforted Bathsheba, his wife, . . . and she bare a son, and he called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him." Yet neither Sophocles nor Shakspere, we think, to whom Mr. Phillips has been so often and so foolishly likened, would have let either the Psalmist or Sir Hubert Lisle off without the old tragic penalty—his death or the woman's. Even Haw-

thorne, in his more complacent century, would have inflicted a spiritual penalty that would have left the reader no flattering unction. We are, however, not considering Mr. Phillips as a moralist, but as a playwright. The point is this: while the more beneficent moral order hypothecated by Mr. Phillips is doubtless quite in accord with the general trend of modern opinion, its softer expiation does tend to deprive the play of a due tragic intensity.

With a startling, but sincerely conceived, dedication to the memory of the founder of the Christian religion, followed by a motto from Lucretius consisting of the familiar passage beginning,

"Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret,"

Mr. George Cabot Lodge's "Cain" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) puts the case of the first free-thinker very strikingly. Mr. Lodge, unlike most writers who have handled Cain's story, has not attempted to humanize it by the introduction of secondary characters—Adah, Cain's child, and the like. His only dramatic persons are Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, and the Voice of God. With the exception of the rejection of Cain's sacrifice, and the ensuing murder of Abel, there is practically no action in the piece. It is, in short, a "philosophic poem" on the thesis that the man who most unflinchingly thinks his own thoughts, who is most the captain of his soul, is the greatest friend to man. A philosophic drama is not likely, save in the hands of a master, to be of the first poetic attractiveness, and Mr. Lodge's volume furnishes no exception. His mastery of poetic structure is still imperfect; his drama would have gained materially in power by the more careful condensation of a wordy and, in part, adventitious first act. There is, nevertheless, poetry in his imagery, and passion in his speech; witness these lines of Cain's:

"God is not Lord
Of slaves nor tyrant pleased with abject fears,
Pæans and sacrifice: God sheds his grace
And shares his fellowship for men, not slaves!
Men who are sinewed with sublime resolve,
Whom perfect faith has made insatiable,
Whose eyes pursue, star over star, the last
Outpost of knowledge in the skies of thought!
Pilgrims of pathless lands, whom neither walls
Nor slumber nor the arms of love can hold;
Mariners who depart on shoreless seas
Avid of new horizons in the vast
Unknown!—O men, homeless and lonely men,
For you, for you the fellowship of God!

Mr. Lodge makes many good lines in this vein; but they are so rarely combined in concerted harmony that the whole effect of his versification, when it is not ejaculatory, is hard. Yet, when all due abatement has been made, "Cain" is a book of interesting promise. It is the kind of thing every poet needs to write once in his life, for the sake of giving his soul the loose; and there is here, moreover, in both substance and form, much to reward attention.

Mr. Lodge would have done well to ponder deeply that pregnant entry in one of Coleridge's note-books, "Item, that dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion, not thought or passion disguised as poetry"; and a perusal of Mr. Maurice V. Samuels's "The Florentines" (Brentano's) and Dr. Richard Garnett's "William Shakespeare" (John Lane) shows that these authors might well have done the same. Mr. Samuels's play, which deals in verse with certain episodes in the life of Cellini, has well-individualized characters, and plot complications of considerable interest, but in true dramatic effect, as well as in poetic suggestion, is defective. While Dr. Garnett's play is equally open to the charge of being a subject dressed in poetry, rather than poetry incarnate in a fit subject, it is a remarkably readable and pleasant little book. It is really a whimsical excursion in Elizabethan scholarship and Shaksperean biography, in which ample learning is combined with a subtle humor and an excellent faculty for blank verse. The play deals wholly with Shakspere as "pedagogue and poacher." The picture of the young poet as the idol of the scholars in his rustic school; the husband of a vixen, finding solace in shooting Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, and in being the Platonic friend of Sir Thomas Lucy's wife, is at least suggestive. Yet to most scholarly readers the skilful speeches which Dr. Garnett has given to Shakspere, foreshadowing the direction of his future greatness, will be second in interest to the admirably fantastic euphuism of Sir Thomas Lucy. There is nothing in the book better than this speech, in which Sir Thomas inquires of Moles, a huntsman, "what bane his board of venison bereaves":

Know, rude forester,
There's something rotten in the state of Charlcote.
Sound stands the mansion still, 'tis true. . . .
But where the sylvan people? Where the troops
Of stag and doe and delicate fawn that erst
Did gambol in these groves? And, consequently,
Where be the haunch and pasty? Smoked these still
Upon the board 'twere somewhat, but the board
Is emptier than the forest avenue,
Where still a remnant lingers, which dislodged,
All should be dire depopulation.
Whence in the name of Zernebock, this nuisance!
Storms the Wild Huntsman with his swarthy pack
Along my woodland alleys? Do the hounds
That erst with horrid fangs Actæon tore
Seek in these shades a quadrupedal prey?
Say, doth the broom-bestriding sorceress,
Companioned with foul incubi, entwine
Her skinny arms round the reluctant deer,
And drag it to her Sabbath and her Satan?
Or twangs the bow and speeds the silver shaft
Of the Queen-Huntress? Hast thou e'er beheld
A covert-breaking stag impetuous
Burst from the brake, and scour adown the glade
Followed by a giant's shadow with a spear?
[*Moles* scratches his head.

Lady Lucy.
Truly, Sir Thomas, you have dazed the man,
Crushing with flowery opulence of phrase
His weak intelligence, as she of Naxos
Perished 'neath garlands heaped to honour her.

This is the very speech of those precious days.

The same Coleridgean touchstone discovers true dramatic gold in neither Mr. G. Constant Lounsbery's "Delilah" (Scott-Thaw Co.) nor Mr. Lewis A. Storr's "A Tragedy of Saul" (G. W. Dillingham). Both are intelligent essays in the field of Biblical drama, but Mr. Storr's play, despite a certain picturesqueness of both diction and situation, fails in dramatic art because of a late Elizabethan manner that sits not quite harmoniously upon the Scriptural subject, and leaves one in a constant irritation of adjustment. There is poetry in some speeches of Mr. Lounsbery's dramatic rehabilitation of "Delilah," but as a drama it is ineffective, partly, no doubt, because there is already one incomparable English tragedy upon the major theme, but partly, at least, because of a certain lack of solidity in dramatic structure.

In Mr. Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) we come again to true dramatic poetry. Mr. Aldrich's specific affair in this volume was one of playmaking. The poetic vitality for the piece was already given in the music and color with which Mr. Aldrich years ago invested the old tale of Judith and Holofernes in his admirable narrative poem of that name. Much of the old material and many of the lines have been taken over into the dramatization without change, and he has drawn somewhat upon his other work, including, for example, that memorable lyric beginning,

"O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful day is born."

But the present piece is something more than a making over of the old purple. It is, indeed, likely to prove Mr. Aldrich's more permanent rendering of the story. He has fulfilled it here with even more of that subtle Oriental atmosphere of which he early learned the spell, and he has set it forth in strong and musical dramatic verse. How satisfying to the imagination and the ear is the accent of lines like these:

"This woman's voice falls sweeter on my ear
Than the soft laughter of the Assyrian girls
In the bazaars, or when in the cool night,
After the sultry heat of the long day,
They sit beside the fountain with their lutes."

And this is but a fair specimen of the texture of the play.

Mr. Aldrich's mastery of poetic atmosphere is so easy, his metrical gift so constant, that he accomplishes a feat difficult for most writers of modern poetic drama, and weaves his melody and color around speeches of mere theatric necessity, and even around broken lines of swift dialogue. Nor is the play altogether "thought and passion disguised in the dress of poetry." Poetry is really "hid" in the passionate patriotic impulse of Judith, in the keen dramatic clash at the climax between Judith's purpose to save Bethulia by the death of Holofernes, and the sudden stir of temperament towards his pagan beauty that Mr. Aldrich with a nice instinct gives to her at the supreme tragic moment. Throughout the play there is a skill in dramatic preparation for cumulative effect that is very notable; this makes the more remarkable a certain slackening of dramatic grasp to be felt in the brief fourth act, wherewith the play concludes. The highest point of the play is the death of Holofernes at the end of the third act. It seems to us, speaking objectively, that the play would have ended most effectively here, with perhaps a few lines to hint that the saving of Bethulia will be accomplished by Judith's deed, so to bring us back to the dominant of life with the exaltation of the tragic mood still upon us. Instead of this, we have a rather theatrical fourth act. The rout of Holofernes's army after his death is described excellently, but we think unnecessarily for the purposes of the drama; and then we have Judith, with her high mission accomplished, renouncing the world and human affection, and going veiled to a life of solitude and silence. To the attentive reader who recalls here that sudden moment of passionate spiritual struggle over the sleeping form of King Holofernes, there is a fine poetic rightness in this conclusion, and it doubtless helps the play as a spectacle; but its purely dramatic effectiveness is not so clear.

HENRY JAMES'S GOLDEN BOWL.

The Golden Bowl. By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The story contained in the two volumes entitled 'The Golden Bowl' is elaborately concealed. It is involved, swathed, smothered in many obscurities, obscurities inseparable from the author's method of presenting an inside and outside and all-round view; obscurities arising from excessive use of extended metaphor, from saying too much and saying too little, even from sentences too complex and too elliptical, too long and too short. To get the story you must pay the price, must attack and overcome the obscurities; and whether this be done in a spirit of happy satisfaction of delight in the obscurities for their own sake, or of irritation, or of mere plodding determination to stick and pull through, in the end you have your reward—a story, a situation, which, as you think about it, pierces the obscurities and strikes you in the eyes, like the low red autumn sun pushing out of a mass of black clouds.

It is a short story and bitter. No one except Mr. James could tell it in English without grossness or vulgarity, without challenging our prejudices and prepossessions, without making us all out to be, in his estimation, no better than the French—a state of things we should hate to have forced upon our notice. And he doesn't literally tell the story; he only examines witnesses, comments on testimony, infers and speculates prodigiously, leaving us free to make what we can of the case, to grasp or miss its facts and its wide significance, according to our capacity for independent mental operations. To rehearse the facts is perhaps the most useful part that a reviewer can play between Mr. James and the public. Such preliminary knowledge doesn't impair interest which really lies in beating the bush with the author, sharing breathless moments when it seems that the game is about to break for the open, and long periods of doubt whether it hasn't, after all, tucked itself up and gone to sleep in perfect security. The facts at the bottom of 'The Golden Bowl' glare when you have found them.

Mr. Verver, a person so rich that his nationality may be taken for granted, buys for his daughter Maggie a husband, a Roman Prince, with whom she has fallen in love because he is beautiful and charming and because the history of his ancestors' follies and crimes is recorded in many volumes neatly ranged on a shelf in the British Museum. The Prince assumes responsibilities in good faith. He means to use the Verver money as his own, to be an agreeable husband, and perhaps, according to his subdued lights, a faithful one. Just before the marriage, appears in London Miss Charlotte Stant, a dear friend of Maggie's, an old love of the Prince's, a lady of great beauty, courage, and resource. She has left her own vast and uninteresting continent and crossed the Atlantic ostensibly to buy a wedding present for Maggie. Her real purpose is more sinister. The Prince, bound to secrecy, is obliged to assist in the hunt for a present, and when an apparently suitable one, a golden bowl, is found, it appears that the offering is intended for him, not for Maggie. The Prince refuses the bowl, making a pretext of a crack and a superstition about cracks. He is, indeed, as adamantine as a Prince may be to a fair woman with a past between them.

Charlotte, baffled, disappears, only to descend two years later upon an ideally happy home consisting of Mr. Verver, the Prince, the Princess and the Principino. The Prince, not yet sated with the sensation of rolling in money, finds the moment opportune for retiring with his Princess to one of his Italian hill places, leaving Charlotte to console Mr. Verver at "Fawns," another of his splendid acquisitions. When Mr. Verver buys Charlotte for a wife, the fat is conspicuously in the fire. At the end of the first volume the Princess wakes from bliss to perceive that her stepmother is also her husband's mistress. The Golden Bowl is sharply cracked, and the spectacle of the second volume is the struggle of all concerned to prevent the crack becoming a fissure so wide and deep that neither love nor cunning may avail to preserve an illusion of soundness.

Essentially a hideous struggle, it is difficult to accept all of Mr. James's embroidery of it in representation. The Prince's behavior is perfectly in character. As soon as he knows his wife's suspicions, he is on the defence. He initiates nothing; he waits for tips. He emphatically means in the last resort to abandon nothing for Charlotte, to "stay bought." He has, by nature, handed down through generations as surely as his title and his manners, a familiarity with unspeakable situations, a facility for handling them with what his wife called high decency. The phrase sounds his deepest moral note. Experience of life's shady ways has fitted Charlotte to play pretty well up to her noble partner; and when, in an agony of conscious loss, she shifts the burden of wrong from herself to the Princess, she really earns the epithet "splendid" so lavishly bestowed on her. In the prolonged game of bluff, it is the unsophisticated Ververs who strike us as inhumanly deep. Why, if Mr. Verver could suspect, should he have let things go so far? How, if he had not suspected long and shrewdly, could he have solved the situation by carrying Charlotte off to America, meaning that she should stay there eternally—a proceeding equivalent to declaring: "I know all about this rotten business. I've been waiting to see what my daughter really wants. She wants to have her Prince at any price. She shall have him. Trust me now to keep Charlotte muzzled."

There is a Mrs. Assingham who flits about the Verver establishments, always in the thick of things, useful in explaining to the Prince the strange race with which he has allied himself; useful also to the reader as a fairly correct indicator of the true state of affairs. She is very positive that Maggie knows no evil, is of a delicate stuff born not to know evil. Such is the impression of Maggie distinctly made up to the moment of the crisis. It is almost incredible that, suddenly confronted with evil which might have made a hardened sinner scream with a sense of insult and disgust, she could meet it with stoical reticence, set herself to compromise, to minimize, to hush up things with the patience and wariness of a practised diplomatist. The assumed motive is her love for her father; and underneath that, of course, is the personal power of the charming Prince. But recognition of the mutual affection of father and daughter and of their horror of "hurting" each other does not suffice to make us believe either that Verver kept on smiling at the Prince through thick and thin, or that Maggie let Charlotte go off scot free with her head high. It is certain that Maggie meant to keep the Prince, but one is constantly sceptical of her ability to conduct the campaign for possession of his person with such consummate repression of natural instincts. Of course, Verver, at least, was supported through the ordeal by confidence in what his money could do. It had bought the Prince, it had bought Charlotte; why should it not keep the one where Maggie wanted him, beside her in England, and the other where Maggie wanted *her*, beside him, Verver, wandering vaguely in America, yet held in leash?

The appalling power for moral disintegration, if not corruption, implied in the possession of immense wealth could hardly be more impressively illustrated than it is in 'The Golden Bowl.' Lest any reader should miss the persistent undercurrent, we quote a passage near the end. The Ververs have come to take formal farewell of the Prince and Princess. Father and daughter are looking about the drawing-room at the beautiful things which their money had bought:

"Their eyes moved together from piece to piece, taking in the whole nobleness—quite as if for him to measure the wisdom of old ideas. The two noble persons seated in conversation at tea fell thus into the splendid effect and the general harmony; Mrs. Verver and the Prince fairly 'placed' themselves, however unwittingly, as high expressions of the kind of human furniture required æsthetically by such a scene. The fusion of their presence with the decorative elements, their contribution to the triumph of selection, was complete and admirable; though to a lingering view, a view more penetrating than the occasion really demanded, they also might have figured as a concrete attestation of the rare power of purchase. There was much, indeed, in the tone in which Adam Verner spoke again, and who shall say where his thought stopped? 'Le compte y est.' You've got some good things."

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Russo-Japanese War from the Outbreak of Hostilities to the Battle of Liaoyang. With illustrations, maps and plans. By Thomas Cowen. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1904.

A very few years ago an inquirer on the spot was told that the Japanese are excellent copyists, but that they have neither the analytical nor the constructive mind. In illustration he was referred to a display in Yokohama of modern machinery built from foreign models, among which was a Corliss engine with a facsimile brass nameplate of the Rhode Island firm. This had been regarded as essential to the integrity of the copy, although appearing not to carry a meaning to the artisan or the exhibitor. He was further told that the notebooks of commissioners returning from abroad were crammed with facts—were bales of legal decisions, for example, gathered indiscriminately from the courts of England, France and Germany, without appreciation of the underlying principles. Extra-territoriality was about to cease, and this material was for jurists whose authority would soon embrace the foreign resi-

dent as well as the native subject. But with no foundation in the principles of jurisprudence there applied, it would appear that the judiciary might be quite at sea when a case should come up differing from those reported, so that a ready-made decision could not be found to fit it. There was an inference that among the public institutions galvanized into European aspect the army and navy would probably be excellent imitations of German troops and English fleets, but that in active service they might be expected to fail in initiative or upon sudden dilemma—this, notwithstanding their work in the war with China, for, forsooth, was not that enemy Chinese, and do not the various "Maru" lines still sail under white masters?

Plainly this view must be revised. The clear recognition by Japan of the approaching shadow and of the reality behind the shadow shows prescient statesmanship. The war now waging is not the desperate defiance of a pack at bay, a struggle against a higher power by a race of arrested development. It is the logical outcome of a well-matured scheme for national action when the inevitable should arrive. Victorious in 1894, Japan was compelled by intervening European Powers to restore Port Arthur to China, and the way for Russian acquisition was made easy by the troubles, possibly fostered from without, which soon involved the Pekin Government. Russia obtained special transportation facilities and "leased" the fortress. The railway V from the apex at Harbin embraced the Mantchurian littoral, that yielded a free outlet on the Pacific; and, granting fleets as antennæ, one may easily imagine these diverging lines to be arms, reaching out toward Japan after absorbing Korea. When prolonged negotiations were abruptly broken off by the brusque refusal of Russia to discuss her occupation of Mantchuria and her insistence on a modification of Japan's position as to Korea, friendly relations gave way to war, and the action of Japan replaced the promises of Russia. Within a half-week from the day De Rosen received his passports, all the Russian ships were localized, a good portion of them were disabled, many valuable prizes had been taken, the Japan Sea had become such in fact as well as in name, the Yellow Sea was Japanese yellow, and a landing had been effected in Korea. This disturbance in the *status quo* measures the difference between inertness and activity, between self-confidence with procrastination and preparation with execution.

With a Dewey-like appreciation of the value of initiative, the main Japanese fleet sailed on the day the diplomatic thread snapped, and rendezvoused at Elliott Islands two days later. That night the torpedo boats made two successive dashes into the outer harbor of Port Arthur, sixty-five miles away, and disabled three great ships, and the next morning the fleet crippled four more. In all, seven men-of-war, besides two cruisers at Chemulpo, were out of the fight at once. Of the presence of Russian officers at the festivities in the town on the night of surprise, much has been made as a sign of unreadiness. Russian ships are notoriously overmanned, and it is probable that they have a proportionate complement of officers. But, whether so or not, there are always on board ship (our own navy at this time being a possible exception) officers in excess of the immediate need of the vessel in peace, certainly while in port, and a certain number may properly be absent for the day. No blame should attach to the abstract fact of attendance at a ball; nor is it at all likely that there were left "on board each ship only two or three juniors" (p. 89), nor that, when the torpedo attack began, "in the absence of a captain, a lieutenant had to give orders in one breath to a dozen subordinates" (p. 84). The real error, as proved after the event, was not taking into account this startling Japanese dash, this most un-Asiatic promptness of onset. It was a trifling matter that supernumerary officers, or indeed a good proportion of every commissioned grade and of the ships' people as well, were off duty. The fatal error was that those afloat had no thought of an attack. Apparently the ships were not prepared for the action that it would have been safer to anticipate might be offered; no nets were down, no patrols were out, and heavy anchors deep in the mud were slowly to be hoisted before way could be made.

The Russian fleet had little excuse to be where it was. Admiral Starck should have been at sea, looking for Togo and driving the commercial marine of the enemy to cover. The fortress might safely be left to take care of itself, certainly for the time. In fact, the object of the port was to care for the fleet, not that of the fleet to protect the fort. Booms, searchlights, and observation mines should make the inner harbor safe from a raid, and between its plunging fire from the seaward hills and the straight-away cannonade from the water-batteries at their base, the stronghold should withstand any sea attack. At that juncture the Russian fleet had no business to be inshore. The delay itself was the offence; its cause was immaterial. It would have been just as fatal at that late day to be adjusting compasses, to be awaiting orders, or to be stowing away shot, as to be assisting at balls. Mr. Cowen has graphically reconstructed the sentiment and action of those daring and skilful operations whereby the Russian squadron was crippled into impotence, and he brings vividly before his reader the dauntless spirit which, in the presence of danger, aureoles the Japanese seaman quite as well as his brother-in-arms ashore. In the discussion of incidents Mr. Cowen attributes the loss of the *Hatsuse*, ten or twelve miles off Port Arthur, to mines deliberately set adrift, and truly suggests that there is no knowing where they may ultimately be arrested. Their life is of "months or years, and meanwhile these terrible explosive machines are a danger to all [sea-going] humanity" (p. 178).

The crossing of the Yalu, the first serious land encounter, is reckoned a decisive action, not from the numbers engaged, but from its lessons: (1) the Japanese, not the Russians, determined its nature; (2) the Russians were shown to be weak, presumably all along the line, and their knowledge of the country and their outpost work to be poor; (3) the Russians were demonstrated sluggish in mind and body and unstable of purpose, as compared with the alertness, vigor, and tenacity of their adversaries; (4) Russia realized that Japan could and would fight; and (5) the Japanese satisfied themselves that the white man could be driven. All that was a good deal to learn. Incidentally, Gen. Sassulitch was badly beaten and lost much military spoil.

Vigorous fighting is only one element of successful war. Organization will not replace courage, but it always leads towards, if not actually to, success; and, from the first, Japanese organization has been assigned a high place. Its working details are not yet known, but if Mr. Cowen's information is correct, there are several points of interest. On a transport there is assigned to each company in a regiment "a complete supply of everything required, and each company has to look after itself and its own goods," which proved an admirable arrangement that ran like clockwork (p. 283). This would appear to require a special system of moderate-sized containers for convenient and rapid handling, and perhaps a company retinue of camp-followers; for the ordinary soldier cannot simultaneously arrange a section of the company supplies and also bear a rifle in the ranks. There must be general depots, but observing correspondents have more than once noted that all the troops have abundant immediate material on their own transports. This means that independent and distinct storeships, liable to stray away or be lost, are not entrusted with regimental equipage, so that a regiment cannot be separated from its own reserve of clothing, subsistence, or ammunition. Another point is that, immediately upon landing, the various administrative sites are staked out and inscribed, and the bearers of labelled packages of medical, subsistence, ordnance, and the different varieties of other stores, go without inquiry or delay to the marked sites. Mr. Cowen's illustration is of the landing at Pitsuwo, to this effect: The hostile outpost having been brushed away by gunboat fire very early in the morning, the troops were signalled at 7:40 A. M., and waded half a mile, when they set to work establishing a pier of boats 1,000 feet long, with a 12-foot way, "and by noon some 2,500 men fully equipped for immediate action, and several hundred tons of cargo [all in appropriate divisions for handling and issue], were installed on the beach and the hill, with a half-finished wharf carrying on a busy traffic." His comment is: "When the Americans landed at Iloilo in 1899, they took four days to do less than this, and the enemy made damaging use of the time" (p. 285). Fortunately, he draws no comparison between Tampa and the embarkations in the ports of Dai Nippon. Our Quartermaster's Department does not appear to have a representative anywhere along their lines. Conditions may differ, but principles are to be studied, and if these "yellow hornets" have acquired a new principle, we should learn it.

Port Arthur is on the extremity of the Liaotung peninsula, down whose backbone runs the spinal cord of the railroad from Mukden. To cut that cord and paralyze the communications of the fortress was the invaders' first serious object. Immediately upon Kuroki's forcing the Yalu, Gen. Oku landed on the shore of Korea Bay, and advanced to the road, about twenty miles away. Upon this, after several days' desultory fighting, he planted himself, and then moved upon the fortified works of Kinchow (better, but somewhat tautologically, recognized as Nanshan Hill, for *shan* means

mountain), which stretched from water to water, or four miles across. This was captured after an all-day's assault following a week of skirmishing, "and it established even more conclusively than the Yalu battle that the Japanese soldiers can claim full equality, not merely with some Europeans, but with the best Europe has to show" (p. 298). In front of the two fortified heights which they carried were elaborate barbed-wire entanglements, between these were buried mines, and the trenches had iron roofing with minute loopholes for rifles. On the crests were ten or twelve separate and supporting works, in which sixty guns were mounted.

"Little by little, the Japanese forced their way up the steep face. . . . A half-dozen men would volunteer to reach the barbed wire and cut it; two only would get there and those would be killed, but not before they had cut the wire. Another half-dozen would immediately offer for the next bit of work, and with the same result. Others pressed on to dig up a few feet of earth as cover; a man could not outlive more than a score of strokes with pick or shovel, and then he would fall; but his work lived and served its purpose; his comrades stepped over his body and were so much nearer the goal" (p. 297).

At Nanshan, again, there was a capture of much artillery—this time sixty-eight field guns and ten Maxims, although the Russians sought to minimize its importance because the pieces had chiefly been taken from the Chinese in 1900. It was true that some of these had been Chinese, but it was also true that they were of the latest and best types, many Krupps and Maxims of high degree. On this general subject Mr. Cowen appears to err in believing that the Japanese had the superior guns. The gunners were better, but the guns themselves were outclassed by the Russians', the failure of whose missiles to carry their full range was either from inferior ammunition or from unskilful gunnery, or from both. But, as the campaign went on, the islanders helped themselves pretty liberally to the continental supply, acquiring, for instance, fourteen excellent quick-firers three weeks later at Telissu.

The record ceases with the nine days' battle of Liaoyang, where Kuropatkin hoped to toll Oyama from the hills to the plains to meet his 200,000 men, and where Oyama proposed to close behind his foe, as tongs might beyond the flaming end of a brand, and cut the railway to the north. Neither was entirely successful, for the Russians, leaving behind enormous booty, escaped before the enveloping columns grasped the rails. The casualties aggregated 40,000; those of the Russians being somewhat the larger. But it was the end of the southern advance for the campaign, and both armies deadlocked before Mukden.

Reasonable limits forbid the discussion here of principles, nor is there space for many more details. Mr. Cowen's narrative presents numerous excellent illustrations, some from photographs within both lines, and some drawings of much spirit, evidently by a native artist. One gleans from these that knapsacks were worn on marches, and blanket rolls carried under fire; that an unusually large proportion of the Cossack horses are white—a color that draws fire and is especially ill-adapted for scouting service, and that the hooded stirrup is not used; that the Russians, like the English and probably European infantry generally, wear nothing between their trousers and their legs, unlike the more comfortable usage of United States troops; and from these and from the text we know that really heavy guns are being used on a larger scale than ever before in mobile warfare. One other condition must be noted. Notwithstanding the intense racial patriotism that prevails, the occasional black sheep, to use the conventional ovine slander, is willing to disclose the people's secrets. According to the author, about a dozen of these have been discovered, some at least converts to the Holy Orthodox Church (p. 206). It raises the question whether Christianity in any of its forms, dethroning the Mikado from the exalted spiritual position that he enjoys, may not ultimately weaken the fierce loyalty that so readily sacrifices family ties and life itself at his behest? May not the abandonment of the old faith disintegrate that plexus of emotions which now makes these warriors rivals of the fanatical dervishes of the Sudan? When the Roman converts were destroyed in the seventeenth century, because tampering with politics on their part was discovered or suspected, might there not have been prophetic fear for the stability of the throne? Will the Christian Japanese respond as recklessly, not merely to the call to arms, but to the self-abnegation that now goes with it?

Wellington, Soldier and Statesman, and the Revival of the Military Power of England. By William O'Connor Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904.

This is the most recent volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, and the last work of the late Judge Morris, who died soon after reading the proofs of it. The title is well chosen, for the book is in no sense a biography of Wellington, but almost entirely a military history. The Peninsular War forms, as it were, the kernel, and to it more than one-half of the three hundred and ninety pages (part of the third and the whole of chapters four to eight) are devoted. This is natural, for Judge Morris held that war to be Wellington's great achievement, and that he was the principal author of the ultimate issue by which the allies reached Paris for the first time. But Wellington's early career is not neglected. The promise of his youth, when he was a company and regimental officer, is well indicated in the first chapter, and in the second the seven years spent in India are so treated as to show that, while he there proved himself to be a real general, his civil administration was even more deserving of praise. The ninth chapter deals with the campaign of 1815 in fifty pages, wherein it is concluded that the Duke's conduct of the actual battle of Waterloo, in which he showed himself master of the art of tactics and a consummate leader of men once engaged, was a legitimate set-off to errors in strategy and to his being outmanœuvred earlier in the campaign, although this last is in part attributed to Blücher, who certainly forced his hand, and but for whose impetuosity Wellington would probably have acted quite differently. The remainder of the book, on the Duke's political life, is not so detailed, and is really too brief to be interesting or of much value to one who has not already a considerable acquaintance with the subject, while to those who are so acquainted, it has nothing new to offer.

The great characteristics of the man are fully but not too partially recognized: his farseeing wisdom, well-balanced judgment, and moderation on the intellectual side; and, on the moral side, his sterling integrity and strong sense of duty, which made it "well for the world that it possessed such a man." On the other hand, his coldness, the fact that his officers and soldiers respected but did not love him, that in private life he stood aloof and was lonely, that in political life he was slow to recognize the manifold changes which the spirit of the age demanded (though he seldom resisted to the end measures that he foresaw were required), and that he was a typical representative of "the Protestant *noblesse* of Ireland, an exclusive oligarchy of race and creed"—all these points are well brought out. Only one trait of his character goes unremarked, but this was prominent: his love of the truth, from which nothing could make him swerve.

As for Wellington's place as a general, we have already indicated how Judge Morris ranks him: as a master of tactics, but by no means a master of strategy; not a military genius of the first rank, but capable of military conceptions of the very highest merit (as exemplified in his general plan for the defence of Portugal and in particular by the lines of Torres Vedras). No man seems to have understood so well the inherent defects of the French army and how it could be resisted and beaten in the field. On the whole, "he was superior to every other chief of the League of Europe in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars; this, I am convinced, will be his place in history." Here is the Judge's final verdict, and eminently sane it is. But when he speaks with reprehension, as he does over and over again, of Wellington's over-cautiousness after a victory, he seems not to remember that the Duke had learned by experience how dangerous it was to allow a victorious British army to get out of hand, and not to realize how vast was the difference in results between a defeat of the only British force in the field and a defeat of some one of the armies of Napoleon. Herein Judge Morris fails to give Wellington credit for that sagacity which elsewhere he is quick to see.

As a writer, though often picturesque enough, Judge Morris had a habit which becomes very tiresome to the reader—the breaking up of a sentence into short clauses separated by semicolons. The usually overworked comma has but a small part to play in this book, and the result is often too much like a series of gaspings for breath. Whether the author selected the illustrations, we do not know. There are sixteen portraits of the principal personages, and sixteen maps and plans. The Judge had views about the extant portraits, and remarks that they are not very good. It is therefore surprising to find as the frontispiece that one which the Duke's intimate friend Ellesmere stigmatized as one of the worst. The map to illustrate the Peninsular War is insufficient in details, and on too small a scale to be of much service. But on the whole, those who like a résumé of a period will find in this book more than a good example of its kind.

Verrocchio. By Maud Cruttwell. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To write a book on Verrocchio argues at least a hopeful spirit. He is the great enigma of the Florentine renaissance. The wide orbit of his influence is the storm-centre of modern connoisseurship. From the time when Morelli excoriated Bode for seeing Verrocchio in everything, to the last skeptic who resolves the great *chef d'atelier* into a myth, the battle has variously moved. Mr. Berenson, whose fault is rarely lack of dogmatism, still keeps four interrogation points against the eight paintings he concedes to Leonardo's master; Herr von Beckerath, in the *Burlington Magazine* for December last, reproaches Mr. Berenson for distrust of a group of drawings of the school. Where men have so signally fallen out, it is meet, perhaps, that the eirenicon should come from a woman, and Maud Cruttwell brings persuasive credentials for her surely audacious task. Her recent volume on the Della Robbia was distinguished by conscientious exploration of the widely scattered material, uncommon insight into sculptural style, and above all by excellent good judgment.

These qualities have dictated the time of her approach to the more difficult problem. Indeed, a revised appreciation of Verrocchio could hardly be more timely than at present. Only a year or two ago Count Gamba and Dr. von Fabriczy discovered at Careggi the beautiful little terracotta that gives the clue to Verrocchio's origins, and about the same date were found the documents that accredited the Enthroned Madonna in the Pistoia cathedral as a late work of his hand. To these and other recent contributions of his *œuvre* our author adds the famous head of a horse which, traditionally a work of Donatello, passed from the Carafa family to the Naples Museum as an antique. Maud Cruttwell reclaims it for Verrocchio by the following plausible if not compelling argument: This splendid head was given by Lorenzo dei Medici to Diomede Carafa in 1471, eight years before Verrocchio undertook the Colleoni statue. It strikingly resembles the head of the horse at Venice; both are free and greatly improved copies of an antique formerly in the Medici collections and now in the Museo Archeologico at Florence. Donatello had previously copied this head in a more literal and less skilful way for the Gattamelata at Padua. Since the versions at Naples and Venice show precisely the same kind of revision, it is assumed that they are by the same hand. But the conclusion hardly seems to us axiomatic. The Naples sculpture has a severity of line that really takes it far from the more complicated modelling of Colleoni's steed. It is, indeed, more archaic in feeling than its Roman original. All this points to Donatello. Furthermore, the Anonimo Magliabecchiano who relates that the Naples head is a fragment of an equestrian statue which Donatello was to make of Alfonso of Aragon, may have been romancing, but then he may have set down a current and reliable tradition. Taken broadly, the argument concludes in a Scotch verdict, with the chance, it seems to us, a little in Donatello's favor.

Of the general treatment of Verrocchio's sculpture, little but good is to be said. But discussion of it would take us far afield. The real mystery to be solved is the mass of Verrocchiesque painting and drawing which presumably contains somewhere the authentic work of the master and, fascinating possibility, the beginnings of his pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. Here genuine material is as rare as spurious is common. The starting-point of all criticism of Verrocchio's painting must be his single picture traditionally authenticated, the "Baptism" of the Accademia. As for the dozen panels that Herr Bode cheerfully attributed to Verrocchio, they display at least half a dozen hands. Two of these pictures, the enigmatical "Annunciation" of the Uffizi and the Female Portrait of the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna, Maud Cruttwell claims for Verrocchio—making, with the "Baptism," three authentic works in all. The Madonna at Pistoia is put aside, because, as it stands, the work is mostly Lorenzo di Credi's. Unaccountably the "Madonna with the Pink" at Munich is left out of the reckoning, perhaps because of a lingering respect for Morelli's allegation of the inevitable anonymous Fleming. As a matter of fact, there is no reasonable doubt that this admirable little picture is Italian. Intimately connected by its general workmanship, and especially by its landscape background, with the "Baptism" of the Accademia and the "Annunciation" of the Uffizi, by its facial type and modelling with the Lichtenstein portrait, it must stand or fall with the entire group. We are reduced, then, to a very interesting balance of probabilities. If Verrocchio's part was large in the "Baptism," these four pictures are all his and wholly characteristic of him. If, on the other hand, only the design of the "Baptism" is by its accredited author, then we have practically no pictorial data for Verrocchio at all. All four pictures have significant points of resemblance with Leonardo's unfinished "Adoration of the Kings" in the Uffizi. Why are they not his?

Generally speaking, Maud Cruttwell's work is sober and well informed. The pictorial material is almost complete, and very well arranged. All relevant documents are printed in full—one or two for the first time—so that all the author's statements may be readily controlled. One may regret the vagueness of her general views, and a Ruskinian fling at the Dutch small masters in the first chapter, but lapses of taste and of judgment are alike rare. Few comprehensive works of recent years are as useful, and if the Verrocchio problem remains unsolved, at least here is such a convenient survey of all the material as should embolden some more original critic to seek its solution.

History of Andrew Jackson, Pioneer, Patriot, Soldier, Politician, President. By Augustus C. Buell. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Portraits.

Mr. Buell lived to read the proof-sheets of his 'History of Andrew Jackson,' and we are assured that the book is as he wished it to be. This is unfortunate for the literary reputation of an author whose sketch of John Paul Jones showed that he could make good use of historical material. His Jackson is not a history of the man, or of the times; it is not a balanced work in execution, for it gives too much space to the military career; it shows no investigation of manuscript sources, and little reading outside of Parton, whose worst offences Mr. Buell imitates while criticising them severely; it exhibits a singular incapacity to weigh testimony and to judge the contemporaries, whether friends or foes, of the great Tennesseean. Trivialities are introduced where evidence should be given, and an anecdote derived from a garrulous and patently unreliable source takes the place of a judicial statement of conditions and motives. A difficulty is lightly solved by reference to Jackson's veneration for the memory of his wife, and such a solution is given many times where it is as misleading as it is unnecessary. The style is the reporter's, and by liberal use of superlatives is kept at strident pitch. An erroneous impression of Jackson and of all who had dealings with him, from the humble express rider to a rival for the Presidency, is produced. Not a single character picture, not a description of battle or campaign, not a summary of a State paper can be selected as striking or correct. The hero is smothered in expletives and adjectives. The result must be classed with historical fiction, and not very good fiction at that.

The intention of the writer is evident almost from the first chapter—to erect a military hero in whom the barbaric instinct for fighting was uppermost; yet in whom is to be found "an unbroken constancy of ambitious plan and calculation in all his fancied eccentricity." Little study of Jackson's career is required to show that he was a man of action, more controlled by impulse than by reflection. It was the same in civil as in military life, and if his inferiors and supposed enemies suffered from his arbitrary judgments, his superiors were embarrassed by his disregard of form, and his friends were placed on the defensive by his lawless acts. The frontier spirit was strong in him, but it could hardly have shown itself to be based upon such reasonable control as Mr. Buell contends. It is absurd to speak of Jackson's training militia years before the Creek war as an act of "marvellous sagacity, rewarded in the end by transcendent success." The long and detailed account of the campaign against the Creeks only reminds the reader of the great superiority in numbers and equipment of Jackson's forces, and the unnecessary butcheries committed in the unequal contest. The campaign is presented as an almost unbroken series of victories, although in reality the results were meagre, and the position of Jackson and the Georgia forces at the close of operations was very unsatisfactory.

Even as a military hero, Jackson suffers at the hands of his biographer, mainly through the very loose statements, amounting too often to positive misstatements, of the incidents connected with his campaign. The misleading estimates of the numbers of Indians engaged in the Creek war may be passed over, though they differ widely from the official returns. We take the attack upon Fort Bowyer, as related in chapter xiii., as a fair example of Mr. Buell's methods. Jackson reached Mobile August 16—not September 16, an error which makes sad work of such phrases as "just about this time" or "the day before the arrival of Jackson." The sloop *Hermes* was a vessel of twenty-two, not thirty-two guns, and was set on fire by Percy, not by red-hot shot from the fort. Buell says Percy landed 280 "British soldiers" for the land

attack; but Jackson described the attacking force as an "incongruous horde of Indians and negro assassins," and the British account gave 60 marines and 120 Indians. Buell says the garrison of the fort was composed of 136 "regular artillerymen," but Adams says it was 160 infantry. Buell asserts that from the prisoners taken Jackson learned that the expedition had been fitted out in Pensacola. Yet Jackson knew this in August, more than two weeks before the expedition sailed. Buell makes the British killed and wounded 240; but the two vessels gave 31 killed and 40 wounded, thus leaving 169 casualties to be supplied from the land force, which is inconceivable.

It would be a fruitless task to follow Mr. Buell in his many errors of statement, for no chapter is free from them. Nor would it be more profitable to show how unfortunate the attempt to emphasize Jackson's military character works when applied to his civil and private life. A reasonable degree of consistency would improve the attempt, but consistency was under the circumstances impossible. The transitions from the cursing, blustering soldier to the courtly and gentle friend are too rapid to be accepted, and leave an impression directly contrary to that which the author intended. For this his treatment of material is responsible. He goes out of his way to italicize the hastily written and unreasonable sentences in Jackson's letters. He interpolates his own remarks in the body of a letter, and by jejune comments produces an anti-climax where he wished to produce a thrill. A study of the first drafts of these letters, existing in the Library of Congress, would have saved Mr. Buell from much of his foolish comment, as well as prevented the use of material long since discarded by the historian. It is astonishing to find the Rhea letter accepted, although that letter never had any existence outside of Rhea's imagination.

The account given of the negotiations at Ghent would be comical but for the evident sincerity of the writer. Yet it is strange to find that the great superstructure of supposition he has raised rests upon a proclamation printed the night before the battle of New Orleans and burned the day after, no copy of it being known to exist! This evidence is supported by an alleged statement made by Mrs. Edward Livingston, which as evidence is not worthy of consideration. Mr. Buell attaches too much importance to Jackson's street harangue during the Burr trial, and claims too great intimacy between the General and Gallatin, for their correspondence does not bear out the claim. Jefferson becomes a milksop because he would not go to war, and Armstrong, who favored Jackson, is unfairly treated. John Quincy Adams is highly praised, but nothing is said of Jackson's treatment of this most able and unselfish defender. For Clay and Calhoun no term of contempt is too strong for Mr. Buell, apparently because they were not "fighters." The Oregon compromise becomes an ignominious surrender, and Jackson's last letter, not "dictated," but by his own hand, is distorted into a message of war. The contests with the Bank and with nullification are related in their superficial aspects, while the Calhoun incident is really not told at all, for the agency of Hamilton in supplying Jackson with the occasion of attack is not even mentioned. Even had these volumes been written half a century ago, they would have been open to severe criticism; in the light of the manuscript resources of to-day they fall far short of what is demanded.

High Living. Recipes from Southern Climes. Compiled by L. L. McLaren. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

French Home Cooking. By Berthe Julienne Low. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Books and My Food. By Elisabeth Luther Cary and Annie M. Jones. New York: Rohde & Haskins.

Near San Francisco is established a philanthropic enterprise called the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association. Of necessity it is in perennial need of funds. As one means of making good the deficiency, it has issued in pamphlet form a limited compilation of recipes so captivating that every person looking for preparations of food distinctive, novel, original, and practical will become, first, a willing purchaser of the brochure, and, secondly, an enthusiastic admirer of the rare judgment and discrimination shown in the presentation. What makes the recipes so distinctive is that almost every one is individual, and that they are contributed by members of the large cosmopolitan population of San Francisco, who offer, in a form that has come to each through generations of inheritance, a representative dish of his or her particular nationality, including the Spanish, Mexican, Italian, French, Hawaiian, East Indian, and other schools of cookery. The selection is so admirable that it leaves little or nothing to be desired. The formulas are given in terms so clear that even the novice will be able to approximate in execution to the intention of their contributors, while the finished cook will see in them opportunities rarely presented to add piquant concoctions to the routine of conventional feeding.

No further than the fourth page we find a formula for "pimiento [red pepper] bisque" that shows how completely this compilation is removed from competition. This is more emphasized on the seventh page in a formula called "soft-shell crab as prepared in an Italian monastery." In this, six crabs are placed, while alive, in a bowl containing one pint of milk and three beaten eggs. They are allowed to remain in this bath until they have consumed and digested all of the liquid, when they are rolled in fine bread crumbs and fried in boiling lard. Wherein this recipe is deficient is that it does not state that, after the crabs have digested the liquid, their lungs are to be removed before cooking. By literal adherence to this formula, omitting the precaution suggested, the novice would be neglectful, whereas a trained cook would understand that this was a detail not to be ignored. In two or three instances, we detect that some exile to the Pacific Coast from Eastern parts is a contributor to the compilation. There is a reminiscence of New York in our old, shopworn friend, "Canapé Lorenzo." These lapses, however, are so rare that they are barely noticeable in the stirring, brilliant, and piquant aggregation which includes (taken haphazard) such combinations as "Spanish onion rarebit," "Scrambled eggs Durango," "Devilled chops," "Estofado de Cordero," "Chicken Portuguese," "Pimiento Timbales," "Peppers stuffed with corn," etc.

The preface to Mrs. Low's book will tempt the gastronomic wayfarer to continue his journey, and make frequent halts to study many of the recipes contained within the covers of the volume. The author's purpose is to bring French cooking into harmonious relations with American aliments. What is meant by this is illustrated in the case of sweetbreads. The time indicated by a French formula as necessary for the cooking of these is much longer than is required to cook our kinds, which are considerably smaller; therefore, Mrs. Low adapts the Gallic method of cooking them to the conditions affecting those sold in our markets. This is helpful. Again, in France, green peas are cooked in the steam of lettuce leaves without the addition of water. This is the correct way; but Mrs. Low shows how this is impossible with our peas, because they are picked too old and too large—in fact, are rarely sufficiently tender.

She makes one statement in her preface to which exception may be taken. She says that when she arrived in New York, twenty-four years ago, it was difficult to purchase even so common a thing as parsley or leeks. Had she been writing of Boston —*très bien;* but twenty-four years ago New York had long emerged from the swaddling-clothes of provincial vegetable supply, whether of roots or herbs. Then, again, on page 242 Mrs. Low gives a formula for frying sliced egg-plant, worded as follows: "Cut them in slices and fry them in butter" —nothing more. Slices of egg-plant require preparatory treatment, not indicated in Mrs. Low's recipe, before being dipped in yolk of egg and breadcrumbs and fried in a bath of boiling lard.

Mrs. Low does well to call attention to our elementary methods of presenting food. She alludes especially to the lack of discrimination which permits the serving of vegetables with a béchamel sauce on the same plate with meat and a brown gravy. Mrs. Low also deplores the freezing of fish and meats as destructive of quality. Cold storage, however, has come to remain. Only one who knows the excellence of our meats, fish, game, and poultry, before the advent of this preservative process, can appreciate their deterioration since. Mrs. Low's formulas are in the main so excellent that it would be invidious to discriminate. Her success is unequivocal and decisive. An index a trifle more detailed would make reference more quickly effective.

'Books and My Food' is a culinary compilation in a new form—the combination of a literary quotation and of a recipe for every day of the year. For example, for February 23, we have a recipe for ratafia, crowned by a quotation from George Eliot, while that for February 24 is for a preparation of sardines, preceded by a sentence taken from Thackeray. Apart from eccentricity of form, the book leaves nothing to be desired. Directions for applying the recipes are intelligently given, and judgment and taste in selection are conspicuous.

The Log of the Griffin. By Donald Maxwell. John Lane.

We have here the account of a very original voyage. The author is an artist, who

conceived the idea of building a boat in the Toggenburg, twenty miles from the Lake of Zurich or other navigable water, of having it transported overland to the lake, and of sailing, or drifting, in it down the Limmat and the Rhine, his objective point being Teddington, on the Thames. In one way or another, alone or with a single companion, the strange voyage was accomplished, and its incidents are recorded in the "log" and make capital reading. An Epi-Log informs us of the ultimate fate of the odd craft, which went to the bottom for the third and last time, on August 20, 1903, off the Kentish coast, where fishing it up again was impossible.

The book is agreeably illustrated with drawings, mostly of landscape, by the author, some of them in colors. The figure drawings by another hand are not so good and do not add to the attractiveness of the volume. Among the places Mr. Maxwell saw is Rheinfelden, and it is interesting to compare his pictures of it with those by Turner and Ruskin in the fifth volume of 'Modern Painters.' Whether by accident or design (for he mentions neither Turner nor Ruskin), Mr. Maxwell has given one of his drawings the title chosen by Ruskin for Turner's sketch, "The Nets in the Rapids," while another is a general view from nearly the same point as Ruskin's drawing. The art is very different—an art that shows the intervention of Whistler; but the place seems remarkably little altered. Here are the fish-house and the nets, the bridge, and the towers beyond; apparently even the same roofs. The only notable change is an improvement—a growth of trees on what was the bare river bank. A third sketch shows, from a different point of view, the same tower that Ruskin gives in a drawing he calls "Peace," and there one sees, roughly indicated, the same stork's-nest still on its summit. One would not know what it is but for Ruskin's note. In Rheinfelden, at least, the ancient peace has not been greatly disturbed since Turner's day by the modern spirit of change and "progress," which Ruskin so bitterly hated.

Highways and Byways of the South. Written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. xiv., 362.

In this freely and pertinently illustrated volume, one has an opportunity to form an exceptionally clear idea of the rural life of the South. Starting in near St. Augustine, the well-travelled author wanders through many of the Southern States with an eye to observe everything of interest and a heart in sympathy with the people. We think of Florida as a land of flowers, but, in doing so, fail to take into account the sterility of the soil, which needs fertilizing and irrigating in most places. Grass is almost an unknown feature of a Southern landscape. Instead, one sees dooryards universally of sand, with flower beds divided from the walks by bricks set up on edge, forming a saw-tooth frill to the beds. To a Northern eye it appears strange to see all houses, mansions as well as negro cabins, set well up on stilts. We do not know why this custom should have prevailed in neighborhoods not subject to inundation, but so it is. Most houses, also, are divided in the centre by a wide hall, which generally forms the living room of the family. In the humbler houses, however, this hall is open to the weather, and is really a passageway from one side to the other. Nearly all rooms except the kitchen or cook room are warmed by open fireplaces, which have the virtue of looking cheerful even if the heat which they furnish is small in amount. The walls of most rooms are ceiled instead of plastered, possibly because plastering was likely to crack when the house settled on its stilts. This ceiling turns dark with age, and gives the rooms a gloomy look which they might not otherwise have.

The farming all through the South, except in the cotton region, is carried on in a very primitive way, and because of this the results are usually disappointing. The work in the cotton fields is altogether engrossing, and most of all when it comes to the picking, which occupies the entire autumn. To see whole negro families out, each person with a large bag, which he is slowly filling with the snowy flakes of cotton, suspended from his neck, is most interesting to unaccustomed eyes. The negro, as a rule, works well at this, whether gathering his own crop or that of some stranger who has hired him; and the job is almost entirely in his hands.

The cabins standing by the dozen out in the fields are generally grouped about a little church, the rudest, roughest affair imaginable, sometimes with a straight piece of iron suspended from two posts to serve as a bell. But in the level ground, where the cotton flourishes best, this piece of iron, struck suddenly and sharply after nightfall, can be heard for miles. The negro of to-day enjoys his "meetings" as much as ever, and, no matter what his conduct may be, still derives great comfort from his belief.

Saturday afternoon sees every negro who can possibly get away from his cabin promenading in his best apparel the streets of the nearest town, and spending his money, if he is so fortunate as to have any, recklessly; and, if he does not have any, running up an account with equal recklessness at the "store." There is, however, an increasing number who have learned to save something, and are in a fair way to have homes for themselves. They need never starve, for work is everywhere waiting for them, and they are given the preference over white laborers, against whom there exists a deep prejudice all through the South. The kindly feeling which Mr. Johnson has for most simple rural folk he cherishes in full measure for the "mountain white"—in most cases a pitiable person indeed. The hills he cultivates are steep and stony, and the crops consequently poor, while if they were abundant there is no market for them. The efforts made by these poor people to get a little education are pathetic in the extreme. In describing the last day of a school term, the following touching picture is given: "The children trimmed the schoolroom with greenery, and made a little bower in one corner, and carpeted the floor in that corner with soft moss. On this forest carpet they stood when they said their speeches" (p. 144). The manufacture of illicit whiskey still proceeds, though the "stills" are so well hidden that they are rarely found unless betrayed by the mountaineers themselves. The hospitality of the people is remarkable, and they rarely suffer the stranger to go away hungry, no matter how little they may have themselves, unless he is suspected of being an officer in search of "stills." One likes to dwell upon the picture of these simple homes in which the spinning-wheel is often found in active use, and the main wants of the family are supplied by the labors of the individual members of the household.

John Bunyan. By W. Hale White, author of 'Mark Rutherford,' etc. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. 222.

It was years after the reviewer knew Oxford and Cambridge before, in passing from one to the other, he lingered some midday hours in Bedford and its Bunyania. He was not unmindful of carvings at the city fountain, nor of the roll of pastors in the Bunyan church porch, nor of personal relics, as his mug, chair, staff, and iron-bound prison gate contrasting with the bronze door of Pilgrim reliefs, nor of the isolated tower with the ancient bell, emblem of that tocsin which, when Bunyan pulled, broke out in a peal heard round the world. Wonder was borne in upon the wayfarer that, half-way between the twin eyes of England, her universities, a mechanical of a craft among the basest, and he imprisoned through a dozen of his best years, should write something epoch-making, even in more than one point superior to all masterpieces of Cambridge and Oxford. In the British Museum had been noted 'Pilgrim's Progress' in well-nigh a hundred languages (Dakota, 1875), and with more than a hundred editions in more than one language. So well-thumbed had that book been that no single copy of its *princeps* is now known—no, not in London or Providence, which had each long thought they had one.

The preface to Mr. White's volume is these words: "I am indebted to Dr. Brown's John Bunyan for my knowledge of many facts of Bunyan's life." Only this and nothing more (except some four footnote references) is a curt and cold thank-you-for-nothing from a snapper-up from Brown of much more than facts. Much, also, that is Brown-borrowed, through carelessness or wish to abridge or disguise is so "conveyed" that we miss the meaning or at least the significance. Half-truths thus become what Coleridge calls whole errors. A fourth part of this Bunyan book is occupied with 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which more and more eclipses lesser lights. There is also a fair account of 'Grace Abounding,' the 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman,' 'The Holy War,' etc., as well as of Bunyan's life and characteristics. This newest summary, dating from last October, will be more read than better books by Philip and Brown. It is not so heavy, either, for the purse, or for holding in the hand, or for reading "as one runneth."

'Pilgrim's Progress' was published in 1678, and Bunyan had been released from his second imprisonment six years before. But all his other works were known to have been sent to the press as soon as written. It was hence argued that Bunyan must have been jailed a third time, and not long before 1678, since 'Pilgrim's Progress' is known to have been born behind bars. Local tradition pointed the same way through credible witnesses. Yet this arch of evidence lacked a keystone till July, 1887, when the original warrant for the arrest of Bunyan, issued March 4, 1675 (new

style), was discovered. This longed-for paper came to the hands of Dr. Brown in October, 1888, when his last edition of Bunyan was too far printed for him to show a copy of it except in a prefatory note, in which he welcomed the proof he had long desiderated. The value of this fragment—thirty-four lines picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days—has become palpable, and on April 23, 1904, it changed hands for £305. This transaction, which is the only new important fact we learn from Mr. White, adds a facsimile, apparently the first which has appeared in America, of the warrant itself, its photographic script. But the lustre even of this Kohinoor is somewhat obscured by the biographer's customary carelessness. Nearly half the written words he omits, in writing the warrant, and he modernizes the spelling of not a few he does not omit. His original spells both Bunnyan and Bunnion, but he does neither. Nor does he follow his facsimile in the orthography of clemency, town, Tinker, meeting, Liturgy, command, etc. That original, he says, "was dated March 4, 1675, O. S." (p. 43). But no facsimile letter is more unmistakable than the figures 1674, which was O. S. until March 22. Again, the warrant's pedigree or chain-of-title in Mr. W.'s showing lacks some links, and those presented are more rusty than in Brown, and above all in W. G. Thorpe, who bought the goodly pearl for a song because he alone among a crowd of bidders knew it was not a mock pearl. How he found this find of a lifetime Mr. Thorpe told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. 44, 190-200). In this article he inserted every word of the warrant. By reproducing that full text we hope to please not only Mr. White's readers, but not a few of our own, maugre the lack of punctuation:

To the Constables of Bedford and to every of them

Whereas informacon and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late Act of most gracious gen'all and free pardon to all his Subjects for past misdemenors that by his said clemencie and indulgent grace and favor they might bee mooved and induced for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highenes laws and Statutes and to continue in theire loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) yett one John Bunnyon of yor said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one month last past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or teached at a conventicle meeteing or assembly under color or petence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England These are therefore in his Majties name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion bee fore us or any of us or other his Majties Justice of peace within the said County to answer the premisses and further to doe and receave as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this ffowerth day of March in the seaven and twentieth year of the Raigne of our most gracious soveraigne Lord King Charles the Second A° q^{s} D^{ni} juxta &c 1674. WILL SPENCER

and twelve other magistrates with their seals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's Novelas Cortas Escoridas. Edited by Alfred Remy. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Armstrong, Sir Walter. The Peel Collection. Dutton. $2.
Browning's (Mrs.) Poetical Works. Henry Frowde.
Campbell, Reginald J. Sermons Addressed to Individuals. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. III. The Wars of Religion. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Dill, Samuel. Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. XI. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.
Fossler, Laurence. Practical German Conversation. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gardenhire, Samuel M. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Harpers. $1.50.
Haeckel, Ernst. The Wonders of Life. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Hall, A. D. The Soil. Dutton. $1.25.
Johnson, Owen. In the Name of Liberty. Century Co. $1.50.
Jones, Henry Arthur. The Manœuvres of Jane. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Low, Sidney. The Governance of England. Putnams.
Macquoid, Percy. A History of English Furniture. Vol. I. Part I. Putnams.
Maimonides, Moses. The Guide for the Perplexed. Translated by M. Friedländer. Dutton. $3 net.
Murray, J. A. H. New English Dictionary. (Pargeter-Pennached.) Henry Frowde.
New York State Library. Year Book of Legislation. Edited by Robert H. Whitten. Albany. $1.
Parker, Joseph. The Epistles to the Colossians and Thessalonians. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.
Reinach, Salomon. Cultes, Mythes et Religions. Part I. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Riley, Theo. Myers. Biography of Eugene Augustus Hoffman. 2 vols. Privately printed.
Selected Statutes, Cases and Documents. Edited by C. Grant Robertson. Putnams. $3.
Sherman, Ellen Burns. Taper Lights. Springfield, Mass.: Gordon Flagg Co. $1.25.
Sloan, Annie L. The Carolinians. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Tennyson's Poems. Henry Frowde.
Thoughts for the Occasion. Compiled by Franklin Noble. E. B. Treat & Co. $2.
Trench, Richard Chenevix. On the Study of Words. New ed. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Trevelyan, G. M. England under the Stuarts. Putnams. $3.
Voltaire's Zadig and Other Stories. Edited by Irving Babbitt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wagner, Charles. The Busy Life. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 60 cents.
Walpole. Horace. Letters. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. IX. to XII. Henry Frowde. 6s. net each.
Williamson, James M. The Life and Times of St. Boniface. Henry Frowde.
Wright, Philip Green. The Dial of the Heart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Wundt, Wilhelm. Principles of Physiological Psychology. Translated by Edward B. Titchener. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $3.
Xena. The Threefold Path to Peace. Grafton Press.

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The Week.

In the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court against the Beef Trust, we have the most clear-cut and thorough-going affirmation of the power of Congress to break up combinations in restraint of trade. As Attorney-General Moody points out, this decision takes the Court securely back to where it was in the Addyston pipe case. That is, the validity and efficiency of the anti-Trust act are sweepingly upheld. Brushing aside nice technical points about defective pleadings, and so on, the decision broadly, and in the large spirit of equity, declares that such devices as the Beef Trust used to stifle competition and effect monopoly can be struck at and destroyed by existing Federal statute. As Justice Holmes said, the Court does not and cannot direct the individual packers to compete with each other; but it does bring them within reach of the pains and penalties of the law if they seek to substitute monopoly for competition. The law-officers of the Government now have the fullest judicial warrant for proceeding with the utmost dispatch and rigor against every similar combination. It seems to us that this important decision of the Supreme Court has its light for the problem of Federal railway regulation. Here was a strictly normal proceeding. A statute of the United States had been violated. The sworn officers of the law prosecuted the offenders. By regular judicial process the case was brought to its final hearing, and the sword of justice fell upon the guilty parties. That, we think all reasonable men will admit, is the ideal way.

Now, why cannot the Government go to work similarly in the matter of abating evils connected with the management of railroads? President Roosevelt put forcibly and truthfully, in his speech on Monday night in Philadelphia, the grievances which the public feel. In a word, the railroads are not managed justly, as between man and man or locality and locality. They give this shipper a secret rebate, and refuse it to another. Differentials are established affecting this city or that port, not on grounds of public interest which can be publicly stated, but for concealed and often suspicious motives. Here are, indeed, great abuses to be corrected if possible; but is it necessary, or desirable, to make the long jump which the President does, and demand for a Federal Commission the "power over rates"? He urges it with the object of "putting the big shipper and the little shipper on an equal footing"; to do away with rebates, however disguised, and to abolish discrimination of all kinds. But it is at least a fair question whether the Government has not already in its hands the needed weapons, and whether vigorous use of them should not be made before appealing for others. Certain it is that if existing statutes could be stringently enforced, and applied with as much severity as the Supreme Court has just shown in the case of the Beef Trust, the injustices of which the President properly complains would be cured. He asks for an instrument to strike down secret rebates. But they are outlawed by the act of February 4, 1887. Section 2 of the Interstate Commerce Act describes them in detail and declares them all unlawful. Appropriate penalties are prescribed further on. The President is incensed at the "preferences" and "discriminations" which the railroads make in favor of persons or localities; they are all declared illegal in the act of 1887. And the so-called Elkins bill, approved February 19, 1903, strengthens the original law in important respects—defining the offence more precisely, making the collection of evidence easier and judicial process swifter and surer. Mr. Roosevelt is especially urgent that Congress assert "power over rates" in order to strike down secret rebates. That could be done only by imposing a public rate. Yet there are now public rates; it is under them that rebates are made secretly. Why would they not continue under the rates fixed by the Commission? The President calls for justice; let him see to it that the justice in existing laws be done. Until he has tried to do so and failed, it is not in order to ask us to go with him into the dark unknown of Government rate-making.

President Roosevelt has suffered an obvious and deserved check in his San Domingo plans. Even his "protocol," designed to give him practical control of a foreign country, he now admits must be laid before the Senate. It is particularly desirable to teach foreign governments that Mr. Roosevelt is not the American nation. That lesson they may also learn from the deliberate and overwhelming rejection by the House committee of the President's naval proposals. By 13 to 4 it voted that he may have two new battleships only, and that his estimated naval expenditure must be cut by $15,000,000 or so. Foreign naval experts who have been writing in awed tones of "President Roosevelt's formidable naval programme," will please take notice. People and Congress have something to say, after all. The *Army and Navy Journal*, to be sure, declares that "the President has no patience with those members of Congress" who are against granting his demands, and has threatened to "call an extra session to take up the matter of naval increase immediately after the fourth of March." Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt has used wild and whirling words on that subject, as upon others; but doubtless, also, after this session of Congress has expressed its mature judgment against him, he will cool off and quiet down, and turn with unabated energy and enthusiasm to other questions momentarily of eternal importance to him.

News from San Domingo by way of the Isthmus and New Orleans is naturally to be received with a certain reserve; but the admitted facts are grave enough. The President of San Domingo has issued a proclamation stating that the financial administration of his country has been made over to the United States, and our cruisers have been sent to Dominican waters presumably to carry out an agreement which Mr. Roosevelt has no more legal power to execute of his own motion than has William J. Bryan. Of course, the President may now say that he is ordering warships to San Domingo merely to protect American interests. Even if the *Dixie* is to proceed and to land 200 marines, the same excuse may be made to stretch over that action also. But the possibilities of serious complications are great. It is evident that Morales regards his own position as one of the "American interests" which Mr. Roosevelt is to protect, and that he counts upon American aid in putting down all revolutionary movements. Meanwhile, it transpires how purely an afterthought was the determination to submit the whole matter to the Senate in the shape of a treaty. The State Department informs Senator Cullom that it will take time to draft a treaty, and that it cannot be laid before the Senate during this session of Congress.

Innocent to the laughing-point is the Administration's plea for big naval appropriations. Secretary Morton gravely assured the House committee on Thursday that if it would vote $114,000,000 this year, and keep up that rate till the present building programme is completed, the subsequent naval bills would have to carry only $77,000,000 annually. The House will be green, indeed, if it is for a moment taken in by this. Naval building programmes have nothing certain about them except that they will be indefinitely continued and enlarged, if the "experts" have their way. The ex-

perience of France, Germany, and England, to say nothing of our own, leaves this beyond a doubt. There are no tracks pointing backwards from the big-navy den. Secretary Morton's promise of retrenchment later is particularly absurd, coming from him. He has publicly announced his policy to be that of having the biggest navy on earth. He may have stolen the idea from Hobson, but he has made it his own. If the attempt is made to live up to it, the annual bill will be nearer $177,000,000 than $77,000,000. If ever the House is to make a stand for a navy no larger than we need, and for economy, now is the time.

Congress, it is announced, will give Secretary Morton the additional 3,000 sailors which he declares is the minimum increase with which he can get along. Four great armored cruisers are to be finished before May first, and, with the smoke of our deadly enemy among the nations so clearly visible on the horizon, it would, of course, be foolish indeed to put them in reserve at a navy-yard. But while the naval committees are thus generous to Secretary Morton, ought they not to inquire of him why the navy cannot keep its men, once it gets them? Here is the *Army and Navy Journal* admitting that 500 men deserted from the North Atlantic fleet while it was repairing this fall, of whom no less than 100 fled from one battleship. There is something very rotten in the state of Denmark when this can come to pass without anybody's being brought to book. Good ships are all very well, but if our sailors run away from them in droves, what then? Ought not that battleship commander who lost one-fifth of his crew to have been called on for an explanation? The loss to the Government in time and money wasted is obvious, and as few of the deserters are recaptured, its prestige suffers the more. We should not feel at all sorry if sensible Americans declined to enlist in the navy simply to man an extravagant war fleet. But, once in, sailors ought to be compelled to live up to their obligations. Their failure to do so creates, rightly or wrongly, the presumption either that the men are worthless or the officers unfit for command.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors has taken a hint from modern philanthropy in making some of the appropriations which it recommends contingent on the coöperation of the local or State authorities. Since many of the projects on which the Government spends money are local in character, and in some cases are absurdly far from having any national importance at all, this requirement may serve both as a guarantee of good faith and a substantial economy on the Government's side. Every project, of course, has its peculiar features. In many cases, as, for instance, the connections between the Great Lakes, the district in which the work is actually done profits by it insignificantly compared with the distant cities whose commerce will pass through the new channels. Thus, if this policy is permanently adopted, a new element of complication is introduced in an already involved situation by the necessity of deciding how much of the cost of each piece of work shall be assessed on the locality. The State governments which adopt a similar policy with regard to road-making adhere generally, we believe, to the plan of paying a uniform percentage of the cost of new roadways. That would scarcely be just if applied to waterways. The effect on the individual Congressman is another phase of the proposal. He must try not only to get as much work as possible done in his district, but also to have as little of the cost as possible paid by his constituents. A new channel for the local river will not be so much clear gain. "It is true that Perkins got us a $200,000 dam," his opponent on the stump will say, "but we had to pay $50,000 of it ourselves. Over in the next district they got the same amount, and the Government paid all but $10,000. I pledge myself, if elected, to insist on the latter ratio hereafter."

It is not probable that Congress will pass offhand the bill establishing the whipping-post for wife-beaters in the District of Columbia, in spite of the President's suggesting it in his message. At the same time, the speech which Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania made in support of his measure contained some striking proofs of the inadequacy of the present criminal laws to suppress this kind of brutality. Inquiries of the district attorneys of every county in Pennsylvania brought out the fact that in one year 527 complaints were made to the grand juries of assault and battery on wives by their husbands, and 287 true bills were found. This takes no account of the cases, everywhere reported to be many, which came before justices of the peace or were settled before trial. Convictions were secured in 211 cases, and the average sentence was for three months. In eleven counties the district attorneys expressed the opinion that the crime is on the increase, while thirty-six denied that it was. From eight counties cases were reported in which the families of the men convicted became a public charge during the time that the breadwinner was serving his sentence. Everywhere, too, are found cases in which the ill-used wives begged for the release of their husbands, because the incarceration of the head of the family meant absolute destitution. It can hardly be denied that in this regard the present laws punish the victim quite as severely as the criminal.

That accursed word *Independence*—the moral antithesis of "that blessed word *Mesopotamia*"—begins to fall trippingly from the lips of Secretary Taft. Before election, as we all remember, the talk about independence for the Philippines, even at a distant and unfixed date, was extremely disturbing to this acknowledged friend and champion of the Filipinos. The mere sound of this irritating vocable, so he asserted, was almost certain to stir up evil passions among our little brown brothers, and turn their minds from the peaceable fruits of industry and righteousness to the Dead Sea apples of political agitation. In fine, Secretary Taft was convinced that no well-wisher of either the United States or the Philippines would unsettle matters by whispering that independence was possible. The obvious inference was that the Democrats, who occasionally touched on the topic, were enemies of the Republic. But after election Secretary Taft's nervousness gradually wore off. In spite of the recklessness of the Democrats, the skies had not fallen, the predictions of anarchy and chaos in the islands remained unfulfilled. Plucking up courage, the Secretary himself began to speak of independence under his breath, and finally on Saturday he uttered the word aloud at a committee hearing in Washington:

> "Whenever they reach the condition where they have a reasonable public opinion which may be relied upon to restrain radicalism; when inter-island communication has been established; and when conditions generally have become settled—then, if they desire independence, give it to them."

This looks dangerously like conceding what the petition of the college presidents and other impracticables asked for. But, however the concession may be viewed, talk of independence for the Philippines will no longer be treasonable.

After eighteen months of trial, the New Hampshire liquor law, in the opinion of the State License Board, which has just made its annual report, needs amendment in several matters of detail, but requires no fundamental modification. While agitation for return to statutory prohibition seems to be active this winter, the license system is, according to the popular verdict, giving better satisfaction in New Hampshire than in Vermont. In the former State, in the November election, 24 towns changed from license to no-license, and 14 from no-license to license, leaving the totals, 47 "wet" to 177 "dry." The 11 cities, all of which voted for license in 1903, do not submit the question again until 1906. There is thus in New Hampshire nothing like the reaction which made 44 Vermont towns

change from license to no-license last fall, as against only one which made the opposite change. At the same time, the commissioners point out one difficulty which other States ought to heed as well. In places which voted against license, the report states, the people have looked solely to the State authorities for the suppression of illicit selling. This same disposition to regard liquor laws as automatic in their action is the root of many evils. Some of them appear in the attitude of local authorities towards the administration of the Raines law in this State.

The establishment by Mr. Henry Phipps of a $1,000,000 fund for model tenements is the most important step yet taken by a private citizen to improve local housing conditions. Model tenements hitherto built have been strictly commercial undertakings. As far back as 1879, Mr. Alfred T. White, whom Mr. Phipps has wisely chosen as one of his trustees, erected a block in Brooklyn, upon which he has since realized a profit of 6 per cent. The success of the City and Suburban Homes Company in building tenements which should furnish decent living quarters for wage-earners and at the same time pay a fair return, has recently led to an increase in its capital stock. The Phipps endowment will in time reach huge proportions. The $1,000,000 given in trust is to be invested in high-class tenements. After the payment of taxes and other expenses, a net profit of 4 per cent. is expected—a conservative estimate. This, in turn, is to be invested in more tenements, and so on. In other words, the $1,000,000 is to be placed out indefinitely at compound interest. At 4 per cent. money doubles at compound interest every eighteen years. Thus, in 1923 the Phipps fund will amount to $2,000,000; in 1941 to $4,000,000; in 1959 to $8,000,000; in 1977 to $16,000,000; in 1995, to $32,000,000; and, in little more than a century hence, to $64,000,000. One must also reckon in the increment in the value of the land. In New York there are thousands of acres, now vacant, which fifty or a hundred years hence may have enormous value. The land investments of the Astor family are the classic illustration. The first John Jacob invested $2,000,000 in New York real estate; according to competent judges, its value to-day, plus the value of the land purchased by its earnings, ranges anywhere from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000.

Mr. Phipps has unquestionably set his present trustees and their successors a unique problem in philanthropy. In a hundred years New York will have an enormous fund; but its usefulness will depend upon the wisdom of its custodians. We think they would make no mistake if they devoted at least a portion of the fund to model tenements for the use of New York's colored citizens. Their plight is grievous. Only the worst buildings are open to them, for which they are charged higher rents than are asked of white people, on the ground that negro occupancy of a house causes it rapidly to deteriorate in value. Now the negroes are great home-lovers. With all their defects they are cleaner, as a class, than many of our foreign immigrants, and they make remarkably few appeals for public funds. Yet decent colored people are often forced into disreputable associations for lack of other quarters, and their need of good tenements is great. Moreover, a building of the kind might also be arranged to contain a kindergarten, or to serve as headquarters for other agencies, maintained by both whites and blacks, at work among our colored residents. Such a common meeting-ground would be of the greatest value in bringing about a better understanding between the races.

Mr. Akers-Douglas's statement that the Ministry, unless earlier outvoted, will serve out the full Parliamentary term, points the fact that Mr. Balfour takes an unconscionable time in dying. That he should cling to life is natural, since dissolution would bring crushing defeat. This prophecy the bye-elections make, clearly. In forty-one contests since May, 1902, the Liberals have changed a representation of thirty Conservatives and eleven Liberals and Labor men, to twenty-six Liberals and Labor men against fifteen Conservatives, almost reversing the ratio. No wonder, then, that Mr. Balfour is in no haste to ask the verdict of a general election. Meantime, everything is in flux. Mr. Balfour makes bold to tell an audience that the fiscal question is becoming a bore. Mr. Chamberlain—who is now only a Unionist in the ranks, "unless" — raves that imperial reciprocity alone stands between the Empire and disaster. Young Mr. Austen Chamberlain keeps sugar schedules in the budget proposals, although his father, who has put aside that contempt of jam and pickles which he once expressed so forcefully to Mr. Winston Churchill, promises the British free sweetening in the tea wherewith the dear loaf is to be washed down. Even the Liberals share in the prevailing uncertainty. Under these circumstances, it seems probable that the budget will pass without great difficulty, and that any peril to the Ministry is contingent, and due chiefly to the fact that, like the fiscal question, it has become very much of a bore.

The election returns from Hungary leave no doubt of the overwhelming defeat of Count Tisza, the full extent of which will not be known till February 6, when the polling in the 413 election districts will be completed. The united Opposition has so far captured 242 seats out of 393, the Kossuth party alone gaining 159. The Premier will probably defer his resignation until all the returns are in, when the re-grouping of parties will make the selection of his successor easier for the Crown than it is at present. Francis Joseph has, with his usual tact, refrained from interference in the election, and it must be conceded that both Tisza and the leaders of the Opposition have carried on a campaign notable for eloquent and effective presentation of contending issues. The Premier staked his all on the principle that the majority must rule, even at the cost of a technical violation of the letter of the Constitution. In his address to the electors of Budapest he also dwelt with great force on the economic questions involved —on the need of ending the provisional fiscal arrangements between Cisleithania and Hungary, which have existed since 1897, and on the risk of claiming a separate customs territory for Hungary, which could develop her industry only at the cost of impoverishing her agriculture. He held out substantial concessions to workingmen, and promised an extension of the suffrage "consistent with the predominance of the Magyar race." But all these appeals were ineffectual, and the Liberal party, for the first time since the *Ausgleich* of 1867, has to give way to an Opposition.

It is not difficult to account for the uneasiness with which the defeat of Tisza is regarded in Vienna and throughout Austria. Hungary has for the first time broken with the tradition of her great leader, Francis Deák; and the name of Kossuth, however potent its spell in Hungary, has, in its descent from father to son, not lost its revolutionary significance in Cisleithania. And yet there is no valid reason for considering the stability of the dual empire threatened by the ascendency of the Kossuth party. The now formidable coalition of Radicals, Nationalists, and Clericals, reinforced as it is by the powerful names of Counts Batthyányi, Zichy, and Károlyi, cannot long survive the campaign. Francis Kossuth himself has spoken in tones which, however fervent in defence of the rights of Hungary, are not incompatible with that moderation which befits the change from a revolutionary agitator to a responsible minister. He affirmed that his principles, while uncompromising, were "legal and loyal"; and he would not be the first Hungarian adviser of the Crown with a revolutionary past. Count Andrássy, after being sentenced to death in 1850, became the trusted and sagacious minister of Francis Joseph. Nor is Austria the only country that has witnessed such radical transformations. Francis Kossuth, who spent his youth and early manhood in Italy, may be pondering the vicissitudes of Crispi's career.

MONROVITIS.

Apparently, the best explanation of the President's San Domingo involvement is that much Monroe Doctrine hath made him mad. A form of nervousness, not yet well described by the faculty, seems to afflict all who brood too intently upon the Doctrine. The malady is peculiarly unfortunate when it attacks a President. It confuses his mind, and makes him an easy victim to the hallucination that his oath of office binds him to maintain, not the Constitution, but the Monroe Doctrine.

Hitherto, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt had given no sign that he thought the Constitutional powers of the President had any pertinence to what he was undertaking in San Domingo. The "protocol," or "agreement," which was signed in San Domingo on Friday week, seemed to be regarded by the Administration as complete and binding of itself. "The American Government guarantees the complete integrity of Dominican territory." The statement was absolute. "The agreement will take effect after February 1 next." The Senate had nothing to do with it. Indeed, the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, who has throughout spoken in this matter by direct inspiration, telegraphed explicitly on January 22, "The arrangement has none of the attributes of a treaty, and will not require ratification by the Senate." But a great light has since dawned upon the President and Secretary Hay. Unpleasant words like "impeachment," used even by Republican Senators, may have had something to do with it; anyhow, it was announced on Thursday last that the San Domingo agreement would be submitted to the Senate, after all.

This made it certain, then, that there would be no taking effect on February 1. Hence it became important to know whether the President had or had not given orders to make it take effect. The dispatches have asserted that ships have already been sent with instructions to take over the Dominican custom houses, as per agreement; and that our naval forces have already begun to help President Morales put down incipient rebellion. That astute Executive seems to have driven an uncommonly good bargain. It was really his "integrity" that President Roosevelt proposed to guarantee. By policing and financing the Morales Administration, it could easily be kept in power indefinitely—or enabled to turn over the Government to a political heir, or to the highest bidder. But considerations of that order are not so important as the question whether President Roosevelt has rashly gone forward as if the treaty were already ratified. In that case, the illegality would be as glaring as was that of President McKinley in acting under the Treaty of Paris before it was made law, or of Mr. Roosevelt himself in ordering the Colombians out of their own territory at Panama. The Senate resolution should be amended so as to inquire whether the President has, in a free and easy application of the doctrine of *nunc pro tunc*, assumed that his negotiation of a treaty was equivalent to its becoming the law of the land.

The motives which induced the President to embark in the affair are set forth with the utmost simplicity in the official statement issued on January 22. He confesses that he went into the business with great reluctance. "Many foreign claims" against San Domingo "are just beyond peradventure." "More than one of the great Powers" had "explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically" brought the attention of this Government to the justice of their contentions. Something had to be done. Yes, but why not the obvious thing of telling these foreign nations to go ahead and collect their just debts? That has been the precedent of recent years. The English seized the custom house in Corinto to compel Nicaragua to meet her obligations. Only three years ago, with President Roosevelt assenting, Germany applied force to Venezuela with a similar object and result. Yet Monroe did not rise from his grave in horror. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, took pains to explain that the proceeding was in perfect harmony with the Monroe Doctrine. Then why has what was good in Nicaragua and Venezuela suddenly become impossible in San Domingo? Because Monroeism has since been getting on President Roosevelt's nerves. Those who speak for him say that the spectacle of foreign creditors collecting their dues from San Domingo would be too much for this nation; that we should be in danger of going to war to prevent it; and that, therefore, though the process of stepping in and administering the Dominican Republic is filled with embarrassments, and is certain to be vexatious and costly, the President has to do it or be false to his sworn duty to see that the Monroe Doctrine take no harm. All of which, in view of the facts, and considering well established precedents, sounds very much like the talk of a person laboring under nervous excitement.

Of all spots on earth, San Domingo is the last one where an American President should display impetuosity. Where Grant burned his fingers so badly, Roosevelt ought not to play with fire. And how absurd the official assurances of what will happen in San Domingo unless we act as its receiver, read when we recall what was said with similar gravity, as of unquestionable authority, thirty years ago. In 1871, the commissioners appointed by President Grant to report on San Domingo—men of such weight as B. F. Wade, Andrew D. White, and Dr. S. G. Howe—put their names to the prediction that, if the United States did not annex the island, "one of the fairest and richest on earth," "some strong nation" would "seize it and hold it in colonial subjection." It was one of the earliest uses of the argument that we must commit a folly in order to prevent some other country from being foolish. But we should think that the ludicrously unfulfilled prophecy we have cited ought to make our most angelical Monroe Doctors a trifle cautious in forecasting future troubles. To keep out of present muddles is work enough for them.

THE COLORADO BALLOT AND OTHERS.

The States which were involved in difficulties over the returns of the last election are naturally the first to interest themselves in the revision of their ballot laws. Thus, the Colorado Legislature, whose committee is just settling down to the work of finding out who was legally elected Governor last November, will also have to consider many suggestions relating to the subject.

But for one feature, the present Colorado ballot would be of the pure Australian type, as used in Massachusetts and generally agreed to be the best yet devised; but this one feature vitiates all the peculiar merits of that form of ballot. To describe it briefly, the candidates for each office are grouped in a separate "box," within which they are arranged in alphabetical order, each name being followed by the party designation. There are no party columns or emblems. This arrangement was devised in order to encourage independent voting by compelling the voter, whether he concludes to vote a straight or a split ticket, to record his preference separately for each one of the offices to be filled. But the legislators who designed this Colorado ballot nullified all the good they had done by putting across the top of the blanket-sheet, in heavy type, the unique legend, "I hereby vote a straight ——— ticket, except where I have marked opposite the name of some other candidate." In the blank, the voter writes "Republican" or "Democratic," as the case may be, and afterwards, if he so desires, can put crosses opposite the names of some of the other party's candidates in the "boxes" below. This not only takes away the special advantage of the Massachusetts ballot, by making it possible to vote a straight ticket at one operation, but also furnishes a means of identifying the voter by his handwriting. Thus, in the proceedings before the Supreme Court, experts were able to testify exactly how many of the ballots found in a particular ballot-box were written by the same person.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, an official who has himself been kept in office by the support of Independent voters of other parties, has issued a long open letter on

election reform, and drawn up three bills to secure it. Rightly putting first the need for better registration laws, he also proposes a new ballot. He does not favor, however, the simple remedy of taking off the straight ticket blank, but prefers a return to the regulation party column. His ballot, in a word, would be precisely like ours in New York, minus the circle at the head of each column for voting a straight ticket. With the Massachusetts ballot it is, mechanically speaking, exactly as easy to vote a split as a straight ticket. Under Judge Lindsey's plan, it would be slightly easier to vote straight, as the pencil would then travel directly down the column, while to scratch the ticket it must be moved from one column to another.

In Missouri, which now has perhaps as bad a ballot as there is anywhere in the country—a separate slip for each party, which the Independent voter must alter by scratching out one name and writing in another—the advocates of reform are urging the complete Massachusetts ballot as the ideal one. At the same time, in one of the States which already have this blessing, there seems to be a strong movement to get rid of it. Gov. Utter of Rhode Island suggests in his message that some method be provided of voting a straight ticket without going through the entire ballot. Senator Dyer has introduced a bill for this purpose, and the Republican State chairman is enthusiastic over it. The change, of course, would do away with the whole special virtue of the ballot, but there is apparent plausibility in the talk about the "rights" of the straight party man. "Why," he asks, "should I be compelled to make thirty or forty crosses on my ballot, and keep other voters waiting, when I have definitely made up my mind to vote for all the nominees of my party?" This question, in fact, is fundamental to the whole ballot problem. In Rhode Island, for instance, there were cast last year for State officers 30,000 straight Republican ballots, and 22,790 straight Democratic ballots. Of the other 21,670, at least a third were straight ballots for minor parties or rejected ballots. Thus 15,000 would more than cover the number of split ballots. It is argued that the present ballot puts the 52,000 to unnecessary trouble to suit the whims of the 15,000.

The answer to this, of course, is that the election is not held to decide which political organization or boss is most popular, but to choose certain officers; and it is absolutely reasonable and just to ask the voter at least to look at the several names before saying which he wants. The common metaphor is that the premium on the straight ticket makes it easy to force the voter to gulp down the whole dose prepared for him, because of the difficulty of taking out the nauseous elements. As a matter of fact, the dose is not even prepared by a single apothecary. The straight ticket is really a mere abstraction of party politics. Some of the names on it are selected by the national, some by the State, others by city, county, Congressional, and legislative conventions. The voter may have absolute confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the Democrats who met at Saratoga and nominated Herrick and his associates, but in no possible sense does that imply that he endorses everything done by the ward politicians who assemble in an East Side hall to pick out an Assemblyman. For all this, the thick-and-thin party man will continue to talk of the right to "vote her straight" in half a second, as if that were expressly mentioned in the Declaration of Independence, whereas, as one of our Missouri contemporaries has pointedly remarked, it is probably as "un-Jeffersonian" a notion as has ever gained currency.

Our New York ballot is devised on a bad theory, but it is carefully safeguarded, and the voters are exercising greater freedom in marking it, as they come to understand it and lose their fear of making mistakes. Certainly, we are better off than the citizens of such States as Colorado and Maryland, where the lawmakers, for partisan ends, have played tricks with a form of ballot which is in its conception the very essence of fairness.

THE PEABODY FUND.

The decision of the trustees of the George Peabody Fund for the advancement of education in the South to dissolve their trust was not unexpected. It has been known for a year that this action was being discussed, and that a great teachers' college was to represent the final investment of a fund which has been of incalculable value to the States that formed the Confederacy. The original deed of gift of Mr. Peabody, dated February 7, 1867, conferred upon the trustees the power to close the trust after the lapse of thirty years, and provided that, of the funds remaining, two-thirds should be distributed among "educational or literary institutions in the South, or for such educational purposes as they may determine, in the States for whose benefit the income is now appointed to be used." "The remainder," Mr. Peabody added, "may be distributed by the trustees for educational or literary purposes, wherever they may deem it expedient." By last week's vote, one million dollars is given to the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tenn., that city having pledged itself to raise a similar sum for this institution. The remaining $1,200,000 is to be distributed among various institutions at the October meeting, when the trust will be finally dissolved.

Mr. Peabody's original gift for the "educational needs of these portions of our beloved and common country which have suffered from the destructive ravages, and the not less disastrous consequences, of civil war," was the sum of one million dollars. But, in addition, he placed in the hands of the trustees bonds of the State of Mississippi, known as Planters' Bank bonds, amounting, with interest, to about eleven hundred thousand dollars, which were subsequently repudiated. "Never," said the late J. L. M. Curry, until his death the general agent of the Fund, "was gift more timely. It came, white-winged messenger of peace and fraternity, in the hour of gloom, poverty, and despondency." Robert C. Winthrop, the first chairman of the board, declared that it was the earliest manifestation of a spirit of reconciliation from the North towards the South. There are many living who recall the thrill of gratitude which this wise gift produced throughout the country, for in 1867 benefactions of such a size were rare, though we have since become accustomed to them. Moreover, Mr. Peabody, with unusual insight, gave to the destitute and neglected masses where others bestowed their endowments on colleges or scientific institutions. It was characteristic of the man that this benevolence was planned long in advance and precisely as he would have worked out any commercial enterprise.

The original trustees and their first general agent, Dr. Barnas Sears, were quick to lay down the principle that the fund was to be utilized to stimulate free public schools for whites and blacks, and to reject the theory that its chief duty was to dole out charitable aid to all in want of the means of education. The promotion of primary or common-school education was the first aim; but the effort was from the first limited to schools in which large numbers could be gathered together, instead of favoring small schools either directly or by paying for the tuition of poor children. A second aim was the development of State normal schools and the training of teachers, white and black, for work in the primary schools. The enlargement of the Nashville School is not only in keeping with this purpose, but is a recognition of what is to-day still the great educational need of the South—the preparation of competent teachers of both races and both sexes. Thanks to the educational campaign carried on by the Southern Education Board and the General Education Board there is a keen realization of what such an institution means to a State. This in itself shows how far the South has advanced since the hour of Mr. Peabody's great benefaction.

Without it and the equally memorable Slater Fund, these new agencies for the educational uplifting of the South would have found the field they are tilling far more difficult and more barren than has been the case. Mr. Peabody

followed up his first gift with another million dollars in 1869, in addition to other deferred securities similar to the Mississippi bonds, and similarly repudiated. With these means the first trustees carried on the original policy until 1879, when the Southern States had thoroughly committed themselves to the work of establishing and carrying on free public schools. Deeming their primary purpose then completed, the trustees concentrated their efforts upon normal schools, a policy that was received with marked favor in the South, and which resulted in the rapid establishment of three normal schools in Virginia: the Sam Houston at Huntsville, Texas; the State Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro, North Carolina, and many others, most of which, with the aid of the Peabody fund, have grown into increasingly important institutions. The Peabody Normal College, which was established in 1875 on the grounds of the State University at Nashville, received from the fund $383,584.10 in scholarships for the twenty years from 1877 to 1897, and substantial aid from the State, which has appropriated $15,000 a year since 1891. From 1868 to September 30, 1897, the total income distributed in twelve States for public and normal schools reached the great figure of $2,478,527.13. In 1900, the income paid out amounted to $84,055.61; in 1901, $80,229.57; in 1902, $79,880.41, and in 1903, $75,400.00. In the last-named year, appropriation for State institutes (gatherings of teachers) was discontinued in favor of the summer schools stimulated by the General Board, and October, 1904, was fixed as the time after which no more scholarships should be awarded to pupils at the Nashville normal school.

Within brief limits, it is impossible to do more than merely indicate what has been accomplished by Mr. Peabody's philanthropy and wise foresight. The dissolution of the trust will obviously not for a moment end the work it has undertaken; nor is it to be regarded as a sign that Southern education no longer needs aid from without. To the Southern and General Education Boards has fallen the task of carrying on the stimulation of public schools, with remarkable success. Actuated by a broader policy, notably the scientific studying of the problems to be faced, they have only just begun to enter the field in which George Peabody was the pioneer who made these later, far-reaching enterprises possible.

REFORM OF MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTING.

Few efforts to improve the government of American cities have acquired greater momentum in a comparatively short time than the attempt to secure reasonable uniformity in municipal accounting. Leadership in the movement seems to have fallen, by general consent, to the National Municipal League, represented by an efficient committee at the head of which is Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, the City Statistician of Boston. In 1903 this committee enlisted the cooperation of the State Commissioners for promoting uniformity in legislation, as well as of the Census Bureau, which is making commendable efforts to coordinate all branches of statistical inquiry in the United States. Moreover, an increasing number of cities are enlisting the services of professional accountants in the installation of improved systems of bookkeeping, and following more or less closely the schedules proposed by the committee of the Municipal League. In short, we now find associations of public-spirited citizens, the Federal census, progressive city officials, and professional accountants of national repute joining forces with a view to placing the movement upon a basis at once business-like and scientific, and therefore eminently practical in every sense of the word.

From the outset, the committee of the Municipal League has wisely confined its efforts to devising a simple and practical scheme for summarizing the accounts of an American city, and has not attempted to elaborate a complete system of bookkeeping designed to displace existing methods. In many cases, doubtless, the methods of bookkeeping are so rudimentary or chaotic that the installation of a new set of books is the first desideratum, as was found to be the case in Chicago and some other places. But the impetus to such far-reaching changes must, of necessity, proceed from local movements, like that inaugurated by the Merchants' Club in Chicago, and cannot come from the recommendations of an outside body. The committee felt that much would be accomplished if local officials could be induced to summarize city accounts according to some rational and uniform scheme; and that, if this could be secured, the improvement of bookkeeping methods would naturally follow. The schedules proposed for model comptrollers' reports were first advanced tentatively; and then, after being put to repeated practical tests, in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, and elsewhere, were gradually amended at points where it appeared possible to improve them. Although further amendment may prove desirable, the schedules, as they stand to-day, offer a consistent scheme of classification, which has endured well the test of experience.

We regard it as especially fortunate that the coöperation of the Census Bureau is now assured. As early as 1850 the Federal census undertook to present facts concerning the valuation and taxation of property; and the scope of this inquiry was broadened, decade by decade, until in 1890 a large body of statistics was gathered concerning the finances of our States and minor civil divisions. In 1902 the collection of social statistics of cities with over thirty thousand inhabitants, which had previously fallen to the Department of Labor, was transferred to the Census Bureau, and it at once began to gather financial statistics of the larger municipalities. The report, which will soon be published, will present comparative exhibits of municipal payments and receipts, classified in accordance with the general plan of the National Municipal League. This investigation is to be repeated at intervals of two years, and will accustom city officials to repeated demands for financial statements prepared in such a form as will make them available for comparative purposes. If the census authorities are alive to their opportunities, they may easily exert a steady pressure in behalf of uniform municipal accounting. So far, it is reported, city officials have shown commendable readiness to coöperate with the census; and it seems probable that in this direction lie the greatest opportunities for progress in the immediate future. It is an interesting commentary upon the need of such a movement that in three cities the special agents of the census disclosed irregularities which led to the indictment of the officials concerned, and that in several others their inquiries were delayed by the fact that the books which they wanted "were in the hands of grand juries."

New York has lagged behind some of the other States in this important movement. The law of 1903, which required cities of the second and third class to file classified reports annually with the Secretary of State, was a step in the right direction, and was perhaps as much as should be attempted at the outset. The returns received under this law will undoubtedly possess much interest, but they will probably demonstrate the necessity of following it up with a more comprehensive and efficient statute. In his last report the State Comptroller recommended that a more complete scheme of accounting, with provisions for effective supervision, should be established; and it is to be hoped that some such measure may be enacted at the present session of the Legislature. New York cannot afford to neglect the example set by such States as Ohio, Wyoming, and the Dakotas; and should, without further delay, insist upon reasonable order and uniformity in municipal housekeeping. This is a matter in which sporadic action by municipalities cannot meet the needs of the case, and one in which universality and uniformity are highly desirable. And, perhaps, while the subject of public accounting is under consideration, it might be well to inquire whether the accounts of the State itself

cannot be stated in such form that the average citizen could, if he should so desire, ascertain the net expenditures and revenues of the commonwealth for any fiscal year.

IRREPRESSIBLE REFORM IN RUSSIA.

Prince Kropotkin's article on "Constitutional Agitation in Russia," in the January *Nineteenth Century*, lights up the Russian political situation. He writes with such sure-footed knowledge of both the past and present of his country; is so closely in touch with all its political movements, whether radical or reactionary; has so many correspondents in Russia, and such means of sounding provincial sentiment as well as that of the great cities, that his words are clothed with the greatest authority. If the supreme test of science is its power to predict, then Prince Kropotkin's article may be said to be really scientific, since it foretold the events of ten days ago. Speaking of the political demonstrations of November and early December, he wrote: "They surely will be joined by workingmen. . . . And if they are dispersed by force, they will result in bloodshed, of which none can foresee the end."

Yet there was "nothing unforeseen," asserts Kropotkin, in the demand for a Russian Constitution guaranteeing national representation. It seemed to be put forward suddenly and dramatically in November, but it was only the inevitable result of slowly moving forces. For years it has been true that dissatisfaction with the autocratic régime has been acute and mounting. The universities have been honeycombed with unrest and the spirit of revolt. "Wherever a few educated persons come together, nothing is spoken of but the coming Constitution." Of course, the reformers have, to encourage them, the memory of Alexander's II.'s action, twenty-three years ago, in preparing to grant what was practically, though not in name, a Constitution. He was assassinated just before the manifesto was to be issued. His son thought, for a time, of going on in the same direction, and actually wrote to his brother: "I feel so happy; the weight is off my shoulders; I am granting a Constitution." But Alexander III. was soon captured by the reactionaries, with Pobiedonostseff at their head, and, instead of a Constitution, proclaimed his intention to "take the ruling power in our own hands."

Some of the conditions which make the existing system intolerable are pictured by Kropotkin with striking detail. The bureaucracy steadily eats away every legal right, every judicial safeguard, of Russian subjects. For example, the so-called Judicial Law of 1864 contained guarantees against arbitrary action by the police. Citizens, even those accused of political crimes, were to be taken before magistrates. But this law has been torn to pieces by no less than *seven hundred by-laws* issued since 1864, limiting the rights of the courts, abolishing public trial, and so on, until, as the lawyers of Saratoff declared in public meeting, "all the principles of the law of Alexander II. have been annihilated. This law exists only in name." Statistics prove the assertion completely. In 1903, for example, "4,867 persons were submitted to various penalties, including imprisonment, inflicted by the Administration, with out the interference of any magistrate. Out of these, no fewer than 1,502 were sent into exile, for terms up to ten years." Compare this with the corresponding figure for the last year of the reign of Alexander III. (1894), when it was only 55! No wonder that the resolutions passed by the Moscow lawyers should lay down the general principle:

> "It appears from Russia's whole life for the last forty years that it is absolutely hopeless to endeavor to introduce in our country the reign of Right, so long as the arbitrary rule of bureaucracy continues to exist, even though all sorts of rights may be inscribed in our code."

Of the present Czar, Kropotkin writes without bitterness, yet with a keen sense of his vacillating and feebly striving character. Weak for good, Nicholas has somehow found strength enough to resist the forces making for better governmental policies. "At the decisive moment, he always had enough energy to turn the scales in favor of reaction." So it was in Poland, in Finland, in Armenia, with the zemstvos, with the students. Yet it was with the Czar's consent that Witte "began to prepare the gradual passage from autocracy to some sort of Constitutional régime." His commissions on Russian agriculture, cooperating with the zemstvos, brought out overwhelming testimony from all classes, noblemen and peasants alike, that Russia is perishing under police rule. This inquiry, as Witte's delayed report at last shows, was designed to hasten the granting of certain political liberties and a degree of representative government. But the reactionaries again prevailed upon Nicholas. He displaced Witte by promotion to the Council of State and made Plehve omnipotent. What happened to the latter, we know. The question now is whether Witte, with his plan of moderate progress and safe concessions, will be permitted again to direct the Imperial policy.

Of one thing Kropotkin is convinced. Whether or not the autocracy decides to yield something, it "never will be able any more to stop the movement." What has occurred since this was written tends but to confirm it. The thing is too big and has too much vitality to be extinguished by even blood and iron. All classes in Russia have caught the new spirit. It used to be only the young men who were revolutionaries. In the circles of the seventies, writes Kropotkin, "a man of thirty was an old man." Today, graybeards join the youth in protesting against the autocratic bureaucracy. Landlords are at one with peasants; the educated with the working classes. Far in the interior the ferment is at work; Kropotkin testifying that the local newspapers sent to him "reveal quite a new provincial life." Already the zemstvos have brought forward men with talent for administration. That they will, in time, be called to exercise it in national affairs, is Kropotkin's positive prediction. Hopeful old revolutionary that he is, he writes like one in sight of the promised land. He may not live to enter it, but others of his compatriots will, unless the laws of political progress are suddenly abrogated.

SMALL ART MUSEUMS.

It is most interesting news that Mr. Charles J. Freer of Detroit has offered his remarkable collections, with a building in which they are to be kept intact, to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This gift, we note, is somewhat vaguely said to include his paintings and prints; one would gladly learn that it comprises, besides his well-known Whistlers and the little group of modern Americans, also those Japanese color prints and paintings which afford so suggestive a parallel to the Western examples. In Whistlers, it should be recalled, Mr. Freer's gallery is extraordinarily rich; about fifty paintings and drawings from it were shown in the Boston Whistler exhibition of last spring. Since that time he has acquired the famous peacock decorations which were the occasion of a notable quarrel between the peppery master and the shipbuilder Leyland. In his American purchases Mr. Freer has stuck pretty closely to the works of Messrs. T. W. Dewing, Tryon, Horatio Walker, and Abbott Thayer, of whom he possesses admirable canvases. All of his objects of art Mr. Freer has lent with the greatest liberality, and the occasion of their assemblage and installation at Washington may furnish not only to outsiders, but to the owner himself, the first opportunity in years of seeing the collection in its integrity.

But the conditions of the gift are more interesting than the inventory of Mr. Freer's treasures. He purposes to build a small building and increase the collections during his lifetime, and he requires that no change shall be made after his death. The plan, then, is for a miniature museum representing an individual taste, and it is easy to see how such a collection can be given a greater attractiveness than is possible in the vast halls of public museums. Mr. Freer means, we understand, to reproduce the famous Peacock Room. It will

form an ideal setting for Whistler's works of a certain period—an extraordinary show-place for Chinese porcelains. In fact, this use is already suggested by the central figure in the decorative scheme, "La Princesse du pays de porcelaine." Throughout the little building one may imagine the kind of congruousness that makes a well-ordered private collection a comfortable place to linger in, whereas comfort is had in a public museum only by a resolute effort of detachment and concentration.

We believe that Mr. Freer's gift, if not the first of its kind in America, is the first of importance. We trust it may prove a stimulus and a warning to other public-spirited collectors, since frequently a personal collection is given to a great museum with the condition that it be kept intact. Very justifiable when the gift practically constitutes a department—like the Heber Bishop jades in our Metropolitan Museum—usually such conditions are, frankly, onerous; they interfere sadly with the general classification of the museum. Furthermore, the stipulation is almost always futile. Collections transferred to public galleries quickly lose all personal quality. Visitors rarely know by the generosity of which donor they are profiting as they pass through a dozen such bequests. In fact, a label on each object indicating the giver is a far better reminder to posterity than the unheeded signboard by the entrance door. Accordingly Mr. Freer's gift has this hint for generously minded art collectors, that if the personal milieu of a collection is not so rare as to be worth preserving in a separate institution, the gift to a public museum should in almost all cases be unconditional.

We hope to see these smaller institutions multiply, and we believe that only pedants will take the other view. So inevitable is the drift towards the great museums that there is some danger that the sense of a finer and more intimate delight in works of art may be weakened. The museums have their very necessary and useful function. To students they are indispensable, to the greater public a means of education and enjoyment. But in all matters of arrangement of exhibits the final result is perforce a compromise between considerations of space, scientific classification, and æsthetic effect. Thus, Director Madrazo of the Prado boldly hangs his two Watteaus in the Titian room, where they shine; otherwise they would be lost in their logical place among the mediocrities of the French school. Happy audacities of such a sort a great museum can permit itself only exceptionally. In a small personal collection they are or should be the rule. That this is not merely a fine-spun distinction—a whim of preciosity—many can prove from their own experience. One need only recall the little Poldo-Pezzoli collection at Milan, or the residence of the late Gustave Moreau at Paris, in which his visionary imaginings are kept together, or, on a lower level of taste, the possessions of the actor-manager Alleyne, still piously treasured at Dulwich College, to realize that these little museums fill a place left unoccupied by the more catholic collections. The mere quiet of such shrines is an incalculable advantage. Let the art-lover clear his mind of cant and ask himself frankly if the Tribunal of the Uffizi, amid the reigning conditions of touristic tumult, is not precisely the place he would most resignedly never enter again. By such a challenge of the conventions he will effectually plead the cause of the small museum.

In the interest of diversity, then, we hope to see other gifts like Mr. Freer's. Between such small foundations and the great museums there is no rivalry. Each aids the other. And the art life of a city is richer when, beside its great museum, it has here and there many little galleries which represent, not so much art history, as the personal enthusiasms of some collector of taste, and are a kind of visible counsel of perfection to the entire art-loving community.

ITALY'S TRIBUTE TO CARDUCCI.

FLORENCE, January 13, 1905.

Italy cannot be included among the nations that Ruskin reproaches with ingratitude to their great ones during life, as far as her foremost poet and prose writer is concerned, for it would be difficult to imagine what higher honors than those now showered on the living genius could be accorded him had he already joined the mystic realms "where the immortal are." It is not only the fact of the national tribute of 12,000 lire assigned to him as an annuity, besides the ordinary pension due for his forty-five years of teaching as professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna; it is the spontaneous and almost unanimous enthusiasm that has accompanied the tribute, the universal outpouring of affection, admiration, gratitude, and reverence showered on him from every class and party throughout the peninsula, and, despite the prohibition of Austria, from unredeemed Trieste, that is significant. Remarkable, too, when we recall the many phases through which Carducci's political career has passed. Beginning with his adhesion to the first King of Italy, his "all hail" to the white cross of Savoy in 1859, he represented the national sentiment in those days when the hopes of Italy were centred on the little kingdom at the foot of the Alps, which alone held aloft the Tricolor; whose king, on a defeated battlefield, had seized the tattered banner and refused to surrender it to Radetzki, even as he refused to abrogate the Constitution, although Piedmont was invaded, Alessandria occupied, the capital menaced, the very existence of the little kingdom in peril. Then Moderates and Liberals, Monarchists and Republicans, were of one mind because Unity had at last enshrined itself in the hearts of all. But when, after Cavour's death, the faction that had done little or nothing to ensure national redemption, recognizing as the chief, if not the only, factor the man of the Second of December, bowed servilely to his least behest, shooting down the Liberator of eleven millions of Italians, and later transforming the King of Italy into the gendarme of the temporal power, treating the southern provinces as they had been treated by the Bourbon; then the poet, for whom Italy's national existence, greatness, and nobility were the supreme aims, lashed in poetry and in prose her servile crew, in unmeasured terms, especially after Mentana, when his accusing voice echoed through the land. Then, indeed, he became the object of fear and hatred to the Moderates, every obstacle was thrown in his path; and here the Clericals joined hands with their enemies, for they, too, felt the stings of the author of "Satan," though they never understood its full force or meaning.

After the final entry into Rome, the revolutionary note was modified, but it was not until the Right fell and the old Party of Action came to power that Carducci gave in his adherence to an Italian Government. Meanwhile, for his praises of Mazzini, whom he learned to appreciate all too late, he was by Bonghi suspended from his chair and salary for six months, but such was the adoration of his students that none dared longer to deprive them of their Master. Among the Left he had his special Benjamins, chiefly Cairoli and Zanardelli. Crispi then occupied only a second place in his heart. Bertani, from first to last, he loved and esteemed. But, gradually, one and all failed to satisfy him in view of their dissensions, their jealousies—above all, their neglect of the suffering and overburdened masses, the total absence of popular education, which he had constantly and vehemently insisted upon in speeches ever since 1862. And if he pleaded almost without hope with conservatives in power, when the reformers came to the helm he challenged them in far severer terms. Sadder and severer grew his reproaches as the seventies passed and the incapacity of his beloved Cairoli, the supineness of all the ministers of foreign affairs, left Italy at the mercy of France, hostile under MacMahon, impertinent under Decazes, insolent under Gambetta, perjured in Tunis as of old in Rome. In his wonderful prose lyric on the day after Garibaldi's death, Carducci stops short, stung by the contrast of the ignominy of the present with the glories of the past; and, after a terrible accusation of all parties and sects then ravaging Italy, closes with this pathetic appeal:

"In the times of Homeric Greece, around the pyres of their heroes their countrymen and comrades flung into the flames all that was dearest to them; some sacrificed their horses, some their slaves, some themselves. I do not ask such a sacrifice from the Italians. I know that parties must exist because they are necessary to liberty. But I ask all parties, from the monarchical, which claims Garibaldi as its ally, to the Socialists, who claim him as their leader and abettor, to sacrifice on his funeral pyre, whose flames face the sea,* not their dearest treasures, but every base thing belonging to them. If this they do, we may hope that in the days of trial and of danger (and

*When Carducci on the 4th of July, 1882, spoke thus, no one doubted that Garibaldi's last commands would be obeyed and his body burned, pagan fashion, in Caprera, facing the sea. His family, friends, and comrades disobeyed, and bitterly Carducci reproached them. His allusion to the Socialists' claim of Garibaldi for their own is due to Garibaldi's still repeated sentence, "Socialism is the sun of the future."

these seem near and mighty), the spirit of Garibaldi may return, leading the van of our armies once more to glory and to victory."

Thus as ever Carducci proved himself member of no party, intent only on purging his country of all her weakness and wickedness, on uplifting her to the ideal of goodness, to real noble and lasting greatness.

Once more, and for the last time, we think, in May, 1886, Carducci launched bitter and scornful condemnation on Depretis in the last year of his ministerial life, pledging himself as he had promised Bertani, just deceased, to take his seat in Parliament if elected in Pisa, because a lofty idea of duty impelled him to go and combat the disastrous system of government which, declining all responsibility, claimed to guide the nation whithersoever and with whatsoever means it might choose. After enumerating the sins of omission and commission of the "unscrupulous old cynic," he denounces the Triple Alliance, which compels Italy "to sacrifice a portion of her internal liberties, to fling to the winds her historical ideality, to set the democratic sign and seal to mediæval conceptions and plans, without a guarantee for the present or a pledge for the future." Then he charged Depretis with the guilt of squandering life and treasure in Africa, while portions of Italian soil were unredeemed and Italian multitudes were perishing for want of labor and of bread.

Depretis died, and Crispi, from 1887 to 1891, appeared to Carducci the redeemer of Italy at home and abroad. At home he undoubtedly was so, for he fulfilled all the pledges given by the Party of Action in opposition, and he was not responsible either for the Triple Alliance, which he could not dissolve, or for the African policy, which he did not initiate. But in his thick-and-thin championship of Crispi during the revolts in Sicily and of the delirious dream of empire in Africa, Carducci offended every party in Italy by his speeches and his prose writings, especially by his poem to Crispi's daughter (January 10, 1895).

While far from endorsing his incentives to imperialistic tendencies, partial and transitory as fortunately they were, we refer to them to show that Carducci has never sought popularity or applause, has often and often repelled applause; and, looking through the splendid new volume of his prose works which includes the principal (though many gems are omitted despite the 1,500 pages), one is compelled to recognize that Carducci has been consistent and tenacious throughout—never a partisan save of Italy, always the champion of what seemed to him at the time most beneficial, most conducive to Italy's taking her place as a factor of peace and progress among the nations of Europe. It is the recognition of this, his guiding star, as much as his countrymen's pride in his genius, that explains the passionate enthusiasm that accompanies the national tribute which accords posthumous honors to the living man beloved. It is true that though the proposal was received with acclamation, there were found in the urns of the Chamber of Deputies two and twenty hostile votes. Were they deposited by the Socialists or by the Clericals? Probably by some of both parties. The revolutionary Socialists know that they have in Carducci a stern, firm, immutable opponent, though the more one reads and rereads his prose works, the more one realizes how constant and tender has been his solicitude for the redemption of the masses from the depths of misery and ignorance in which they are still sunk. Speaking in 1873 to the League for Popular Instruction, he noted with sorrow that one to whom a prize had been adjudicated could not be found to receive it.

"He was a shepherd who, during the winter, while tending the flocks he had brought from the mountains to the plains, attended the evening school of Calamosco with such diligence as to deserve the prize. But he returned, and we cannot give it to him, as he left not a trace. We can, however, rejoice that, during his summer sojourn in the mountains, his days will be less lonely and wretched since he can find consolation in books that may teach him hope and good things."

His stanzas entitled "Carnival," so beautifully rendered by Frank Sewall, reveal the passionate sympathy of the poet for the weak, the suffering, the abandoned millions, his indignation against the cruel indifference of the wealthy and the powerful for these human outcasts in their inhuman wretchedness. "Why," we asked him once, "have you given us no more of those all-powerful protests and appeals?" "Because," he answered, "I fear to stir up in these unhappy ones impotent vengeance, resolves which can only add to their wretchedness by alienating the classes who begin to realize their wrongs and to recognize their rights, and to throw them into the arms of anarchists who would divide this Italy of ours, still so weak and isolated, and bring about a fratricidal war in a nation that must remain united against her many and most powerful foes." For his bitter censures of the revolutionary Socialists he was in 1899 excluded from the provincial and municipal councils in Bologna, and his defiant strictures on their methods assuredly did not conciliate them.

Of the hundreds of articles and speeches which all exalt Carducci's name, a few are worth recording. That of Orlando, in introducing the bill, was reverent as it was affectionate.

"This measure," he said, "will ensure to our aged poet rest and tranquillity, enhance the prospect of fresh works of beauty; and the glorious singer of regenerated Italy, the stanch and trustful prophet of her lofty destinies, the kindly pleader for a happier future for weary human workers, will hear in the homage of this assembly the admiring and grateful voice of future idealists. . . . Regret as we must the loss of the great Teacher who, from his chair in Bologna, has, by the austerity and solidity of his learning, the geniality emanating from his lofty genius, given fresh life and vigor to the intellectuality of all scholastic institutions, he will not cease to educate us in his retirement from the University. This master of masters will yet give us fresh poetry and prose which will compensate us for the silence of his actual voice in the University. The future historian of new Italy, writing of the great century whose ideas and aspirations we inherit together with the gigantic results of their heroic deeds, will meet at every step this exalted figure, this poet, author, erudite, artist, and professor, who sums up in his laborious career the thought of his time in all that is loftiest and best; whose voice has echoed through the world, gaining once more the admiration of foreign nations for Italy.

"But at this moment it is his work as educator that chiefly occupies us, as the educator of Italian youth in civic virtue, in probity of intellect, in contempt for all hypocrisy, for all shams or falsities. His constant effort has been, not only to comprehend and appreciate our great ones in their relations to the times in which they lived, but to keep them pure from imposture in art, in study and in life. His austere methods of compelling conscientious research have radically reformed the mental habits of his students; his stern prohibition of rhetorical improvisation has forced them to observe the rigid laws of rectitude and of sincerity—laws which extend to individual character and to social relations. His sovereign art, while it disproved the hasty affirmations of superficial observers that all poetry was dead, grew and purified itself in his intense love of country, in religious obedience to the law of progress, in filial reverence for Nature, whose beauty he worships, whose profound mysteries he has transfused into his potent verse. The soul is retempered and the mind embraces ever wider horizons as he leads us up to some sublime Alpine height, and in his *Carmi* future generations also will sun themselves in his vivifying faith in the nobility of human destinies, in the perfection of humanity's ideal."

In speaking of Carducci's austere methods and his disdain for rhetorical improvisation, the Minister of Public Instruction touched one of the keynotes of the Master's educational system. Woe to the student who dared to send him a poem or an article for inspection. In one term he must have received several, for in an irate mood he mocked and scoffed at his class, saying, "If I knew the mothers of these silly boys I would recommend them to take off their slippers [here a pantomimic act] and send them supperless to bed!" And in one of his "furious soliloquies" (published in 1885) he writes:

"I have been thinking of my bill for classical instruction. Here is the thirtieth article: 'When any pupil of any professor of Italian literature shall print a poem or prose article within three years of taking his degree, that professor shall be deprived of his chair.' Article 31st: 'Any professor whose pupil shall print prose or poetry while yet a student, shall be beaten with rods.' "

Very touching was the speech of the venerable Senator Finale in presenting the measure to the upper house.

"He rejoiced in the good fortune that had fallen to the committee of which he was chosen reporter. A tribute similar to the one now proposed had been paid to Alessandro Manzoni by Rattazzi, minister during Victor Emanuel's dictatorship; but the vote of the nation represented in her Parliament, now that Italy is one, free and independent, with her seat in Rome intangible, receives additional solemnity and will be held by our poet as a greater prize than the crown awarded in other days to Petrarch in the capitol; and the applauding voices of the nation will echo beyond mountain and sea wheresoever the language of the *sì* is spoken. From Carducci, teacher, author, poet and prose writer, a new life and school of literature takes initiative. In his works, modern ideas and sentiments appear reclothed in marvellous classic forms; the noblest traditions of the past present themselves with audacious modernity. Even old men like myself, who were not formed in his school, stand entranced before the insuperable manifestations of his genius and his art."

Not a dissenting voice was there in the Senate. One voice, one vote, and that acclaimed in silence.

Though it was known that Carducci's resolution to resign his chair was irrevocable, it was thought just possible that this national tribute might induce him to retain the chair, allowing a substitute to give the lectures when the fatigue was too much for him. The entire body of the professors, all his adoring colleagues, entreated him not to abandon them, to give even

one lecture during the year, to deliver at least the inaugural address; but this now could never be. Since his health began to fail in 1898, he has for weeks together entrusted his students to his best beloved disciple, Severino Ferrari, who for five years, when professor of Italian literature in the Female University here in Florence, used to go every week to replace his worshipped master, whom he also always assisted during the arduous examinations. In 1902 Ferrari was transferred from Florence to Bologna as professor of stylistics, and this irreparable loss to the noble band of Italian women who desired the highest education that Italy can give, was not mitigated by their joy in the beloved professor's personal advancement. For his health failed almost immediately—so seriously that he could no longer assist his master, and is at present compelled to desist from giving his own lectures. To no other hands would Carducci have confided his scholars; as he never allowed a lecture to be missed unless detained at Rome by his duties as Senator or member of the Supreme Council of Public Instruction, he had to choose between resigning his chair and abstaining from all other tasks, even that of revising and reëditing his former works. Hence his brief demand for permission to retire from his professional duties, enclosing a certificate from his family physician that they were indeed too heavy for his enfeebled health. Fortunately, though delicate, he is stronger than he has been of late years; and that his intellect remains lucid and bright as of yore, his articles on "The Development of the Ode in Italy," on "The Spring and Flowers of Lyrical Poetry," and, in this January's *Antologia*, an article on Dante's sonnet "Tre Donne," give ample proof. Naturally the surprise, gladness, and gratitude aroused by this universal homage have tried him not a little, but the devoted care of Donna Elvira and his family has prevented any baneful effects.

Beyond all praise has been the conduct of his admirers and friends in the town and province of Bologna, and from provinces further off. Instead of going separately or collectively to give him New Year's greetings, all agreed to send letters, cards, addresses, and happy returns to the editor of the *Resto del Carlino*, the Bolognese newspaper that has been faithful to him forever and a day. These, forming a monumental pyramid of love, were taken to him on New Year's day, telegrams raining down meanwhile: a pleasant opening, this, of 1905, and not alone for the recipient of all this genuine sympathetic homage.

J. W. M.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

PARIS, January 13, 1905.

I will not dwell on the great revolution which has taken place in the French mind on the subject of the music of Richard Wagner. I still remember the evening on which his "Tannhäuser" was played for the first time at the French Opéra—it seemed as if Wagner, having suffered a crushing defeat, could never be heard of again; but the defeat was unjust, and Wagner is now the undiscussed representative of a musical school which has fanatical adepts.

It would at one time have seemed impossible to play "Tristan and Isolde" on the French stage; but this extraordinary musical drama draws now an enthusiastic audience to the Opéra, and books are written on the admirable legend which was used by Wagner. This legend has been reconstituted from fragments of the French poets of the twelfth century and of their foreign imitators, and has been printed for the first time in a splendid volume, 'Roman de Tristan et Iseut,' for a limited number of bibliophiles, and illustrated with one hundred and fifty colored engravings. The author of this fine work, M. J. Bédier, had already published a cheap and popular work on the same subject. This volume has a preface written by M. Gaston Paris, which is very interesting. He tells us that "M. J. Bédier is the worthy successor of the old *trouvères*, who tried to decant into the light crystal of our language the intoxicating beverage in which the Cornwall lovers found one love and death," by narrating "the marvellous history of their enchantment, their joys, their sufferings, their death, as, coming out of the depths of the Celtic fantasy, it pleased and troubled the soul of the French of the twelfth century."

There exists no complete French embodiment of the legend; if there had been one, M. Bédier would have contented himself with giving a faithful translation of it in modern French. We possess only fragments.

"Of the romances of Tristan," writes M. Gaston Paris, "known to have existed, and which must have been of great length, those of Chrétien de Troyes and of La Chèvre have entirely perished; of Béroul's romance there remain three thousand verses; as much remains of the work of Thomas, and fifteen hundred verses of an anonymous work. Then we have foreign translations, three of which give us pretty exactly for the substance, but not for the form, the work of Thomas, and one of which represents a poem very similar to the work of Béroul. We have here and there allusions, often valuable, little episodic poems, and finally the undigested prose romance, in which we find, in the midst of a medley constantly increased by successive writers, some remains of lost versions."

M. Bédier chose to revive for us the legend of Tristan in its oldest form, or at least in the oldest to be found in French. He therefore began by translating as faithfully as possible the fragment of Béroul, and to this he has added what he thought most appropriate, much like a sculptor who, discovering the Venus of Milo, should undertake to add the missing arms to the body. The difficulty lies in finding an exact harmony between all the parts of the statue. M. Bédier, in the opinion of M. Gaston Paris, who was a very competent judge, has solved the problem satisfactorily; he has, at the end of the nineteenth century, succeeded in giving us a poem of the end of the twelfth century.

"By combining the indications, sometimes very slight, of the French *conteurs*," says M. Paris, "we succeed in perceiving what this savage poem might have been to the Celts, always surrounded by the sea or the forest, the hero of which, demi-god rather than man, is presented to us as the master, or rather as the inventor, of all barbaric arts, a killer of stags and bears, an incomparable wrestler, an audacious navigator; knowing how to play on the harp, how to imitate the song of every bird; and, with all that, invincible in battle, a tamer of monsters, protector of his faithful friends, merciless to his enemies, living an almost superhuman life, a constant object of admiration, of devotion, of envy."

This type would not be complete if love had no part in it; but this word must be explained when we talk of the epic poems of the times of Tristan and Isolde. In all the literature of that period, love is not treated as a passion so long as it is governed by duty; it is a passion only when it is outside of established rules; it then acts, as it were, as a force no longer controllable by the will, and consequently it becomes a dramatic element, having the character of fate, and naturally associated with the idea of death. Such is the character of the passion which devours Tristan and Isolde, and which connects in their legend the ideas of love and of death. This connection takes material shape in the philter which plays such an important part in this drama of the twelfth century. The ancients also used the philter in their mythology; but their philters were employed only to induce love, and were not at the same time instruments of death, at least not of necessity. Love and death were not profoundly related in the optimistic mind of the Greeks. M. Gaston Paris tells us that with the Celts "the idea of symbolizing involuntary, irresistible, and eternal love in a beverage whose action (and herein it differs from vulgar philters) lasts during the whole of life and even persists after death, invests the history of the lovers with its fatal and mysterious character; this idea evidently had its origin in the old Celtic witchcraft."

The notion of the fatality of love, placed outside and above all laws, is the commanding inspiration of the poem of Tristan and Isolde. Love is thus purified by suffering; and it is no wonder if the poem became so popular, and if, in the admirable language of music used by Wagner, it speaks to so many hearts.

"In the midst," says M. Gaston Paris, "of the ordinary frailty of human affections, of constant disillusion, this pair, fettered from the beginning by a mysterious bond, tossed by many storms, and resisting their force, trying in vain to recover their freedom, and finally drawn together in a last and eternal embrace, appeared and still appear one of the forms of the ideal which man is never tired of placing above the real, and of which the multiple and opposite aspects are only the various manifestations of his obstinate aspiration towards happiness."

The music of Wagner, who drew out of the poem the essence which is everlasting and is as well suited to our time as to old times, is also a philter. It may be thought a poisonous doctrine to place love outside of and above all laws, and almost to sanctify it by the idea of death. Death is the end of all things human, of virtue as well as of vice; and M. Gaston Paris writes truly: "There is no ideal of which the charm has not its danger. . . . We must, when we pass the grotto of the Sirens, tie ourselves firmly to the mast, without renouncing audience of the divine melody which speaks to mortals of superhuman felicities." The poem, however, as M. Bédier gives it to us in its exact original, is so different from our modern life that it can hardly be considered an incentive to our passions; it differs as much from a modern picture as a mediæval glass window, with its straight lines and stiff attitudes. It is a document, and, as such, throws much light on the manners and the feelings of a very distant period, and of a race whose characters have been slowly altered by the work of time and by ethnical mixtures.

It is impossible to give an account of the poem; it must be read. All its beauty is in its development and its details. There is still room in it for many musical interpretations. The imaginative genius of Wagner seized upon only one of its episodes (the most striking, to be sure).

Correspondence.

A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was sent to me, from Chicago, in 1903, for identification, 'La Vita di Carlo Magno Imperadore, scritta in lingua Italiana da Petruccio Ubaldino Cittadin Fiorentino. [John Wolfe's device of the seeding fleur-de-lis, flanked by his motto, *Ubique florescit.*] Londra: Appresso Giouanni Wolfio Inghilese. 1581. [4to, pp. 125, A through Q.]

'La Vita di Carlo Magno' has long enjoyed among bibliophiles the reputation, given to it by Ubaldini in his Epistle Dedicatory, of being the first Italian book printed in England. It is not, however, the first English imprint in Italian, having had several less ambitious forerunners. Two of these tracts, previously printed in London, I have recorded in my 'Elizabethan Translations from the Italian' (pp. 360-1), and I shall be able to add two more to my revision of that work, now in preparation.

The little quarto is perfect, although it shows the marks of time. These marks are three in number: all the bands but one are loosened from the back; the clasps are gone; and a bookworm has enhanced the romantic interest of the life of Charlemagne by journeying through the wide margins from the back cover forwards, through end-papers and signatures to Signature E. The book is bound in limp white vellum and illuminated in gold, front and back. On the fly-leaf, opposite the title-page, is inscribed, in beautiful Italian script:

All' Ill.mo et Ecc.mo Sig.r il Sig.r
Conte di Lecestrioré
Petruccio Ubaldino, in riconoscenza
dicerta, et nó mai dimenticata obligatio:
né, et di douuta humiltà desidera
prosperità.

On the title-page, under the date, there is written "Elizabeth R."

I was asked for my opinion of the genuineness of the inscription and the signature. Of the inscription I had no doubt whatever but that there had come into my hands the unique exemplar presented by the author and illuminator to the Earl of Leicester. Of the supposed royal signature I had every doubt, for the following reasons: in 1581, Leicester had been married for three years to Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, and Elizabeth was in the eleventh year of those remarkable negotiations known as the Alençon marriage. I know no reason why her signature should be in his book at that time, or later, unless she came into possession of it after his death, in 1588, when she ordered his goods to be sold at public auction in discharge of a debt he owed to the exchequer. 'Nichols's Progresses' affords a curious possible confirmation of this conjecture. It records that in 1588-9 Petruccio Ubaldini gave the Queen, for a New Year's gift, "a book covered with vellum of Italian," for which she returned a gift of five and a half ounces of gilt plate. Ubaldini may have bought in his own richly illuminated book at the Leicester sale and presented it to the Queen.

I have never met with Queen Elizabeth's handwriting *in extenso*, either original or in facsimile, and do not know whether she wrote the old English hand or the Italian script that was displacing it during her reign. Certainly all the facsimiles of her signature I have seen are like those affixed to the Rolls of New Year's Gifts in Nichols. There she signs a bold Italian "Elizabeth R." As is well known, many educated Elizabethans wrote familiarly the old English hand and signed their names in the running Italian script. It is a significant evidence of Shakspere's origin and social status that he never learned to write the fashionable hand. The signature on the title-page of 'Carlo Magno' is written in a crabbed hand, more old English in character than Italian, but not distinctly either. It looks to me like a forgery, and the forgery of some one who did not know that there were two styles of writing in Elizabeth's time, and who attempted merely to make her write an old script.

I therefore advised that the book be sent to the British Museum for expert examination of Queen Elizabeth's signature. This was done through Mr. W. M. Voynich, and I am able to add Mr. Voynich's opinion:

"Ubaldini lived in England at the time of the publication of this book. The publisher, Wolf, was the first man to introduce the printing of Italian books into England, and at the same time published many secretly printed books, like Machiavelli, never giving his name or colophon.

"The British Museum has two petitions by Petruccio Ubaldini to Queen Elizabeth (Lansdowne, 98, v. 175, 180), written, one in 1584, the other in 1594. These documents are written in his hand and signed, and the writing is exactly similar to this dedication in your book, his *u* being specially characteristic. There cannot, therefore, be the slightest doubt but that Ubaldini has dedicated this to Leicester; on the other hand, I am afraid there can also be no doubt that the signature on the title-page is not Queen Elizabeth's. I have compared it with all the Queen's signatures preserved in the British Museum, and they are totally different. This signature is illegible, but apparently contains the name Dyke. It could be any time during the seventeenth century.

"The binding is exceedingly rare, and is one of the earliest specimens of this kind used in England. There is no such specimen in the British Museum."

It would be interesting to discover how this rarest of books found its way to a Chicago dealer. There is pasted on the inside of the front cover the bookplate of the Right Honorable Charles Bathurst. 'Foster's Peerage' records the death of the Right Honorable Charles (Bragge-) Bathurst on August 13, 1831. Was there a signature, Elizabeth R., in 'La Vita di Carlo Magno' when it belonged to the Bathurst library at Lydney Park? When and how were the Bathurst books dispersed?

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., January 25, 1905.

'ALONZO AND MELISSA.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On December 8, 1904, I contributed to your columns a communication on a neglected American author, Isaac Mitchell, whose 'Asylum, or, Alonzo and Melissa,' in two volumes, was published in 1811. This book contained not only the story of Alonzo and Melissa, but a long episode in the style of the eighteenth-century novelists. This episode had nothing to do with the main plot, yet it occupied a large part of one of the two volumes. By omitting the episode, and by judicious condensation, the two-volume 'Asylum' was reduced to a single volume by a certain Daniel Jackson, jr. This revision of Jackson's, under the new title of 'Alonzo and Melissa, or The Unfeeling Father,' obtained an extraordinary circulation, while the 'Asylum,' its original, was not reprinted, so far as I can ascertain.

The earliest copy of Jackson's 'Alonzo and Melissa' that I had discovered was printed in 1824. Mr. Sidney S. Rider of Providence, R. I., has in his possession a copy dated 1811, the very year Mitchell's 'Asylum' appeared. In his *Book Notes* for January 14, 1905, he has published an article in which he attempts to prove that Jackson did not compile his single volume from Mitchell's work, but was the actual author of this novel. On the other hand, he states that Mitchell stole the story of 'Alonzo and Melissa' from Jackson and incorporated it in his longer work. To prove this, Mr. Rider denies my statement that 'The Asylum, or, Alonzo and Melissa,' by Mitchell, was copyrighted by title December 2, 1810. He gives the date as 1811, December 2, in order that Jackson's book, dated 1811, may precede Mitchell's 'Asylum' in date of publication. In that case, Mitchell was the plagiarist.

My authority for the date of the copyright of the 'Asylum' is the notice printed in the book stating that the title was registered for copyright the "second day of December in the thirty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States." This is December, 1810. It is worthy of notice that Jackson's 'Alonzo and Melissa' was never copyrighted, for the simple reason that the book was stolen from Mitchell's 'Asylum,' and hence no copyright could be obtained.

Concerning the date of the publication of Mitchell's 'Asylum,' I stated in my former communication that in the *New York Columbian* for October 9 and 16, the 'Asylum' is advertised as an "American Tale, Founded on Fact, by I. Mitchell." Mr. Rider, who has ventured to dispute my facts without even examining my references, remarks naively:

"The various newspaper notices were mere advertisements inserted by Mitchell. . . . Can a book be printed, with a copyright notice in it, before the copyright was, or is, obtained? Most certainly not. Then how could Mitchell's Asylum have been published or printed in October (1811). . . . It was a downright absurdity."

So far from being notices "inserted by Mitchell," the advertisements in the *Columbian* for October 9 and 16, 1811, were inserted by book dealers, who actually offered Mitchell's 'Asylum' for sale at 128 Broadway and 68 Vesey Street at the price of "$2.50 cents bound, or $2.00 in boards." They speak of the book as a "new novel, just received." On October 31, 1811, the New Haven Circulating Library stated that the 'Asylum' was among the new works added to its books.

As the 'Asylum' was published in Pough-

keepsie, it may have been on sale there before October. We know that it was sold in New York October 9, 1811. Between that date and January, 1812, there was ample time for Jackson to cut down the 'Asylum' and bring it out as his 'Alonzo and Melissa,' dated 1811. Mr. Rider has characterized his own article as a piece of "extraordinary research." It is.

EDWARD B. REED.

YALE UNIVERSITY, January 26, 1905.

OLD EDITIONS FOR NEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers have indeed found entertainment in Mr. G. F. Moore's communication in your issue of the 19th. But is there not a pathetic side to it? How long will the "booklovers of America" continue to support these manufacturers of "rare and limited" editions, copies issued for "private circulation only," "the World's Best" this, that, or the other? Evidently, these firms find a ready market for their wares.

Two years or more ago I called attention in your columns to the exploitation, by one of these subscription firms, of Pepys's Diary issued in nine volumes by the Macmillan Company. The firm bought a certain number of copies in sheets, inserted a few illustrations, made the nine volumes into eighteen, and sold them at an enormous price as the "only unexpurgated" edition of the Diary. The case referred to by Mr. Moore seems to be of the same class. Sir Richard Burton published 'The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night' in ten volumes in 1885-86, and during 1887-88 six volumes of the 'Supplemental Nights.' These sixteen volumes were issued at one guinea each to subscribers, with a distinct understanding that only 1,000 sets would be printed, and there would be no reissue. Four years after Burton's death, in 1894, H. S. Nichols & Co., the London publishers who had printed the original edition for Burton, brought out a "Library Edition," edited by Leonard C. Smithers, in twelve volumes. Some of Burton's original subscribers sought to restrain the publication, on the ground that it was a breach of the agreement entered into by Burton; but the judge before whom the case was brought, decided that the twelve-volume edition was an abridgment of the original edition and could not be held to reduce the value of the latter. The edition referred to in the circular cited by Mr. Moore is probably this twelve-volume abridged edition issued in 1894. The plates in this edition were issued in a separate volume in England.

There has been a facsimile reprint of the original edition in sixteen volumes (Press of Carson-Harper Co., Denver, Col., 1900-01), issued for the Burton Society. I think the cost of this to subscribers was $90, but the price has fallen, and a set sold last year brought only $40.

Bookbuyers should look with suspicion upon these "confidential" circulars, and at least make inquiry at their Public Library before walking into the net spread out for them.—Very truly yours,

LOUIS N. WILSON.

LIBRARY, CLARK UNIVERSITY,
WORCESTER, MASS., January 24, 1905.

THE FIRST EDITION OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of White's Bunyan, on page 79 of your current issue, says that "no single copy" is known of the *princeps* of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Perhaps he would care to know that I have seen and carefully examined more than "a single copy," and that two are in Greater New York.—Yours very truly,

VICTOR H. PALTSITS.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, January 27, 1905.

Notes.

Macmillan Co.'s spring list contains, among other works not heretofore announced by us, 'A History of the United States since the Civil War,' by William Garrott Brown; 'Southern Writers,' selections in prose and verse, by Prof. William P. Trent; a 'History of the Pacific Northwest,' by Joseph Schafer, Ph.D., of the University of Oregon; Lives of the poet Bryant, by William Aspenwall Bradley, and of the historian Prescott, by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck; 'The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin,' in ten volumes, by Prof. Albert H. Smyth of the Central High School, Philadelphia; a new volume in the series "The History of American Art," edited by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, viz., 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'Character of Renaissance Architecture,' by Prof. Charles H. Moore; 'A Grammar of Greek Art,' by Prof. Percy Gardner; 'The Art of the Musician,' by Henry G. Hanchett; 'Lectures and Essays by the late Rev. Alfred Ainger'; 'A Middle-English Reader,' by Prof. Oliver F. Emerson; 'On Becoming Blind,' advice for the use of persons losing their sight, by Émile Javal; 'Tibet and Nepal,' by A. H. Savage Landor; volumes iii. and iv. of Herbert Paul's 'History of Modern England'; and 'What is History?'—five lectures on the modern science of history, by Prof. Karl Lamprecht.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'Species and Varieties, their Origin by Mutation,' by Hugo de Vries, professor of botany in the University of Amsterdam, edited by Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce for speedy publication 'Alaska and the Klondike,' by J. L. McLain; and 'Russian Literature,' by Prince Kropotkin.

To their "Makers of Canada" series Morang & Co., Toronto, will shortly add Mr. Narcisse E. Dionne's Life of Champlain.

With but two of the ultimate six volumes of the 'Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay,' edited by Austin Dobson, before us (Macmillan), we can say no more than that the edition is admirably bold in its letterpress, and is illustrated with portraits, views, and facsimiles of a high order. The final volume will contain wholly new appendices, on the matter which could not be digested in Mr. Dobson's notes.

The Oxford Shelley ('Complete Poetical Works of Shelley, including materials never before printed in any edition of the poems, edited with textual notes by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A.'), issuing from the Clarendon Press, attains its principal end and aim in setting forth an authentic, complete, and accurately printed text, a task of no little difficulty even though the editor falls heir to the labors of a long line of devoted predecessors. He follows Forman as the main guide of his discretion. Thus, he places "The Daemon of the World" at the head of the works, and relegates "Queen Mab" to the Juvenilia. In spelling, pointing, and capitalization he holds a place between Forman and Dowden. He gives, like Woodberry, the bibliographical and textual history of each poem with the poem, and includes Mrs. Shelley's invaluable notes; a few textual comments are added at the end of the volume. He follows both Forman and Dowden in preferring occasionally the less familiar and, as some will think, inferior forms of popular lyrics, such as "Love's Philosophy" and "The Indian Serenade," on the authority of manuscript variants. The new material consists exclusively of the corrections and new lines deciphered by Mr. Locock from the Bodleian MSS., and the poems of Victor and Cazire edited by Dr. Garnett.

Mr. Locock's labors on the Bodleian MSS. ('An Examination of the Shelley MSS. in the Bodleian Library, being a collation thereof with the printed texts, resulting in the publication of several long fragments hitherto unknown, and the introduction of many improved readings into "Prometheus Unbound" and other poems, by C. D. Locock, B.A.'), also printed by the Clarendon Press, form quite the most important contribution to Shelley's text since the 'Relics of Shelley,' by Dr. Garnett. He has not only perfected the text of "Prometheus Unbound" appreciably, but he has much enhanced the value of "Marenghi," "Prince Athanase," and "The Witch of Atlas," besides adding considerably to the fragments; and he attempts an interesting metrical reconstruction of the "Ode to Naples" and the poem "To Constantia." The carefulness of his work, and its elaborate and precise presentation, reach the highest standard of conscientiousness and excellence, and his familiarity with the text-history is complete; he gives Zupitza full credit for his earlier examination of the MSS.; and his results are upon such a scale of minuteness and intricacy that no editor can appropriate them. The volume itself is indispensable to students of the text of Shelley.

For a summer or two, devotees of the so-called "Lake Poets" might profitably turn their pilgrimage away from Grasmere and Winander to a corner in southwestern England, among the Quantock Hills. Here the friendship between Wordsworth and Coleridge was cemented; here their theories of poetic art were elaborated; and here the "Lyrical Ballads," the first concrete expression of those theories, were in large part suggested and composed. 'The Quantock Hills, their Combes and Villages,' by Beatrix F. Cresswell (London: The Homeland Association), though an unpretending guide through a region little known to tourists, illuminates certain early phases of "Lake Poetry" that have scant connection with lakes in the North, much with rustic types, hilly landscape, and glimpses of the sea in Somerset. Could this inviting booklet for a time divert Matthew Arnold's "pilgrims" to Rydal Mount into the road towards Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, Wordsworth would not lose, and Coleridge would gain, in general appreciation,

The admirable illustrations, which include Wordsworth's temporary home at "Alfoxton" and Coleridge's cottage at Stowey, enhance the value of a text not free from slips, yet on the whole highly commendable. The author underestimates the number of Wordsworth's references to Quantockian scenery; her suggestions on local allusions in "The Ancient Mariner" are of value.

Quintin Hogg (1845-1902) was a manly and useful Englishman, honored as the founder and supporter of the Polytechnic Institute, formerly in Long Acre and now in Regent Street, London. A man of active habits and much travel, his constant interest was in the boys whom he rescued from slums and often sent to America. His life, written by his daughter, published by Constable & Co., and imported in a second edition by E. P. Dutton & Co., is devoted principally to this philanthropic work. His Eton schoolmate, the Duke of Argyll, contributes a preface and a "quatorzain," but the book is needlessly long, and is disfigured by numerous exclamation points. On page 88 we notice a queer story about Mr. Hogg's chief American friend, Dwight L. Moody, who in 1875 was to hold a meeting at Eton. "The authorities took alarm at the prospect; one of the clerical dignitaries at Windsor even went so far as to assert that 'the American' was only coming to preach Republican doctrines, and asked that a reinforcement of troops should be sent in readiness to defend the Castle! The dispute waxed so hot that a question was asked in the House of Lords on the subject."

Few objects easily obtainable for study with the microscope begin to compare in interest with the minute plants found in fresh water. For students and amateurs in the British Isles, Prof. G. S. West, of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, has prepared a convenient handbook on these plants—'A Treatise on the British Freshwater Algæ' (Cambridge [Eng.]: University Press; New York: Macmillan). The work has been thoroughly done throughout, and its value is greatly increased by an exhaustive index. The plates are sufficiently characteristic for most identifications, and the descriptions and keys are good.

In 'The Book of Topiary' (John Lane) Messrs. Curtis and Gibson have given an interesting account of formal pruning of trees and shrubs. The carving of graceful branches into stiff, grotesque imitations of other things, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and even other plants, belongs to those recurrent periods in urban and suburban life when nothing is satisfying except artificiality. At the present moment, when many of our newly rich do not know how to spend their money or to pass their time, the so-called Italian garden opens great possibilities for useless expenditure and empty results. On the grand scale the formal garden is a thing of dignity or of absurdity, depending upon the constructive or destructive genius of the landscape architect. On the small scale the pleached alley and the tortured yew are always ridiculous. But, whether grand or minor, the formal style has its advantage, namely, that it costs beyond reason, and therefore counts for much in our modern life. To meet these absurd demands, the authors have gone quite halfway. We imagine them to be mild practical jokers, laughing in their sleeves as they try to reconcile these tasteless forms with good taste. They know that these horrible shapes have been banished from good landscape architecture over and over again, but they know, too, that grotesqueness will now and then be demanded wherever there is money to spend.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with the suggestive paper read at the St. Louis International Congress of Arts and Sciences by Dr. H. R. Mill on the present problems of geography. These are: its definition; "the wiping off the globe the words *terra incognita*"; a map of the earth's surface, including the sub-aqueous features; a definite terminology; and an exhibition of the relations of the forms of the earth's crust to the distribution of moving things. This he hopes will succeed in determining the influence of surface forms on the mental processes, as, for instance, "the relation between the poetry or the religion of a people and their physical surroundings." Incidentally he commends the United States Government reports as furnishing "almost an ideal geographical description" of the country. A description of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, with especial reference to the geology of the region, by Mr. A. J. C. Molyneux, is illustrated by some remarkable photographs. In one is shown the ever-present rainbow, which is such a characteristic feature of the scenery that the native name for the falls, according to Dr. Livingstone, is Seongo or Chongwé, "the place of the rainbow." They doubtless believed that here "all the rainbows of the world must come to play in the sunlight, before they follow the thunderstorms across the land to bless the rain-chilled beasts and birds." Mr. Ellsworth Huntington contributes an account of the mountains of Turkestan, the result of investigations made in 1903 under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Among the distinctive characteristics of the region is the abrupt contrast of the southern and northern slopes of the hills, the one barren of vegetation, the other wonderful for the variety and beauty of the flowering plants, which are "known to the world as garden products, but here grow wild."

The most noteworthy article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number eleven, is on the basin of the Rio Juruá, a southern tributary of the upper Amazon. It gives the main results of investigations into its fauna, flora and inhabitants made by an expedition sent out by the State Museum of San Paulo. A great industrial future is prophesied for it on account of its rich rubber product. Other subjects treated are the evidences of a prehistoric ice age in the Peruvian coast mountains, the Pomeranian lakes, and the central highlands of the Chinese province of Shantung, of which a map is given.

The educational progress of China has been remarkable during the past year, through the increasing realization of the paramount need of adopting Western methods. In the capital cities of fifteen of the eighteen provinces there are provincial colleges, says the Pekin correspondent of the London *Times*, "while primary and secondary schools, mechanical schools, agricultural colleges, and police and military schools are springing up all over the Empire." This intellectual awakening is also shown by the fact that there are now one hundred and fifty-seven daily, weekly and monthly journals, which discuss public questions with growing intelligence and marked courage and independence. A few years ago there were only seven Chinese newspapers. The translations of Western literature are being more and more widely diffused, and thousands of the natives are studying the English language. There are also 1,753 Chinese students in Japan. During the past year the mail matter passing through the 1,192 post-offices increased from 49,350,000 pieces in 1903 to 72,150,000.

The status of woman in India has been advanced a step by the recent Government appointment of Miss Cornelia Sorabji as legal adviser to the Bengal Court of Wards. She is an LL.B. of Bombay University, and the first female native of India to qualify for the bar. Her appointment will enable *purdah* ladies to confer about their legal affairs with a trained lawyer of their own sex, to whom they can speak face to face without the intervention of a screen.

The Circolo Matematico of Palermo offers for the fourth International Mathematical Congress to be held in Rome in 1908 a special prize, consisting of a gold medal and 3,000 francs, for the best work showing advancement in the study of leading algebraic problems. The works may be written in Italian, French, German or English, and must be ready by September 1, 1907.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women will make its customary annual offer of a fellowship worth $500 for the year 1905-1906, with a preference in the award to women from Maryland and the South. Applications should be presented before April 12. The Secretary of the Association is Dr. Lilian Welsh, the Woman's College.

—The contributions of Andrew D. White to the *Century* have become for the present easily its most distinctive feature. His February paper is devoted exclusively to a characterization of the German Emperor, who may well be pleased to find his own cause, and that of an intelligent sympathy between the two peoples, presented to American readers by a pen so effective and so friendly. Many will feel disposed to insert a question mark after Dr. White's assumption that Germany is and must ever be essentially an armed camp, dependent for its very existence upon its military efficiency—an assumption upon which a certain apparent arbitrariness of the Emperor in military matters is explained and excused. Incidentally, the writer expresses a deep desire for three things from abroad to supplement American civilization: "from Great Britain, her administration of criminal justice; from Germany, her theatre; and from any or every European country, except Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities." All who are interested in the stage and its possible improvement and utilization as a factor of real value in social progress will find extremely suggestive reading in his paragraphs on the German theatre and the Emperor's relation to its development. Other writers present interesting descriptive matter on the Florida Everglades, color effects at Vesuvius, and the park system in process of development in Chicago. The editor takes advantage of the present confused tariff situation to put in a few vigorous strokes against the

absurdity of the tariff on books and works of art.

—'The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese' (Putnams) is a translation by Lady Seymour of Étienne Dumont's 'Souvenir sur Mirabeau.' This celebrated book, of which both Carlyle and Macaulay have written, now appears in English for the first time, although its author died in 1829 and the date of publication was 1832. Lady Seymour has borrowed from Carlyle the phrase which forms her title, but we cannot think that she has done well to emphasize in this way the mistaken idea that Dumont was a French Boswell. She herself, as one can see from the preface, does not underrate the talents of her author or the excellence of his character. Dumont was beyond question an acute, disinterested and lovable man, whose qualities have received very scant appreciation from Carlyle. Mirabeau was a genius, and Dumont, his friend, had no intention to belittle him, but it was part of the orator's gift that he could assimilate ideas rapidly and get other people to work for him. According to Carlyle, Dumont's book created the impression "that in fact this enormous Mirabeau, the sound of whom went forth to all lands, was no other than an enormous trumpet or coach horn of Japanned tin, through which the dexterous little M. Dumont was blowing all the time and making the noise!" This passage is absurdly unjust to the biographer. Dumont, in the early part of his life, contributed his services to Mirabeau as unselfishly as he contributed them at a later time to Bentham. There are few examples in literature of an equal unselfishness, when we consider the real talent of the man who consented to make himself the interpreter of others. Macaulay well knew the impression left by Dumont upon the leaders of the Whig party in England, and was really paying a tribute to the judgment of Fox and Sir Samuel Romilly when he wrote: "M. Dumont was one of those persons the care of whose fame belongs in a special manner to mankind, for he was one of those persons who have, for the sake of mankind, neglected the care of their own fame. . . . With every right to the head of the board, he took the lowest room, and well deserved to be greeted with, 'Friend, go up higher.'" Regarding Mirabeau we need say nothing, and of this memoir we shall only observe that it is among the indispensable narratives of the early Revolution. Lady Seymour has included practically the whole of the text in her translation, the only omissions being part of an unrevised chapter and the conclusion of the work, which deals wholly with the affairs of Geneva. Dumont's own portrait, as given here, is most interesting, but a much better likeness of Mirabeau might have been found in the portrait belonging to Bowdoin College.

—Professor Jebb's edition of Sophocles is so famous both for scholarship and for style that every one will welcome the appearance as a separate and handy volume of the English translation—"The Tragedies of Sophocles,' rendered into English prose by Sir R. C. Jebb (Macmillan). What Butcher and Lang have done for Homer, Sir Richard Jebb has done for Sophocles. Like them he has felt that modern English is an inadequate clothing for the thoughts of a Greek poet, and the sonorous ring of his prose takes us back to the days of the Authorized Version. The finest piece of translation out of the seven is that of the "Trachiniæ"; the easiest to read is that of the "Philoctetes." In the others the average reader will regret that no notes are supplied, as he will meet with many obscure allusions, hard to unravel. With the aid of a classical dictionary he can ascertain the stories of Phineus, Megareus, Telamon, Myrtilus, and the like, though he may wish that the trouble had been spared him. But he will need a knowledge of the original to understand the play upon words connecting Thebes with Bacchus, Ajax with mourning, and Eurysaces with a shield; the epithets of Morian as applied to Zeus, and Apian to the Peloponnesus; the references to legends about the narcissus and the olive; and the full meaning of the Διὸς Ὅρκος, or of the ἄγος involved in neglecting burial rites. He will furthermore find that, from very conciseness, the dialogue is sometimes ambiguous, while its occasional lapses into blank verse will annoy his ear. Still, when, in addition to the high level of the whole, we consider the heights reached by such passages as Antigone's defence, the lamentations of Electra, the farewell of Ajax, or the description of the blind king's end, we shall feel that, in translating these masterpieces of the Greek language, Professor Jebb has come near giving us another in our own.

—At last we have an English translation of the 'Nibelungenlied' which is in every way worthy of the original. Its author, Prof. G. H. Needler of University College, Toronto, is to be congratulated upon the success of his painstaking, conscientious, and well-directed work, and the publishers (Henry Holt & Co.) deserve thanks for the handsome and appropriate setting which they have given to it. What distinguishes this translation of the great German epic from all previous attempts is, in the first place, the faithful and happy reproduction of its metrical form. Even Lettsom, perhaps the most successful of Professor Needler's forerunners, omits in most cases the rhyming of the cæsura as well as that most characteristic feature of the Nibelungen strophe, the extra stress of the fourth line—a feature which, as Professor Needler well observes, contributes not a little to the avoidance of monotony in a poem of over two thousand strophes. What the effect of this close adherence to the metrical form of the original is, may be gathered from a comparison of the first stanzas in the two versions mentioned. Lettsom's translation reads:

"In stories of our fathers high marvels we are told
Of champions well approved in perils manifold.
Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,
And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale."

Needler has:

"To us in olden story, are wonders many told
Of heroes rich in glory, of trials manifold;
Of joy and festive greeting, of weeping and of woe,
Of keenest warriors meeting, shall ye now many a wonder know,"

thus rendering the original with almost complete exactness in verbal expression, in metrical form, and in poetic sentiment; and it can truly be said that this is a good specimen of his work throughout the thirty-nine adventures of the poem. That the translation reads very smoothly could hardly be maintained; and it must be admitted that it has a good many lines which could not give pleasure to an Anglo-Saxon ear. But the same holds good of the original, and it is praiseworthy to have reproduced it without attempting to gloss over its ruggedness and occasional awkwardness. To this truly commendable translation Professor Needler has added a succinct but adequate introduction on the origin of the Nibelungen saga, on its northern form, on the mythical and historical elements of the 'Nibelungenlied,' on the literary character of the 'Nibelungenlied,' and on modern versions of the saga—altogether the best summary of the whole subject to be found in English. How free the author is from uncritical hero-worship, may be seen from this unconventional observation on the literary value of Wagner's Nibelungen tetralogy: "Only the pious loyalty of national sentiment can assign a high place in dramatic literature to Wagner's work, with its intended imitation of the alliterative form of verse; while his philosophizing gods and goddesses are also but decadent modern representatives of their rugged heathen originals."

—A valuable pamphlet has recently been issued from the Manila Central Observatory, under the direction of the Rev. Father José Algué, S.J., Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, by his assistant, the Rev. Miguel Saderra Mata, S.J. It is printed in both English and Spanish, and contains data for the month of July upon atmospheric pressure, rainfall, relative humidity, winds, magnetic disturbances, earthquakes (including microseismic movements), and crop-service reports from four districts and about twenty-five towns, among them Cebu, Iloilo, Zamboanga, Jolo, and Arayat. The strictly meteorological data — barometer, temperature, humidity, wind, and rainfall—are obtained at the Central Observatory in Manila from hourly observations, and at sixteen other stations from six daily observations. The results are worth considerable attention, especially as compared with July of 1903, showing that the barometric values for 1904 are higher than for the previous year, an advantage given by winds and rainfall. The explanation may be traced from a study of the table and chart of rains, the total amount being most abundant in western and central Luzon, but rather small in the rest of the Archipelago. From the 11th to the 15th the rainfall may be classified as an extraordinary phenomenon, extending from San Fernando to Corregidor. The floods at Manila are graphically illustrated by three plates showing (1) the inundation as seen from the Observatory tower, (2) the Escolta (in the chief shopping district) under water, and (3) near the Quiapo market. The quantity of rain collected in the gauges from 8 A. M. on the 12th to 11 A. M. on the 13th was greater than that registered by the pluviometers of the Observatory in an equal time since its foundation in 1865. It was certainly a "torrential precipitation," 17.19 inches being recorded. Warnings of low pressure, the approach of typhoon centres, are telegraphed to the China coast, and many interesting notes of the fitful, irregular motions of these tropical disturbances are made, valuable in themselves, and of much advantage to navigators in these uncertain waters.

Temperatures in Luzon went up from the first to the last decade of the month; in Cebu and certain other regions the second decade was the hottest, while again in different districts there was a decrease from beginning to end. Fifteen places, including Legaspi, Dagupan, and Gubat, felt earthquakes during July, of more or less force, but none of especially destructive character.

BISHOP CREIGHTON.

Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, sometime Bishop of London. By his Wife. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

Among the numerous signs of vitality in the Church of England at the present day, not the least significant is the development of strength and individuality of character among those filling high positions in her hierarchy. Half a century ago the main qualification for ecclesiastical promotion almost seemed to be a blameless mediocrity, dignified in some instances by exceptional erudition or piety, but, with much to command respect, nothing that could excite enthusiasm. But latterly, notwithstanding the necessary existence of restraints unknown in other professions, it may be doubted whether any profession has displayed more remarkable or more varied instances of individuality of character. Tait, Benson, Temple, Thomson, Wilberforce, Magee, Stubbs, Lightfoot, Westcott, Fraser, have each and all revealed qualities which would in any station of life have discriminated them from the mass of men, and, evoking strong antipathy as well as warm sympathy, have shown that inoffensiveness is no longer an indispensable qualification for a bishop. As their appointments, though made by the Crown, have almost always been ratified by public opinion, it is clear that the popular standard of episcopal efficiency has risen, and that the Church has found herself able to respond.

None of the eminent ecclesiastics we have named, however, has possessed a character so original, and so little in harmony with conventional ideas of the mental constitution befitting a bishop, as Mandell Creighton, late Bishop of London. The originality of the others is mainly development in some particular direction, while the rest of the character remains nearer the average level. Attention is at once attracted by the energy and impressiveness of a Temple, the impulsiveness of a Benson, the spirituality of a Westcott, the enthusiasm for humanity of a Fraser. But Creighton was all originality; neither in public nor in private life did he seem like the men around him, while it is extremely difficult to put the secret of his originality into words. His widow and biographer, whose knowledge of him was more intimate than any other person's, has not, although a lady of distinguished literary ability, succeeded in presenting an entirely coherent and harmonious portrait. "There was always," says a biographer, "something mysterious about Archbishop Blackburne," and in like manner Bishop Creighton will remain something of an enigma; not as regards the excellence of his character or the purity of his aims, but from the difficulty of harmonizing his versatile nature with the general conception of an Anglican prelate. This will appear if the question is asked, Would the same difficulty have been felt if he had exercised any other profession, had he been a lawyer, a diplomatist, an author? Decidedly not, we think, to anything like the same degree. He was, it seems to us, a new type of prelate, and yet an old one, a reversion to the ancient type of statesmen ecclesiastics almost extinct since the Restoration. Many rulers of the Church in our day, especially Archbishop Tait and the present primate, have shown statesmanlike qualities, but these have been developed out of the necessities of their position. In Creighton we have the stratum of statesmanship at the bottom, and the strata ecclesiastical superimposed. He was eminent as an historian, he was eminent as a bishop, but the distinctive note, both of his history and his episcopate, is their association with the primary instincts of a statesman, while at the same time he was so much else that his character refuses to be reduced to a formula or brought to a focus.

The extent to which statesmanship yielded the keynote alike to Bishop Creighton's literary and his ecclesiastical character, is visible in the two episodes of his career by which his name will be chiefly preserved —the composition of his history of the Latin Church in the Reformation period, and his discharge of the laborious and thankless office of governing the diocese of London. It was not, perhaps, altogether detrimental to his reputation that his history should have remained a noble torso. The last chapters, describing the outburst of the Reformation in Germany, are the least successful—partly, no doubt, from the interference of conflicting cares and duties, but mainly from imperfect sympathy with grand rough characters like Luther, and the tumultuous energies of popular movements. Where Carlyle would have been strong, Creighton is weak; but where Ranke would have been strong, he is even stronger. He is essentially an historian of the cabinet, and delineated the transactions of history as they appeared at the time to those who had the management of them. The period from the great schism of 1378 to the unchaining of popular forces by Luther in 1517 is an age of statesmen, of politic and unscrupulous rulers, civil and ecclesiastical, not compelled as now to defer to public opinion, and unconscious of the revolution which they were aiding to prepare. With this class of personage Creighton was in full sympathy; his statesmanlike instincts enabled him to comprehend the position of the ruler or diplomat enveloped in meshes of intrigue, partly of his own spinning; and the characters which would have baffled the ordinary historian appear in Creighton's pages full of reality and life. The censure which he himself, jaded by toil, passed upon his own book by terming it dull, is entirely undeserved; notwithstanding the sobriety of the style and the absence of stirring narrative and picturesque description, large portions may be justly described as fascinating, and the secret of the charm is that we feel ourselves throughout in the hands of an expert, as thoroughly at home with policy as a great military historian is at home with war. Although, however, the complexion of the narrative is of necessity mainly political, we are never suffered to forget that the Reformation is the theme, and the busy scene unfolded to us is really significant as the precursor of a mighty revolution. Creighton's impartiality is proverbial, and is sufficiently attested by his general agreement with Pastor, the Roman Catholic historian of the same period, whose work, nevertheless, indicates the great disadvantage at which such an historian finds himself in comparison with his Protestant fellow-laborer. Creighton's impartiality is easy, natural, ungrudging, a thing of course. Pastor's is gained only at the expense of a conflict with prepossession and ecclesiastical tradition, and is displayed with a curious mixture of ostentation and misgiving, as though it were something to be made the most of while one has got it, seeing that it is only held by sufferance of the Pope.

Creighton's gifts as a statesman must not lead to the inference that he was a man of a cold and reserved temperament. On the contrary, his was an exuberant nature, full of humor, playfulness, and kindly sympathy with mankind in every phase of existence. It is partly this alliance of seemingly contradictory qualities that makes him difficult to apprehend. Dull men could make nothing of him, and even insight and sympathy may be able to agree only in recognizing that, whatever he was, he was unlike the rest of his order. A longer continuance in a situation of such painful publicity as the bishopric of London would have enlightened the world. Like his History, his episcopate was a great torso; but whereas the portion of his historical narrative most congenial to his peculiar talent, coming first in order of time, was fully executed, his trying but successful episcopate would have proved the prelude of greater things. His administration of his former diocese of Peterborough had been most satisfactory, but Peterborough was not a severe test, and the problem of ruling a vast diocese like London, already in a state of confusion from his predecessor's laxity in matters of ritual, largely leavened with half-hostile and more than half-distrustful clergy, and agitated by demands on the part of the laity for a more strenuous repression of illegal practices than he thought prudent under the circumstances, was one to test the most sagacious administrator, and especially one who could never avail himself of the ordinary episcopal resource of decorous conventionality. No one, he said of himself, did fewer imprudent things, or uttered more. Near the beginning of his episcopate, the persistent worrying of a bore stung him into a hasty dictum which he was unable to sustain, and he never quite got over the distrust thus occasioned. On the whole, however, his record is one of steady progress in winning not only the confidence but the affection of all parties, who were coming to see more and more that the mainspring of his conduct was the statesman's, a patriotic attachment to the Church of England as the national Church, and that he made light of niceties of creed and ritual in comparison with her well-being. This feeling found no echo among a large proportion of his clergy, but it endeared him to the laity; and had he lived, the next vacancy at Canterbury would almost certainly have installed him there, where he would have left a reputation probably enviable, certainly unique.

Previously to his appointment to Peterborough (in 1891), Creighton's life had been

that of a Northumberland vicar, a canon at Worcester, and a Cambridge professor of ecclesiastical history. He had shrunk from any effort to impress himself upon patrons or the public, yet was continually finding his level among the leading Churchmen of the age, and promotion seemed to come to him in the course of nature. The accident of his Northumberland locality made him the intimate friend of the noble house of Grey, and his first book was a privately printed memoir of Sir George Grey, the retired Home Secretary, and by no means to be confounded with the Governor of New Zealand. His closest friends of great literary distinction were J. R. Green and his wife, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Robert Bridges; but he became almost of necessity intimate with historians and students of history like Lord Acton, Bryce, Hodgkin, Stubbs, Horatio Brown. Though interested in art, he does not appear to have had a large acquaintance among artists, and science did not appeal to him. He was devoted to travel, and one of the chief sources of the influence he came to wield was the thorough acquaintance he gained with both foreign countries and English parochial life by his long pedestrian rambles. His personal visits to Continental archives also were of great service to him as an historian. He does not seem to have at any time come under any dominating influence from any contemporary thinker or teacher; his attitude towards all schools of thought was one of detachment. Many famous writers failed to impress him; and, if he had a spiritual guide, it was no contemporary, but Dante, whom he had the courage to prefer to Shakspere. "Shakspere was the greater man, as being more universal, but Dante has more charm for me as being more intense"—a judgment which would have seemed natural in Cardinal Newman, but is surprising in one of Creighton's interest in every phase of human life. Poetry, however, though he admired Browning and translated the Italian poets with dignity and grace, seems to have constituted but a minor portion of his mental equipment. History, in its widest sense, especially including the history of literature and education, was his main educator, and everything, from architecture to seal-engraving, interested him that was capable of being employed in the historian's service. With this hold on the concrete, it is not surprising that he should have slighted abstractions, and have protested against the rules of grammar taught by rote. His estimates of men and matters were in general very sound. He returned from America with a feeling of hopefulness; he thought the Italians, with their practical common sense, intellectually nearer to the English than either the French or the Germans; the picturesqueness of the Southern Slavs did not blind him to the inconveniences of their political situation.

Mrs. Creighton's biography is a model of sound literary judgment, particularly in its accurate proportion. Every moral or intellectual characteristic of the Bishop, as every episode of his life, receives notice in the strict ratio of its importance. She has also displayed tact, and, no doubt, self-denial, in her general reticence and avoidance of the direct panegyric which might frequently have well become a biographer less deeply interested in the subject. The slight impression of coldness thus resulting is removed at the end of the work by a chapter of "Characteristics and Sayings," chiefly made up from the communications of intimate friends who have felt under less restraint, and whose retrospection materially aids to complete the portrait of one whose dissimilarity from ordinary types almost ranks him with the "problematic natures" so dear to Goethe, but whose wisdom, scholarship, devotion to Church and State, and genuine goodness of heart are no problem.

A NEW CO-OPERATIVE HISTORY.

The American Nation: A History. From original sources by associated scholars. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, advised by various Historical Societies. Group I. Foundations of the Nation. Vol. 1. *European Background of American History*, 1300-1600. By Edward P. Cheyney. Pp. xxviii., 343. Vol. 2. *Basis of American History*, 1500-1900. By Livingston Farrand. Pp. xviii., 303. Vol. 3. *Spain in America*, 1450-1580. By Edward G. Bourne. Pp. xx., 350. Vol. 4. *England in America*, 1580-1652. By Lyon G. Tyler. Pp. xvii., 355. Vol. 5. *Colonial Self-Government*, 1652-1689. By Charles M. Andrews. Pp. xviii., 269. Harpers. 1904.

Of making "series" on American history there is, apparently, no end; indeed, it is doubtful whether we have as yet anything more than the beginning of such undertakings. Whatever the motive—whether the desire of scholars to combine for the achievement of a task admittedly beyond the powers of any but the ablest of them, or of the public to have their history elaborately set forth, or of publishers to launch subscription books on a large scale—the co-operative history is upon us. We are not of those who regard such enterprises as unimportant. Where the mass of material has grown so portentously as it has in the American field in recent years, and where the subject lends itself naturally to subdivision, the method has advantages not to be ignored. A coöperative history can never hope, of course, to attain the scientific unity or literary distinction of a work which flows from a single mind and pen, but it can attain a balance and an accuracy even more sure than the work of most individual writers is likely to possess; and, in the writing of history, accuracy and balance are qualities of high importance.

The series which Professor Hart has undertaken to edit, and of which five volumes have lately appeared, may justly be regarded as the most notable attempt, in the character of its associated authorship and the carefulness of its arrangement, yet made to deal with American history on the co-operative plan. The idea of the work, as set forth in the brief editorial preface, contemplates a history which will meet the need for "an intelligent summarizing of the present knowledge of American history by trained specialists," and at the same time supply "a complete work, written in untechnical style, which shall serve for the instruction and the entertainment of the general reader." Such a work must, of course, be based on "original materials," though presenting the results rather than the processes of scholarship. The successive volumes, taken together, must form a continuous narrative, without either disjointedness or overlapping, and must deal not only with political and constitutional history, but also with economic and social matters, industrial development and organization, and international relations. In other words, Professor Hart, while not eschewing such original contribution to the subject as is possible under the circumstances, has primarily asked his collaborators to tell to intelligent laymen the story of American history as the scholar would wish it told.

The five volumes now published may presumably be taken as sufficient indication of the way in which the plan of the editor is to be carried out. The volumes are of moderate size—about seventy-five thousand words each—divided into about twenty chapters. The topical subdivision is, therefore, somewhat minute. For all important statements there are substantiating references to authorities in footnotes, while a final chapter indicates the bibliographical material, both printed and manuscript. There are no illustrations save a portrait frontispiece to each volume, but there is good provision of maps, some in colors, others in black and white, and most of them prepared especially for this series. Each volume is separately indexed. Brief prefaces by the editor summarize the leading topics treated in the several volumes, and point out the significance of the period in the general scheme of the work. The mechanical execution is excellent throughout.

To speak briefly of the several volumes: Professor Cheyney's 'European Background of American History' is a novel attempt to point out the characteristics of European civilization which most affected American exploration and colonization. Beginning with an account of mediæval commerce, especially between Europe and the East, and the effect of the Turkish conquests in forcing a search for a water route to Asia after the land routes had been practically closed, Professor Cheyney passes to the early connection of the Italian cities and Portugal with map-making and geographical study and exploration, and to the political and commercial systems of Spain, France, and Holland in the sixteenth century. Then follow two chapters on the system of chartered commercial companies, of which the Virginia Company, the Dutch West India Company, and the Company of New France were notable types. A list of seventy such companies (pp. 137-139) organized before 1700 shows how widely the system prevailed; Spain alone, which kept the control of its colonies in its own hands, being unrepresented. The list is incomplete, a number of French companies given in Chailley-Bert's 'Compagnies de Colonisation' not appearing in Professor Cheyney's enumeration. Four chapters are given to the Protestant Reformation and the religious wars on the Continent, and the rise of Episcopacy and the dissenting sects in England, and four to English political institutions, central and local. The difficulties of selection from a large mass of relevant facts have been, on the whole, well met; and while the volume has necessarily a "scrappy" character, it should prove very useful to all who wish to see, not only what were the European conditions in which American exploration and colonization developed, but as well the reasons for the course it took and for the failures and successes of the nations which engaged in it.

Professor Farrand's 'Basis of American

History' deals with the physical conditions of colonization, as represented by the physical characteristics of the Continent and the native races encountered by Europeans. The general physiography of North America is briefly described, together with the timber and agricultural products and animal life. Of special interest is the chapter on waterways, portages, trails, and mountain passes—ancient avenues of communication with which the whites early became familiar, but whose influence in determining the course of settlement has been commonly overlooked. The larger part of the volume, however, is devoted to the native races, a subject on which Professor Farrand is entitled to speak as an authority. With less wealth of detail than is found in Dr. Cyrus Thomas's corresponding volume in Lee's 'History of North America,' and without attempting to write a history of the Indian tribes in their relations with the whites, Professor Farrand summarizes with studied brevity the results of scientific inquiry, and on controverted points (such as that of the antiquity of man in America) announces conservative conclusions. Much that is said about the various geographic groups of Indians has, of course, no particular historical bearing save in very recent times. We could wish, too, that the chapter on the manners, customs, and beliefs of the Indians had been expanded. The bibliographical chapter is a comprehensive survey of the literature, particularly the recent monographic studies.

With Professor Bourne's volume on 'Spain in America' we reach the period of exploration and colonization. Both as a compendium of facts and as an original contribution to historical writing, this volume must be given high praise. The discussions of Columbus and his work, of the demarcation line of Alexander VI., of the voyages of the Cabots, and of the naming of America are luminous. To quote Professor Bourne's own summary:

"The four discoverers—Columbus, John Cabot, Sebastian Cabot, and Amerigo Vespucci—have fared variously at the hands of modern historical criticism. John Cabot has been raised from almost complete obscurity to become a prominent but still shadowy figure. Sebastian Cabot has been pulled down from the lofty pedestal which he apparently erected for himself, his veracity is impugned, his scientific attainments disputed, and his lack of filial piety exposed to a glaring light Around Vespucci the storms of controversy have raged for three centuries and a half, and he has suffered from them like Sebastian Cabot. His claims for himself have not stood the test. While he has been cleared of complicity in having his name attached to the New World, it is generally accepted that he antedated his first voyage to secure a distinction which did not belong to him, and that his narratives unduly exalt himself at the expense of others equally entitled to honor. The position of Columbus alone has not been materially affected by the modern scrutiny into his career. Opinion has differed about his character, but the record of his achievement has been unshaken, and the estimate of its significance has risen rather than fallen" (p. 103).

Even more important than the discussion of geographical questions is the account of the Spanish colonial system, and of social and political life in Spanish America. Students of American history have largely forgotten, if, indeed, many of them ever knew, the structure of civilization and intellectual culture which was built up in the Spanish-American colonies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as evidenced by the building of cities and towns, the construction of roads and bridges, and the founding of missions and schools. Even the treatment of the Indians, severe and disastrous as it was at times, loses some of its darkest colors the more it is studied. Professor Bourne clearly exposes, however, the fatal defects of the Spanish colonial system—its policy of commercial restriction and denial of self-government—though in neither of these respects was the policy of Spain materially different in principle from that which for a time struggled to assert itself in the colonies of England and France.

More qualified praise must be accorded to President Tyler's account of 'England in America.' The book is an orderly, instructive, and agreeably written narrative of the beginnings of the English settlements, but the general impression which it makes is slight. Neither in fact nor in presentation does it offer anything new, while at times it hardly rises to the importance of the topic in hand. We cannot think, in particular, that the author shows any adequate appreciation of the significance of the religious motive in New England, or of the political or social principles involved in the struggles of the settlements about Narragansett Bay. Perhaps it is true, as Professor Hart says in his introduction, that the fathers of the Puritan republics are here "further relieved of the halo which generations of venerating descendants have bestowed upon them, and appear as human characters," but we are clearly of opinion that President Tyler has not caused them to appear as just the sort of human characters they really were. Of Virginia and Maryland the treatment is somewhat more satisfactory, though here again the discussion does not go much below the surface of events. The book is, in short, a useful summary, but it can hardly be called a contribution of marked importance.

Professor Andrews's volume on 'Colonial Self-Government,' on the other hand, rivals that of Professor Bourne in its substantial additions to available knowledge. The period is a peculiarly interesting one, and Professor Andrews is one of the few writers who give evidence of any thorough knowledge of it. His account of the English colonial administration, for example, is superior to any brief account with which we are acquainted. There is new light on the charter struggle in New England, especially as regards the attacks on the Massachusetts charter; on the commercial reasons for the English conquest of New Netherland; and on the founding of Pennsylvania. Nothing can make the early history of New Jersey interesting, but Professor Andrews has at least cleared the story of much of its entanglement. Best of all is the rehabilitation of Andros, than whom no official of the old régime, with the exception of Hutchinson, has suffered more at the hands of New England historians. Professor Andrews, apparently alone of all the writers in this group of volumes, has made extended use of manuscript as well as printed material, and the results are shown in a general freshness of presentation as well as in the correction of numerous details.

Taking the five volumes as a whole, the general verdict must be one of cordial approval. All the writers have succeeded in attaining brevity and compactness without falling into an elementary style, while the volumes of Professor Bourne and Professor Andrews must be given high rank as substantive contributions in their respective fields. The literary form, though in no case striking, is meritorious and of fairly even quality. If the remaining volumes maintain the general level of those now published, the "American Nation" will justly earn a place among the most successful examples of historical writing on the coöperative plan, as well as among the works which laymen and specialists alike will think it necessary to read.

RECENT FICTION.

Doctor Luke of The Labrador. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whosoever Shall Offend. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome, and Other Stories. By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Heart of Happy Hollow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Duncan's pen has voyaged northward since his very striking sketches of the Newfoundland coast. But, if the latitude is higher, the story has warmly expanded, and, as befits the scope of a novel, gives not only the cruel, but the endearing side of the sea. His characters were always kindly, and now he has amplified and multiplied them into his larger canvas till there is a group of figures of excellent variety and of the best sort of originality, self-stamped as made up of discovery and sympathetic interpretation. Should the rest of the book be forgotten, which it will not be, Skipper Tommy Lovejoy is destined to immortality. The Doctor is very human and very well defined; a ministering hero, but quite removed from the usual sugar-pellet doctor of fiction. Davy, who tells the story, would perhaps be a little incredible if it were not that Mr. Duncan engenders faith in his own descriptions. Almost any amount of sentiment and maturity even in a small boy may be believed in after it has been shown that he has been reared under the lonely outward conditions of a cold seacoast and in tenderest intimacy with an adoring, mystical mother. The faith-compelling power is one of the distinguished traits of the book. All a-shiver with the harshness of the life depicted, the reader is yet kept aglow with the love of the Labrador folk for their land. The story is perfectly fitted into the strange, wild surroundings; the adventures are of the most stirring and dramatic; the home side of the picture most tender; while the humorous, it seems, flourishes apace in the Labrador alongside of the rough, the gaunt, the superstitious, the grimly pious. Mr. Duncan dips his pen in word witchery—sometimes, it may be, a little too deep. It is a good sign that, since his 'Way of the Sea,' his language has grown less spumy, and less suggestive of rebellious vichy siphons. His epithets are here kept well under control, and are naturally the stronger for it. Nor is his poetic tendency ever misplaced. The blemish lies rather in his artificialities, reminiscent of Stevenson, Bullen, Robinson Crusoe, John Gilpin, Weyman, and the Book of Acts. These are mainly good models, truly, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Duncan will forget them all and speak for himself in words as beautifully Anglo-Saxon as he now uses

and forego preciousness of phrasing. Yet, should he decide otherwise, we can continue to be grateful for his rich responsiveness to nature and humanity, and his great-hearted, boundless horizon. It only remains to say that a few charming photographs and a little map complete the comfort of the reader.

In Mr. Crawford's novel is much of Mr. Crawford's special material—his Rome, his Campagna, his Italian seashore; furthermore, his Italian peasantry, assassins, ladies of limited vision, shady characters, and *ingénus* of both sexes. Of murders and almost-murders, there are many of varying intensity; the earlier ones, well-bred, thrillless, painless to victim and reader; the later specimens quite in the melodramatic manner, horrid enough to satisfy any sensation-seeker. It is characteristic of the author's measured style that his murderers talk fluently of their crimes before striking. We can almost understand Settimia's cry to her assassin, "Do it quickly!" In the case of Regina, it is to be supposed that Mr. Crawford knows the hill-peasant thoroughly; therefore, it must be true that a woman bent on extracting information, and resolved to kill as a last resort, would talk in unmoved, didactic calm to her proposed and helpless victim. In truth, all the persons speak an impeccable Crawfordese, except the peasant men, who reveal unmistakably the writer's intimacy of understanding, and spring at once into the reader's belief. The story of Regina's devotion to her lover is one of a loyalty well-nigh incredible. Corbario's offence against his young stepson includes not only encouragement to evil ways, but attempted murder, which failing, it is hard to understand why he should have hesitated at another form of taking off speedier than the slow one of ruining his constitution by dissipation. The use of physical weapons for Marcello's destruction takes away from the deadly force of the moral ones to which the name of the story calls explicit attention. It is perhaps more detestable to pervert a boy than to sandbag him, but to do both not only is waste of deviltry, but divides reprobation and spoils a good title. The story is ingenious, the sketches of scenery and peasantry admirable, the comments by the way philosophic and thoughtful; the English, of course, of the best-regulated. The reader for the most part, however, remains outside.

For any one who has not had enough of the "Jay-Hawkers of Kaintuck" and the Virginians of Cumberland Gap, with their warfare, feuds, pistols, and whiskey, there is excellent provision in Mr. Fox's little book of stories. The one that furnishes the title is a grim bit of pathos: "The Army of the Callahan," an amusing sketch of bouffe militarism; and "Christmas Night with Satan," a very good and doggy little dog-story. The three that remain are deafening with shots, and sickening or tiresome with vengeance.

"Wherever negroes colonize in the cities or villages, North or South, wherever the hod-carrier, the porter, and the waiter are the society men of the town, . . . wherever . . . the spirit of labor and laziness shake hands, there—there—is Happy Hollow." Thus runs in part Mr. Dunbar's Foreword to his volume of sketches. As we read them, we are struck with the fact that to be civilized is to lose picturesqueness. The negro grown away from slavery becomes a man in the street like other men, a part of the industrial machine, no longer a decorative feature, a lyrical refrain or a national episode. To the old "plantation darkey" succeeds the political boss; to the shouting parson, the diplomatic preacher of a city congregation; to the doting mammy, the thrifty, saving laundress, or the richly pensioned widow. Mr. Dunbar has a picturesque way of showing the lapse from picturesqueness. He does it without failing to infuse humor into his less humorous theme, and without wholly eliminating the pathetic element to which striving and jobbery are well-nigh fatal. Very few of the flowers of rhetoric survive; he is too true an artist to describe sociology in terms of botany. His sense of culmination, moreover, is unerring. Therefore, not all unpicturesque are his tales of the promoter, the "tout," the jockey, however reluctantly we may see our friends of the plantation promoted into vulgarities which literature hitherto has associated with the white race. The book, ably illustrated by E. W. Kemble, and beautifully made, shows several discreditable lapses in proof-reading.

The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues. By K. Asakawa. With an introduction by Frederick Wells Williams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

With Dr. Asakawa our readers have already made acquaintance. His newest book, to use his own words, is "an attempt to present in a verifiable form some of the issues and the historical causes of the war now waged between Russia and Japan." It is a statement, as Professor Williams, in his introduction, very justly says, remarkable for both its brevity and its restraint. In a small volume of less than four hundred pages (all his statements are fully fortified by authorities), he has given an account not only of the economic conditions which underlie the quarrel, but of the diplomatic negotiations which preceded and the national and international tendencies which caused the conflict; such historical facts are added as are necessary to enable the reader to understand the whole. The book is so dispassionately written that the nationality of the author, if not disclosed, would hardly have been guessed.

We shall not here undertake to review Dr. Asakawa's analysis of the causes which led to the war; in the main, it corresponds with the opinion formed generally by the reading public in this country when the war broke out. To any one who has not made up his mind, the book may be recommended as containing most of the evidence bearing on the question at issue, fairly and very concisely presented. If the Russian Government has a case which meets it, all we can say is that we do not know what it is, and that it is a thousand pities for Russia that it has not been stated. Was there a good reason for breaking her promises, made in the forum of the world, as to the evacuation of Mantchuria? If so, we do not know it. Is there any doubt that, economically, the conflict between Japan and Russia grows out of the determination of Russia to close Mantchuria and Korea to the world, and of Japan that they shall not be closed? We know of none. Finally, if war is to be justified (and it generally has to be so justified, if at all) as a violent and lamentable form of international justice, what answer has ever been made to the claim of Japan that she is entitled as a belligerent and sovereign State to have the enormous injustice dealt out to her by Russia at the close of her war with China redressed?

It is, of course, impossible to prove that the war might not have been avoided by Japan. Even after reading this able statement of the Japanese case, it may still be contended—and such, we take it, is the Russian contention—that Japan has no better standing on the continent of Asia than Russia; that both Japan and Russia are aggressors; and that there is no ethical difference in the ultimate designs of the two with reference to Korea or China. Both desire to "expand," and expansion necessarily means either conquest or absorption. Ethically speaking, Japan should aim only at preserving her own integrity, and the moment she enters upon a continental struggle with Russia, she is *in pari delicto*. Consequently, she should have either yielded to the encroachments of Russia in Mantchuria and Korea and adhered to a policy of internal development, or, at any rate, not have attempted to justify her stand on moral grounds.

But it is one of the strong points of Dr. Asakawa's argument that he does not take very high moral ground. His statement of causes leading to the war is rather political than moral. At the bottom of it all is the conviction—quite justified, it seems to us, by what we know of Russia's past and by the history of the negotiations preceding the war, here given—that Japan's autonomy is ultimately at stake. This belief does not come only from the fact mentioned in the author's introductory chapter (p. 51), that the island of Tsushima, lying halfway between Korea and the Japanese coast, and from which on a clear day the coast of Japan can be seen, was not very long ago, in the days of her weakness, actually wrested from Japan by Russia, and with difficulty recovered. There are a multitude of facts, no one conclusive in itself, but which, all taken together, go to show that Japan must either have what the Greeks would have called the hegemony of Eastern Asia, or submit to the danger of ultimate conquest by Russia. Such, at any rate, is the feeling of men as sensible and restrained as the author of this book, and it is this feeling which makes it seem, not only to the Japanese themselves, but to the world at large, in a measure, a war of self-defence.

But, even if it were not so, there is a vast difference between a war waged for the expansion of Russia and a war waged for the expansion of Japan, in the East. To the world generally, the growth of Japan means the growth of freedom and commerce, while that of Russia means the growth of absolutism. For the East the former means a genuine renaissance of a kind long prayed for and long despaired of by every well-wisher of that oppressed division of the world.

Besides all this, the victory of Japan will be an inestimable blessing to the Western world in curing it of a long-cherished and deeply rooted illusion—that which has always prevailed on the subject of "inferior" and "yellow" races. The idea that the Caucasian, or white man, has been called by destiny to govern the rest

of the world and therefore to "absorb" any part of the earth possessed by any other race that takes his fancy, is an idea which can be dispelled only by force. Japan has shown that "yellow" men can hold their own with white men, and sink their navies and take their fortresses, and defeat their armies in the open field. The Japanese have shown, too, that while doing this they can use the fruits of their victories with just that humanity and enlightenment and devotion to civilization of which, with our egregious vanity, we are forever arrogating to ourselves the monopoly. They have almost made a farce of the "white man's burden," and they could not have done us a better turn.

The Japanese war is the first great conflict since our civil war in which the sympathies of liberals the world over are almost altogether on one side. A feature of Dr. Asakawa's book which confirms the feeling that the "good old cause" is being defended, is precisely that restraint in tone and expression which usually marks the behavior of peoples, as of individual men, when engaged in a just quarrel, and which is so lamentably absent on the Russian side. In reading it, one goes back to other wars, and other statements of causes put forward in their defence. With the same sort of temperance Franklin laid the case of the American colonies before the world, and Lincoln stated that of the North against the South.

Storia degli Scavi di Roma, e Notizie intorno le Collezioni Romane di Antichità. Da Rodolfo Lanciani. Vol. II. (A. D. 1531-1549). Rome: Loescher.

The second volume of Lanciani's great work appears promptly in the wake of the first, and deserves as warm a welcome. As the period of the history progresses, the extant material becomes more abundant; and this second volume, instead of covering the activities of well-nigh five centuries, nominally carries the narrative forward only eighteen years. Yet in reality the lines of the story reach out much further than this, for the author has in some respects changed with this volume the plan of his work. He has combined into a single article, or chapter, all the items concerning a given building, or group of buildings, or a given collection, from the initial date of his volume (1531) up to the end of the sixteenth century, and has placed each chapter under the date of the first item that appears in it. For many important *lemmata*, then, like the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Forum, the Capitoline Museum, the period of this volume extends, not to 1549, but a full half-century further.

The effect is to heal somewhat the disjointed aspect of the work, and to make more pleasant the tracing of the fate of a given monument or area. The latter purpose would have been attained, however, to some degree by the more detailed indexes which the author has made for this volume. As it is, the one thing lost that the first volume furnished is the power of getting easily a bird's-eye view of what was going on in the city in any given year or short period of years. It may be a question which opportunity is of more value. The dilemma that of necessity confronts a book in which verbatim extracts play such an important part, is clearly to be seen. Perhaps, after the 'Storia' is finished, Comm. Lanciani will give us, upon the basis of its and his other material, a genuine history of this side of the city's life during the centuries covered by his present work. Such a book, he may be certain, would attract many readers who have perused with interest the slight sketch afforded by the last hundred pages of 'The Destruction of Ancient Rome.'

Lanciani's present volume opens with Clement VII. still on the throne, "that cowardly bastard of the degenerate house of Medici," as Gregorovius calls him, whose "pontificate was fraught with grief and ruin both to the world and to Rome." He had only three years more to live, and at his death the city might draw a sigh of relief that the chapter in her history which included the shameful sack of Rome was closed. In these last years of Clement's reign began certain operations about the Mausoleum of Augustus, which proceeded further under his successor, uncovering (and as usual also destroying) many remnants of that remarkable edifice. Some excavations seem to have taken place also on the site, or in the immediate neighborhood, of the much-enduring Basilica Æmilia. Whether the peculiar discovery mentioned by the younger Antonio da Sangallo in 1531 was indeed the corner-stone of the Basilica (or of the Temple of Janus), as Lanciani thinks, may appear doubtful to the lay mind, but the finds of the succeeding decade or so must at any rate have been of great interest and extent. It seems possible that the excavators reached even the pavement of the Basilica, though one could hardly feel justified in concluding this, as Lanciani appears to do, by connecting the recorded find of "a great number of bronze coins" with the many traces of melted and corroded coins recently found imbedded in the marble floor of the inner hall. The earlier discovery may have been a compact hoard that had nothing to do with this scattered windfall.

Paul III. (Farnese) ascended the throne at a happy moment for his reputation. His reign could hardly be other than reasonably bright, were it only by contrast with that of his immediate predecessor. The student of church history will remember him as the man who owed his early cardinalate to the passion of Alexander VI. for his beautiful sister; who reluctantly initiated the Counter-Reformation and summoned the early-throttled sessions of the Council of Trent; who established the Roman Inquisition, and whose external politics centred around the attempt to found a principality for his worthless natural son. The reader to whom a non-religious or an irreligious Pope is as good as any other, will dwell rather upon his record as a magnificent and genial prince, whose broad schemes for the embellishment of his capital resulted in the laying out of many of its finest streets as we still see them—Corso, Babuino, SS. Apostoli, and others—and in the building of magnificent edifices, among them part of St. Peter's and the finest palace of all the city of grand palaces. The student of art will recall him as the Pope under whose imperious pressure Michelangelo painted the "Last Judgment" and the frescoes of the Capella Paolina.

The topographer has reason both to mourn and to rejoice over that zeal for the Fabbrica di S. Pietro that distinguished the Farnese Pope. It brought to knowledge numerous ruins in various parts of the city, but it brought them also to destruction for the sake of building material. One of the first acts of the new pontificate was to appoint Mannetti commissary of antiquities, and to direct him in stately and studious Latin phrase to guard from all approach of possible harm a long list of classes of monuments and marbles, "and whatever else might be understood under the name of antiquities or memorials." The new broom apparently meant to sweep clean, but it was speedily thrown into the dust-heap. In 1540 the pontiff issued a brief cancelling all former licenses for excavation, and embracing the entire city and suburbs in one great area of organized destruction. Authority was given to the deputies of the Fabbrica of St. Peter's to mine and excavate at will in any or all property belonging to people or to Church, in or out of the city, for marble, travertine, columns, or any other material useful in their building projects. At the same time they alone were empowered to grant licenses for excavation on shares to private individuals or corporations. A ten years' sack of the remains of ancient Rome followed. Our space is too limited to describe in detail, or even to summarize intelligently, the thoroughness with which the reverend deputies of the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles carried out their vandal commission. With regard to the Forum, Lanciani's own statement deserves quotation:

"To this brief we owe the destruction of the monuments of the Forum valley, which, though the part projecting above the modern soil had been damaged, were yet well-nigh intact where protected by the layer of rubbish. If the ten-year campaign set on foot by Paul III. had not taken place, it is not hard to picture in what shape the Count of Tournon, who began the excavations in Napoleon's time, and we ourselves, should have found the Forum. We should have found the steps and the stylobate of the Temple of Antoninus perfect in every particular, with a boundless wealth of honorary bases, of reliefs and *acroteria* fallen from the tympanum, of cornices, and of broken statues; the remnants of the arch of Fabius at the foot of the ascent of the Sacra Via, with its historic dedications; the Temple of Cæsar perfect up to the level of the cella, upon which stood the foundations of the tower of the Inserra, torn down in 1536; the Regia, with the *fasti* yet in position; the Arch of Augustus, with its inscriptions; the Temple of Vesta, with its peristyle, levelled indeed to the ground, yet but little of it vanished; the Atrium, with the pedestals of the *Vestales maximæ* yet standing under the quadriportico; the Temple of Castor, perfect below, and buried under a mountain of columns, bases, capitals, and cornices, that sufficed to feed the Farnese lime-kilns till 1550; the portico *ad Minervam*, where the imperial decrees were posted, with some of the bronze tablets yet in place; the Augusteum in the condition in which artists of the time depicted it; the statue of Vortumnus yet standing at the head of the Vicus Tuscus; and, interspersed among this noble rank of monuments, Christian memorials of the early Middle Ages, stone-cutters' shops of Carolingian times, or of the early Renaissance, lime-kilns with archæological material hardly touched by the fire, statues, reliefs, inscriptions, medals, coins in infinite number. Ten years were enough to reduce that 'nobilissimus Romæ locus' to its present state of desolation."

Nothing need be added to that pregnant picture.

Chapters of Lanciani's book of great interest to others than topographers are those on the formation of the Capitoline museums, and on the building of the Farnese

Palace and gathering of its collections. Extensive works at Tivoli and Ostia find detailed treatment in this volume. The accounts of the setablishment of the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli within the Baths of Diocletian, and many other fruitful excavations within its limits; the removal of the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius to the square of the Capitol, where it still stands upon a pedestal carved by Michelangelo out of an immense block of marble from Trajan's Forum; the building of the great bastions of Sangallo—these and a dozen other chapters furnish most agreeable and stimulating reading.

The author occasionally displays his personal bias, as when, for example, he protests (p. 96) against the position of those who would deny the present commune of Rome the moral right to keep its own collections of antiquities apart from those of the state, and under its own exclusive control; or when (p. 219) he refers to Boni's yet uncompleted work about the Sacra Via as "the recent devastations." In this day of the investigation of Roman origins one may wonder whether the hydriæ mentioned by Marliani in connection with "ossa cadaverum" as discovered within the Porta Salaria, not far from Sallust's gardens, could have marked the primitive necropolis of the Quirinal settlement.

The Becquerel Rays and the Properties of Radium. By Hon. R. J. Strutt. London: Edward Arnold. 1904. New York: Longmans.

From the son of Lord Rayleigh one anticipates intellectual superiority—not necessarily individual force, but that superiority which comes from sitting often at table during many years with the leading physicists of Europe; and one is not disappointed in the event. The promise of his preface is only "to give as clear and simple an account of the phenomena of radioactivity as the subject admits of, without sacrificing accuracy," binding him to no more than compilation; but in generous fulfilment he gives us a most interesting discussion of all the questions that have been opened by the discernment and skill of Mme. Curie. Indeed, his only fault worth mention is that he has not realized that the majority of those who will attach a value to the volume would have been glad if, somewhere between its covers, somewhat fuller details could have been found. They are mostly quite able to read mathematics, be the motive for doing so sufficient; they would have liked references to the original papers; and they would have been glad to know that they had only to take down this book from their shelves to find, for example, the value of Mme. Curie's determination of the atomic weight of radium, and other minutiæ of that nature. It is a most interesting book, brimful of information and of thought; but it falls just a little short of the kind of perfection that an experienced bookwright would have imparted to it. The lacking matter we have spoken of might have been relegated to the appendices, of which there are three as it is, besides a direction to "see" an unembodied fourth. It will not be long before a new edition of this work is called for—or if there is not such a call it will be only because of this irrepletion. Let us hope there soon will be a second edition, and that the little conveniences we speak of will have been put in before the work is offered again to the public. Probably Mr. Strutt did not wish his volume to dispute the ground with Rutherford's 'Radioactivity.'

Beginning with an account of Crookes's exquisite experiments (for let us not forget that it was Crookes's surpassing genius that started the whole development), Mr. Strutt first treats of the cathode rays, and shows how it was a happy idea of Henri Becquerel's—albeit, most curiously, a totally mistaken one—that brought about the discovery of radioactivity. Mr. Strutt says this was a circumstance unparalleled in the history of science, and the remark (which, we doubt not, expresses not only his own impression, but that of a whole circle of the first physicists of the world) merits our attention as illustrating, in despite of Dr. Karl Pearson, what very great significance those men attach to successful prediction. The case was this: The cathode rays of Crookes's tubes produced a peculiar green phosphorescence in the glass where they struck upon it; and this led Becquerel, after Röntgen had discovered that from the outside of the glass at that point his wonderful X-rays were given off, to surmise that salts of uranium, which likewise phosphoresce with green light, might perhaps emit similar rays. To test his guess, he wrapped a photographic plate in black paper, and, having placed some uranium nitrate upon the paper, awaited results. Sure enough, after a few days, on developing the plate, he found a perfectly distinct impression of the crystals pictured there. Now the thing that Mr. Strutt, in common with physicists generally, finds so extraordinary and downright unparalleled is that, notwithstanding this successful issue of a quasi-prediction, it nevertheless turned out, as he says, (1) that the green fluorescence of the glass of Crookes's tubes has *nothing to do* with the production of Röntgen rays; (2) that the green fluorescence of uranium salts has no connection with their effect on photographic plates, and (3) that those uranium rays which affected the plates are of a radically different nature from the Röntgen rays which duplicate the effect. It was, indeed, a remarkable case, conveying the important lesson, not that prediction or quasi-prediction is not a vitally important factor of physical research, far less that it is unscientific or even anti-scientific, as Professor Pearson contends, but that one or two fulfilments of predictions do not suffice to prove that the hypothesis upon which they are based is so much as a recognizable likeness of the real truth. The experience of Becquerel was, it is true, not so unprecedented as Mr. Strutt represents it to have been. He goes too far in saying that the Röntgen rays, the uranium invisible rays, and the green phosphorescence "have nothing to do with" one another. It can hardly be doubted that there is *some* connection between them, although we cannot say what it is, and although the phenomena are certainly not directly allied. Mr. Strutt can surely have no difficulty in calling to mind many and many a chemical induction, virtually predictive, which went on swimmingly for a long time and then broke down so one-horse-shay-ly that the favorable instances seem to us little more than accidental coincidences. Probably, however, time will show that they were not so utterly fortuitous as they at present seem to have been.

Several of Mr. Strutt's positions in the logic of science are questionable; but whenever he has set forth his reasons they appear very strong and very interesting, even if not fully convincing. Against his mode of attacking the substantiality of matter and his argument in favor of electricity as the only subject of spatial motion, it is impossible to hold out. (We speak of *his argument*, which, however, neither is nor professes to be absolutely demonstrative.) His doctrine of the transmutation of the elements is peculiar in making the course of development to proceed from elements of high atomic weight to elements of lower atomic weight. Moreover, he makes the transmutations run along the horizontal lines of Mendeléeff's table. The brilliant ingenuity exhibited by Curie, Ramsay, Rutherford, etc., in all these researches, and their astounding marvels of manipulative skill, are now an old story, perhaps; but, as narrated in Mr. Strütt's book, they appear more real and more fabulous than ever.

The Tomboy at Work. By Jeannette L. Gilder. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this sequel to her 'Autobiography of a Tomboy,' Miss Gilder makes her heroine tell the tale of her first year's work. Her strenuous career began when, at the age of fifteen, she was engaged by a historian of the civil war to search the records in the Adjutant-General's Office at Trenton. To do this work, she had to take the six o'clock train every morning from Birdlington, but this only lent zest to the employment. At sixteen, "Miss Gilbert" obtained work in the Mint in Philadelphia. There she had to weigh gold, and, when gold was scarce, to make canton flannel bags to hold it when it should begin to come in again. From the Mint she went with her family to Newark, and at first colored photographs for a living. Then came an appointment in an auditor's office, where, as she was quite unable to add figures correctly, the head clerk obligingly did her work as well as his own, declaring himself more than repaid by her whistling of tunes from the Italian opera. Next came a post as proofreader, then another as copyist in the office of the Registrar of Deeds. Finally, at about eighteen, as far as we can calculate, this enterprising young woman, having already discarded five or six different pursuits, settled down as a newspaper writer in Newark.

But hers was not the temperament that enjoys being settled, and she is soon in New York interviewing "the proprietor of the most famous newspaper. . . . The interview was short. 'Well,' said he, regarding me with piercing eyes, 'what do you want to do?' 'I should like book-reviewing, or anything that comes to hand.' 'You can do the books, if you like,' said he, 'but be original; don't give us the same old cut-and-dried stuff. Your salary will be $30 a week—good morning!'" No wonder that "Miss Gilbert" had to restrain an impulse to drop on her knees and kiss his "strong, shapely hand." In order not to be cut-and-dried, on the advice of Miss Kate Field she wrote her reviews in dialogue form: "I had a family take up the books of the day and discuss them, giving

various opinions; the sons and daughters maintaining a point that was immediately bowled over by the father." This method proved a great success—a fact which seems to show that there was more leisure in those days in which to read one's morning paper, or more interest in current literature. Our heroine rose to be musical and dramatic critic of the same paper. (She withholds its name, with unusual reserve.) As her family still lived in Newark, she used to go home by the midnight train, and proceeded to write plays from one till three. The performance of one of these plays in Philadelphia is one of the most amusing episodes in the book. We leave her "still a journalist, and still in harness, though the harness is light."

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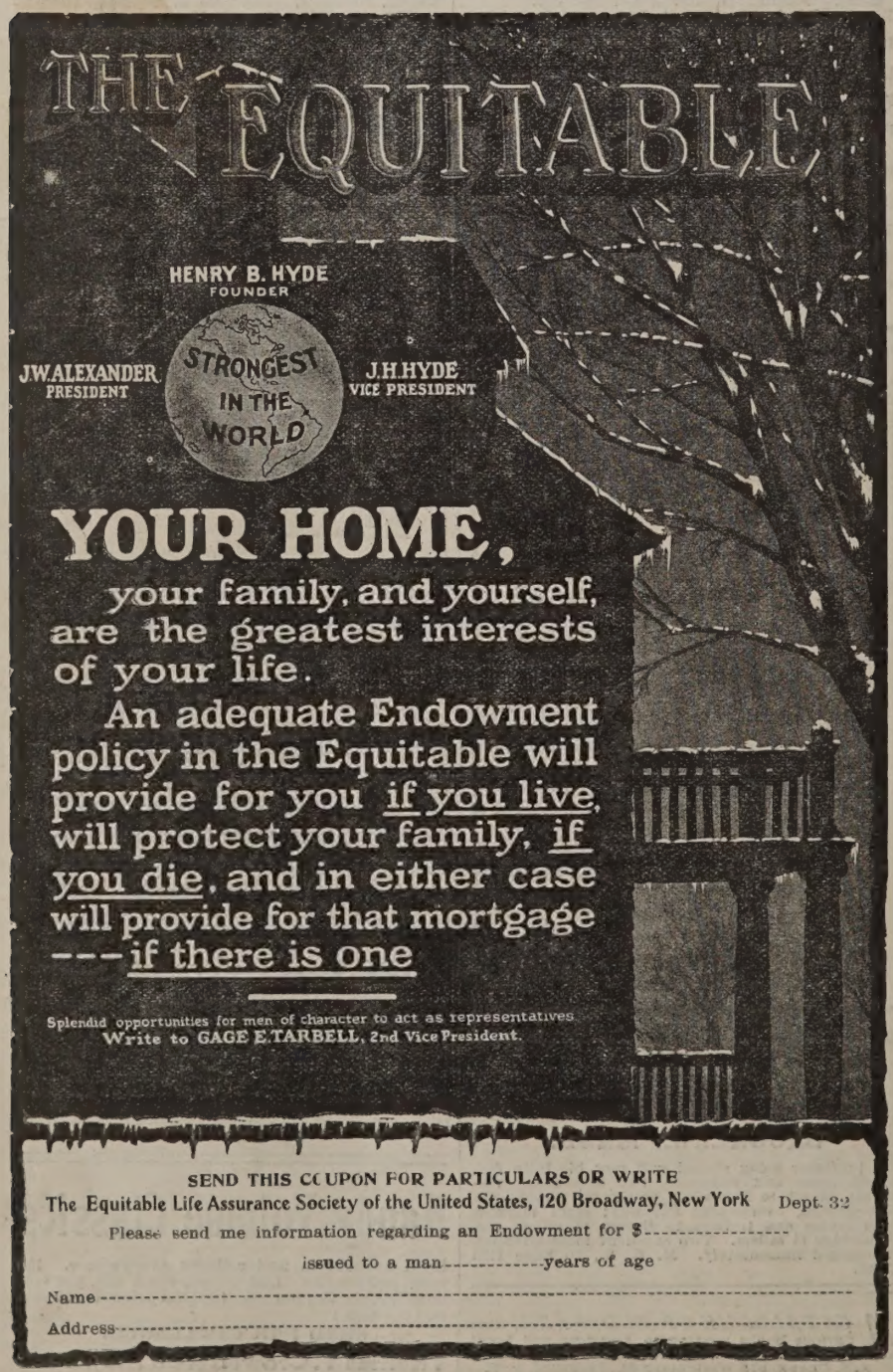
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59th

Annual Statement

of the

Connecticut Mutual

Life Insurance Company,

Of Hartford, Conn.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1904,		$63,211,528,89
RECEIVED IN 1904.		
For Premiums	$5,411,377.44	
For Interest and Rents	2,958,582.95	
		8,369,960 39
		$71,581,489,28
DISBURSED IN 1904.		
For claims by death, matured endowments, and annuities,	$5,430,800.32	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,151,427.43	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	652,367.07	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS,	$7,234,594.82	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' Fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, all other Expenses	1,000,830.29	
TAXES	387,279.47	
Profit and Loss	37,409.10	
		8,660,113.68
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1904,		$62,921,375.60
SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.		
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$24,752,965.08
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		30,000.00
Loans upon Policies of this Company.		178,800.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force		512,020.08
Cost of Home Office Property		1,916,236.00
Cost of Real Estate owned by Company		8,678,593.03
Cost of Bonds		24,856,039.76
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks		829,076.25
Cash in Banks		1,166,761 50
Bills receivable		225.56
Agents' Debit Balances		658 34
		$62,921,375.60
ADD		
Interest due and accrued.	$912,697.01	
Rents due and accrued	14,311.92	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	1,009,301.99	
Net uncollected and deferred premiums	368,038.91	
	$2.304,349.83	
Less Bills Receivable and Agents' Debit Balances,	883.90	
		$2.303,465.93
ADMITTED ASSETS, December 31, 1904,		$65,224,841.53
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding Policies, net, Company's standard	$58,229,205.00	
All other liabilities	2,166,939.89	
		$60.396,144.89
SURPLUS		$4,828,696.64
Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1904		11.96 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1904, 70,454, insuring		$167,167,515.00

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 66 Fifth Ave., New York

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

The Week.

The full text of President Roosevelt's extraordinary "agreement and covenant" with President Morales of San Domingo is an amazing document. It gives the lie to the belated and apologetic explanation of the State Department that this "protocol" was simply "a memorandum of a proposed agreement." This is the agreement itself. Nowhere within the four corners of it is there a hint that this instrument was to be submitted to the Senate, or any other body. "The American Government agrees"—the American Government guarantees"; and the thing was "done," not proposed —the agreement to "begin to take effect from and after the first of February," signatures having been affixed on January 20. Evidently there was no dream of asking the consent of the Senate. Messrs. Roosevelt and Hay had constituted themselves "the American Government," with final power to bind this country to put down revolutions in a foreign republic and to administer its finances. They have since been driven in alarm from that assumption. Now they propose to draw a treaty in due form, and consent to look at the Constitution.

In the London *Times* of January 24 is a long letter from its West Indian correspondent setting forth conditions in San Domingo. Revolution has been chronic for years. No so-called President is long left in office undisturbed. Apparently, the *de facto* President, Morales, has shrewdly conceived the plan of inducing the Americans to step in and take his revolutions off his hands. Clause 7 of the famous agreement binds the American Government, "at the request of the Dominican Republic," to "*preserve order*." In other words, Morales may comfortably disband his army and turn over to us the work of keeping Dominican conspirators and incendiaries in order. It is a sharp bargain for him to drive. Perhaps he learned such cleverness when a clerk in a German-American store in Sanchez. Afterwards an unfrocked priest, then a revolutionary, then a President in unstable equilibrium, he has been smart enough to make a cat's-paw of Uncle Sam. But the Senate will have a word to say. What it should most closely guard against is the peril lest the President go lawlessly ahead in San Domingo, as he did in Panama, to create a situation from which he will say it is impossible to withdraw.

Unquestionably, this year's inauguration parade will beat anything hitherto seen in the circus world. First will come the Rough Riders, the regiment famed for having obtained greater renown and more offices for less fighting than any other in the world's history. Next will march the battalion of Filipino scouts which has been kept in the country for this purpose since the close of the St. Louis Exhibition, although their services are needed in the archipelago. Next in order will come Geronimo, the greatest of Apache warriors; American Horse, who led the Cheyennes on many a warpath; and Hollow Horn Bear, the Sioux chieftain. Sailors from the fleet, soldiers from the forts, cadets from West Point and Annapolis, will be next, while the presence of thousands of college men will show how the youth of the country approve the strenuous life. We respectfully offer the following suggestions for additional features certain to attract the public: Delegations of railroad presidents favoring the imposition of rates, led by Paul Morton, with William J. Bryan as first assistant; 100—"count them"—100 bishops opposed to divorce and led by Bishop Hare, fresh from the sale of his Protestant mission schools; the entire Republic of Panama, 250 strong, William Nelson Cromwell, chief marshal; three hundred Dominicans, headed by President Morales, marching in a square of American rapid-fire guns; and President Castro, with the Venezuelan army bearing specimens of asphalt in place of arms.

The General Staff of the army, just a year and a half old, already stands condemned. We had foreseen certain dangers, but must confess that we had overlooked those which have compelled Senator Hale to denounce the new body in unmitigated terms, and to record his opposition to any similar staff for the navy. Senator Hale's experience with the General Staff autocrats has been sad indeed. Hearing that Congress had appropriated $500,000 for post recreation buildings, he went to the War Department, as in the good old days, to fix with the Secretary just how much of this should go to Maine. To his horror the Secretary denied any authority in the matter, and brutally referred him to the General Staff, which, said Mr. Taft, would give the Senator a hearing if he asked for it. Such an insult to the dignity of a United States Senator engaged in the legitimate business of hunting for pie for his constituents was unheard of. Spurning the hearing, Mr. Hale strode back to the Senate, and in his wrath launched a philippic at this body which dares to stand between a Senator and a bit of patronage. Naturally, in Mr. Hale's eyes, the Secretary of War has shrunk—even if it be by his own wish—to a mere nobody, while the General Staff has usurped all his legitimate functions. With the country and the Constitution thus in danger, Mr. Hale thunders well.

Every one must admire Secretary Taft's persistence in going before Congress and asking for a reduction of the Philippine tariff. Although appealing to his own party, he might, from the look of things, plead as well for common schools in Liberia or for the single-tax in Hayti. Congress is simply no longer interested in the Philippines—proof of the hollowness of the Imperialistic contentions of four or five years ago. Then we were assured that we might trust in the wisdom of Congress as in an all-wise Providence; that the responsibility for the millions of Filipinos would make Congress always eager to do everything possible for the archipelago, with the result that our own politics would be vastly purified. Well, we now see how it actually works. The President and the Secretary of War go down on their knees to Congress for the simplest act of justice to the Filipinos imaginable—all in vain. Special messages and the arguments of Mr. Taft are alike futile. Even the threat of Secretary Taft to come out for free trade another year if a reasonable reduction be refused now, has fallen perfectly flat. Indifference and the influence of the protected interests prevent his own party from moving, while the Democratic leader, Representative Williams, has stolen his thunder by introducing a free-trade bill. For the Filipinos this measure is far more vital than the regulation of railroad rates for this country. But we hear no talk of an extra session, and the "man in the White House who does things" is helpless to aid a cause which must appeal to every one's chivalry and sense of what is really a "square deal."

Although the bill authorizing railroad construction in the Philippines was considerably bettered by amendments previous to its receiving the President's signature on Monday, we can but think the precedent of a Government guarantee of 4 per cent. on thirty millions of railroad bonds vicious. Already people are saying that a scheme like this which primarily benefits large capitalists, finds favor with Congress, but that tariff reduction in the interests of the masses can obtain no hearing. Secretary Taft, it must be recorded, did not forget in his hour of success on Monday to speak again for his tariff demands. He is greatly gratified to have made the Philippine Government a partner in the

railroad business. There is no good reason now why it should not similarly go into partnership with steamship companies for the purpose of building up a trade in American bottoms with China or India or Australia, to say nothing of the United States. Then there is the coastwise trade, which would benefit by a 4 per cent. Government guarantee of first mortgages. How this guarantee will work in practice remains to be seen. An incentive to railroad efficiency it cannot be said to be. And in the event of a foreclosure, there is no other alternative than Government ownership or management.

The Statehood bill was introduced in the House on April 4, 1904, after the Committee on Territories had worked over the collection of Statehood bills offered by individual members. Four days after its introduction it was reported favorably. For eleven days it was on the calendar. Then, on April 19, it was taken up shortly after noon, under a special rule which prohibited all amendments, debated for three and a half hours, and passed. The Senate Committee kept it under consideration for the rest of that session, and reported it, with amendments, on December 16. It was called up on January 4. Since then, it has been discussed almost daily. Where the House gave but a few hours, the Senate has had the measure up for debate during thirty-three days. All the Senators especially interested have had an opportunity to speak. Important amendments have been proposed and discussed, details have been perfected. The debate in the House was a pure formality. In the Senate, where party lines have not been strictly drawn, it has been to some degree a genuine interchange of ideas. Even the final vote on Tuesday was marked by deliberation and independence, if also by a necessary exhibition of strategy, for the body was very evenly divided. In the end Mr. Foraker and his supporters carried the day. Arizona was sidetracked, and New Mexico and the combined Indian Territory and Oklahoma alone were conceded admission as States. The matter now reverts to the House and probably to a conference committee.

In spite of the rumor that the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections will decide adversely to Senator Smoot, the comments of the press throughout the country seem to show that the trend of feeling just now is rather in his favor. As a matter of fact, the public has never quite known what to think about the Mormon Senator, and has caught at every suggestion eagerly. "What is to be done about this?" was the query when the news first came that the Utah Legislature had chosen an apostle to represent the State. "He has only one wife," the dispatches announced at once. "Oh, very well," said the public, with relief, and Mr. Smoot was sworn in with none of the hubbub that attended the advent of Roberts at Washington. Then came the testimony of the polygamous relations of the head men in the Church. "So this is the sort of crowd Smoot consorts with!" was the horrified exclamation. A popular vote last March would have expelled the Senator with scant courtesy. But the attempted demonstration of Church control in politics was not clear enough to startle anybody, and Mr. Smoot's excellent personal reputation has told in his favor. "The question is," said one newspaper, "can a Mormon be a good citizen? We are compelled to admit that in Mr. Smoot's case, at leas' he can." As the facts stand, this is not an issue on which conscientious people can be expected to agree. The sentiment against Smoot has naturally been more audibly manifested, but the favorable view has acquired considerable support.

It is a rough-and-ready solution of the immigration problem which the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization endorses by voting to report favorably the Adams bill. It proceeds, in fact, on much the same principles that a police officer applies when in charge of a building that is in danger from overcrowding. "How many more will it stand?" "Three hundred more." "All right; let in that many, and then close the doors." Just so the Adams bill makes an estimate of the number of foreigners of the so-called "undesirable" races which the country can safely take in. Having fixed this number at 80,000 for each country, it proposes to close the gates in the face of No. 80,001. As a matter of fact, there are only three countries which send more than 80,000 a year as it is. These are Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. Had they each been cut down to 80,000 last year, the total number of aliens admitted would have been reduced by 275,593, or about one-third. If the 200,000 arriving Italians could be stood up for comparison and the best 80,000 picked out for admission, it is self-evident that the average would be much higher than at present. The sifting process applied to immigrants as they come would necessarily be less perfect, while if it were stringent enough actually to select the most promising two out of every five, the fixing of a maximum number would become superfluous.

The more the Government seed distribution is talked over in Congress, the more chance there may be of its ultimate abolition or reform. Meanwhile, neither side in the discussion can expect its reasoning to possess the charm of novelty. Just a decade ago the same arguments used by Mr. Lodge and the Senators who took issue with him on Thursday were being propounded in House and Senate. The Congress then in session was the one elected with Mr. Cleveland, and was pledged to a programme of economy. The new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. Sterling Morton, saw in the seed distribution an opportunity for retrenchment and urged it upon Congress. Yet the House voted down, by the tremendous majority of 3 to 47, an amendment reducing the seed appropriation from $180,000 to $56,000. On the same day an amendment by Mr. Williams of Mississippi was defeated, putting the seed distribution in the hands of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations instead of the members of Congress. Theories about the proper functions of government have never been controlling in this matter. It is undoubtedly true that the distribution has been made more intelligently of late years; at least allotments have been made with more knowledge of local needs. They ought, accordingly, to be more appreciated. In one year the Secretary of Agriculture reported that out of 1,800,000 persons who received free seeds, 940 sent acknowledgements, and in almost every one of these cases incidentally asked for more.

If the manufacturers of alcoholic preparations, articles of iron, steel, and lead, or products made from sugar and molasses, are permitted to obtain a drawback on the imported raw materials entering into articles for export, even when they are inextricably mixed with domestic materials, it seems fair and reasonable to let flour millers do the same thing. It appears from Attorney-General Moody's opinion in the matter of the Canadian wheat drawback, that "a very large proportion" of the $5,000,000 paid as drawbacks during 1903 "was paid upon the exportation of manufactures in which the imported and domestic materials were so blended that they were not apparent to the sight or other senses, and could only be ascertained by the manufacturer's record." Thus, by interpretation of the existing law, there has been accomplished one of the objects of proposed new legislation for liberalizing the drawback ssytem. The word comes promptly from Minneapolis that the new ruling will be a great thing for the farmers of this country. Of course, the only reason the millers had for desiring the new ruling was that they wanted to buy Canadian hard wheat instead of American, which costs more. But the Canadian hard wheat will always be mixed with American soft wheat; and, as the exports of flour increase with the lower price, the American farmer will find a better demand for that soft wheat in order that it may go into the mixture. The duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat, we have always known, was a blessing to

the farmer; but the invention of a means of escaping that duty on one class of imported wheat is also a blessing to him.

It is a strange thing for protectionists to be hallooing about. Free-traders may properly hail it as a kind of payment on account, a belated and forced recognition of one of their principles; but it is a blow at the very vitals of protection. If drawbacks may nullify protective duties on wool and hides, what becomes of the grand log-rolling game of grab for all and grab for each? Who will weep for the Ohio Shepherds? They will not like free trade by judicial interpretation any better than at the hands of President Roosevelt's wicked counsellors of the closet. Besides, how long can the smartest nation on earth be expected to submit to the howling absurdity of what is now proposed? We are going to strain every nerve to supply the good things of life cheap—to foreigners. We are to rack the Dingley law in order to intensify the existing feeling against protective tariffs, on account of their enabling manufacturers to make their fellow-citizens pay them more than Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans for the same goods. That the foreigner should get American flour at lower rates than Americans can; that American shoes should be sold abroad much cheaper than at home; that American woollens should be put within the reach of foreign workingmen, while our own are forced to wear cotton or shoddy—this is trumpeted as the latest glory of protection!

How far the Hay-Bond treaty has been modified in Senate committee has not been told, but it is obviously a triumph to get Senator Lodge to assent to it on any terms. In past time he has always taken the ground that by any permissible arrangement with Newfoundland the Gloucester fishermen may get, but must never give. He has, moreover, under his particular care the protected industry of herring smuggling. The Gloucester herring dealers buy the fish of the Newfoundland seiners, and then, by a self-stultification of the Dingley tariff which other importers who pay their duties may well envy, enter the fish free at American ports. Evidently, any reciprocity agreement making Newfoundland fish free may interfere with this thriving traffic. The Blue-nose fishermen would doubtless be glad to sell the herring direct, instead of to the Gloucester freighters. Still, however Mr. Lodge may have been appeased, he is wise in yielding to the overwhelming reciprocity sentiment in his State, and the treaty should be promptly passed, not only because it promises considerable mutual advantage, but because of its tactical value also. It will be a strong argument for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dropping the indifference he has assumed, perhaps for purposes of diplomatic coquetry, and resuming an expectant attitude concerning reciprocity between Canada and this country.

That consistent protectionism has its difficulties is clearly shown by "The Bystander" in the Toronto *Sun*. It appears that Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League has sent out its circulars in German envelopes. Worse yet, the high priest of Imperial reciprocity, Mr. Pearson, has been detected in printing one of his publications in Holland, and has added concealment to the original offence. Only by the bad luck that besets new movements did one or two copies, still bearing the tell-tale imprint, fall into the hands of malicious Little Englanders. A more fundamental lapse from sound protectionist practice was revealed when some meddlesome person turned up one of the six thousand folding chairs provided for Chamberlain's meetings. Under the seat was plainly seen the damning inscription: "Made in Russia." If righteousness is absent in the very chieftains of "trading with ourselves," what are we to expect from the rank and file? Celestial ire against the free traders is nourished daily by French and Spanish wines, and the swelling bosom of the orator for home industries is usually covered by a German linen shirt. Until the Chamberlainites show the stern fibre of those colonial dames who cheered their spinning by copious draughts of raspberry tea, one may despair of the conversion of England from the free-trade fetish.

Bryan's enthusiastic endorsement of Roosevelt has scarcely more awkwardness for the latter than has, for Mr. Balfour, Chamberlain's effusive identification of his views with those of the Prime Minister. Chamberlainism is evidently on the down grade. Bye-election after bye-election gives it an added shove. Coincidently, Mr. Balfour becomes philosophically more detached and indifferent as respects this tiresome (and politically ruinous) fiscal policy. In his more recent speeches he has had no occasion so much as to mention Mr. Chamberlain's name. How vexatious, then, for the latter to write, as he did the other day, to a Conservative candidate: "I do not myself recognize any differences of principle between Mr. Balfour and myself. If we differ at all, it is only on a question of methods and tactics." And the worst of this is, that the chief question of "tactics" between the two is as to a speedy dissolution of Parliament and a general election. Mr. Chamberlain has said that it cannot come too soon to suit him; but Mr. Balfour has none of the rash spirit which would rush upon death. However, Chamberlain undoubtedly has it in his power to force a dissolution, and the chief interest of the coming session will lie in his decision to use it or not.

Gripenberg's reverse on the Hun River, while not of the magnitude of the great battles below Liaoyang and Mukden, was evidently more than the failure of a reconnoissance in force. The fighting lasted five days, and the losses exceeded 20,000 on both sides. The movement must be interpreted in the light of Mitshenko's recent raid towards Niuchwang, and the whole previous strategy of the Japanese. Mitshenko demonstrated that the Japanese left flank might easily be turned by a mobile force. Half a dozen major engagements from Telissu to the Sha-ho had proved the impossibility of detaching the Japanese army from its positions at the roots of the Mountains. So it seems that Gripenberg tried to profit by the hint of the cavalry raid and fight in the level stretches of the Hun Valley. His initial attack met with success, but he was finally driven back, on January 29, to his old positions. From the fact that the regular counter movement against the Russian left, which in half a dozen instances has proved successful in the past, was not pushed vigorously, we get an indication that Oyama is no longer in commanding numerical superiority, and that the present deadlock is likely to continue until spring.

The statistics of the mortality in Gen. Oku's army, published on Thursday, would seem incredible had not Major Lewis L. Seaman prepared the American public for the astonishing figures. No nation and no army ever made such a record before. From May 6 to December 19, during seven and a half months of the hardest kind of campaigning, there were actually only forty deaths from disease out of 24,642 cases. Not more than 193 men came down with typhoid, hitherto the scourge of all modern armies, and practically all of the beriberi patients were restored to health. American and European army surgeons must doff their hats to the Japanese. Take our own record in 1898. We put into the field during a similar period (from May 1 to December 31) about 275,000 men, of whom no less than 4,965 officers and men died of disease—nine-tenths of them in peaceful camps within our own territory. Doubtless, Gen. Oku's army was not as large as our levies of 1898; perhaps he had only half as many men. But when one considers the relative conditions of the two armies, it is now more than ever plain that several thousand of our war victims were needlessly destroyed by their own folly or because of the incompetence of their officers. When the exact strength of Oku's army becomes known, the figures we are commenting on will doubtless afford still more striking lessons for our General Staff.

TRUST FUNDS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

A dozen years ago the Government announced that payments to sectarian missionary societies for carrying on boarding schools among the Indians would be reduced a certain percentage each year till the system disappeared. For a time, however, the Government gave the schools the rations and annuities assigned to the children who were in attendance. In 1901 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, W. A. Jones, issued an order to stop this practice, as it was in evident violation of the spirit of the act of Congress. William H. Hare, the Protestant Episcopal missionary bishop of South Dakota, remonstrated in behalf of his schools, but the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-General sustained Commissioner Jones in his contention that the department had no authority to favor sectarian schools. Bishop Hare closed two of his missions and sold them at a heavy sacrifice. The Catholics were exceedingly eager to retain their allowances, and Dr. E. L. Scharf, a Catholic in Washington, promised Senator Bard of the Committee on Indian Affairs that, if Congress would appropriate $150,000 for two years, the Catholics would stand by the Administration in twenty doubtful Congressional districts. Congress failed to make the desired appropriations; but, upon representations from Charles J. Bonaparte and others, President Roosevelt ordered $98,460 of Indian trust funds paid to Catholic missions and $4,320 to a Lutheran mission. The pretext under which this money was devoted to sectarian purposes was that the Indians had petitioned for such a disposition of their property.

On Friday last, Father William H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, presented to the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs a communication addressed to President Roosevelt by Attorney-General Moody, on the subject. This official "explanation and justification" of the diversion of a trust is labored and unconvincing. The opinion of Mr. Knox, as summarized and transmitted by Mr. Moody, is that the Administration is technically within the law. When Congress explicitly declared against State aid for sectarian schools, it merely meant that Congress itself would not lend further aid; the Executive was still free to dispose of funds in its keeping. When Congress said in 1899, "This being the final appropriation for sectarian schools," it merely meant that this was the final appropriation from Congress itself; the Executive could still appropriate from the trust funds. In fine, the principle of Government partnership in sectarian missions, which, whenever Congress tried to apply it, proved so corrupting, so subversive of American ideals of religious equality, might become, in the hands of an all-wise and omnipotent Executive, most beneficent and impartial. Congress tried to apportion hundreds of thousands of dollars fairly between Protestant and Catholic schools; but still there would be wire-pulling, low intrigue, and an unedifying scramble for sectarian advantage. But when the Executive, on the basis of a sneak petition, gives $98,460 to the Catholics and $4,320 to the Lutherans, and disregards all other denominations, nobody can have the slightest ground of complaint. Quibble is the only word to apply to this defence of the Administration.

The scandal has been further illuminated by a letter from the President to Secretary Hitchcock defending the legality of the act, and a heated attack on the *Evening Post* by Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, for having said that Mr. Bonaparte described as "small people engaged in small and dirty work" those who objected to the payment of $98,460 from the trust funds to the Catholic schools. Mr. Bonaparte declares he intended these harsh words only for people who think Dr. E. L. Scharf spoke for the Catholic Church, and who are trying to "use a trivial incident" to "revive sectarian prejudices and animosities." No one, of course, supposes that Dr. Scharf was a formally authorized agent of the Catholic Church. But that he represented a strong Catholic influence in Washington—an "ecclesiastical lobby" is Dr. Lyman Abbott's term—no one can deny. As the people who are protesting against the diversion of funds are the very ones who, if any, may be accused of "using this trivial incident," Mr. Bonaparte's distinction seems verbal rather than real.

The President relies for his justification upon the opinion of the Attorney-General. Granting for the moment the legality of the President's course, we cannot reconcile it with any theory of fairness. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at that time Mr. Jones, had told all the managers of mission schools that they were to receive nothing from the Government. If the President desired to reverse this policy, he should have given an equal chance to all the sects to circulate petitions among the Indians and secure their share. Instead of being an open and above-board transaction, this was carried under a blanket. A petition was handed about quietly by friends of the Catholics; Indians were in some instances bribed to sign—a loaf of bread to each signer; and on the basis of these preposterous documents, representing a minute fraction of the tribes, nearly $100,000 of trust funds was turned over to the Catholics. Coupled with this is the ugly coincidence that a Catholic in Washington had been talking to a member of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs about Catholic influence in twenty doubtful Congressional districts; and had been making threats to a member of the Lower House.

Had the President publicly promulgated this plan of appropriation by petition, he would instantly have got both himself and the Indians into hot water. The representatives of the various denominations would have been pulling and hauling for signatures. Against the single loaf bid by the Catholics, the Presbyterians could offer two, the Methodists a blanket, and the Episcopalians a rifle. The reservations would be torn with disgraceful squabbles. In fine, the principle which the President now avows —"unless Congress should decree to the contrary," or "unless the courts should decide that the decision of the Department of Justice is erroneous"—would, if all sects were granted a fair field and no favor, be a terrible blow to Indian education and progress.

The President also remarks:

> "Care must be taken to see that any petition by the Indians is genuine, and that the money appropriated for any given school represents only the pro-rata proportion to which the Indians making the petition are entitled."

In the cases in question no such care seems to have been exercised. Against the genuineness of the petitions a considerable body of evidence is to be found in the *Congressional Record*, from which it would appear that more Indians oppose than favor the diversion of the trust funds. Why the President should assume responsibility for an order to sequestrate the common property of a tribe, and should honor such a suspicious and discredited draft, no one has hitherto explained. If Bishop Hare and others are to be believed, a very slight inquiry would have revealed the flimsy character of these petitions.

The President is now much concerned that the Catholic schools get "only the pro-rata proportion to which the Indians making the petitions are entitled." But we have the authority of Mr. Brosius, agent of the Indian Rights Association, for two very striking facts. Under the "pro-rata" plan the Holy Rosary Roman Catholic school at Pine Ridge would be entitled to $700. It receives this year $21,600, drawn from the funds of the whole tribe. The Catholic schools at Pine Ridge, Rosebud, and Crow Creek, taken together, would be entitled to but $1,803. They receive $55,620. This is an excess payment of $53,817, abstracted from the shares of the Indians who are now protesting. The President's letter, we submit, can neither explain nor defend this gross injustice.

FIRMNESS—IN ROTATION.

To study the cases in which Mr. Roosevelt, according to the Washington correspondents, has put his foot down would be to gain a considerable understanding of the fascinating game of combined politics and statecraft which no

President has played more brilliantly. Mr. Roosevelt is always firm about something. Last week, for example, the *Tribune* reported him as determined to press the arbitration treaties. "He was never in greater earnest about anything," says a Western Senator. But the same dispatch admits that firmness on the subject of prompt legislation for interstate commerce has yielded to despair. Other papers learn that he is far from firm in the matter of prosecuting criminally the offending magnates of the Beef Trust. The Beef Trust directors, we are told, may either be put in jail or bidden to dinner; soon the President may take a firm stand one way or the other. In recent times he has been inexorably committed to tariff revision, to marriage reform, to a maximum naval programme—projects most of which are, after all, decidedly in abeyance. In fact, on pretty nearly all the issues on which we have been told that Mr. Roosevelt had chosen the "last ditch," his present attitude might, in stock-market parlance, be described as "firm but inactive."

We note the facts because they cast much light on a subject of concern to us all—Mr. Roosevelt's psychology. Why is he never simultaneously firm on all his pet measures, but generally decided only on one at a time, in a somewhat periodic rotation? First of all, no human frame, not even the President's, could stand the strain of working at once all the irons he keeps in the fire. And, next, even if he really desired to nail up all his theses in the same hour, a kind of boyish enthusiasm and a constitutional restlessness prevent his keeping many objects at once within emotional focus. We know that he rarely sees beyond the Kettle Hills in front of him, and one can imagine him clean forgetting an old cause in the enthusiasm for a new—quite as, on the memorable day before Santiago he may have wished the supply of hills was greater and their capture of hourly occurrence.

But no analysis of the Presidential mind is complete which makes him merely an *enfant terrible* of genius. To many it will recall Mr. John Sharp Williams's epigram on the underrating of Mr. Roosevelt's political ability, to discover that the President is most firm on the least pressing issues. His stubbornness on tariff reform has diminished in the ratio of Congressional opposition. To-day is an opportune time to present a grim front on the arbitration treaties; can we be so sure that a group of expostulant Senators to-morrow will not find him all amiability on arbitration, but thunderous on the preservation of the sanctity of the home? In short, the principle of rotation, so observable in the President's firmness, very often causes him to deliver his most formidable defiances simply at some unhappy man of straw.

Upon this fact we would comment in no unamiable spirit. It may be in some respects an admirable thing to combine the licensed audacities of the enthusiast with the politician's prudent avoidance of offence. It may be that by issuing numberless penultimatums, one breaks down opposition to the actual ultimatum when it comes. But firmness by rotation, like any other fixed method in a high official, must be judged by its fruits; and these are surprisingly few. In the Panama business Mr. Roosevelt could create a situation upon which Congress must act; in most matters involving a normal course of legislation, his success has been rather indifferent. It remains to be seen if he knows how to be firm at the moments when a great measure is really hanging in the balance, and what his firmness at such times weighs in the political scale.

But are there not matters in which Mr. Roosevelt can afford to be firm all the time? Is it not a mistake to treat an issue like rate regulation, corporation control, tariff revision, as if it were one of those eternal moral commonplaces concerning which fervor, though desirable, is not indispensable? We fancy that the President would have a longer record of achievement if he gave a freer hand to the Roosevelt the people know and like. The old hands in the Senate are openly derisive on the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's more obviously politic manœuvres; there is not one of them who does not fear and respect the dashing Roosevelt of popular legend. It is for this reason that we regret to see him at any time put himself in competition with the devilish sly. In so doing he sacrifices his natural advantages; the masterful way in which he imposed himself upon a lukewarm nominating convention is an example for him in dealing with a Congress too cynical to take safe enthusiasms at their face value. Direct methods become him best. He would have little respect for the pugilist who, when reminded that his adversary was ready, should say, "That can wait; meantime just see how I'm bruising this punching-bag."

Perhaps the culminating tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is the fact that a naturally humorous nation takes this almost daily changing of political hobbies with complete seriousness, and the average citizen still retains the picture of a stern and unbending Chief Magistrate. A prominent Congressman, and the President's very good friend, when asked if the repeated failure of Mr. Roosevelt's schemes in Congress would not in the end impair his prestige, answered: "Not in the least; everybody will say, 'What splendid things that young man would do if those old fools would only let him have his way!'"

THE PENDING STEP IN RAILWAY REGULATION.

There appears to be a growing sense at Washington and throughout the country that the proposed means of Federal railway regulation are disproportionate to the professed ends. No one has shown, the President least of all, that it is necessary, in order to abolish secret rebates, to lodge the rate-making power in the Government. That discriminations of every kind ought to be done away with, all agree; but it is not necessarily a sign of an obtuse mind or a dishonest purpose to ask just how rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission are going to do it, or why a rigid enforcement of existing laws will not do it. Why should we reach for the poison of extreme legislation when the daily bread of laws now in the books will suffice us?

Let one point be fixed. No one seriously complains of railway rates in themselves. It is not objected that published freight rates are unreasonably high in many given localities, nor is it denied that the average rate is surprisingly low. It is much lower than on English or German railroads. On this head, the Interstate Commerce reports are explicit. In 1893 it was stated that "to-day extortionate charges are seldom the subject of complaint." "The concession is quite general among shippers that, with some exceptions, rates, as a whole, are low enough, and they often express surprise that the service can be rendered at prices charged." In March, 1898, the chairman of the Commission testified before the Senate committee that "the question of railroad charges which in and of themselves are extortionate is pretty much obsolete." The real crux of the matter is clearly put before us in the report of 1897: "The rate is of very little consequence to the merchant, provided it is the same to his competitors as to himself."

The great mischief to be undone lies just there. Railway managers assert that the practice of secret rebates has been almost entirely abandoned. Probably they do not believe this themselves. Certainly no one else does. Such cases as the Atchison rebate to the Colorado Fuel Company, with its ugly reflections upon President Roosevelt's friend and Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Paul Morton, suggest the too common method. Traffic managers are ordered to "get the business." They would be discharged if they did not. Knowing this, the big shippers prick up their ears and go after their illegal advantage. The process is criminal on both sides; but the temptation to either is too powerful, and the secret rebate is lawlessly made. By it one concern or individual is enabled to throttle a competitor; by it the railroads "get the business," but violate the law and do grievous injustice to thousands. Against this thing no words can be too hot or strong. Yet our indignation at this pub-

lic evil must not lead us to rush into a greater one in the hope of extirpating it, or make us blind to the effective remedies we already have in our hands, if we would but use them.

Needless legislation is always to be avoided; so much the more if ills we know not of lurk in it. A sober realization of this truth seems now to be gaining ground in Washington, even invading the White House. A Washington correspondent reports that the President is not altogether happy at having his railway legislation effusively endorsed by Bryan, and is now for a much less radical measure than he thought necessary two months ago. This process of conversion might happily go still further, we think, and finally persuade Mr. Roosevelt that what the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Government, really needs is not "power over rates," but power over the violators of the law. He might begin by directing the Attorney-General to press with all vigor the suit which the Interstate Commerce Commission has just urged against the Atchison, for crimes approved, if not shared in, by Mr. Paul Morton.

The Republicans of the House held a caucus on Friday on the so-called Townsend bill. This is the measure reported by the Commerce Committee on Monday week, in place of the Hepburn bill of nine days before. Both bills were declared to have the approval of the Administration; so, we presume, will the next; and if no bill at all is passed, that result will just suit the President. He is always pleased with what is done. A comparison of the two bills reveals some points of superiority in the Townsend draft. It does not contemplate so many new offices and salaries as the Hepburn bill. But on its judicial side it is much less guarded. The Hepburn bill made careful provision for a judicial review of any ruling of the Commission, and for its suspension, pending review, upon giving a bond to reimburse any shipper for charges finally held to be unreasonable. But all this is stricken out of the Townsend bill. Neither project gives the railways any redress if the court should decide that a given rate imposed by the Commission is confiscatory. Apparently, the Committee's motto was, It is a good rule in railway legislation that works only one way. And now, whether the House ought or ought not to pass a bill giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to make railroad rates, it ought not to do so in the way voted by the Republican caucus. The plan was to devote four hours to debate, to rule out all amendments, and to put through at a fixed hour to-day a bill involving the gravest Constitutional and practical questions. And it was Speaker Cannon, the angry stickler for the rights and privileges of the House as against the Senate, who was foremost in urging this stultification of the Representatives! That it amounts to this, who can dispute? The bill would not pass unless the House firmly believed that the Senate would either kill it or amend it out of all likeness to its original. This, of course, is simply to renounce the serious business of legislation, and turn it all over to the Senate. The latter body, of which the House professes to be jealous, is to be further exalted at the expense of the Representatives. They are ready, at the crack of the pistol, to give to the Commission a power of which the Commission itself says that "very few people not acquainted with the subject have any idea how difficult the solution of the problem is"; and to go obediently forward to enact legislation which President Roosevelt in his *first* message to Congress said would be "foolish."

FOOTBALL IN ITS PROPER LIGHT.

President Eliot has added to his long list of great public services by his analysis of the modern game of football, in his just published annual report. Like many another utterance of his, this must be regarded as the final word on the subject—at least until the modern game is thoroughly reformed. It is all the more notable coming as it does when Harvard College has abandoned its hitherto praiseworthy attitude in the matter of professional coaches in football and rowing, merely because of an undergraduate and graduate demand for victory. As the *Harvard Advocate* well put it: in rowing at least, pure amateurism has been thrown overboard. "We are paying primarily to have our crews win."

In football the desire to win has by itself worked evil enough; but the evil has been intensified by the preposterous publicity given to the game, nowhere so extensive as in the city which boasts most of its devotion to literature and art. The result is, that our young collegians conduct themselves after a defeat as if they had been cheated out of life's most cherished object. The torrent of "crude and vociferous criticism, blame, and praise" of which President Eliot speaks, is augmented by the complaints of graduates all over the country. They feel a personal grievance over a defeat, whether they live in California or in Florida. They petition athletic committees for a victory, in numbers and with an enthusiasm never called out for any genuine intellectual need of a college. As a result, there is no exaggeration in President Eliot's remark that the undergraduate mind is absorbed by this subject for two months at the beginning of every scholastic year.

With this opinion we believe that all college presidents would agree—within their confessional. In public, they continue muzzled on the whole subject. Realizing fully that the game has become a source of moral deterioration as well as of grave physical injury, they remain silent because they feel, with the general public, that success in football makes for the prosperity of the colleges. Or they evade the issue, as President Hadley did the other day, by saying that for presidents to talk about the sport only added to the exaggerated estimate of the importance of the game. But has the head of a great institution, charged with the moral welfare of thousands of students, the right to remain silent about a game which inculcates false ideals, stimulates trickery of all kinds, sets a premium upon strategems, surprises, and deceits, and is accompanied by a host of minor evils? President Eliot has for years been the educational pathfinder; in our opinion, his repeated assaults upon the game of football again emphasize his conspicuous intellectual and moral leadership. It is to be noted that this latest appeal of his is directed to the public, "especially the educated public," which he hopes to see take up this matter in earnest.

How can it fail to do so after hearing so convincingly that the main objection to the game is its moral quality? We have been deluded hitherto by the Roosevelts and other worshippers of brute force into thinking that there was something noble, inspiring, and uplifting in the crashing together of twenty-two men. Sophistical defenders of the game would have us believe that upon football alone hangs the whole physical and moral development of our youth; that the game produces not merely the sound mind and the sound body, but all the chivalric qualities pertaining to man. All this edifice of rant and sentiment comes toppling down in a heap the minute President Eliot's logical mind begins to expose the distrust and hostility between competing colleges; coaching from side lines; offside play; holding and disabling opponents by kneeing and kicking, by heavy blows on the head; trickery and deceit, etc. All these things there are rules to prevent. But at what games have these regulations of the play of gentlemen been obeyed or enforced? The profit from violating the rules is a never ceasing incentive to their transgression; and no umpire has yet been found who could see all the violations or the foul play visible from the grandstand. Only week before last a Harvard player, Mr. Roger A. Derby of this city, came out against "the extreme laxity of the officials," and let out the following secret:

> "In the Harvard-Pennsylvania game of 1904, among the many cases of foul play not punished was one striking example that militated against the best interests of sportsmanship and which was perfectly unpardonable. Both a Harvard player and a Pennsylvania player were at the same time found guilty of dirty playing, and were both ordered to leave the game. The captains of the two teams, however, mutually agreed to allow these men, valuable to their respective teams, to continue playing, provided the official gave his consent. The official gave his consent, and no changes were made."

If President Eliot had done nothing else, his denunciation of the theory that football is comparable to war would entitle him to the hearty thanks of that portion of the community which still concerns itself with college affairs. "In the consummate savagery called war"—itself a notable phrase—foul play of nearly all kinds is desirable. Spying, treachery, deceit, surprises, and tricks are the order of the day. The general who overwhelms a few with many receives the laurel; so, too, the "hero" who, by the lowest kind of strategy and by disguising himself in the enemy's uniform, captures a leader of the foe. In a manly sport participated in by friends there can be no justification for such methods. As President Eliot concludes:

> "Civilization has long been in possession of higher ethics than those of war, and experience has abundantly proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and, indeed, spring from, unvarying generosity, gentleness, and good will."

We shall be disappointed indeed if the calm but incisive description of the evils of football by the head of Harvard does not produce a great effect, not only upon the public, but upon college faculties as well.

MIXING RESEARCH WITH BRAINS.

The third yearbook of the Carnegie Institution covers a bewildering roster of subjects from Chaucer lexicons to Desert laboratories, from Trans-Caspian archæology to an institution for experimental evolution; exact science always at the fore, and the humanities only exceptionally aided. But the scientists who so promptly obtained control of Mr. Carnegie's great foundation are beginning to justify their enterprise by results, and in particular by a very interesting attempt to survey and control scientific investigation. Under the title "Methods for Promoting Research in the Exact Sciences," Prof. Simon Newcomb has sent to five famous scholars representing physics, biology, astronomy, and mathematics a carefully framed scheme. He calls attention to the present unmanageable accumulation of the data of science, and advocates a bureau which should keep before investigators the real problems to be solved, and promote economy and accuracy in the gathering of statistics. The function of such a bureau, as Professor Schuster of Owens College, Manchester, points out, would be, "to place before the man of general science the main results of observations which want discussing, and, on the other hand, before the observer the main facts and measurements which the theoretical student requires for his work." It is an attempt to do collectively and authoritatively what Bacon in the Novum Organum and other scientific works sought to do individually. The success of such a movement could not fail to mark a turning-point in scientific research.

Concerning so ambitious a project it is not surprising to find considerable skepticism. Professors Schuster and Pickering of Harvard alone assent in the main to the programme, though Lord Rayleigh in a too brief and perfunctory note gives his blessing. Profs. H. H. Turner of Oxford and G. H. Darwin of Cambridge doubt if the bureau would do much more than furnish positions of eminence to approved scientists. Professor Karl Pearson expresses even more strongly the thought that the trouble with our statistical era is not lack of organization and direction, but lack of brains all along the line. On the whole matter of pseudo-scientific observation, his letter is refreshingly outspoken. We need, he holds, not so much a method of manipulating present statistics, as a means of getting rid of valueless data altogether. "At least 50 per cent. of the observations made and the data collected are worthless, and no man, however able, could deduce any result from them at all. In engineer's language, we need to 'scrap' about 50 per cent. of the products of nineteenth-century science." Dr. Pearson specifies as notoriously inaccurate meteorologic and medical statistics. Biological and sociological observations are ordinarily even of lower value. He doubts whether "even a small proportion of the biometric data being accumulated in Europe and America could by any amount of ingenuity be made to provide valuable results," and believes "that the man capable of making it yield them would be better employed in collecting and reducing his own material."

To assume a position of authority over the incompetents would be immensely difficult, he fears. The director of a bureau for research is too likely to find himself "in an impossible position relative to the mediocre observers whose data he is to manipulate." In short, Professor Pearson ever comes back to his thesis, that it is difficult and always risky to base any generalization on the data collected by routine observers. Inclined as we are to divide scientists into those who measure and accumulate and those who draw general conclusions from the materials thus gathered, Professor Pearson brings us back sharply to the real dilemma, that no man whose nose is always on the details of observation is a safe fact-gatherer, while no one whose head is too high above such necessary drudgery is a safe generalizer. In his scorn of statistics as they are frequently taken, no one conversant with the facts will find Professor Pearson too severe. In these matters one has to do not only with defective intelligence, but with incredible indolence and fraud. Throughout the country the Government pays thousands of persons to take stated weather observations. How many of these hand in sheer guesses? It was an edifying sight in a small New England town to note the elaborate system of corrections by which the observer, an habitual late riser, ascertained the readings he was supposed to take at six o'clock. But his statistics were doubtless as good as many that pass through the Government Printing-Office. Short of fraud, this measuring age produces masses of statistics that prove everything or nothing. After the Presidential election we were offered a chart of appalling size and exemplary neatness, in which was recorded, election by election, the vote of every town in the State for a matter of fifty years back. In this way one might study the political fluctuations of New York or of Cobleskill. It is such methods that make Professor Pearson wonder if the fault is not more with bad observers than with tardy theorists, and lead him to offer, in place of Professor Newcomb's more ambitious scheme, a modest plan for a Statistical and Computing Institute.

This frank confession of a scientist brings a certain comfort to philologers and historians who, imagining modestly that their own subjects had a monopoly in misuse of the statistical method, looked upon the data of the exact sciences with something like superstitious awe. In view, however, of Professor Pearson's avowals, it is evident that a strong human bond exists between him who measures average sentence-length, color words, and the like, and him who tabulates, say, immigration under categories of race and redheadedness. The difficulty is, after all, that which Sir Joshua's pupil found with his palette. Statistics as well as colors need to be mixed with brains; and all the organization in the world brings us little nearer that desideratum. Professor Newcomb's circular note has provoked a very interesting discussion; it may result in the establishment of some new and measurably valuable facility for science. A substitute for the great scientist it will scarcely supply, and the great scientist when he comes will be rather little beholden to organized encouragement. Unhappily, Professor Pearson's idea of an institute for the discouragement of unintelligent research seems even more of a dream than Professor Newcomb's clearing-house and directorate for experimental science.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, January 16, 1905.

The world does, indeed, move. A few years ago, London would have been the last place chosen for probably the most representative exhibition ever given of the French painters who are grouped together, for convenience, as the Impressionists—a few years ago, the very name of Impressionism being as a red rag in the face of an Academy-bound public. And yet, to

London, to the Grafton Gallery, M. Durand-Ruel is now able to bring a collection of their work so large that his gallery in Paris would not hold it; so fine that never before, within my knowledge, has there been such a chance to study one of the most interesting and defiant phases in the art of the last century. Many of the pictures, of course, have been seen at different times at M. Durand-Ruel's and in other galleries, but never all at the same time; and if several of the most remarkable examples shown at the Paris Exhibition in 1900 are not here, on the other hand, there are several as remarkable from M. Durand-Ruel's own private house that have rarely, if ever, left it before. The result is that, though one may not have anything very new to learn about these men and the movement they instituted, one is able to judge better than ever the value of their influence on modern art, and the reason, perhaps, why it has not been as great as, at one time, seemed likely.

The collection, wisely, has been limited to nine painters. More is to be learned from those who may be called the leaders or inaugurators, than from all the followers, imitators, and hangers-on, who, in trying to carry further a movement they did not originate, usually end by reducing its principles to the last absurdity. The nine are Boudin, who may not seem at first altogether in touch with the others, but whose seas and groups of fisherwomen along the shore, if carefully studied, explain why he has a place with a school devoted to problems of atmosphere; Manet, Degas, and Monet, the three dominant figures (though that Degas should have come to be classified and pigeonholed with Manet and Monet is one of the most curious features in the whole episode); Madame Morisot, whose debt to Manet is great, but who added to what she got from him a very personal note and charm of her own; Renoir, Cézanne, Pissarro, and Sisley, who, it must be confessed, are left by closer acquaintanceship in the secondary rank, where one was from the first inclined to place them. Little by little, the public—even the British public, thanks to the International—has got used to seeing their work, and is therefore no longer scandalized, much as it may still disapprove. The old days of storm and stress, when to their admirers they formed "l'Avant-Garde" of M. Duret's memorable phrase, when, like Zola's hero, they set out to "conquer" Paris, when the discussion of *la peinture claire, plein-airisme,* broken brushwork, the division of tones, led to deadly feuds in the studios and ribald mirth among the critics—those old days have long since gone. To-day, it is only when we remember what painting was in the sixties and seventies that we can understand why Impressionism—a term convenient to use for the meaning time has given to it—was considered such an unparalleled revolt. A revolt, however, it really was, and one that struck deeper at the root of things than the many that preceded it. The Romanticists were rebels to their generation, and yet they rebelled only against the academic; they had no quarrel with the great conventions of art sanctified by the great past. But the most defiant Impressionists, in their eagerness to see Nature for themselves, to avoid known types, to express their own *personality*—in their determination never to compose a picture, never to arrange Nature—rebelled against everything that had gone before, in theory at least. They disdained whatever smacked of the Louvre, though one can now trace in their work enough of the Louvre to have driven them to despair had they discovered it in the first heat of rebellion. To see Nature for themselves meant inevitably to record it for themselves in their own way, and the methods they evolved in the attempt to put upon canvas effects no one had before attempted, bewildered the critics, who could not look below the method, and the then startling results, to underlying principles. That was why Impressionism was denounced as a short cut, a labor-saving device for the artist who was too indolent or conceited to go through the usual training and apprenticeship as student. That such a reproach should have been made against it seems incredible, now that the excitement has calmed down. In an exhibition like the present, nothing strikes one so much as the fact that knowledge, experience, and technical skill are the solid foundation for the most daring experiments of the men who wanted to use their eyes for themselves, and to say what they had to say in their own fashion.

It is amusing to remember the howl of execration Degas raised in London, not more than ten or twelve years since, when the daily press was filled with the immorality of his pictures, and Academicians joined in the attack to expose the unscrupulousness with which he shirked his work. There are thirty-five examples of Degas now at the Grafton; the ballet-girls, the washerwomen, the women at the bath, he never tires of studying. To look at them is to feel how little the question of morality enters into his scheme of art; how these subjects attract him simply because of certain truths he finds nowhere else as strikingly presented; how, so far from evading anything, he seeks in every figure, every arrangement, a new problem of form, or pose, or movement, or foreshortening, or perspective. It is true that often Degas appears indifferent to all beauty, save the beauty of truth. There is one astounding picture of "Miss Zaza," at the end of her performance in mid-air, letting herself down on the long uncoiled rope; and the rendering of the lithe, muscular form, in the tights that allow of no shirking of drawing or modelling, the foreshortening of the legs, the way the strain on the arms and neck is indicated, are all wonderful in their truth and in the simple statement of it—a statement so destitute of the muscular exaggerations, the heroic proportions, dear to the old masters, that the learning upon which it is based is lost upon the casual observer. But then to Degas nothing else has counted except the figure; a picture was not attempted. As often, however, Degas is absorbed in the beauty of his subjects—the beauty of composition as the dancers group themselves for practice or the performance, the beauty of the play of light on their shimmering skirts, the beauty of atmospheric effect as they come and go, now in the flare of the footlights, now in the shadowy distance. There are two large pastels in the collection, unlike any I have hitherto seen, half-length groups of ballet-girls, without background or accessories of any kind, arrangements of their heads and necks and arms as they meet in some pose or movement of the dance; but groups as full of dignity and grace of form, as harmonious in color, as the figures decorating the walls of many an old Italian palace or church. The titles of the paintings and pastels by Degas are seldom a very definite clue—"Ballet-Girls," "Ballet-Girls in Pink," "Ballet-Girls in Green," "The Ballet": how many of his pictures and drawings would not these describe? That is why I can do no more than refer to the series as a whole. One comes from it more than ever impressed with the great accomplishment, the great seriousness of Degas, more amazed than ever that his ballet-girls should have been accepted as a symbol of decadence, his own unconventional conventions as the makeshift of the indolent or the untrained.

The seriousness of the indefatigable student, of the accomplished craftsman, is what impresses one most also in Manet—what, I fancy, M. Durand-Ruel meant should impress the British public. For the Manets sent are mostly those in which even the British public could not see, or pretend to see, indolence and incompetence. There are no pictures like that amusing "Déjeûner sur l'herbe," like the marvellous still-lifes exhibited in Paris in 1900, like some of the later open-air impressions, that I should have liked to find in such a collection. But, after all, the work included, forming a fairly large series, is perhaps the most appropriate to the present exhibition. It shows the stages by which Manet reached his latest and most personal manner. There is a surprising little "Garden of the Tuileries in 1860," crowded with people in the absurd costume of the day, all the infinite detail worked out with a minuteness that would have put Frith and his "Derby Day" to shame, and with a skill altogether beyond the grasp or comprehension of Frith. Then come pictures like the large full-length "Beggar," the huge group of "Wandering Musicians," reminiscent of Velasquez and the inspired days which Manet, not yet quite emancipated from the schools, must have spent in the Prado; pictures like "The Bull Fight" and "Spanish Dancers," memories of Goya in the color, the movement, the spirit. And as characteristic of Manet in his development are the portraits of Mlle. Eva Gonzales which horrified the world at the Salon of 1870, and of "Petruiset the Lion Killer," with its touch of humor that might have been the germ from which Tartarin was evolved, though I am not sure enough of my dates to say whether it was not Tartarin who colored Manet's impression of the lion-killer posing, apparently, in a suburban garden. The study of fish is not one of his most amazing still-lifes; it cannot compare to that triumphant cabbage upon which he lavished as much beauty of handling as painters of old would have devoted to saints and Madonnas; but still so fine is it that, with the others, as well as studies of Manet's own garden, commonplace save for the magic of his brush, and a sketch, all action, of races at Longchamps, it will give people who have only seen occasional Manets here and there, a fair idea of why artists look up to him as one of the greatest and most original of modern painters.

Monet is better represented, though, unfortunately, not by any of the earlier works done before light and atmosphere were to him all engrossing—not by anything like that unforgettable French interior at the

breakfast hour, in which every fact of the breakfast table, from the napkins in their rings to the grapes for dessert, every fact in the family group from the baby in its chair to the *bonne* in her cap, is set down on the canvas with the painstaking fidelity, the uncompromising accuracy, of a description in words by Zola; a "human document," if ever there was one. There are, however, paintings of a fairly (if not quite) early period, before which the critic who has been pleased to think Monet cannot draw, must find himself silenced forever. One of these is a study of "Pheasants," from M. Durand-Ruel's dining-room, the birds drawn with a skill I thought no modern, except Manet, had ever attained; the plumage, the color, the play of light on the feathers, the white tumbled cloth over the table where they lie—all these things rendered as only a master could render them, and all kept in such perfect tone that out of such very simple materials a pictorial whole, splendid in its beauty, has been created. Really, I have never seen anything of Monet's I thought so masterly. After this, it is easy to follow him from the canvases, like the Gare St.-Lazare, with its effect of sun and smoke, and the Vétheuil and Argenteuil, in which he still seems conscious of the beauty of line, the importance of design, down to examples of the famous haystack and Rouen Cathedral series, in which he disdains everything save the passing effect. I admit he gets this effect in a very astonishing manner. But I cannot help feeling again at the Grafton Gallery as I felt at the Paris Exposition in 1900, that something had been lost, something sacrificed, by his indifference to everything but the momentary phases, the ephemeral changes of atmosphere and light. If nature, to which the painter has made his vows, is at the trouble to arrange a picture for him, well and good; if not, it makes no difference. He is satisfied with nature, whatever may be the mood or the aspect. And yet art would not be art were it not above and beyond nature.

This haphazard selection of motives—or, rather, this absolute non-selection—leads to more unfortunate results in the lesser men of the group. Not one of them (to me, anyway) illustrates so well the snares and pitfalls of what has come to be called impressionism, as Renoir. Every distinction has been shown to him here. Almost sixty of his studies and pictures have been hung, and well hung. Some are as well-known as the often-reproduced picture of a man and woman in a box at the theatre; others, probably, have never been publicly exhibited before. But a smaller series would have done him more honor. For, while one comes upon exquisite passages—the painting of the nude in sunlight, a child's face in profile, a cat on a woman's lap, flowers, or fruit—one comes as often upon passages discouragingly vulgar, Nature having her vulgar moods, which it should be the business of the artist to correct, which he does correct when he is not as confused and blinded by his theories, as completely a slave to them, as Renoir. I think the same is true of Sisley and Pissarro, though less obvious in the case of Pissarro, who found his most sympathetic subjects in the streets of Paris, a city which seldom fails to offer a composition, made to the painter's hand. Cézanne's pictures are few, and, with the exception of his still-lifes, do not prepare one to accept him altogether as unreservedly as the most devoted of his following. As for Madame Morisot, as now seen, she calls for little reserve in one's tribute to her. She places a model before the mirror at a not very interesting moment of the toilet, or a sitter doing nothing at all in a garden, and her color is so delicate, her values so right, that one sees only the tender harmony of grays or pale golds. And if her little marines point without mistake to their origin in Manet, they are the work of an intelligent pupil. Few other women who have ventured to practise an art for which their sex seems to disqualify them, can approach her. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS BETWEEN AMERICA AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The widespread interest aroused by the German Emperor's plan to bring about a systematic exchange of professors between German and American universities makes it seem desirable to point out the intimate connection which exists between this project and the beginnings of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.

In March, 1901, as a result of the Emperor's magnanimous initiative in donating to the Museum a superb collection of casts of monumental German sculptures, there was held in the Royal Museum of Arts and Crafts at Berlin a meeting to consider ways and means of furthering the propaganda for the Germanic Museum throughout Germany. (One result of these deliberations, it may be said in parenthesis, has been the splendid collection of reproductions of ancient German gold and silverware which, as a gift of the German people, now constitutes one of the finest treasures of our Museum, having formed during the last year a conspicuous part of the German industrial exhibit at St. Louis.) The meeting was attended by Dr. Althoff, commissioner-general of the Prussian universities; Dr. Schöne, director-general of the Prussian museums; Dr. Lessing, director of the Museum of Arts and Crafts; Professors Harnack, Paulsen, Brandl, Erich Schmidt, Wölfflin of Berlin University; Ernst von Wildenbruch, the author; Rudolf Siemering, the sculptor; Arthur Gwinner, director of the Deutsche Bank, and other men eminent in Berlin public life, together with a representative of Harvard University. The scope and the aims of our proposed museum were set forth before this assembly, the fact was emphasized that it was designed not only as a storehouse of typical productions of the Germanic past, but also, in accordance with the well-known intentions of the Emperor, as a connecting link between modern Germany and modern America; and the hope was expressed that it would ultimately develop into an institution to which German professors might be called to lecture to Harvard students on German history, literature, art, and thought. This meeting was followed, during the next few weeks, by repeated conferences with Dr. Althoff, in the course of which this able, progressive, and far-sighted administrator evinced the greatest readiness to enter into arrangements which would make the carrying out of these international plans possible. The upshot of these conferences was the draft of a provisional agreement between the Prussian Government and Harvard University, according to which, for a period of five successive years, an exchange of professors between Harvard and Berlin University was to be instituted, in such a manner that every year one member of each of the two institutions would enter for at least three months the regular teaching staff of the other institution; it being understood that in each case the visiting member represent subjects or methods distinctly peculiar to his country. This scheme, which met with the hearty support of President Eliot, was discussed and approved a year later by the Harvard faculty, and reached its consummation a few months ago when, through the intercession of Professor Harnack, an official proposition embodying it was made by the Prussian Government and adopted by the same.

It is most fortunate that the German Emperor, with his quick grasp of international relations and his deep sympathy for the American people, has now given to this whole subject a much wider scope by proposing to extend the exchange of professors to other universities in America and Germany; for it seems as though such a measure could not fail to open the way toward a veritable fraternization of the moral, intellectual, and industrial leaders of both nations.

Is not this the time for Americans to bestow renewed interest and effective support upon that American institution of learning which was the first to attract the friendly attention both of the German Emperor and the German people, and which was chiefly instrumental in furthering the plan of an international exchange of scholars that now has come to be a fact? The splendid gifts of the German Emperor and the German people to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University are still housed in a manner entirely unbecoming their intrinsic beauty and their historical significance. May we not hope that, before the first representative of Berlin University arrives to take up his duties as professor at Harvard University, there will have been brought together sufficient means to give a worthy background to the noble representatives of the German past now so inadequately sheltered? Kuno Francke.

Cambridge, February 2, 1905.

AN OLD JOE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following squib on the notorious relation between Pope and (William) Broome in the translation of the Odyssey,—

"Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
Broome went before and kindly swept the way,"—

is, in the Dictionary of National Biography, *sub* Broome, vi. 442*a*, attributed to Henley. Yet the pun on broom and sweeping antedates by many years Pope's birth. In classifying the contents of the (Old) Shakspere Society volumes I have just come across a paper by Halliwell, in volume iii. of the Society's Papers, 1847, pp. 172-174. Halliwell is quoting from "a very scarce little volume, entitled 'Choyce Drollery, &c.'," London, 1656. Evidently the 'Choyce Droll-

ery' is a fire of squibs upon the poets of the early seventeenth century, and must have existed long before its publication. At page 173 we may read:

"Of these sad poets, this way ran the stream,
And Decker followed after in a dream;
Rounce, Robble, Hobble, he that writ so high big,
Basse for a ballad, John Shank for a jig;
Sent by Ben Johnson, as some authors say,
Broom went before, and kindly swept the way:
Old Chaucer welcomes them unto the green,
And Spencer brings them to the Fairy Queen."

The italics are mine; the spellings Johnson and Spencer are part and parcel of the Drollery. It seems, then, that the collaboration of Ben Jonson and Richard Brome was duly "embalmed" a century, perhaps, before Pope's Odyssey. What a pity that Pope should have been unaware of the existence of the Drollery!

J. M. HART.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, January 26, 1905.

THE FIRST EDITION OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Adding to the information given by your correspondent, Mr. Victor H. Paltsits, on the first edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I wish to say that six copies in all are known to exist. Of these I believe only two are perfect, and one of them is in the British Museum. The trustees of the famous English institution bought their copy at a bargain price, since the only perfect copy ever offered at auction realized £1,475.

Imperfect copies are generally deficient in the title-page. It may interest your readers to reproduce the photographed "process reproduction" I enclose, obtained from a London bookseller's catalogue.

Yours faithfully, TEMPLE SCOTT.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

Notes.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce 'Power and Health through Progressive Exercises,' by George Elliott Flint.

'The Wives of Henry VIII.' is the title of a new work, by Martin Hume, to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will soon issue 'The Fair Land Tyrol,' by W. D. MacCrackan.

'The Elements of Railway Economics,' by W. M. Acworth, is set down for speedy publication by the Oxford University Press (H. Frowde).

In commenting upon the recent sumptuous American edition of Mackail's translation of Virgil's Georgics, we overlooked the fact that a very neat edition of the same translation had been put upon the American market five years before, by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland. This is in two dainty volumes, each with a finely executed photogravure frontispiece and appropriately decorated margins, and is printed on handmade Van Gelder paper. Any genuine lover of the poem and its author would delight to have it on his table or in his pocket, and the price is so low that no one need deny himself that pleasure. There is a prefatory note transferred from Mackail's 'Latin Literature,' and Dryden's summaries stand at the head of the several divisions of the poem.

By a notable coincidence, Ginn & Co., Boston, have issued 'Selected Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,' edited by Elizabeth Lee, while the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde) at the same time issues a 16mo edition of Mrs. Browning's complete works, and, in the "Oxford Miniature Edition," 'Casa Guidi Windows, and Other Poems [not included in a preceding complementary volume, "Aurora Leigh, and Other Poems"].' Both these English editions are on the famous thin paper by resort to which, while still using a clear type, the Press contrives to disguise the bulkiness of the poetic output. The 'Casa Guidi' has for frontispiece a copy of the portrait by Gordigiani, and this is much the least distressing and most attractive of any of Mrs. Browning known to us. The "Oxford Complete Edition" gives the cadaverous face drawn by Talfourd, and this is made worse by copying in the Ginn edition. Miss Lee's introduction ends with a chronological table of Mrs. Browning's life and works, set over against the events and the literature of her time. "In her sonnets all is perfection," writes Miss Lee; but we think she had better have omitted that ominously entitled "Insufficiency," as not helpful to her contention in any particular that makes for greatness in a sonnet.

A companion edition to the larger Oxford mentioned above is 'Poems of Tennyson'; not all, but including 'The Princess,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Maude,' 'Idylls of the King,' and many shorter pieces, filling 632 pages and yet not exceeding in thickness 200 on ordinary paper, and the letterpress generous to the eyes.

Very timely is the Clarendon Press extract from Thiers's 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire' (Vol. XIV.), 'The Moscow Expedition,' edited by Hereford B. George. This scholar repairs a fundamental defect in Thiers's great work, the withholding of "references whereby his accuracy may be tested," by supplying (at the end) notes explicatory and critical. The campaign is presented in the middle, *i. e.*, with the battle of Borodino, and we can counsel any one with a knowledge of French to compare this narrative carefully with Tolstoy's picture in 'War and Peace.' The accompanying maps will serve for either work. On these alone, Mr. George reminds us, the translation of Russian proper names will be found consistent. He supplies further an index of persons and a geographical index. The aim of this reprint is as much literary as historical.

The sister University Press of Cambridge (New York: Macmillan) adds to its "Cambridge English Classics" the 'English Works of Roger Ascham,' edited by William Aldis Wright. These embrace "Toxophilus," "Report of the Affaires and State of Germany," and "The Scholemaster," all posthumous except the first (1545). Mr. Wright's task has been to ensure the purity of the text. At the close he groups together the errata designated in the original copies, so far as they are misleading, having mended them in their respective places. Printers' errors have been rectified without recording them. The curious and readable part of this collection is in the teaching of bow shooting; the immortal part lies in the chapters on education.

Prof. Herman Harrell Horne's 'Philosophy of Education' (Macmillan Co.) is said to be an application of "idealistic theism," which in this case seems to mean a Hegelian idealism. But nobody need be deterred from reading the book because high philosophy is distasteful to him, for there is little more than a slight flavor of it. Its chapters, except an introductory one on the Field of Education, are respectively entitled: The Biological, the Physiological, the Sociological, the Psychological, and the Philosophical Aspect of Education, the last filling one-ninth of its pages only. One perceives that the book was originally a course of lectures that were easily listened to, and from which one would carry away many interesting scraps. In short, it is pleasant reading, and far from heavy. It has an agreeable dress, and is furnished with a good index, much wanted in a volume of which so many paragraphs will be recalled. It is not a work to excite any violent protest or objection. The author's admirations are many and warm, and the preface couples President Eliot and Socrates.

'The Lands of Rhode Island as they were known to Caunounicus and Miantunnomu' is the title of a book of about 300 pages, written and published by Sidney S. Rider of Providence. The volume begins with a chapter upon the characteristics of the Narragansetts, drawn chiefly from Roger Williams's 'Key.' This is followed by a study of the acquisition of the Indian lands, with their subsequent division into towns and counties, and a discussion of the alleged forgery of the original Providence deed. The latter is in reaffirmation of Mr. Rider's forgery claim advanced in his "Historical Tracts," second series, No. 4, in 1896, and answered in the same year by Mr. George T. Paine. The larger and more valuable portion of the volume is taken up with a series of historical notes upon early Indian localities in Rhode Island, accompanied by a map. Many of the longer notes are reprinted from previous articles in Mr. Rider's *Book Notes;* and those upon the Island of Narragansett, the Hill of Notaquonckanet, Queen's Fort, and the Island of Quetenis, are especially excellent. The references to printed sources seem in the main to be correct. On page 253 Mr. Rider curiously misreads the meaning of the old English word "against," or "opposite," and hence falls into confusion in locating Solitary Hill. Although the book is a contribution to local history, it is unfortunate that the author could not have made more research into manuscript sources. It seems odd, moreover, in these days of scholarly book-making, that the notes upon localities were not arranged in alphabetical order, and that the volume was not provided with an index.

The record of the Fifty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, entitled 'Trials and Triumphs' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), has many meritorious features. Inasmuch as the regiment was formed in Huron County, a portion of the Western Reserve, the reproduction of eighty or more portraits of members of the command, with a truly democratic inclusiveness of non-commissioned officers and privates by the side of the field and company officers, will afford the future student of the constitution of our American population of the war period some interesting specimens of typical faces, mostly of the Saxon stock—provided (and this is an

important contingency) the paper of the present day lasts sufficiently long to be available for the ethnologist. The reproducing process, indeed, gives the faces a somewhat wooden look, a result helped by the primitive photography of forty years ago; yet these are a sturdy, intelligent company, excellently illustrative of the main stuff of the Union armies. There are several maps, slight but sufficient; and the different chapters, each contributed by some member of the editorial committee of which Capt. Hartwell Osborn is the chairman, have the advantage which earlier regimental histories sometimes lacked, of fitting the operations of this body into the larger record of the war as settled by accredited histories. There is a full roster of the regiment, and a complete itinerary of the wide activities of its service. Organized in October, 1861, under officers apparently without even militia experience, it had opportunities to learn the art of war in the school of hardship, and seems to have creditably acquired its lesson. From its first duties in West Virginia, it was transferred to Pope's army in the unfortunate campaign between the Potomac and the Rapidan in the summer of 1862. It was with the Eleventh Corps in the disaster of that organization at Chancellorsville; and at Gettysburg it was posted at the salient of Cemetery Hill, near whose foot its monument has been placed. It went with Hooker to Tennessee with the troops from the Army of the Potomac who, later, constituted the Twentieth Army Corps under Sherman. It bore a part in the capture of Atlanta and in the march through Georgia and the Carolinas. Thus its record presents a good picture of the most stirring events of the war, East and West.

The *Library Journal* for January announces a lowering of its price in connection with its abandonment of its *Literary News* book supplement. Mr. Fletcher's *Library Index*, a monthly publication on the lines of Poole, also dates from the first of the year.

The *Cumulative Book Review Digest*, monthly, is projected for issue directly by the H. W. Wilson Co., of Minneapolis, publishers of the *Cumulative Book Index* and the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. Its purpose is "to furnish librarians and bookdealers with an up-to-date and reliable means of securing the evaluation of books as they are published."

The annual list of the important additions to the Boston Public Library during the past year is substantially the same in size and make-up as those of previous years. The titles are entered under twenty-three main heads, with numerous subdivisions. In view of this fact, an alphabetical index of authors and subjects would be of great assistance. Some books are hard to find through ignorance of the heading under which to look for them. Beveridge's 'Russian Advance,' for instance, is not to be found under "Russia," but under "Asia, The Orient: Eastern Question."

The intimate connection of intelligent missionary work with the material development of a half-civilized people is shown in a recent report of our consul at Harput, Mr. T. H. Norton. He says of the American missionaries in his district that, "in a thousand ways, they are raising the standards of morality, of intelligence, of education, of material well-being, and of industrial enterprise. Directly or indirectly, every phase of their work is rapidly paving the way for American commerce." The "almost incalculable" influence of the twelve doctors leads him to ask "if there are not equally capable young American business men, animated with the same ideals as these physicians, ready to enter upon a commercial life in the Orient? The influence of an upright, straightforward, energetic American merchant would count for almost as much, in the way of moral leaven, in the business circles of an Oriental city or province as would that of a physician in its family life."

The literary and academic world of Germany proposes to celebrate the centennial of Schiller's death, on the 9th of May of the current year, on a grand scale. The Schwäbischer Schiller-Verein of Stuttgart will popularize his works in an unprecedented manner, by publishing an edition of his Poems and Dramas at the nominal price of one mark. This edition, running into the tens of thousands, will not come into the book trade, but will be sold only from the headquarters of the Verein. Schiller having been born in Würtemberg, the celebration of his centennial is regarded in Stuttgart as a patriotic duty. A number of universities have already announced special celebrations on the above date, especially Strassburg and Tübingen. No doubt the leading celebration will be held in Jena, where Schiller was for years professor of history.

—Henry Loomis Nelson opens the February *Harper's* with a sketch of the heroic struggles and recurring disappointments of La Salle until the bullets of ambushed assassins ended his unfinished career. In addition to two colored plates by Pyle, Moll's interesting map of the Great Lake region, 1720, is reproduced, together with a copperplate portrait of La Salle by Van der Guch, 1698, and a print from Hennepin's "Découverte," representing the building of the *Griffon*. John Burroughs returns once more to his battle against the untrained nature romancers who imagine themselves a new school of naturalists, but befogs the issue, and comes perilously near losing his bearings in a theoretical attempt to prove that animals do not "think." Professor Rutherford of McGill University considers radium as the possible source of the earth's heat, both directly and from the sun, with the encouraging conclusion that Lord Kelvin's estimate of five or six million years for the duration of the effective energy of the sun may be multiplied by one hundred. One is reminded of Cato's words in the 'De Senectute' as to the retention of conscious existence beyond the grave: "Yet if I am mistaken in this . . . I have no fear that dead philosophers will laugh at my mistake." W. S. Harwood keeps nearer to the earth and the present day in presenting some results of recent marine biological researches, those explorations *in minimis* that must occupy the La Salles of to-day, now that the "raw material" for the older style of adventure is so nearly exhausted. The Easy Chair has its say on the marriage question, taking the very conservative ground that, with all its faults—or, rather, the faults of those who marry—there is really no thinkable substitute for the institution substantially as we have it, and that marriage and more of it is the inevitable outcome of every assault upon it. Therefore, the one practical problem is, how to make it tolerable in cases where it cannot be positively happy.

—The second of Mr. Vanderlip's papers in *Scribner's*, on European political problems, deals with the recent growth of Socialism. Everywhere, he thinks, the present tendency of the Socialist movement is to recoil from the extremes of its most radical element, and throw its strength into demands which it may reasonably hope to see granted without waiting for the acceptance of its entire programme. Thus the chances are, in his opinion, that much of real good will be secured, with no great danger of violent revolution. John Corbin writes in a somewhat discouraged strain of theatrical conditions in New York. His suggestion for improvement is the old one of a subsidized theatre, free from the influences which corrupt existing institutions. Full confidence is expressed in the existence of a constituency which would support a theatrical institution of real worth, if only that constituency could be effectively organized. Just what the nature of the organization should be, in order to maintain the standard desired, we are not told. One could hardly feel assured that a theatre under municipal control would be held to the proper level.

—Edward Stanwood opens the *Atlantic* with a paper on the present predicament of the Democratic party. The two parties, he holds, have essentially reversed their positions since 1860, the Republicans having become conservative and the Democrats radical; the latter party, however, containing so large a conservative element as to thwart any effective party action. The discussion is marred by Mr. Stanwood's failure to use the terms conservative and radical with reference to any fixed standard. Any attempt to apply such a standard would have made it impossible to characterize as essentially conservative the party responsible for the many aberrations from traditional policy which have grown out of the Spanish war, and the various expedients by which apparent constitutional checks to these aberrations have been avoided. As a matter of fact, the chaos which Mr. Stanwood rightly detects in a party that contains a Bryan and a Cleveland, is not essentially so very different from that which is potentially present in a party embracing at once an Aldrich and a Roosevelt. James Schouler contributes a paper on the Jackson and Van Buren manuscripts which have recently been acquired by the Library of Congress. In the Van Buren collection, though smaller in bulk, he finds much more material of permanent value. The general tendency of it is to support the more favorable view of Mr. Van Buren's character and ability which one finds first adequately expressed in Mr. E. M. Shepard's admirable biography. From Dr. William Everett we have a study of six different dramatic presentations of the story of Cleopatra, beginning with Shakspere and ending with Madame Émile de Girardin.

—The letter P, in the instalment "Parge-ter-Pennached" of the Oxford English Dictionary (Henry Frowde), maintains its promise as most outlandish. "Of the 2,477 main words, only *two* have any claim to be considered native in Old English, viz.,

Parrock and *Path*." This fits well with such extraordinary diversity of spellings as is shown in the case of Parsley, Parsnip, and Partridge. The orthography of Parsimony is not quite fixed—as, in France, the French Academy exchanged the classical *s* which it had sanctioned in 1798 for *c* in 1835. By Johnson's time, Partage, which had been early naturalized, took out French papers again, and its *g* is now pronounced in the French fashion, with corresponding stress on the last syllable. So Parvenu is set down as French, still; but, as we have Parvenudom, why should not the derivative anglicize the root-word? Analogically, Quixotic is our justification for abandoning the Spanish pronunciation of Quixote. We should have been glad to find Parlement in its alphabetical place, either as a French or as an English word. In the remarkable historical article on Parliament the French form is considered in connection with foreign usage, and there is a quotation from Morley's 'Critical Miscellanies': "The parlement took up their judicial arms," etc., which would have warranted the entrance of this vocable in the Dictionary —all the more because it saves the English mind from confusing two distinct bodies. The quotations in support of the sense equivalent to Italian *parlamento* are confined to Florence; but this "meeting of all the men of a state capable of bearing arms," this "solemn Parliament held in the Piazza," was of course known elsewhere: see Carducci's rugged stanzas, "Il Parlamento," that, namely, before the battle of Legnano in 1176:

"I milanesi tenner parlamento
Al sol di maggio.
. . . . . .
" 'A lancia e spada,' tona il parlamento,
'A lancia e spada, il Barbarossa, in campo.' "

—Ever and anon Dr. Murray has to criticise Continental lexicography in view of English experience of the history of words borrowed more or less immediately from across the Channel. He does so now in the instance of Patchouli, which Hatzfeld-Darmesteter suggests may be a phonetic disfigurement of the English Patch-leaf; but the word occurs (by way of the East) in English literature as early as 1851, while Littré pronounced it for France a neologism in 1875. Littré also stamps *passe-garde* as a neologism of the nineteenth century, so that though it agrees in form with our spelling of Pass-guard, it may not be regarded as begetting our English word of the sixteenth. French idiom must needs understand by this compound 'that which is used to pass a guard'; the English compound naturally signifies 'the guard of a pass.' The verb Partake is a "back-formation" from Partaker (part-taker). "As a direct formation, a verb *part-take* would have been against English idiom"—whereas our German cousins make no bones of *teilnehmen* (any more than we do of *participate*). There is a considerable list of Americanisms, such as Parietal (in the Harvard sense), Parish (the church body or congregation, and a county), Park (in the Yellowstone and Colorado senses), Parking (the treatment of avenues with green strips in the middle), Parterre (the floor under the theatre gallery), Pass (as, a dividend); together with some pronunciations. Perhaps we might have looked for the insertion of Parrott, a gun much in evidence during our civil-war period. We can do no more than refer to the interesting discussions under Pasha (bashaw), Pasquin and Pasquinade, and to the great rubric Pass. We will end by remarking that while this Dictionary is the product of thousands of readers noting the date of appearance and shades of meaning of English words and phrases, it is itself a quarry inexhaustible for subsidiary illustrations. Emerson, for example, is quoted for the sake of Parliamentary, and on that we fix our main gaze; but a side-glance shows in the same connection our common friend "the man in the street" (1854), now passing his half-century. Who can be sure that this phrase will not fall between "Man" and "Street" in the Dictionary and be lost to the investigator of its origin and antiquity, or be cited with a much posterior date?

—The new edition of Sir George Webb Dasent's 'Popular Tales from the Norse' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the third edition of a book published for the first time as far back as 1859. Years, however, count for nothing in tales of the character of those which the volume contains, and these in particular, because of their manner and matter, are as fresh as on the day when they were first given in English garb. The book contains, besides the "Tales," the Introduction of the original edition, which considers broadly the origin and diffusion of folk-tales in general, and of the Norse popular tales in particular. The "Introduction" is one of the notable contributions which the author made to the English literature on Northern subjects. Like the introduction to his own translation of the Njal's Saga, and the memorable essay on the "Norsemen in Iceland," contained in the 'Oxford Essays for 1858,' it not only is characterized, as, in fact, all of Dasent's writing in this field is, by a scholarship rarely sympathetic in its insight, but also, like the rest, it is a superb piece of English prose. Some of its opinions, in the light of more recent knowledge, doubtless need restating, but fifty years have by no means superseded it, and in the main it might well have been written to-day. A new part of the book is a memoir of the author by his son, Arthur Irwin Dasent, who gives an account of his father's career from the time of his birth, on the island of St. Vincent, in 1817, to his death in England, in 1896. It is the story of an extraordinarily full and busy life, and a typically English record, at the same time, of recognition and merited reward. Dasent began his life in England as a lad in Westminster School, passing thence to King's College, London, and then to Magdalen College, Oxford. Subsequently, he was secretary of legation in Stockholm, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of Scandinavia and developed that love of its literature with which his name is lastingly connected. For twenty-five years he was associate editor of the London *Times*; he became, in 1852, an advocate in Doctors' Commons; the year after, he was appointed professor of English literature and modern history at King's College; the later years of his life were spent as the official head of the Civil Service Commission. On the recommendation of Disraeli, he was knighted, in 1876, "for public services." 'Tales from the Norse,' it is not an exaggeration to say, has become an English classic. Dasent was a rare translator. In point of fact, it is difficult to realize, from the present form of these stories, that they have been translated at all from a foreign medium. Their popular environment has left but little trace of the immediate soil that produced them, which is inherently the same in England and in Norway, and the underlying beliefs and natural habits of thought are essentially the same. There is, however, in these translations more than a mere transference of form, to which the material readily lent itself because of its content. Scarcely a writer of recent time has been the possessor of such an English vocabulary or the master of such an English style. Dasent's 'Tales' are in this way not only a singularly remarkable instance of felicitous translation from a foreign language into our own, but are at the same time a well of English, pure and undefiled, and a model of what English prose happily may be.

—Prof. J. H. Robinson is supplementing his 'Introduction to the History of Western Europe' by a source-book entitled 'Readings in European History' (Ginn). Of the two volumes to be comprised in this work, the first has already been published, and in it will be found extracts illustrating the progress of culture from the decline of the Roman Empire to the age of Luther. As here arranged, the selections to illustrate particular points follow the subjects dealt with by Professor Robinson in the text-book already mentioned; that is to say, corresponding to each chapter of text, there is a section of sources. This feature of the editing should not, however, prove a stumbling-block to those who use the 'Readings' independently of the 'Introduction.' The subjects dealt with are so large that they must inevitably fall within the limits of any general survey. Professor Robinson served his apprenticeship as an editor in helping to issue that excellent series of "Translations and Reprints" which has for several years past been published at intervals by the University of Pennsylvania. The dedication of the present book to Professors Cheyney and Munro thus recalls a pleasant association which has also proved serviceable to many teachers in all parts of the country. Concerning the selections brought together in the present volume, it may be said that each emphasizes a striking phase of historical development, although at times the passages required for purposes of demonstration make it necessary to exclude some documents which are perhaps more celebrated than those inserted. In our opinion, the most successful feature of the work is its bibliographical apparatus. Appended to every chapter there is a classified bibliography arranged under the three heads of "references," "additional readings in English," and "materials for advanced study." Much care has evidently been taken with the preparation of these lists, and, graded as they are, they have a most practical character. Of the selections themselves, the best are those which relate to mediæval institutions, while the least satisfactory are those that bear on the Renaissance. But, when making this discrimination, we must be careful to give all portions of the book credit for drawing their materials from sources of a high order.

—The December, 1904, number of the Madrid review, *Nuestro Tiempo*, which is under the directorship of Salvador Canals,

and which represents the best of modern Spanish thought, begins the publication of what promises to be an important series of articles on "The Life and Writings of Dr. José Rizal," which should be of especial interest to Americans. They are by W. E. Retana, the well-known Philippine bibliographer and copious writer on the Philippines, who has made an extensive collection of documents written by Rizal and documents regarding that Filipino patriot and martyr, whose influence after death transcends that when living. It is Sr. Retana's intention to let these documents speak of Rizal, rather than to attempt a full and connected life, for which he lacks time. The initial article takes us through the first twenty-one years of Rizal's life until 1882, when he was about to start for Spain. We see him as an earnest, studious youth, precocious beyond his years, at the head of all his classes, already a poet, and soon to manifest the true artist mind. A poetic drama written when Rizal was but thirteen years old, and called "Near the Pasig," is given—a fantastic religious poem that seems beyond the lad's age, and causes one to wonder whether some priestly supervision was not given to it. His poem "To the Filipino Youth," which exhibits great poetic feeling, is also reproduced. Retana tries to prove that the thought of Filipino independence was uppermost in Rizal's mind even when a boy, but this might easily be debated. Careful reference is made to the sources used in the compilation. Two, of especial interest, are the private note-books of Rizal, which are now in the possession of Mr. E. E. Ayer of Chicago.

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

It rarely happens that the record of a great man's life is written by one who has been in full sympathy with him, or who has taken part in it; general opinion, even, is rather against a man's widow being the most competent person to write his biography. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we claim the exception for Lady Burne-Jones's two interesting volumes of Burne-Jones Memorials. Sir Edward Burne-Jones considered that biography had little to do for the artist or for the poet—their work should tell of them all that concerns the public. In later years, however, he knew that his life would inevitably have to be written, and he expressed to his wife the wish that she should do it—"*for you know*," he said. Lady Burne-Jones seems especially endowed with the qualities needed for the task; she writes with convincing sincerity and a sense of humor, and has the gift of literary style. She has wisely avoided any artistic appreciation of her husband's work as a painter, but has taken great pains to collect all the facts relating to his family, its origin, his education and early tendencies, his friendships and ideas, often quoting his own words from letters to friends. Her readers cannot fail to get a vivid impression of Burne-Jones's fascinating personality, and to understand what Lowell meant when he said that, even without his pictures, Burne-Jones was one of the most remarkable men of our time.

Edward Coley Burne-Jones was born in 1833 at Birmingham. His mother died a week after his birth, and the grief of her loss made it impossible for some years for the father to take any pleasure in his child. Edward Richard Jones was a carver and gilder by profession; his business was never flourishing, and he worked hard early and late so that his young son should have every advantage. Some friends of his mother's had found a competent person to take charge of the young child and the neglected home—a Miss Sampson, who became a devoted foster-mother to the delicate child, and did all her limitations allowed of for his welfare. The home, 11 Bennett's Hill, being in the city, his father used to send him in the summer with Miss Sampson to stay at farmhouses in the neighboring villages, so that he should have the advantage of country air. His earliest friends were the children of a Jewish family living in the neighboring house; they were his constant playmates, regarding him as one of themselves. He even participated in all their religious festivals; he was dressed up with the other children for the Feast of Purim. In company with these friends he sometimes went to the seaside at Blackpool, near Liverpool. Among Burne-Jones's earliest recollections was the day of the Queen's coronation; he was then four, and was taken to the Town Hall "to see where the poor folk were going to be feasted," amid "a general sound of happiness in the air and the ringing of bells." He was also "allowed to wave a banner in the air in front of the house, and that gave me more happiness, I think, than anything that has happened to me ever since," he writes in 1873 to a friend.

It was a Mr. Caswell who first noted the child's inclination for drawing. He and his wife were friends of his father, and used often to have the boy to stay with them at their home in the country outside Birmingham. Mrs. Caswell's garden, with its fruit-trees and sweet-smelling flowers, were always among his most cherished remembrances. Mr. Caswell lent him engravings to copy. One of these attempts at the age of seven still exists, of a group of deer. Mr. Caswell had written his comment across the sky, a deed which caused the greatest resentment at the time in the child's mind. Lady Burne-Jones writes:

"About this early habit of drawing we have his own words recorded by a friend, an artist, who, talking to him of David Copperfield and his neglected childhood, remarked in passing that he himself never remembered feeling unhappy when he was left alone. 'Ah,' said Edward, 'that was because you could draw. It was the same with me. I was always drawing. Unmothered, with a sad papa, without sister or brother, always alone, I was never unhappy because I was always drawing. And when I think of what made the essence of a picture to me in those days, it's wonderful how little I have stirred. I couldn't draw people, of course, but I never failed to draw mountains at the back of everything, just as I do now, though I had never seen one.' "

It was at the age of eleven that Burne-Jones was sent to King Edward's School, within an easy distance of his father's house. He was placed in the commercial department, where no Greek was taught, only Latin; his father evidently intending to fit him for a business career. He took rather a low place for a boy of eleven, but he was twice promoted during the first six months, and by June, 1847, he was in the first class, where he remained to the end of his term. During the last half-year he was Caput of the English school. By the advice of the headmaster it was decided that Edward Burne-Jones should pass on to the Classical school, and go to Oxford later; but there exists no evidence that his masters saw any special gifts in the lad. His natural destination seemed the Church. He got gradually drawn into the High Church movement on account of the barren ugliness of the evangelical services he had been brought up to follow. He had occasion to stay with friends near Hereford Cathedral, and delighted in its services. There, too, he became intimate with the Rev. John Goss, a minor canon of very advanced High Church proclivities. He it was who advised Edward Burne-Jones to enter his name for Exeter College, Oxford. He had come under the influence of Newman's writings two years previous to this; they had a hold on him all his life, teaching him indifference to luxury and worldly advantages. Writing of Newman, he says: "So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew, as well as you or I, might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream."

Difficult as it may seem for a woman to describe college life, our author gives us a very interesting account of those years at Oxford. She has been aided here by the note-books of Burne-Jones's chums, besides his own, which he seems to have kept with sufficient regularity. His letters home also have helped to reconstruct this period. We get to know the knot of friends who remained intimate with him all his life, so faithfully does Lady Burne-Jones seek to give their separate individuality. It is this ungrudging amount of detail that makes the book such good reading. Burne-Jones entered the University full of enthusiasm, expecting to find help and strength to fit him for the clerical career he had in view, but to his utter disappointment he found extreme indifference to religious questions, notwithstanding the crisis the Church had so recently passed through. At Exeter College he found himself among strangers, but immediately made the acquaintance of William Morris. They were drawn together from the first by similarity of religious views, and by their taste for art. Morris too was preparing to enter the Church: they neither of them had anything in common with their fellow-collegians at Exeter, but there was a little colony from Birmingham at Pembroke more congenial in their aims, with whom they spent their evenings. Both Morris and Burne-Jones found the work for the schools uninteresting through the manner of teaching. They walked and read together Carlyle's 'Past and Present' and 'French Revolution,' Hallam, and Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice.' Tennyson's early works, Edgar Poe, Dickens, and, above all, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' were among their favorite recreation. Morris had the custom of reading aloud to his friend while the latter drew. It was thus that in 1854 Ruskin's Edinburgh lectures became known to them on publication, and in them for the first time they heard of D. G. Rossetti and the Pre-raphaelite Brotherhood, and were filled with eagerness to see the pictures they read of.

Shortly after this the opportunity was

forthcoming, for Millais's "Return of the Dove to the Ark" was to be seen at Wyatt's shop in the High Street, and a visit to the Royal Academy made Holman Hunt's pictures of "Awakened Conscience" and the "Light of the World" known to them. At this moment Burne-Jones was commissioned by his friend MacLaren to illustrate some ballads for a book he had written upon the fairy mythology of Europe, and he set about the work with great zest, although under difficulties; but these designs were never completed. A sample of them is given: they are full of careful detail, but singularly unlike what came to be his method of expression. They rather suggest the influence of Cruikshank. About this time Burne-Jones and Fulford (one of the Pembroke set), under the guidance of Morris, who had been abroad before, made their first tour in France, visiting Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, Chartres, and Paris last of all, where the Louvre pictures transported Burne-Jones with delight, while Morris felt incensed at finding the statues of Notre Dame lying in careless wreck under the porches; the secrets of "restoration" thus becoming known to him.

Meanwhile, for some time, serious doubts had disturbed both the friends as to whether they were fitted for the clerical life. Burne-Jones, owing to his sensitive, emotional nature, went through an ordeal of intense mental suffering, so that he often felt tempted to seek relief by accepting the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, an example the guides of his election, Newman and Wilberforce, had already given him. This, however, he did not do. Morris felt very differently on those matters; devoted friends as they were all their lives, they diverged essentially on many points. They decided, after deep questioning, to devote themselves to art—Morris to become an architect, and Burne-Jones a painter. It was before their last term at Oxford, at Birmingham, where Morris went to stay with Burne-Jones, that the scheme took shape to form a magazine in which to express the principles and aims and enthusiasms of their little coterie, and for the publication of original work. Politics were to be kept in abeyance. Tales, poetry, friendly critiques, and social articles were to occupy the pages. Morris was proprietor and furnished the funds. Two of the contributors, Heeley and Vernon Lushington, were Cambridge men. The other five were Morris, Burne-Jones, Dixon, Macdonald, and Fulford. The first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, as it was called, was sent to John Ruskin with a letter from Burne-Jones, and his delight and elation were great to receive an answer from the writer he much admired. An event which made a mark in Burne-Jones's development was seeing Rossetti's illustration to Allingham's "Maids of Elfenmere" in the 'Day and Night Songs,' which he always considered the most beautiful illustration he had ever seen, and which altered the character of his own work very essentially. His great ambition was to come face to face with the author of "The Blessed Damozel," "The Story of Chiaro," and the "Maids of Elfenmere." The manner in which this was brought about has been told already, in the lives both of Rossetti and of Morris, and of how Burne-Jones and Morris eventually gave up Oxford and came to live in London to practise painting, encouraged by Rossetti's advice and the generous interest he took in their progress.

It was at the age of twenty-three, when most painters have mastered the mechanical part of their craft, that Burne-Jones seriously gave all his attention to art, and set to work with untiring industry and application to make up for lost time. He had all the more reason for doing so in that he had just become engaged to Miss Georgina Macdonald, daughter of a Methodist minister, the lady who has written this book. The story of the courtship is told with great simplicity and feeling; throughout the book all intimate episodes are related with convincing truthfulness, which greatly enhance the value of the 'Memorials' as a human document. When the engagement took place, Georgina Macdonald was not yet sixteen. She had been brought up in the strict Methodist creed. She says: "I had no idea of what the profession of an artist meant, but felt that it was well to be among those who painted pictures and who wrote poetry." Rossetti did his utmost to procure remunerative work for Burne-Jones and to help him on in every way with counsel and cheer. Writing about him years afterwards, Burne-Jones says: 'Towards other men's ideas, he was decidedly the most generous man I ever knew. No one so threw himself into what other men did—it was part of his enormous imagination. The praises he at first lavished on me, if I had not had a few grains of inborn modesty, would have been enough to turn my head altogether." The story of the decoration of the Oxford Union Debating-room, undertaken by Rossetti and the friends he had chosen to help him, has been told before, but Lady Burne-Jones gives it with infinite life and humor, so that one gets an insight into the wonderful power and fascination which Rossetti exercised over his worshippers, as well as of his inability to conform to the conventionalities of the place.

With all the work going on, there was always an undercurrent of fun, and the humorous side was kept well to the fore. The painters were supremely happy when left to their own devices; polite invitations to dinner were their only trouble, but these were often eluded in various ways. What we learn of Rossetti through the medium of Burne-Jones's note-book and the author's own memories of him, shows the genial side of his character, not visible to those who knew him in later years when suffering from mental disorder, and so little revealed by his brother in his numerous publications. Here we have Rossetti in the full swing of artistic strength and activity, with will-power enough to inspire those around him with courage to undertake and achieve. Burne-Jones sums up what he learned from him in these words:

"He taught me to have no fear or shame of my own ideas, to design perpetually, to seek no popularity, to be altogether myself—and this not in any words I can remember, but in the tenor of his conversation always, and in the spirit of everything he said. I remember that he discouraged me from the study of the antique—the classical antique—giving as his reason that such study came too early in a man's life, and was apt to crush out his individuality; adding, that when a man had once found his own style, and was much older, and could front the fear of being crushed, a year or so given to such study would be an excellent thing. So what I gained chiefly from him was not to be afraid of myself, but to do the thing I liked most; but in those first years I never wanted to think but as he thought, and all he did and said fitted me through and through. He never harangued or persuaded, but had a gift of saying things authoritatively and not as the scribes, such as I had never heard in any man. And mingled with this a humor that lightened his words of all heaviness, so that I went from him cheerful and solemn. As I walked with him in the streets, I wondered what the crowd were so busy about that it could not stop to look at him. In the miserable ending years, I never forgot this image of him in his prime, and upbraided any fate that could change him."

Lady Burne-Jones has the art of showing people at their best, so that we get to know William Morris also in a more benign and genial disposition, as he was to his nearest friends.

In thinking over this life, the reader must feel how wonderfully fortunate Burne-Jones was from the moment his vocation became to him a recognized fact. Only the surroundings of his youth, so uncongenial to artistic development, could have so long retarded the discovery of his latent power. His pictures from the first bore the stamp of genius, and were admired by the greatest painters of a specially interesting moment in English art. From the public, it is true, he did not receive immediate recognition, and this was natural enough, his art being entirely exotic, deriving from the Italian Renaissance, the period he most admired, and utterly foreign to popular instincts. The best men of the time loved him and belonged to his circle; poets, politicians, and great thinkers all frequented his house. He had children he adored, and a delightful home. He had never to work under the strain of pecuniary difficulties; and, after the earnest work which occupied his best faculties, his nature renewed itself in real fun, as necessary to him as the bread of life. His fellow-painters desired to do him honor in electing him to the Royal Academy, and, later on, the Government conferred the baronetcy on him; and, best of all, he died in the fulness of his powers, still working on his favorite subject of Avalon. Surely, so fortunate a lot falls to few mortals, and its history is exceptionally interesting.

The book is illustrated by hitherto unpublished portraits of Burne-Jones, Ruskin, Morris, Rossetti, and family groups—some from pictures, and some from photographs and drawings. The text is interspersed with Burne-Jones's comic drawings and caricatures of himself and his friends, with which he used to fill his letters.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON INDIA.

That Russia and Japan have not entirely eclipsed the more peaceful "middle Orient" may be concluded from the steady flow of books anent Persia and India. Some of the latest of these deserve for various reasons a wider recognition than that afforded by the technical reviews devoted to Orientalia. Among them, the latest volumes of the Harvard Oriental Series, though not appealing to the general public, should be mentioned, if for no other reason than to call attention to the excellent work done for Sanskrit scholarship in this slowly increasing collection. The fifth and sixth volumes, which have just appeared, contain the text of the 'Bṛhad Devatā,' a very ancient summary of Vedic myths, together with notes, seven

appendices, and a translation of the text by Professor Macdonell, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. The work, of prime importance for students interested in this line of research, has been edited with the scrupulous care to which the American editor has accustomed those familiar with the volumes already issued in this series.

From England also (via India) comes 'A Handful of Popular Maxims,' being the third of Col. Jacob's excellent collections of proverbs, which offer much of interest to Sanskritist and layman alike. The little book is published in Bombay at the Nirnayasagar press. Sanskrit scholars should have a copy, not only to enjoy maxims already traced, but to help the author in locating the starting-point of some which have hitherto escaped the searcher of origins.

From France the first volume of the new year is the second part of the 'Conférences faites au Musée Guimet.' It contains four lectures, of which perhaps the most important is M. Philippe Berger's "Les Origines Babyloniennes de la Poésie Sacrée des Hébreux," though Sylvain Lévi's article on the transmigration of souls and Menant's "Parsisme" will be sure to find attentive readers.

Students of religious philosophy will be interested in another recent work (1905), the translation of the 'Bhagavad Gītā' by Prof. Richard Garbe, with an historical introduction which sets the date of this work (in agreement with the results attained by Professor Hopkins in his 'Great Epic') as 200 B. C. to 200 A. D., for the beginning and final revision, respectively.

Arthur Sawtell, who has before this devoted himself to some of the everyday problems of Anglo-Indian life, has just written a little book entitled 'Actual India' (London: Elliot Stock), which is designed to be "an outline for the general reader" of the problems and projects of British administration in India to-day. It is, in fact, a useful handbook, "up to date" as regards statistics, and (as regards other facts) a compilation of what one must otherwise hunt for in the voluminous works of Chesney, Hunter, and other Indologists, though it would not be fair to say that it is wholly a résumé of other books. India's government, defence, and industrial development are the chief topics treated; but the character of British influence in India and foreign politics are also considered without undue prejudice. Those inclined to see in the "Younghusband raid" a mere pretext for expansion would do well to read pages 62 ff. of this little manual, and those who are more than willing to blame England for increased cost of living in India and higher taxation should study "the significance of the figures" on page 72; the author's conclusion being that "the tendency is to greater and greater liberality in the assessment of land revenue, so that these statistics relate to conditions which are probably changing in favor of the cultivator."

Much more pretentious is the 'India' volume in the new series called "The Regions of the World," edited by H. J. Mackinder (D. Appleton & Co.). This volume is written by Col. Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich (late superintendent, Survey of India), already known to the readers of the *Nation* through his admirable volume, 'The Indian Borderland,' reviewed in these columns four years ago. Avoiding "statistics and details," the author has here compressed into one volume an immense amount of geographical and ethnological information regarding the peninsula itself and the frontier, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, Assam, and Burma. To this are added chapters on the people, political geography, agriculture, revenue, railways, minerals, and climate. A general historical chapter, which is perhaps the least satisfactory, is prefixed to the whole. The most valuable part of 'India' is, of course, the geographical description, where the author is on his own ground. The literary-historical side is mortar to the bricks of the altar. A second edition should modify the extraordinary statement that Brahmanism spread over the whole of Southern India "about 2000 B. C.," to which period is also assigned the 'Ramayāna' (*sic*); change the strayed accent of "Ramayāna"; and do away with the phonetic incongruity of "Brahman" beside "Grunth" (pp. 12, 201, 210). The maps and diagrams, more than a hundred in number, are a noticeable feature of this excellent work.

Almost synchronous in appearance, and complementary in content, is 'The Early History of India' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), by Vincent A. Smith, author of 'Asoka' in the "Rulers of India" series. This history embraces the period from 600 B. C. to the Muhammadan conquest. A few years ago it was a trite remark that India had no history. The painstaking work of the last two decades has, however, changed all that. Buddhist records and Sanskrit inscriptions have in part made good the lack of historical sense in Hindu mentality, and there is something like a chronological record even from the seventh century B. C., which is as far into the past as Greek and Roman histories can take us with assurance. There are still many disputed points, some of them involving not years, but centuries; yet scholars are gradually coming to an agreement even on these, and it will not be surprising if in a few decades historians of India will have cleared the field sufficiently to smile at the grave problems of to-day. Kālidāsa, the Hindu Shakspere, no longer swings between B. C. and A. D., but has settled into the fifth, "or possibly the fourth," century A. D. Kanishka, one of the great kings in Indian history, second in importance only to Asoka, is still throned by some scholars in 57 (*respectiv* 58) B. C., and by others in 278 A. D.; but such works as this 'Early History' do much to dispel darkness even in so black a cloud of doubt as this. Mr. Smith, on numismatic evidence backed by other lines of proof, sets the date of Kanishka's accession about 120 or 125 A. D. The absurd dates ascribed not long ago to the Purānas have already been reduced within reasonable limits. The oldest Purāna is probably the 'Vāyu,' and this is not older than the fourth century A. D. in Mr. Smith's opinion, though, as the epic knows them all, this is probably two centuries too late. No one has done more to perpetuate some of these ancient errors than Sir William Hunter, who was a great compilator, but not at all a scholar. There is naturally still plenty of room to cavil when dates are based simply on generations. For example, Mr. Smith rejects as "absolutely incredible" a dynasty of one hundred years for two generations (as with more reason he rejects one of one hundred and fifty years), whereas forty years to a generation is a "reasonable" assumption. As to that burning question in Hindu chronology, the death-date of Buddha, which Mr. Smith in his 'Asoka' set at 508 B. C., it is now placed in 487; while Asoka accedes to the throne not in 269 (as in 'Asoka') but in 272. Exception may be taken to the strange remark that the Bias river was in early days not a confluent of the Sutlej (p. 85); for the 'Rig Veda' says that one flows into the other.

For our "general reader" this is perhaps all (or more than) he will care to hear about such a recondite subject. To the classical reader, however, it will be of interest to know that a disproportionately large part of Mr. Smith's book is taken up with Alexander's campaign and the records of Megasthenes. In fact, nearly a third of the volume is occupied with Hellenic activity and influence in India, and there is nowhere so complete and vivid an account of the great campaign as is to be found in these pages. Mr. Smith accepts July, 326 B. C. as the most probable date of the battle of the Hydaspes, with Pōros, and gives good reasons for maintaining (in opposition to earlier writers) that the great battlefield was the Karrī plain, Alexander's camp being at Jihlam (Jhelum), not at Jalālpur, as Cunningham maintained. Even those not interested in India for itself cannot fail to be attracted by this chapter in the life of Alexander, which in some regards at least may be accepted by historians as a definitive statement.

Studies in Montaigne.—The Early Writings of Montaigne, and Other Papers. By Miss Grace Norton. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

These two attractive and scholarly volumes represent the results of painstaking study, for the most part along lines of investigation which the ordinary *Montaignard*, however devoted or enthusiastic, dispenses himself from travelling. In the former are contained a number of studies of a minutely critical character, dealing with almost unnoticed points of erudition bearing chiefly on possible divisions of some of the longer essays into perfectly discontinuous parts subsequently united for the sake of convenience, or perhaps because of the author's fondness for what Bacon called "dispersed meditations." To the student, much the most important of these concerns the ingenious separation of the 'Apologie de Raimond Sebond' into sections possibly composed at various times, and consequently admitting of distinct discussion; though, we may add, it is by no means proved that there is in them any fundamental discrepancy of view, philosophical or theological. This celebrated essay simply illustrates the supreme difficulty of pinning such a pliant, yet independent, mind within the narrow area of dogma and formal creed; as in the case of 'Religio Medici,' we find it possible to see chameleon-like changes in the color or intensity of religious belief, while yet recognizing the essential reverence of a pious nature. As to "The Credulity of Montaigne," which forms the subject of a brief note, it does not to us appear exceptional in the inheritors of the spirit of the Revival of Learning, for whom the testimony of antiquity was sacred. In the mat-

ter of Montaigne's style, which, we are here told, is at times more direct in its appeal, and more readily intelligible to the English than to the supposedly typical French mind, the assertion seems difficult of reconciliation with the well-known fact that the essays have been a bedside book for countless scores of Frenchmen; it certainly offers no real difficulty to the ordinarily educated Gallic intellect, and even its *phrase ondoyante* is a constant delight. The minuteness of research in this set of studies is illustrated in the final enumeration of the principal sources of Montaigne's abundant classical quotations.

Part of the second volume reminds us of chapters in Prof. Paul Stapfer's 'La Famille et les Amis de Montaigne,' likewise composed of a set of independent talks or lectures. Miss Norton, who gives her readers a most sympathetic account of the last days of Étienne de la Boétie, devotes particular attention to Montaigne as a traveller, and to the stimulating society of writers and scholars at Bordeaux in his day. One of her most attractive conjectures suggests the possibility of meeting and intercourse between Bacon and Montaigne at Poitiers in 1577, on the strength of a fairly probable interpretation of a passage from 'Historia Vitæ et Mortis.' To Montaigne's travels in search of health Miss Norton gives one of her most entertaining essays, going over the ground with the admirable talker, and insisting with perfect judgment on the humanity and breadth of his comprehension; the judgment passed, in a brief footnote, on Mr. W. J. Waters's recent translation of the travels might bear revision.

Altogether, both sets of studies (in spite of a few inevitable repetitions) are extremely readable and suggestive; executed, too, with the patience of a devoted student, whose results, however, have not been fairly assisted by the proofreader. Indeed, Miss Norton's work is from beginning to end a direct negation to Professor Stapfer's gratuitous *boutade:* "Il n'y a vraiment aucune raison pour que les femmes se plaisent à la lecture de Montaigne; car il n'a guère dit sur leur compte que des impertinences, beaucoup d'incongruités et quelques sottises."

Japan by the Japanese: A Survey by Its Highest Authorities. Edited by Alfred Stead. Dodd, Mead & Co.

In some respects this book is unique. Probably for the first time since Japan began to have a history, the Emperor has given permission for the dedication of a book to himself. In time past his ministers have accepted handsomely bound copies of books on Japan by foreign authors, only to tear out the autographs of the donors because of critical remarks made concerning "the Tenno." The contributors to this volume are among the highest officers of the Government, including two or three premiers, and others who are or have been eminent or subordinate in the executive service. The most enjoyable papers are by native gentlemen of fine literary culture well known on three continents. The book has documents, tables and digested information of high value; and prefatory matter, appendices and carefully prepared index make it a necessity to all who would write about Japan.

Mr. Stead's preface is thoroughly characteristic; and his profound ignorance of the real significance of the work of such men as Sir Ernest Satow, Mr. William G. Aston, Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Capt. Frank Brinkley is manifest. Granted (what is self-evident) that it is, as the editor repeatedly declares, most difficult for any foreigner to speak authoritatively on Japan, yet the literature of the nation, archaic, mediæval and modern, makes no mistake and cannot possibly misrepresent. The real thoughts of the Japanese, set down during the thousand years of their thinking, give no uncertain testimony, and their literature tells far better than 'Japan by the Japanese' in 1904 what these people really think. In this volume we have a "personally conducted" author to assemble the materials with a purpose and write the prefatory label, and with the usual result. The uncritical reader sees with the glasses furnished him. Mr. Stead's book is like those on Mantchuria written a year or two ago by gentlemen who were wined, dined, and escorted over beaten tracks by their pleasant Russian hosts, the Government officers. It is certain that the elder native authors who wrote without view of the alien are more to be depended on than those of to-day, who, knowing the value of the sympathy of Great Britain and the United States, tell us in the catchwords of the present hour what we ought to believe concerning themselves and their country.

The bad proofreading and continual misspelling of Japanese names and terms are disgraceful, but may have arisen from the reported illness of the editor during the progress of the work. The internal evidence is, however, overwhelming that the translation of many, if not most, of the papers was done by a single person using the same vocabulary, coloring of ideas and phrases that are supposed to be most immediately captivating and effective. In view, however, of Mr. Stead's long paragraph about a certain work on the geisha as representative of the women of Japan, it is apparent that he imagined that the bulk of his readers were conversant chiefly with the works of Pierre Loti. Certainly, he seems to have slight knowledge of the wealth of serious works on Japan not only by aliens, but by the Japanese themselves, on the lists of American publishers and in our public and private libraries. In its cast and scope, this book seems intended mainly for the British reader. It is certainly very rich in information for the investor anxious about Japanese finances.

At first sight, the varied contents appear to defy the reviewer's efforts to do justice to the text. Yet when he has read the work entirely, as we have honestly done, the mass divides itself into the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Most of the chapters are as dark lanterns. A few are as lamps set in a reflector or behind a Fresnel lens. At least three-fourths of the matter in this book takes its place honorably and humbly along with that in the 'Résumé Statistique' or 'Annuaire' of finance which the Imperial Government has praiseworthily issued for a decade or two of years past, and which have been duly noticed or digested in these columns. The facts and figures concerning the army, navy, revenue, taxation, and things outward and material are invaluable in their way. We refer to them only to commend. In the fifty-four pages of appendices we have the text of the Constitution of 1889 and of many of the most important Imperial ordinances.

This collection of papers is anything but monotonous in style or form. One reads almost with an electric tingle the criticisms of Count Inouyé and Baron Shibusawa. For thirty years these two men have been unflinching and thorough in probing the weak spots in the national character and of the old haphazard methods of finance, cheerfully bearing abuse. They have played the same part in the Meiji era that the outspoken critics of the old Yedo régime played in the second third of the nineteenth century, the latter in the face of imprisonment and death. These two writers carry out in an eminent degree the professed purpose of the book, and inspire confidence as others do not. For example, in the chapter on "The Imperial Family," by Baron Sannomiya, this consummate Chesterfieldian, who acts as the court chamberlain, tells us what went on—outside of the imperial family. His text is interesting, but gives us scarcely a hint of the private life or daily routine of the chief ruler of Japan, or of the real machinery of government in the palace. The chapters on politics are simply the old speeches of the Marquis Ito with some historical matter. Marquis Yamagata speaks with the frankness of a soldier and with more illumination. If, in Baron Kaneko's paper on the "Organization of a Modern State," his fluent English words had the depth and meaning which a thousand years of struggle for constitutional government in England make them mean to us, the student would be delighted and surprised, but there is a difference between the coin's stamp and the metal itself. The papers on the army and navy are clear and full. Under the head of "Diplomacy," Professor Ariga writes in delightful style, and is especially full on the subject of Korea. While thankful for this as a notable contribution to history, the critic who knows the Korean side of the events described will not be sparing of his salt. Some of the omissions are surprising, as of the influence of Gen. Grant in the Riu Kiu compilation, while nothing is said of the Joint High Commission which discussed the matter in Peking. The great theme of treaty revision is robbed of vitality in its treatment, through excess of diplomatic caution and perhaps an excusable desire to show how successful Japanese diplomacy has been. Count Okuma adds a mere fragment from his speech of 1887 in the Lower House.

One turns to the chapters on Education to get some real light on the problems involved, but, except from the pen of Count Okuma, always the champion of independent study and the ceaseless enemy of Japan's excess of red tape, we find little but pragmatic narrative. Baron Suyematsu, who wields a brilliant pen, writes most attractively on "Woman's Education," but here, except on matters historical and already commonplace to the well-informed, the oracles are dumb. What the purchaser who spends five dollars for this book wants to know about woman's education is this: Does the Japanese man want his wife or sister educated equally with himself—not necessarily in exactly the same way, but with equal opportunity for self-improvement? The total ignoring by the Government of the higher education of women does not help to answer the question. Eager

for light on this question, we turn to the end of the book to read a short paper on "The Position of Woman," by Professor Jinzo Naruse, founder of the first and the only university for women in Japan, and a private institution. Again we find historical data, but cannot learn whether Japan honestly wants to be civilized in the sense in which nations that give woman opportunities for culture are civilized. In a word, the Japanese, on these questions of vital import, treat the reader as if he were a war correspondent.

The chapters on "Religion," while charming as literature, are even more disappointing than those on Education, unless we abolish the distinction between ethics and religion, or even if we accept Matthew Arnold's definition of the latter as all-sufficing. Professor Nitobe, in fascinating style, writes on Bushido (the knightly code) and Patriotism, highly idealizing the actual Bushido, which had waxed old and was dying when he was born, and is now long dead. The code-lawyer, Professor Hozumi, in treating of ancestor-worship, would have us believe that it was an indigenous product of Japanese soil—which no scholar has yet proved—and not an importation from China. Neither Buddhism, which has been the great civilizer and is the heart of Japanese popular life, nor Shinto as a system, nor Confucianism, which not only furnished the daily moral law for the people, but the creed of the gentleman for centuries, has any place in the descriptions or discussions of this volume. In treating of Art and Literature, the writers correct some errors of foreign writers, but contribute little that is fresh or revealing.

Palio and Ponte: An Account of the Sports of Central Italy from the Age of Dante to the XXth Century. By William Heywood. London: Methuen & Co. Pp. viii. +268, with twenty-seven illustrations.

Once the eager traveller has explored the great Italian highroads, the bypaths still remain. More and more the habit of regarding the whole of Italy as one vast museum will grow on him. An arch, a doorway, a trellis, will suffice to suggest a vision of the past; not only the half-forgotten master seen in some mouldy chapel perched on a vine-girt scarp of the Apennines will attract him by its savor of another age, but life as well as art will recall antiquity in a hundred forms. What can be more pagan than the harvest offerings of corn before the roadside altars of Venetia? Or what more mediæval than the ancient *trattrorie* of Italian towns—the Corte dell' Orso at Venice, with its antique well-head, or the subterranean Lapi's at Florence, where, in the vaults of a *quattrocento* palace, the *popolo* partake of Protean macaroni, almost in the nature of a sacrament. And though Italians have "a miserably low standard of intoxication," Bacchus in Italy well deserves the study recently given to him by a learned Teuton, and Arquà is as famous for its local vintage as for having been Petrarch's last place of residence.

It is not only the triple-starred in Baedeker which enchants. The marionettes in Venice still sing delightfully Paisiello's operas to an audience of gondoliers, and everywhere from the lips of the people fall exclamations as picturesque as any sight-ridden monument worn threadbare with praise. The writer well remembers an old *custode* at Perugia, worthy descendant of Matarazzo, describing the crimes of a lunatic who, on his return from a pilgrimage, cut the throats of his wife and children and afterwards killed his oxen and his cows. He finished his tale, saying like a chronicler of old, "Thus, 'twixt Christians and animals, he slew eleven"!

In 'Palio and Ponte,' Mr. Heywood has explored one of the most interesting and least known of Italian byroads. The spirit of sport in Italy, far from being merely the healthy exercise it has become in Anglo-Saxon communities, was closer to the Greek idea of games. It was at the same time the result of rivalry, generally between different communities of the same locality, and often the civic celebration of some historic event. Its study thus assumes real importance in the life of the Italian mediæval city; and the still surviving Palio at Siena, or the now deceased Giuco del Ponte at Pisa, must attract the student of the ancient Tuscan communes. Mr. Heywood has undertaken his study of these sports in the spirit of a true historian, and his researches have revealed a new side of Italy to English readers. In his description of these remnants of popular chivalry he has chosen a novel subject—not the Italy of sweet smiling virgins and ecstatic saints, nor yet the land of intrigue and poison. We are far too prone ourselves to search in the past only for the extreme. Yet then, as now, the vast majority, like Pier' Soderini of Tuscan epigram, could aspire only to Limbo. Not every one was either saint or demon, and even those who were had redeeming sides which humanized them. Mr. Heywood shows us Lorenzo de' Medici, Sodoma the painter, and Cæsar Borgia, like any English prime minister at the Derby, racing their horses at Sienese *palii*. We discover Cæsar Borgia's jockey using questionable tactics, as his master used questionable politics, and when the judges refused to award him the prize, he wrote to them demanding it. But our author is more than a student of archives. He has bursts of eloquence in his style. No amount of description can here take the place of a direct quotation of the lines in which he apostrophizes Pisa:

"To Pisa, great and powerful while yet the Greeks fought beneath the walls of Troy, whose more than thirty centuries laugh to scorn the pinchbeck antiquity of other cities; beside whom even Rome is young; to Pisa, Lady of the Sea, the mart of all the West and all the world, the conqueror of the Balearic Isles, of Sardinia and of Corsica, the scourge of the Infidel; to Pisa, *Tusciæ Provinciæ Caput* for twelve generations ere yet the upstart Florence dared to contest her hoar supremacy; to whom the Emperor of the East paid tribute; whose consuls owned no less or lower fount of their authority than the Almighty Himself; to Pisa, the Imperial Ghibelline to the last—belongs of right the foremost place."

We suspect that the possible charge of partiality to Siena may have inspired these lines, for Mr. Heywood's previous books prove him a Sienese at heart. He has even inherited the prejudices of that city of the hills. Florence to him is still the object of anathema. It is true that her cunning panegyrists had long gained the ear of Christendom. "Only within the last few years have men begun to perceive that many of her glories are borrowed glories, and all her crimes are her own." Thus does he perpetuate the hoary savor of a hatred grown venerable with centuries. His book, however, is no less interesting for this. He has interwoven a vast amount of local history, especially Sienese, since no Anglian, save perhaps Mr. Langton Douglas, knows his Siena better. But Mr. Heywood has something of the Berserker in him, which aids him to appreciate the spirit of the Middle Ages. His account of the battle of Montaperti is a thrilling bit of historical narrative, which those who know the picture chronicle in the library at Siena will relish. Mr. Heywood tastes what he describes. He has gone to the sources not merely in his facts, but in his inspiration. He has not compiled a book, but has written one for which all lovers of Italy can only be grateful.

Bucking the Sage Brush; or, The Oregon Trail in the Seventies. By Charles J. Steedman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sub-title suggests a classic, but the book makes no claim to classic pretensions. It is too truthful, and adheres too closely to fact, to be a popular narrative of travel, and its flaws of composition preclude it from comparison with Parkman's first memorable work, 'The Oregon Trail,' written before his own style was spoiled by yielding to the temptation of florid writing. Our author does not err in that direction, but he weakens his simple description of a vanishing phase of Western life by indulging in facetiæ and commonplace Western slang. The charm of the book, nevertheless, lies in its being a straightforward, unromantic story of a cowboy's experience while driving a herd of cattle across the northern section of the Rocky Mountains long before the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, or the Oregon Short Line was built, and when the only transcontinental road was the Union and Central Pacific. Though the party passed through this territory when the Indians were on the warpath, he personally witnessed no gory massacres; and though the trip was made in the period of horse-stealing and consequent lynching, he saw nothing more suggestive of lawlessness than a burglar's mask in an abandoned cabin. In these respects his horseback ride from the Columbia, across Idaho, into Wyoming was as uneventful as is the journey to-day of most travellers by rail, if they avoid saloons and gambling houses. It was the real West which he describes—not that of Buffalo Bill's show.

Our author, like many another Eastern youth, left an Eastern office to become a cowpuncher under the mistaken conception of what Western life really means. Yet, though he has returned to civilization and warns his readers to dismiss illusions and look reality full in the face before following his example, he found the outdoor, untrammelled life of the range sufficiently attractive to induce him to spend some nine years of the best period of his early manhood in the Rocky Mountains. After serving a short apprenticeship on a ranch in Wyoming, he and three other Bostonians, as inexperienced as himself, combined their ignorance and their capital into a cattle company, and two of them started to scour the West for a herd of

steers. They first tried southern Utah. There they found no stock; but though they discovered, even in those early days, that the Mormon Church had created an industrial oasis in the desert of Western extravagance and recklessness, he has not a good word to say for its members. He and his partner next tried Nevada, but with no better success. They then turned their steps toward Oregon. For more than thirty years previously, immigration from the East had entered it over the Oregon Trail, and during that interval the immigrants had raised great herds of cattle, for which no market could be found on the Pacific Coast, and which could reach Eastern ranges only by being driven over a thousand miles of dangerous mountain trail and swimming boisterous Western torrents. The prices, therefore, were low in proportion to the greatness of the risk run by the purchasers. Here, therefore, our Boston lads invested in some three thousand head of cattle at about $10 per head, in a wagon and team, and in a drove of horses, as each cowboy needs about ten. They hired a cook, a clerk and cowboys, and commenced their arduous ride from Walla Walla in Oregon to Laramie in Wyoming.

Many another experienced the same hardships and met the same mishaps during the following seven years, when over half a million head of cattle were driven by the same route from the same pastures in Oregon and Washington before the Northern Pacific was built, but no one of them except our author has told how these vast herds were handled by a few dexterous cowboys. If he would write another book and describe the transformation which the cattle trade of the West has undergone, he would increase our obligations. The day was, when Texas from the Gulf to the Rio Grande was one vast cattle range; but little by little the rancher has driven back the ranger until cultivation now extends to within less than two hundred miles of the New Mexican line. The Reclamation act puts it within the power of the President (and he is now using his prerogative) to exclude from further occupation such tracts of the Western territory as may possibly be brought under artificial irrigation; and he may include in forest reserves denuded areas where no tree can grow while cattle are allowed to range at large and destroy the young shoots, but where, within two or three generations, a vigorous forest would clothe the soil were cattle absolutely debarred. From these two sections of the national domain, where heretofore the cattle owner has fed his herds wherever they were within reach of water, without the payment of rent or royalty, he is being excluded. The largest available tracts of pasture are probably in Arizona and in New Mexico, but in years of drought the ranges are overstocked with walking skeletons of perishing cattle. Those which have not succumbed are saved from starvation by being carried under emergency rates by the railroads to the East and West and North. At best all the cattle from these arid plains and mountains have to be fattened on the succulent prairie grasses of Kansas and Nebraska before they are fit for the market. In Mexico alone are there still such herds as once accumulated in the Northwest; but customs duties and quarantine regulations interfere with their free access to our markets. And there alone, also, must such herds from certain sections be driven hundreds of miles on their own hoofs, for to the north of the line only have the railroads almost everywhere obliterated the old cattle trails.

Literary Geography. By Mr. William Sharp. Scribners.

This very attractive-looking volume is profusely illustrated by half-a-dozen artists, including Greiffenhagen. Mr. Sharp takes his subject partly by authors, and partly by localities, when, as with the English lakes or Geneva or the Thames, the literary associations crowd too thickly for separate treatment. Literary geography, in these days of pilgrimages to every hole and corner that has associations with an author or his forebears, has developed into a special type of descriptive literature, almost with a style of its own. It is the opportunity of the rambling writer with a turn for humor and anecdote, and has transformed bicycling and walking tours into profitable investments. Mr. Sharp ranges through the country of Meredith, Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, the Brontës, Carlyle—well-trodden ground all this, and not so very wide, if one confines one's self to the regions where an author has spent his time, and does not venture into the lands that he has brought under the sway of his imagination. Mr. Sharp compromises, follows the wandering pen now and then, but keeping almost entirely to the British Isles.

The chapter on "Aylwin-Land" will surprise a good many of his American readers, who can hardly have realized the vogue of the late Mr. Watts-Dunton's novel in Wales and East Anglia. Mr. Sharp declares that no Welsh home is without a copy of 'Aylwin'; that it is the representative romance of North Wales and East Anglia, north of Lowestoft, and wonders "if any other first romance has ever had so swift and so great a success." He writes, moreover, as though George Borrow's pictures of gypsy life, in 'Lavengro,' had been thrown into the shade by the gypsies in 'Aylwin.' This seems to us the partiality of friendship. In connection with the author of 'Aylwin,' Mr. Sharp gives some interesting and rather alarming statistics of the "torn beaches and snatched lands and submerged shores" along the southern and eastern coasts of England. Thirty-four towns and villages and many hundreds of square miles of territory have been lost "during the modern period."

Mr. Sharp's humor is often rather trivial, and occasionally he writes wildly, as on page 97, where he speaks of 'The Green Carnation,' that obsolete satire of Mr. Hichens, as "the most brilliant satirical comedy given us since the vast drama of 'Vanity Fair.'" On page 94 he speaks of Loti's famous novel as 'Les Pêcheurs d'Islande.' Elsewhere (p. 226) he makes a curious mistake about the Comtesse d'Agoult, whom he calls "the sister of Liszt." The Comtesse d'Agoult, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Daniel Stern," was the mistress of Liszt, with whom she ran away from a ball, forsaking for him her husband and child and a brilliant social position in Paris. Mr. Sharp's anecdotes are numerous and amusing. He derives from Mr. Andrew Carnegie the tale of "the American cyclist who, when skirting the shore of a solitary Highland loch, noticed a boat in which was a man languidly examining the depths with a water-telescope. Now and again he would pause and chat with a friend who sat on the bank reading a newspaper, or he would lay down the telescope and light his pipe. The American could not restrain his curiosity, and at last asked the idler on the bank, 'What is your friend looking for? Oysters?' 'No,' was the matter-of-fact reply; 'my brother-in-law.'"

The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton: The Story of her Life told in part by herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. xviii., 778; portraits and illustrations.

In the romance of marriage and the married life there is not a brighter and more hopeful page than that which tells of Richard Burton and his wife, Isabel Arundel. Of no man could it apparently more certainly be said than of Burton, on the basis of his repeated judgments and elaborately developed theories as to the relation of the sexes, that his married life, with any woman of character and ability, must of necessity be a colossal failure. Yet it is perfectly clear that not only did this pair achieve the decent mean of getting along together, as it is called, but that they thoroughly loved and trusted one another; that she gave him the most complete devotion of a very fervent nature, and that he responded so far as was in him. The secret of it all undoubtedly lay with Lady Burton. She was a very clever woman and a very good woman; she had infinite tact, and she set out from the old-fashioned position of giving her life to her husband. The seventeen rules which she drew up before marriage for her guidance as a wife may read queerly to our modern notions, but, certainly for her husband at any rate, they were sovereign, and they give the clue to her success. And with it all she retained his respect and affection. Anecdotes in circulation tell of the calm insistence with which she, up to the end, kept him to the little details of observance and courtesy which he was somewhat apt to let slip. They were very unusual people, and had a very unusual life, both with each other and with the world—"ganz verrückte Leute," one observer at Trieste said; but they were also, in their way, a model couple. Assuredly, the wisest thing Richard Burton ever did was his marriage.

And so, again, the question cannot but rise whether the Burton of his books was the whole man or the most fundamental part of the man. No one can read his commentary on the 'Nights' without a shiver at the possibilities which would have lain in its coming to the eyes of his wife—of any wife of any husband. Yet, though he kept it from her, he could not, during almost thirty years of the closest comradeship, have kept himself from her. If any one knew him, she did, and therein must lie his truest vindication and that against himself. Even reading the MS. of 'The Scented Garden' did not change her faith in him; it only made her guard his memory by an act which all who know the facts must approve and reverence. And it may easily have been a self of his of which he was only partially conscious, that she

knew; and yet the most real and guiding self after all. We, as we know ourselves, are seldom our absolute selves, and are sometimes strangely perverted selves.

To such moralizings a book like this must inevitably lead. But it sends, too, a clear wind of honesty, fidelity, and good sense blowing through the miasmatic vapors of our current marriage discussions. When ten-year terms and matters the like are on the carpet, it is most opportune that the record of the married life of the Burtons should again appear. As the present is a second edition, a detailed review is unnecessary. It is enough to say that, simply as a biography, this book must stand high, but it stands higher still for the united lives of which it tells.

Multiple Personality: An Experimental Investigation into the Nature of Human Individuality. By Boris Sidis, Ph.D., and Simon P. Goodhart, M.D. Appletons.

This interesting study of multiple personality is dedicated to William James, and made up of a good deal of theoretic speculation on the nature of personality, of discussions of already recorded cases, and of a detailed account of the remarkable case of the Rev. Mr. Hanna. In discussing the first of these topics the influence of M. Pierre Janet's "dissociation" theory preponderates; there is no consideration of Myers's "subliminal self," and one feels that nothing definitive can as yet be claimed for any theorizing about so obscure and novel a subject. The third part contains some acute remarks and criticises some well-known cases; the second is central both in position and in interest.

As this fact is indicated by the authors themselves in the preface, we need make no apology for drawing attention mainly to the very instructive case of double personality to which pages 83-229 are devoted. On April 15, 1897, the Rev. Mr. Hanna, a vigorous young Baptist minister, was thrown on to his head in a carriage accident. He was picked up unconscious, and for two hours his life was despaired of; then he opened his eyes, arose, and attempted to push one of the doctors. They, thinking him to be delirious, tried to keep him in bed, which led to a struggle in which the patient developed "herculean" strength, and had finally to be tied down. From further observations it gradually dawned on his attendants that, as a result of this fall, the whole of the knowledge acquired by Mr. Hanna from the day of his birth had disappeared. He was reduced to the condition of a new-born infant, unable to speak, to interpret his sensations, to control his limbs, to take food or to demand it. But, still more strangely, he was an infant with an adult intelligence, keenly interested in the development of his experience, observing everything, and capable of remembering his whole history after the fall and of describing with a trained intelligence his gradual initiation into a new world. In short, his case presents philosophers with almost exactly the information they have so often and so vainly sought to derive from a conjectural restoration of the "psychological baby." For apparently the shock which had driven underground Mr. Hanna's whole past life, had left his mental powers unimpaired. He proceeded in consequence to learn with the most marvellous rapidity. On the Saturday morning he discovered that he had been feeling intense pain in his head, by its cessation! This led to complaints on its return, which alarmed the doctors, who interpreted it as meaning that he now felt it for the first time. The accounts of how his senses came back one by one, of how he realized the independent existence of other persons (by the "pushing" experiment mentioned above), of how he acquired a conception of space and learned that the "out-of-doors" of several windows formed one big "out-of-doors," are most instructive and entertaining. His ready appreciation of mathematical truth (pp. 150-1) would have seemed to Plato conclusive evidence of the truth of his theory that "learning" was really untaught "recollection" of truths known in a previous life; and, indeed, such unconscious "lapsed" knowledge was the explanation of his performances.

These led the doctors to suspect that his former life, though submerged, might not be irrecoverable, and to effect his cure they proceeded systematically to exploit this clue. It was soon discovered that he had vivid dreams, *which were really memories of his past life*—again a discovery which would have delighted Plato. Since, therefore, the memories still existed subconsciously, might it not be possible to reknit the severed strands of association? The patient was asked to close his eyes and to listen attentively to literature which had been familiar to him in his previous existence. When the reading was abruptly stopped in the middle of a sentence, Mr. Hanna exclaimed, "I remember," and recited the whole passage, which, however, he immediately again forgot. Dr. Sidis gives the name of "hypnoidization" to this method, which will remind readers of Kipling of the exact procedure adopted in 'The Finest Story in the World.' Persistent experiment systematically encouraged these subliminal uprushes in hypnoidal states, until, one night in June, Mr. Hanna awoke in his primary personality, completely ignorant, of course, of his whole life since his fall, and unable to believe the story told him until convinced of the lapse of time by noticing how much earlier it got light. After this a period of alternating personality set in, which was of course very inconvenient because neither personality could remember the other. Finally, *both* lives came up together in memory, after a prolonged struggle, in which they grew "more and more personal, until at last by a deliberate, voluntary act, the two were seized," and Mr. Hanna thereby reunited himself and became able to write a most interesting autobiographical account of the whole affair.

Truly, one of the most fascinating of the fairy-tales of science, for the observing and recording of which Dr. Sidis and Dr. Goodhart deserve all credit. The success of the psychological treatment also may fairly be quoted by Dr. Sidis as a substantial confirmation of the theories which inspired it. And yet it is not logically conclusive, and raises perhaps almost as many problems as it solves. For neither in physiological nor psychological terms is the continued existence, subconsciously, of intact split-off personalities easy to conceive. But one feels also that by dealing effectively with such cases psychology is at last beginning to show that it can get hold of and operate on the real constituents of soul-life, and is ceasing to be merely a rather pedantic play with learned technicalities.

Hispano-Moresque Ware of the XVth Century: A Contribution to its History and Chronology, Based upon Armorial Specimens. By A. van de Put. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Lane. 1904. Pp. vi., 104.

Of all the ancient wares which have and deserve a great reputation, the Spanish lustred pottery is the most accessible, and yet this is the first orderly and intelligent treatise devoted to it. Many private collections have undoubtedly original pieces of great beauty; the variety of design among them is very considerable; nothing in the way of ceramic decoration is more effective, when placed at a little distance from the eye (as upon the walls of a sitting-room), than these round platters—and yet to this day the ware is treated as if it were a mere step in the advance toward the majolica of Central Italy. In the excellent Fortnum Catalogue of majolica and the kindred wares issued by the South Kensington Museum in 1873, forty-eight pieces are named, and woodcuts of two or three are given, among them a noble vase; but it was not thought worth while to devote a colored plate (of the dozen in the book) to those admirable wares of Spain. Baron Davillier, that enthusiast for early Spanish art, gave us, in 1861, a brief treatise on the lustred potteries, and in 1892 Émile Molinier, writing carefully, could only say that Davillier's book (probably in a subsequent edition) was still the latest contribution to knowledge upon the subject. Lustred wares of Italy and those of Persia and the neighboring lands have been more fully studied, and one is left in doubt whether it is the paler color, the silvery tone, the effects of gray and gold, which are to so marked an extent less popular than the deeper hues of Persian and Central Italian wares of the great time.

The book we have in hand goes far to supply the obvious need of a manual. It is a small quarto with thirty-four plates, of which three, with five specimens of the ware, are in color, the rest being in the usual black-printed half-tones. The pieces illustrated come from the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum (whose new name foreigners are slow to learn), the great collection at the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, and from many private collections. There is a large-scale map of the seacoast near Valencia, and a table of descent of the later Kings of Aragon and their allied princes. Many little cuts of armorial achievements are set in the text to help in the genealogical studies of origin; and we are reminded that the book is more especially a study of pieces identified by armorial bearings painted on them.

The text makes no pretence to be a history: it is brief, and plain in its recognition of the fact that the material for a history is lacking, as yet. This general treatise occupies half the volume, and is followed by rather full descriptions of some of the plates, though the system followed is a little confused and confusing. Still, it suffices to explain the author's warrant for the dates he gives, in arranging thus thirty pieces, chronologically placed between 1430 and 1500 A.D.

Sunny Sicily. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Macmillan.

By its aim, its general appearance, and even its title, this book seems to challenge a comparison with the 'Picturesque Sicily' of W. A. Paton (1897). The fact that the present volume is larger, is due partly to typographical differences and more numerous illustrations, partly to the writer's superior enterprise in visiting remote spots, and partly to her regrettable habit of dragging in irrelevant information. Thus, a history of English religious drama is inserted into an account of marionettes at Palermo, and an audience of Pius X. is described in connection with a journey to Piana dei Greci. This journey also illustrates another point of difference between Mrs. Tweedie and Mr. Paton. The former, as in many other instances, dwells with evident pleasure on the dangers of the expedition; the latter sets our uneasy minds at rest by referring to telephone communication between Piana dei Greci and Palermo. But perhaps the keynote of the divergence is struck in the first chapter of each book, reminding us of the *Punch* version of comments by Gladstone and Disraeli on each other's writings: "Hm, flippant." "Ha, prosy." If Mr. Paton is prosy, Mrs. Tweedie is certainly flippant, with a recklessly slipshod style, many inaccurate statements, and spelling that is peculiar either to her or to her printer. We need only instance "euphobia," "sandled feet," "Guidecca," "trigreliefs," the assertion that Segesta is in the northeast of the island, or that the prostrate Atlas at Girgenti is a woman; and the following strangely disjointed passage:

"Plato lived in Syracuse and became tutor to Dionysius the younger. He described those years in his Seventh Epistle, although Dr. Jowett declared all the Epistles were spurious. However, be that as it may, there is very little to see in the modern town."

With all its faults, the book is valuable as a sort of "chatty" Baedeker, being not only readable, but full of practical hints for the travellers who may be attracted by it to this wonderful island—"a land," as Mrs. Tweedie truly says, "of color, a land of variegated scene and endless charm."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1905.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt fittingiy took up the negro question in his Lincoln Day speech before the Republican Club of this city. This organization, like the Union League Club, has manifested a deep and sincere interest in the political welfare of the race which Lincoln freed. It has gone so far as to urge the punishment of the South for disfranchising the negro, by the reduction of its representation in Congress and in the Electoral College. Upon this point Mr. Roosevelt did not touch, but he pleaded vigorously and earnestly for that fair play for the colored man which is so essential to the welfare of both whites and blacks. "The only safe principle," he well said, "upon which Americans can act is that of 'all men up,' not that of 'some men down.'" It has been known since his election that he hoped to gain the South's affection, and there has been no little anxiety among the colored people and their sympathizers as to precisely the form the wooing was to take. In this his first public utterance on the subject since his great triumph, Mr. Roosevelt displays wisdom and tact, yet sticks to his guns. While noting with satisfaction the recent decrease in lynchings, he does not fail to give heartiest acknowledgments to "the ministers, the judges and law officers, the grand juries, the public men, and the great daily newspapers in the South," to whom the credit for this renaissance of law and order is largely due. Mr. Roosevelt was fortunate in being able to reinforce his own opinions by quoting those of Bishop Strange of North Carolina.

It cannot fairly be said that the lawyers of the Senate Judiciary Committee have "made short work" of the President's constructive-recess theory, for they took twelve months and ten days to make up their minds, and have not yet put in a report. But they have at least taken no stock in the notion that between twelve o'clock and twelve o'clock on December 7, 1903, there was an interval within which vacancies could occur and be filled under the recess-appointment clause of the Constitution. It is not to be supposed that the Senate's action at this late date will have any effect on the fortunes of Gen. Wood, Collector Crum, and the hundred or more other "recess" appointees. No decision by the Comptroller has ever been made public regarding the Major-General's pay for Gen. Wood during the months that elapsed between his "recess" commission and his final confirmation by the Senate, and he presumably received it, under Secretary Shaw's interpretation of the law, as "de facto" major-general. As for Dr. Crum, he was not receiving pay at the time, on account of another rule, so his status did not affect the Treasury balance at all. But the Judiciary Committee's decision will probably be regarded as a declaration of the Senate's position regarding any future situation of the same kind.

President Roosevelt is represented as "greatly disturbed" at the use which "the railroad interests" are making of Mr. Paul Morton's presence in the Cabinet. The latter's connection with the Atchison rebates is artfully made "a weapon" in the hands of those who are criticising or antagonizing the President's railroad policy. Yes, but why? Only because there is a necessary absurdity in starting out on a resounding campaign against rebates, with a giver and defender of rebates as your chief of staff. The escape from the embarrassment is easy. Any Secretary who thus hampers a President is, in delicacy, bound to resign; and, if he does not, may be removed without any delicacy at all. With singular unanimity, the press has been pointing out to Mr. Morton his fine opportunity to do the President a great service by serving him no longer. If he does not take the hint, Mr. Roosevelt should.

For the investigation of the illegal rebates by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, two Democrats have been engaged by the Department of Justice—Judson Harmon, Attorney-General of the United States in the second Cleveland Administration, and Frederick N. Judson of the St. Louis bar. They are authorized to probe the matter to the bottom, and, if the evidence warrant, to institute criminal proceedings. With a Congressional committee gathering—as a basis for legislation—facts about rebates, discriminations, and other abuses of the public, and with Messrs. Harmon and Judson prodding the Santa Fé, the coming spring and summer will be uncommonly lively for railway managers. All this energy will be well expended if we succeed in discovering just what may be accomplished under existing laws. In choosing prosecuting lawyers whose standing and political faith are guarantee against any whitewashing of eminent Republicans, the Administration has done all that its most exacting critic could demand.

Several long-expected transfers in high diplomatic posts, to take effect on March 4, will result in the retirement of Laurence Townsend, the present minister to Belgium. Whether this is voluntary or involuntary, it is to be regretted. Mr. Townsend fitted himself for a diplomatic career by six years of study in Europe of languages, history, and international law. He was appointed secretary of legation in Vienna in 1893, was promoted to be Minister to Portugal in 1897, and was transferred to Belgium on April 15, 1899. Now, after twelve years, just when he should be of great usefulness by reason of his experience, he is to be displaced by Henry L. Wilson, who has been Minister to Chili since 1897. It seems to be an established rule that our ministers to Russia shall be changed frequently, and Mr. Roosevelt apparently thinks the present crisis a good time to put in a new man. George V. L. Meyer is to take charge of our affairs when all Russia is up in arms, yet he has been in our diplomatic service only since 1900. Mr. Henry White's long-promised promotion from first secretary at London to ambassador to Italy, in succession to Mr. Meyer, has been earned by eighteen years of service at the Court of St. James and in Vienna. All in all, the diplomatic service has perhaps a greater proportion of experienced men to-day than ever before. This is largely owing to continued Republican successes, but also to the fact that more men of the type of Laurence Townsend and John W. Riddle, now at Cairo, are attracted to the work.

That the Administration has a muddle on its hands in San Domingo is the natural result of the methods pursued in that business. They had been a strange mixture of secrecy and advertisement, of audacious advance and timid retreat. The result is that nobody knows clearly what has been done or what is proposed. There are obviously some flat contradictions in the testimony of our fiscal agent, Judge Abbott, and Commander Dillingham. On the question of the actual money receipts at Puerto Plata, it ought to be possible to test the conflicting statements of the two by appeal to the books. Instead of that, Administration dispatches intimate that Judge Abbott is "hostile" to its plans. That may be, and yet he may be telling the truth. There is evidently room for a great deal of official frankness about the whole San Domingo mess.

Allowed to resign under grave charges, John Goodnow quits the consular service. His original appointment as consul-general at Shanghai was an open scandal. A delegation of clergymen and college professors from Minnesota waited upon President McKinley to protest against naming a notorious ill-liver

to an important office. But all was in vain, since Hanna had promised the place to this "original McKinley man." And as time went on, and Goodnow, who is a man of unquestioned native ability, was able to do good service, especially in the period of the Boxer troubles, the opponents of consular reform used to point to him as a living justification of the spoils system. "You see? One of the worst cases, as you call it, turns out well." But it did not. Goodnow acted after his kind. He was accused of the most serious irregularities, by responsible Americans in China, both business men and missionaries. Coming home indignantly to "vindicate" himself, he finds it convenient rather to resign. Presumably, he should have been removed in disgrace; though we may think ourselves well rid of him on any terms. So is the spoils system justified of its children.

The case of Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming and his son, who is both a student at Harvard and a clerk of the Senate Committee on Claims, demands a public explanation. To the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* Senator Warren said on Thursday, that if he began explaining these matters, he should have to explain them all, and he would not dignify them in that way. Friends of the Senator advance the interesting theory that, while the son is on the payroll, the money is really paid to the persons who do the work. This arrangement, we submit, is anything but businesslike. The names on the payroll should be those of the clerks themselves. Any other plan at once opens a clear path to fraud. The career of Justice Warren B. Hooker furnishes some striking examples of the results of juggling with payrolls. Justice Hooker's nephew, also a student, was nominally employed in the Fredonia post-office, but some one else did the work. Unfortunately, the substitute got but a small fraction of young Hooker's salary. There is no reason to shun publicity if the transaction be honest.

Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon, who in his long public career has enjoyed a number of opportunities of exonerating himself, is now facing another. His law partner has turned state's evidence. One of the documents upon which Mitchell relied for defence was an agreement, presumably signed March 5, 1901, by which Mitchell was to share none of the returns from the land-office business of the firm. This compact, according to the confession of Tanner, was not signed till last December, after Mitchell's name had already become involved in the land scandals. There is also a long and interesting letter, in which Mitchell states to Tanner the facts as Mitchell wishes them to be understood and as Mitchell hopes Tanner will remember them. This epistle, like others famous in political history, contains several postscripts—the last one, "Burn this without fail." Mitchell is simply under indictment; he has not yet been tried and convicted. However pained he may be by these various disclosures, he can hardly be surprised that his tearful protestations of innocence are received with jeers.

The case of the member expelled last week from the Illinois Legislature illustrates a habit of such bodies. If a State Legislature existed in which integrity and public devotion flourished to the exclusion of all bad motives, and some malicious member should wantonly cast reflections on its fair fame, summary expulsion would be no more than his deserts. Therefore, legislatures anxious to retain a reputation for integrity and public devotion will deal harshly with every critic from the inside. This man, Mr. Comerford, delivered a lecture before the Illinois College of Law, in which he said some extremely disagreeable things about the conduct of the lawmaking bodies. His lecture was reported in the newspapers, and caused such a sensation that a legislative committee was appointed to investigate the charges. That committee now pronounces them unfounded, and the House has expelled their author. What meaning attaches to the word "unfounded" in Illinois, we do not know. The evidence, at least, came as near specification as this: Mr. Comerford charged that one member had attempted to bribe another with $200 to vote for a particular candidate for minority leader in the Democratic caucus. The member to whom the alleged offer was made confirmed the story, saying that he was asked to vote for a certain candidate, that his tempter then offered to bet $200 that the rival candidate would not be elected, and that, after refusing the proposal, he was asked to "name his price" and offered the choice of six desirable committees. Even the alleged briber admitted as much as the request for a vote and the offer of a bet. But the committee demanded legal proof of every assertion. The injudicious censor is perhaps right in his closing fling that "God Almighty Himself, if he came here, would have been prevented from getting evidence against a self-confessed thief."

It is not a bad sign that, all over the country, lists of members of the Legislature who refuse to accept railway passes are being printed. They are, in most cases, extremely short lists, but they are better than none at all. In Illinois there are six in the honorable roll. Two of these are Socialists, whose passes were returned for them by the State Central Committee of their party. By a strange chance, after the announcement that they would pay cash fares, they failed to arrive at Springfield until two days after those travelling on passes were on hand. The third of the anti-pass men is an Independent, and so jealous of his distinction that he does not even buy a ticket, but pays cash on the train and takes the conductor's receipt as documentary evidence of the purity of his motives. The Prohibitionist carries a 2,000-mile ticket for the same purpose. Still another of the sextet deserves mention because he was, in a way, the one sinner who repented. He wrote for passes after his election, like anybody else. On the way to Springfield, however, he noticed that several Circuit Court judges in the same car pulled out passes. Speculation as to how these favors might influence litigation led to the conclusion that the practice was as bad in the legislative as in the judicial department. On reaching Springfield, therefore, this member sent back his passes.

The Legislature of the State of Washington is preparing to pass a railroad commission bill this winter, though the Democratic campaign last fall on the railroad issue was not successful. The Portland *Oregonian*, a Republican paper in a neighboring State, remarks that the policy of the railroads themselves towards the commission has greatly changed within the past two years, and that they are now accepting the inevitable with a good grace. "The experience of every State that has tried the railroad-commission plan for remedying transportation evils has demonstrated that corporations get along quite peacefully with a commission, and there is no reason for assuming that there will be anything different in Washington." The region west of the Cascade Mountains is said to be reasonably satisfied with the situation as it is, since the railroads already give a cheap haul to market, but the farmers east of the range are confident that the commission will grant them rates which will compensate for the advantage of location enjoyed by their competitors. Just so in Wisconsin the aggrieved shippers feel sure that the commission to be created by La Follette's Legislature will prove their salvation, while those now favored affect the view that the commission could not in any case do less than approve the present schedules, which are themselves the essence of justice.

Both sides in the Colorado election investigation have contrived to bring out their salient points with uncommon neatness, not to say theatrical effect. The Republicans began by submitting ballot-box after ballot-box to handwriting experts, who then reported that so many ballots in each box were written by one person or by two persons. This was ex-

tremely simple and concrete, and permitted the Republican papers to keep standing a table of the crooked votes identified up to date. The Democrats have now hunted up individual voters and put them on the stand to identify as their own ballots taken from the pile marked "fraudulent" by the Republican experts. In one precinct, a Republican election judge swore that on all the genuine ballots cast, except three or four, he had placed his initials on the numbered flap and then sealed it down. The 138 ballots pronounced fraudulent were then unsealed and the Republican judge's initials were found on all but three or four. Of course, if the ballot were really secret, such demonstrations as these would be impossible. As it is, it is certainly an advantage to leave as little as possible to inference in the probing of the Denver frauds. If every Republican claim were established, Peabody would be entitled to the Governorship by a fair margin. Yet at least one Republican paper, the Pueblo *Chieftain*, is now conceding that, in spite of the manifest frauds, Adams had a legitimate plurality.

Bishop W. N. McVickar and the Episcopal clergymen of Rhode Island are exposing themselves to the just wrath of the politicians of that State. They are to meet in order to consider "the desirability of united action on the part of the clergy in political reform in Rhode Island." The men and newspapers controlled by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, Marsden J. Perry, and Boss Charles R. Brayton will, we are confident, explain to these misguided Episcopalians that ministers have no business even to mention political reform. Bishop McVickar is old enough and experienced enough to know that the breaking of every one of the Ten Commandments in the interest of party is not a sin, but a "political method." The real business of the clergy is to preach feeble and innocuous sermons, to attend sewing circles, and to remain amiable nonentities; they are impertinent meddlers when they begin to talk about the bribery of voters, the manipulation of legislatures, the subsidizing of the press, and that perversion of public sentiment by which men like Aldrich and Perry gain wealth and power.

The scandals concerning the franchise for the Chicago freight tunnels bring up some of the peculiar phases of a great engineering work. Every writer who has described the wonderful system which forms a gridiron of tracks beneath the streets of the business section of Chicago, has made much of the fact that this work was done so quietly that the citizens themselves did not know what was going on, and no one was inconvenienced for a moment. This was not due, however, solely to regard for public comfort. The tunnels were originally constructed, as a matter of fact, under an ordinance which authorized the company to build conduits for a telephone system. It was some time before it became known that the "conduits" were being made big enough to run a box-car through them. One of the alleged unsavory episodes concerns a report which was made to the Council on the progress of the work. This report, instead of being entered as merely "filed," was put down as "approved," thus giving the impression that the work was being officially endorsed. Another matter to be investigated is the alleged connivance of officials in the company's stretching of the powers granted in the original franchise. Chicago was able in the end to undo the harm caused by the original mistake. It was discovered that, even with its tunnels completed, the company could not carry freight in them without special authority, and in the final franchise the public interests were well safeguarded. Under it the tunnels come into the city's possession automatically at the end of thirty years.

That the Kentucky courts would uphold the law forbidding the education of blacks and whites together at Berea College was expected. But an appeal lies to the Supreme Court of the United States, and, as it does not involve the question of negro suffrage, the judges may perhaps be inclined to pass upon the issue instead of dodging it. The statute involved is the meanest legislative product of Southern race prejudice which has come to public notice for a long time. There had been no troubles and no scandals at Berea, which had for half a century been pursuing its noble aim of educating both whites and blacks of the mountain districts of Kentucky without molestation by the Legislature until last year. Then this law was passed without any inquiry on the spot as to facts or conditions. Many of the members did not wish to vote for it, but did not dare oppose the demagogues who for the moment have the ear of a misled people. No reference was made, for instance, to the fact that a large part of the endowment, if not all of it, was contributed with the understanding that the income from it should be applied to the education of both races under the same roof.

Texas City is a place of 250 population, seven miles northwest of Galveston. The proposal to make it by act of Congress a sub-port of entry served as a text for the annual exposition of the present absurd and wasteful machinery for collecting our customs revenue, though this particular bill seems to have been unobjectionable. It is an expensive joke to maintain ports like Galena, Ill., where it cost last year $378.05 to collect 70 cents; St. Mary's, Ga., where $581.90 was spent and $2.44 collected; or Beaufort, N. C., where receipts and expenditures were $13.01 and $136.44 respectively. Prior to 1877 a similar condition prevailed with regard to the internal revenue. With about $110,000,000 of collections, there were 209 districts. Now, with more than twice that amount of revenue, there are only 66. No district shows expenses greater than one-third the receipts; and, for the country over, it costs less than two-thirds as much to collect a dollar of internal revenue as a dollar of customs. The House Appropriations Committee last year attempted to put through a measure reorganizing the customs service along similar lines, but it went out on a point of order. Indeed, there is bound to be a certain amount of opposition so long as it is possible for a Congressman to get some town in his district made a sub-port in the same fashion that he might get for it a new post-office.

With notable promptness, the Rouvier ministry has introduced a bill for the abolition of the Concordat. So far as the new measure may be judged from telegraphic abstracts, it is more conciliatory than M. Combes's similar project. About all of the late Premier's separation policy gathered an atmosphere of contention. It never seemed that he was merely seeking to separate Church and State; he had rather the air of avenging the quarrel concerning the bishops, of continuing the proscription of the Church schools, and especially of defying the Pope. The new separation bill is not very different in essentials from the old, but it is presented at least in an impartial spirit. It represents apparently an honest desire to secure, under the supremacy of the State, religious liberty and independence to all denominations. It punishes no one, but simply marks out a new policy. One may say in a word that the new bill corresponds to M. Rouvier's moderation. Naturally, the French Roman Catholics have been gradually preparing themselves for separation and the consequent cessation of the State subsidies to the secular clergy. The Comte d'Haussonville, in two notable articles in the *Figaro*, has pointed out that, by forming Church associations under the civil law, the parishes will put themselves virtually beyond the reach of Government interference. That they will be better off by claiming only the immunities of other associations of citizens, he believes firmly, and he is confident that the money withdrawn by the State will soon be contributed by the faithful. His elaborate argument confirms our view that the Church will lose rather little by separation. In fact, the more enlightened Catholics of France look forward to the ideal of a free and independent Church in a free and tolerant State.

THE DEAD TREATIES.

In estimating the work of the Senate in defeating, under the guise of ratifying, the arbitration treaties, one must distinguish between form and substance, between act and animus. Technically, the Senate's excuse comes down to the assertion that there can be no general legislation by treaty. Each case must be made the subject of a special act. This is much as if there could be no comprehensive law against forgery, but that Forger John Doe and Forger Richard Roe must each be provided for by separate statute. What the arbitration treaties undertook to do was to specify the main classes of international differences which it should be our policy and purpose to submit to arbitration. Such general notions, however, were alleged by the Senate to be above its mental capacity. An individual controversy it could understand, but controversies as a class were too much for it. Hence each one must be laid separately before its godlike reason. That, in effect, is the ostensible explanation of the Senate's action.

We do not question the honesty or intelligence of some of the Senators who voted to amend the treaties. They had a legal and Constitutional scruple. But why may not a treaty be made the supreme law of the land when covering many details, and laying down broad principles, as well as when concerned with merely a particular instance? The arbitration treaties proposed (1) to express a strong preference for arbitration as against war, and (2) to set forth, in the most general terms, and reserving the amplest discretion, the classes of international difference which might be referred to arbitrators under a special "agreement." But no, said the Senate; it must be "treaty," not "agreement." We think the President rightly describes this amendment as a step backwards. Its legal justification seems to us exceedingly fine-spun, while the real motive for the Senate's action glares out of all its pretences.

It is a sorrowful thing, but the evidence is pretty clear that the Senate does not want, and does not mean to have, an effective arbitration treaty with Great Britain. It is with that country that the pinch comes. About the other treaties, the Irish societies in this country which have been besieging the Senate, openly and secretly, did not care a straw; it was only the English treaty they were determined should never be ratified in a form really promising efficiency. And its nullification has been accomplished by the same method—assassin amendment—that was used to do to death the original Olney-Pauncefote treaty of arbitration. In spite of the appeals of both President Cleveland and President McKinley, notwithstanding the petitions of merchants and educators and clergymen by the thousand, the trick was done by Lodge and other tools of the Clan-na-Gael. Similarly, this year, the word had gone forth that a working treaty of arbitration with England was not to be permitted. It was to be killed, if not openly, then by indirection. The Senate fumbled for a long time, discussing one murderous amendment after another. Finally, when it knew of the President's determination to abandon the treaties if the word "treaty" was substituted for "agreement," it rushed with suspicious alacrity to make that substitution. The treaties were to be beaten by hook or by crook; they have been by crook.

But while we think the course of the Senate has been mistaken and most unfortunate, we admit that there was provocation. It was given by President Roosevelt himself. By the cool audacity and lawlessness of his first proposals respecting San Domingo, followed up as they have been by a lamentable amount of shuffling and lack of frankness, he at once alarmed his friends and gave his foes, and the foes of arbitration, a handle. In vain did he plead, after it was too late, that the Executive would exercise his discretion wisely and lawfully. The San Domingo spectre was there on the horizon, to show what kind of "agreement'" Mr. Roosevelt was capable of contemplating. Thus it was his own headlong folly that gave the enemies of arbitration their great chance to strike.

We are bound to say, also, that the Senate appears to have realized, better than the President does himself, the deep inconsistency between his praise of war, together with his eager preparation for it, and his advocacy of arbitration. Senators accept his furibund talk about "the strong man armed"; they simply smile at him when he coos of peace. Mr. Roosevelt should not have expected that his chickens would not come home to roost. Probably no man of his time has done more to spread abroad the idea that arbitration is the resort of the weakling and the coward. As for amending good treaties to death, people have not forgotten how he, when Governor of New York, rudely denounced the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender, and publicly expressed the hope that it would be rejected if not radically altered. A man cannot have talked for years as Theodore Roosevelt has done, acted as he has acted, and then suddenly pose as the grieved apostle of peace, without our special wonder.

The Senate's amendment destroyed the vital principle of the arbitration treaties, as it was intended that it should. Yet so important do we think it that even a pious hope of peace should be breathed by the civilized nations, that we had sympathized with those disappointed friends of arbitration who desired to see something saved, if possible, out of the wreck of the treaties. But the State Department announces that the wreck is absolute.

A LEGISLATIVE GRIMACE.

The House of Representatives was not engaged on Thursday in passing a railroad rate bill so much as in making faces at the railroads. Both morally and legally, the effect would have been the same if the House had turned "Buster Brown" and nailed up on the front of the Speaker's desk: "Resolved, That we don't like railroads and wish we knew some way to bang 'em good." On all hands it was admitted that the proceedings were farcical. The merits of the bill were scarcely discussed. To pass it without looking into its effect or defects might help the President and hurt the railways, so passed it was; only a handful of members stopping to inquire whether the process would not hurt the House more than it possibly could the railroads.

Ill-considered and insincere legislation can redound to the prestige of no legislative body; and ill-considered and insincere the rate bill passed by the House certainly was. Chairman Hepburn made a tearful explanation of his part in framing it, which reads as if deliberately calculated to discredit the measure actually voted. That is to say, he showed how superior was the Hepburn bill, which the committee rejected, to the Townsend bill, which it accepted. In drafting his own bill, Mr. Hepburn had the advantage of drinking from the fountain of official inspiration, having freely and repeatedly consulted the President and the Attorney-General. Indeed, said the innocent or the designing Hepburn (it is hard to decide which to think him), the final form of his own bill came bodily, with the exception of two words, from the pen of Attorney-General Moody. Yet it was this carefully drawn measure which was set aside in favor of the crude Townsend bill. Take one comparison. The Hepburn bill (with Mr. Moody's *imprimatur*) carefully provided for legal review of the Interstate Commerce Commission's orders, and stipulated that "pending such review, if the court shall be of opinion that the order or requirement of the Commission is unreasonable or unlawful, it may suspend the same until the further order of the court." All of that was stricken out by the impetuous Townsend. It is a wonder that he and the committee did not adopt that beautiful proviso of the Davey bill defining the Commission's power to fix a "reasonable" rate—"Provided, That the Commission shall in no case have power to *raise* a rate." If it is unreasonably low, it has to stay low, reason or no reason.

It is not necessary, however, to discuss the bill in detail. It confessedly comes into this breathing world "scarce

half made up," as deformed and unfinished as Richard III. Even the President, at whose behest it was passed, says he is most anxious to have it "perfected." This is his way of complimenting the House. Any sort of ragged and limping measure is good enough for the Representatives; the real work of statesmen in shaping legislation will be done elsewhere. Yet the Republicans of the House seem to take this left-handed tribute as a special grace on President Roosevelt's part!

That the action of the House marks one step more in its legislative degradation, we think few sober men will deny. If it has become, not simply a deliberative body no longer, but a mere cat's-paw, a pliant convenience, a set of men without either ideas or a will of their own, docile before dictation from the outside, and resigned to the prospect of their work being torn to pieces elsewhere—why, we are further on in parliamentary decadence than any one had supposed. In effect, the House is selling to the Executive—and for a mess of pottage — one after another of its birthrights. To discuss, to control, to decide, to fix great policies in both outline and detail, was the ancient privilege of the House, but it is now surrendered with scarcely a protest. In the act, we see illustrated in this country a tendency which Lord Salisbury detected in English political life, according to a letter of his which Mr. Sidney Low has recently published in his book, 'The Governance of England.' Reading House of Representatives for House of Commons, the following would fit conditions at Washington with startling precision:

> "I think you reason quite soundly in showing that in respect to the larger issues the House of Commons is gradually losing its power between the Cabinet on the one side and the electorate on the other. The power which the Cabinet has of acting upon the various motives which guide members of Parliament is so great, that the majority is more and more becoming a blind machine."

When you add that the House in ceasing to be free ceases also to be sincere, you have come pretty near touching bottom. Yet insincerity was stamped all over its late action. Listlessly the members voted almost unanimously for a bill which all admitted to be at such loose ends that it would be a calamity were it to become law, and which nine out of ten hoped in their hearts the Senate would smother.

THE PROPOSED NEW STATES

The Senate's action on the Statehood bill on January 7 was notable both for the absence of partisanship and for the extent to which the terms of the bill were modified by roll calls. Practically, the measure was made new. The House plan was to dispose of all four of the existing Territories at once by grouping them into two States. The Senate's bill, while providing for the admission of only two States at present, is, in effect, a three-State plan, since Arizona, put on probation for a while, can hardly be denied Statehood ultimately.

The perplexity of Congress over the disposal of the four Territories has been only natural. It was thought best to deal with them all at the same time, and yet scarcely any statement could be made that would apply to all four. Oklahoma showed a larger rate of growth between the censuses of 1890 and 1900 than any State or Territory, and Indian Territory stood second, but New Mexico showed less growth proportionately than any Western State except Nevada. Indian Territory is more densely populated than Texas, and Oklahoma than Florida, California, the Dakotas, or a half-dozen other States, while New Mexico and Arizona are more sparsely settled than any except Nevada and Wyoming. Oklahoma and Indian Territory have as abundant rainfall as Minnesota or Nebraska, while in the list of Weather Bureau stations the lowest annual precipitation registered anywhere is in Arizona. Oklahoma is agricultural, Indian Territory has valuable coal and oil lands, Arizona and New Mexico gold and silver mines. In size, too, the diversity is manifest. Indian Territory is a little larger than South Carolina, a little smaller than Maine; Oklahoma is larger than Indiana, but smaller than Virginia; while Arizona includes as many square miles as Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, and Ohio combined, and into New Mexico could almost be packed the six New England States and New York besides.

Turning to the character of population, Oklahoma has a larger proportion of native whites of native parents than any State in the Union except West Virginia. Arizona is No. 43 on the list. Two-fifths of New Mexico's population is of Mexican descent. Arizona, strangely enough, has a percentage of half as many Indians again as Indian Territory itself. Only four States in the black belt have a larger proportion of illiteracy than New Mexico, while Oklahoma has less than Massachusetts. Finally, New Mexico has had an organized territorial government and a delegate in Congress for fifty-five years, while Indian Territory has never yet had either.

Any one of these Territories would like to come in as a State by itself, but, failing that, they did not agree as to the alternative. Arizona would rather remain a Territory than be consolidated with New Mexico, fearing that the Mexican element of the latter Territory would control a majority of seats in the joint Legislature. The other three are more inclined to accept half a loaf. Oklahoma, which has now the machinery of government, and would probably keep it, will be likely to gain by amalgamation with Indian Territory, though the tribal governments do not terminate until July, 1906.

The House has voted twice to admit Arizona, and seventeen times to admit New Mexico, while the Senate once voted for New Mexican Statehood, though the houses failed to agree on details. Action has been put off from year to year, until now Oklahoma has a larger population than any Territory ever had before at the time of admission; and even Arizona, the least of the four in population, had at the last census more people than had two-thirds of the States admitted in the past.

The two-State plan had the simple merit of disposing of all the arguments based on inadequacy of resources or of population. If one Territory was not good enough for Statehood, lump it with another. As it happens, this would in both cases have merely reunited Territories that were originally one. Arizona was separated from New Mexico in 1863 on the ground that the Territory was altogether too large for administrative purposes, while Oklahoma was carved from the old Indian Territory as late as 1890. One essential weakness of the two-State argument was pointed out in the debate by Senator McCumber. The union of New Mexico and Arizona was proposed on the ground that they were similar in natural resources, while the other merger was urged for the opposite reason that their resources were unlike and complementary. To avoid the chance of admitting another Nevada, the two-State advocates were willing to create another Texas.

It seems to us that the amendments which have resulted from the many conflicting opinions of individual Senators are on the whole wise. If Oklahoma stood by itself, there would be little reason for refusing immediate Statehood; but the case of Indian Territory is somewhat different, and united there is not the slightest doubt of their ability to become a State creditable in every way. As for the huge area on the southern border, it is hard to see why the reasons urged for its partition forty-odd years ago do not hold good to-day. The distance from corner to corner would be about equal to that from New York to Chicago. Litigation would be made expensive and administration difficult. With that proposal rejected, the question remaining was whether to keep Arizona waiting. Much is promised for the Territory; in fact, the testimony given before the Congressional committees showed notable progress since the last census was taken. But the best argument for postponement is found in the flat conflict of statements regarding the agricultural and mining possibilities of the State. It is argued on the one side that irrigation can make Arizona a garden spot, while the other side rejoins that some irrigation works already con-

structed have proved failures for lack of sufficient water. A few years ought to make possible at least an agreement as to the facts.

The Senate gave the measure an uncommonly full and fair discussion, and has much more reason to insist upon its contention than the House, which rushed it through wtih only the travesty of a debate.

TEMPERANCE IN GERMANY.

The simple five-line cable announcement that the German Emperor had given permission to his army officers to drink toasts in water, doubtless seemed of trivial importance to most American readers. It must, however, have created a sensation in Germany, where an officer wishing to be a total abstainer has found it practically impossible to live up to his principles. To drink the health of his majesty in anything else than champagne has hitherto been regarded as a mild form of leze-majesty. Few officers have had the courage, the character, and the position to face the criticism certain to follow an avowal of abstinence from alcoholic beverages. One of these is Field Marshal Count von Haeseler, recently retired, who was considered one of the most brilliant officers in the service, and certain of high command in the event of hostilities. He is, moreover, a warm friend of the Emperor, and his example may well have influenced his sovereign when the latter informed the Munich Society against the Misuse of Spirituous Liquors that "no compulsion exists to partake of toasts in alcoholic drink," and expressed the hope that this fact would receive wide publicity.

The officers of the Kaiser's army cannot be regarded as an aggregation of topers. Not even the sensational writers like Beyerlein, Bilse, and Von Baudissin have gone so far as this in their recent novels. But all of them have dwelt upon the fact that there was entirely too much drinking, particularly in the officers' casinos or clubs, and there has been a widespread belief that this evil, instead of decreasing, has grown worse, particularly in isolated garrisons and in the most fashionable and aristocratic regiments of the service. Everywhere the temptations besetting a young officer are enormous. He is expected to drink with every comrade at the first entertainment in which he participates, and is supposed to lag behind no one in conviviality at the regimental gathering known as the *Liebesmahl*, or regimental "feast of brotherhood," which has been the undoing of many an officer. A certain corps commander admitted last summer that his annual tour of inspection was a round of torture for him, since custom required every regiment to entertain him at an elaborate banquet, at which his subordinates were particularly anxious—for obvious reasons—to see that he reached a state of mellowness.

That there could be a temperance, or a moderation, society, of which the Emperor would take notice, would have seemed impossible twenty years ago. Still more incredible would have appeared a prophecy that within so short a time there would be a widespread agitation to curtail the use of beer and liquor. There were then voices crying in the wilderness, but the wilderness was very great, the voices few, and the echoes rare. Profssor Fick of Würzburg, who long preached the doctrine of abstinence, suffered severely because he, like Professor Bunge of Basel, dared to avow himself "ein Temperenzler." Before he died, in 1891, he lamented the fact that the cause had made no progress in his lifetime. But, just as he passed away, the day of propaganda and of progress was at hand. Curiously enough, it is the scientists who have led in the movement rather than social reformers, and, as one of our correspondents recently pointed out, it was in Heidelberg itself, the home of the beer-drinking student, famous for its giant tun, that the experiments of Professor Kraepelin, begun in 1892, supplied a variety of scientific arguments in favor of abstinence as opposed to moderate drinking. Professor Kraepelin and his assistants speedily became convinced that there was no increase in vigor and alertness through drinking. In the case of some typesetters it was "ascertained that when these men had drunk half a bottle of wine each, they were under the delusion of increased vigor and capacity for work, while they actually did inferior work. This disturbing influence was still quite distinct on the following day, so that a second day of abstinence was necessary to bring the men up again to their own standard of efficiency." Among the students, particularly among those studying medicine, there are flourishing abstinence societies which make the oldest inhabitants of Heidelberg rub their eyes in amazement.

As yet church and school are indifferent to this movement. There is nothing that corresponds with the notable agitation on behalf of temperance undertaken by the Catholic Church in this country. The women's clubs, whose growth has been as striking as in the case of our own, have, however, begun to take up this question in earnest. Manufacturers, too, are beginning to see by practical experience that workmen who are constantly steeped in alcohol suffer a loss of productive power. The difference between laborers in north and south Germany in this respect is noteworthy. The publisher of a prominent newspaper, who recently moved his establishment to Munich from Berlin, estimates that the difference is fully 25 per cent. in favor of the North Germans. His new workmen have their beer bottles by their side throughout the day, and their union has blocked every effort to prevent drinking during office hours. This employer calls the great beer breweries which have made Munich prosperous "the curse of South Germany." He is himself not an abstainer. Students of our own liquor problem who see in the habitual use of beer and light wines an antidote to whiskey and brandy drinking, evidently have something to learn from a study of conditions in Germany. They will be surprised to find an increasing number of societies working for temperance, particularly in Bremen and Hamburg, where the Good Templars have obtained a firm foothold. Moreover, the German movement has at last obtained a respectful hearing from the press, which will be all the more liberal-minded now that the Emperor has taken his stand in regard to temperance in the army.

CIRCULATING MUSEUMS.

The consular reports from Birmingham are probably not favorite reading with art lovers, so we are glad to call attention to Consul Halstead's recent letter on a loan exhibition for educational purchases, supplied by the South Kensington Museum to the local art school. The exhibition consists of both originals and reproductions, and is made up with a view to the industries centred at Birmingham. Thus, metal work, enamel, jewelry, wood-carving, wood-engraving, designing for book illustrations, manuscripts as examples both of calligraphy and of illumination, are put at the disposal of the Birmingham students for the season of 1905. The principle is that of the travelling libraries, which have proved so successful in this and other States. That is, the collection is relatively small, and adapted to local needs. We presume that, as in the case of our own State Library, the South Kensington Museum gladly entrusts such collections to any responsible custodian.

A similar relation exists very advantageously between the central museums and outlying institutions of France and Prussia. The pictures regularly bought for the Luxembourg Gallery are, after a time, assigned to the provincial museums of France. Prussian galleries outside of Berlin regularly receive deposits of the surplus of the royal collections. It is easy to see that there are many objects of art which, while below the standards of a great museum, may be delightful in themselves and instructive to the student of the history of art. Every museum also acquires many duplicates, which, though they may not be especially available for exchange, would be very welcome in a smaller institution. Naturally, there could be no question of circulating permanent and major exhibits. The Luxembourg, in sending Whistler's portrait of his mother to a London exhibition, displays a liberality

little likely to be imitated. But out of the minor possessions of any great museum many small educational collections could be made which might be sent about with the same profit now experienced in the case of library loans of books or art reproductions.

Details will readily fly to the mind of anybody familiar with museum management. The storeroom of any large institution would fit out an excellent little collection of canvases which, grouped historically, would quite adorn an up-country museum. At the Metropolitan Museum, for example, lack of space has relegated to the storeroom many pictures of great interest: a capital Goya and an extraordinary fruit piece attributed to Velasquez may be instanced. Would not these pictures be more useful at Worcester, Norwich, Buffalo, or any other town with its museum, than awaiting the completion of a new building at Central Park? Certain important branches of art lend themselves admirably to miniature representation. A case of medals and a packing-box of small bronzes, supplemented by photographs of monumental compositions, would make Renaissance sculpture more vivid to a community than a great collection of dull casts. Textiles, again, might easily be sent about, and could not fail to affect our own designing favorably. Metal work of all sorts is designated for such use, and certain forms of faïence—precisely those most applicable to our own manufactures—may be transported without great expense or risk of breakage.

We need hardly say that such travelling collections should be not only planned by the central museum, but so completely labelled or catalogued that the local director need assume only the responsibility of custody. The considerable work that this adds at headquarters is repaid by the certainty that a few objects carefully chosen and fully described may be of greater educational value than the confusingly large exhibits in great museums. On the other hand, the best skill is required in arranging and labelling such collections, and, in addition, a very unusual tact and sense of what the average person needs to know and can take in. In fact, to do a little work of this kind would be quite as profitable to the cloistered connoisseur as teaching is to the scientific investigator. Moreover, the good will a museum may gain by relations of this sort is by no means a negligible asset. It extends widely its circle of possible benefactors, and recruits the student class, upon which, in the last analysis, all museums depend.

To museologists of the old school, who are shocked at a hint of removal of an object from its consecrated position in the showcase, the idea of lending anything to anybody will seem rank heresy. But in this matter the museums must simply catch up with the libraries. That veteran Cantabridgian, Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, told gleefully at his recent jubilee how once, when an undergraduate, daring to break into the sacred precincts of the university library, he was at once and indignantly put out by the outraged librarian. To-day, the Cambridge Library extends its hospitality to all the world, and, on proper requisition, even lends books to other libraries. Finally, a public museum which circulates its treasures is only doing what private collectors have long done willingly. Ten years ago the art association of a small New England college freely drew upon the priceless Japanese paintings of a well-known Detroit amateur and the etchings of a New York collector whose Whistlers practically made up the entire print section of the memorial exhibition at Boston last year. Such instances are by no means uncommon, and to discerning museum directors they point the way to loans equally liberal, but more carefully devised and directly educational. Undoubtedly, the new director of the Metropolitan Museum, under whose care the South Kensington Museum has done good work of this nature, will, as time serves, build up such a department of museum extension. Nobody knows better than he that for any museum the worst possible motto is, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." Notable borrowers in the past, we hope it will not be long before all our great museums become also generous and discriminating lenders.

COLLEGE TUITION FEES.

The Yale Divinity School will not, it is announced, establish a tuition fee. The faculty has declared that such a step would mean the reduction of one-half in the number of students. So far as the Divinity School is concerned, the matter is temporarily settled; but the discussion of fees in other departments of the University still goes on briskly. At Harvard some one raises the question at least once a year. Week before last, for example, the *Evening Post* published an account of the movement to secure a large additional endowment for the college proper—$2,500,000 is the minimum, and $10,000,000 is mentioned as the possible goal. If Harvard cannot get this money, so the argument is often put, the limited income may force the increase of tuition fees. In most other Eastern colleges and universities, the authorities, when casting about for means to make both ends meet, are seriously asking whether the students should not bear a larger share of the burden.

Education costs much more than it did twenty-five or even fifteen years ago. The days when Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other were a first-rate college in miniature have long since passed. The libraries and laboratories which must now be maintained, even in a relatively small college, eat up the income of a million or two. Books are expensive in themselves; and the men and machinery for cataloguing and making them instantly accessible to a thousand students during fourteen hours of the day are not to be had for nothing. Laboratories with the latest apparatus in chemistry, physics, and all the branches of engineering are in some ways yet more expensive; for while a large number of books are as useful to the student of literature to-day as they were two hundred years ago, the scientific apparatus of two decades ago is valuable chiefly as a curiosity. To keep pace with the strides of modern science would almost drain the purse of Fortunatus. There is not a college of standing in America that could not expend from $50,000 to $100,000 annually merely in keeping up the efficiency of libraries and laboratories; and the larger institutions, like Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the Western State universities, need far more.

Sound instruction cannot be provided by wholesale at cut rates. The expansion of a college, while it may reduce certain per-capita expenses of physical maintenance and administration, ought not to affect profoundly the per-capita cost of teaching. In a few courses twenty pupils can be handled as easily as ten; but if there is to be anything like personal attention and guidance, the professor in charge of a large course must have a stout corps of assistants to follow with care the work of individuals, correct their reports, theses, and examination papers, spur the lagging, and help the ambitious. A large course not thus thoroughly manned speedily degenerates into a "snap"—an academic Botany Bay. Experience at Harvard and elsewhere abundantly shows that the proportion between students and teachers must be held pretty steady if a university is to be "an alma mater, knowing her children one by one, not a foundry or a mint or a treadmill."

Moreover, the professor should not be asked to give his services for the pleasure of doing good. While we cannot accept the view that college teachers are, as a class, in the submerged tenth, heroically upholding a tradition of culture for the benefit of a world which neglects and starves them, we are sure they should be better paid. An increase of salaries from a third to a half throughout the country would be nothing more than justice; and it might, by attracting stronger men, improve the average of breadth and virility in our faculties.

While the demands for money are thus growing more insistent, the rate of interest is always falling. Harvard received 7.82 per cent. on her investments in 1871-72 and only 4.77 in 1903-04; and

other college treasurers tell the same story. The relation between income from tuition fees and income from productive funds is exhibited in the following table which President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University compiled for *Harper's Weekly* from the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education (1902):

Name.	Tuition fee in college.	Income usually from tuition fees.	Income from productive funds.
Hamilton College	$75	$14,000	$28,000
Hobart College	80	7,646	18,224
Colgate University.....	60	16,258	48,285
Cornell University.....100-125		285,284	407,113
Columbia University...	150	479,217	524,730
New York University..	100	152,995	50,438
University of Rochester	60	13,649	36,908
Union College.....	75	9,000	20.000
Syracuse University....	75	88,425	32,267

The figures from other States are similar. The student often contributes only from a third to a half of the money spent on his college training. The rest comes from the diminishing interest on productive funds.

As a matter of bare equity, he might be required to contribute more. If the lads who own automobiles and horses and who employ valets could be subject to a special levy—a tax on luxuries—the college and the boy as well might gain. A tax on laziness and incompetence is proposed by Prof. J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia in a recent issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*. He would have the students of lowest standing pay the highest fees. These suggestions, however, are more ingenious than practicable. A high fee would not disturb the rich, and, where there are many scholarships, it might not overload the ablest among those of narrow means. There is, however, grave danger of driving away the very persons who profit most by college. Neither Harvard nor Yale, for example, can afford to alienate any considerable number of those serious, hard-working, and intelligent undergraduates who come from what might be called "middle-class" families. They become the alumni of whom in later years the university is most proud. At this present moment they form the cleanest and most wholesome element in the body academic. It is their presence and favorable influence which make multi-millionaires, provided they be not also fools, willing to send their sons to college. Were a university by any stroke of malign fate to become in fact a "rich man's college," it would soon rank, as an educative force, with the New York Stock Exchange or the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. For a college, as for a man, there is a possibility of gaining the world and losing one's soul.

MONUMENTS TO CRISPI.

FLORENCE, January 25, 1905.

"Blessed by his country, the mortal remains of Francesco Crispi enter the Temple of Glory January 12, 1905." (Inscription over the central door of San Domenico, the Sicilian Pantheon.)

In his biographical sketch of Crispi, insurgent, exile, revolutionist, and statesman, the late W. J. Stillman foretold that "Italy will build him a monument, and amongst those who will be most eager to decree it, will be those who most feared and assailed him when living." The first forecast has been fulfilled before the fourth anniversary of his death (August, 1901); the second partially. Two monuments were inaugurated in Palermo on the 12th instant, the fifty-seventh anniversary of the Sicilian Revolution of 1848. The one placed in the Pantheon, where Cardinal Celesia refused permission to inter him, is a purely Sicilian tribute, representing Crispi grasping the tricolored flag with the figure of Sicily; on one side a youth folded in the flag looking eagerly outwards, as seeking the new enemies who have yet to be conquered. The other monument, in bronze, eleven metres high, rises in the Piazza Francesco Crispi (formerly delle Croci). This represents the statesman, the minister of the monarchy elected by the plébiscites. The allegorical figures represent Monarchy clasping Sicily, who bears aloft the flag of Salemi, on which is inscribed, "Italy and Victor Emanuel: Garibaldi in his name Dictator." This was the first proclamation issued by Crispi's initiative the day after the landing of the Thousand at Marsala, so that, neither in the island nor on the continent should there be any doubt as to the programme of the Liberator. The other hand rests on the figure of continental Italy. On the base are inscribed the words, spoken in 1864, "Monarchy unites us," which, with the other words, "A Republic would disunite us," led to the sad rupture between Mazzini and his greatest unitarian apostle.

Thus clearly does the monument arise as a tribute of the monarchical conservatives, who, throughout four-fifths of Crispi's life, feared, hated, persecuted, and calumniated him with relentless, remorseless cruelty. If their fury abated during his last ministry, it was because the utter and universal chaos into which they had plunged the country after overthrowing him by their coalition cabal in 1891, clouded the brain of the statesman and rent the heart of the patriot, and led him actually to adopt their violent measures of repression and coercion, while their financial incompetence, resulting in a deficit of 177 millions, left him without a farthing to spend on remedial actions. And it is this coercionist period of his life that the conservatives began to illustrate and hold up as a model to Zanardelli and the young King, who realized that the Italians had suffered too much violence, injustice, and oppression to tolerate more from any one. Since the late election the conservatives have begun to realize that they may not always remain the predominant partner. More than one of their organs recall Crispi's resolute attitude, according all due liberty to the Church within its spiritual orbit, but never once allowing it to invade the province of the civil power. When he kept Parliament closed during the conclave of 1878, it was to prevent the Catholic world from interfering on the ground that "the Church was not free to exercise its lawful authority"; at the same time he warned the cardinals that, if they held the conclave outside of Italy, they would never be allowed to reënter the Vatican. While he permitted pilgrimages and jubilees, he also promoted the inauguration of the statue of Giordano Bruno, to accentuate the fact that the abolition of the temporal power signified the establishment of liberty of thought, of conscience, of discussion.

While the unextinguished rancor of the Republicans and the Socialists is intelligible, the rabid attacks of the Radicals are as disgraceful as they are inconsistent. Their chief organ, the *Secolo*, evokes anew all the old calumnies. That of bigamy was disproved by a judicial court, as his supposed marriage with Rosalie Montmasson in Malta was no marriage; hence, when he made the mother of his beloved daughter his wife by the civil law, he committed no illegality. Nor did he, as his calumniators assert, leave Rosalie "to pine in poverty and destitution," but provided for her during his lifetime, and left her 300 lire a month in his will. Nor did she ever sanction the efforts of his persecutors to blacken his name; refused from first to last to allow her name to be used, and, two months ago, surrounded by the chief survivors of the Thousand, she died, blessing her one and only love, regretting that, while in poverty she had been his guardian angel, in affluence she had become a thorn in his side, and, by her exactions, jealousies, and want of self-control, compelled him to choose between separation from her or total withdrawal from public life. As with Byron, Crispi's domestic misfortunes darkened his career. Even now his worshipped daughter, for whom all his sacrifices were made, has been compelled to obtain legal separation from Prince Linguaglossa, whom he chose as a husband, thinking thus to ensure her a happy future.

Of course, the Bank scandals are revived, and the Radicals, who have accepted the leadership of the chief offender, still designate Crispi as the "great public plunderer," though they cannot ignore the fact that the debts he had previously incurred or had allowed to be incurred were left unpaid during his ministry, and that when he died all his property was sequestrated by his creditors. Of course, they still accuse him of promoting and fomenting the African war, of precipitating the final disaster, but they have not a single proof to adduce. Mystery still shrouds the story. Baratieri was made the military scapegoat, but, after his acquittal by the military tribunal, he kept silence till his death, when all his papers were transferred to the State archives. Mr. Stillman affirms that King Humbert was alone to blame—that Crispi desired to retain Baratieri in Italy, and to send a general of higher rank in his stead; that the King refused, and urged on the aggressive war. There are many who look forward to the opening of Crispi's archives, sequestrated and sealed since August, 1901, to find confirmation of this; but they will assuredly be disappointed. The abnegation and devotion with which, in the name of Unity, he served the "kings of the plébiscites," will never be belied by any posthumous revelations.

Neither Republicans nor Socialists care for the reforms effected by Crispi, which the Radicals are bound to, but do not, respect. Hence their natural implacability, their scorn and derision of the "glorification of Crispi." But it is something gained

that, with the exception of his latest and worst policy, his life as revolutionist and statesman is being vindicated. He will yet stand as a model patriot, and the good done in his lifetime will survive him, while from one point of view much of the evil effected has been buried in his grave. No present or future statesman will ever dare again to attempt to coerce a whole people, in Italy at least; while the mobocracy also is learning that neither shall they gain aught by violence. J. W. M.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

PARIS, January 27, 1905.

There are many Frenchmen who know about Marguerite de Valois, the youngest daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Médicis, and the first wife of Henri IV., only what they have learned in the amusing novels of the elder Dumas. I remember that in my younger days, a student being examined for the degree of *bachelier ès lettres* gave some details concerning the times of the Valois. The examiner asked him where he had found them; he answered candidly, in Dumas's 'Trois Mousquetaires.' As he could not cite any better source of information, he did not get his degree. It was rather hard on him, and I could not help remembering him when I saw on the title-page of a volume which has just appeared, 'La Reine Margot.' It is a very serious historical work, but the author found it necessary to give the popular name to his heroine, the famous princess who played such an important part in her day.

It is no easy task to write an impartial history of a princess who lived in troubled times, and had as many enemies as she had friends. There is an historical school which collects documents without showing much criticism in the choice of them. There are lying documents which are only worthy of contempt. Nobody has been the subject of more mendacious and libellous pamphlets than the unfortunate Queen Marie-Antoinette. These are kept in our National Library, in a special section, which is familiarly called "L'Enfer," a true inferno of ignoble productions which are never to greet the eyes of the general public. Marguerite de Valois, the beautiful "Reine Margot," cannot be judged solely by the testimony of the pamphleteers of her time. No more ought she to be judged by the partial eulogies of such men as Brantôme. The famous Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de Brantôme, has left us, in one of the volumes of his amusing memoirs, a series of contemporary "Lives of the Illustrious Dames of France." Longest of all these is the Life of Marguerite. Brantôme gives the most glowing description of her beauty, her gowns, her manners. His account of the life and actions of the Queen is not very detailed, but is marked by his usual liveliness, and still deserves to be read; it is very partial, and is inspired by a sort of blind admiration, in which we discover, however, a touch of skepticism and of *parti-pris*.

The court of the Valois was the most brilliant in Europe; but Catherine de Médicis gave her children the worst possible education. She was sensual and superstitious, and surrounded herself with Italian adventurers, who brought to the court all their vices, their debauchery, the habitual use of poison and of assassination, their belief in occult sciences and astrology, their homicidal perfumery. Catherine inspired the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; she probably hastened the death of Jeanne d'Albret. The marriage of Marguerite de Valois with Henry of Navarre, which was intended to be a reconciliation of the Protestants and Catholics, was a purely political union. Marguerite did not like Henry of Navarre: she, however, was not herself an accomplice in the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

"I have heard a princess say," writes Brantôme, "that she saved the life of her husband in the Massacre, for undoubtedly he was proscribed and marked on the red paper (as they say), because it was declared that the roots must be taken out, such as the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the Admiral, and other great personages; but the Queen threw herself on her knees before King Charles, her brother, to beg of him the life of her lord and master. The King granted this to her with difficulty, though she was his good sister. I have been assured that she bore the Massacre very impatiently, and saved several men, and even a gentleman of Gascony (it seems to me his name was Lerac), who, wounded as he was, came and threw himself under her bed when she was in it; and the murderers having followed him as far as her door, she ordered them away; for she was never cruel, but very kind, after the fashion of the daughters of France."

Brantôme adds that the pique between her and her husband arose more from religion than from anything else; but there were many causes for it, and it was a fact that they allowed each other a great degree of liberty. Marguerite was for a time taken by her mother to the Court of Navarre, but her heart was in the Court of the Louvre and she returned to Paris. Negotiations ensued with regard to her between the King of France and the King of Navarre, and she was obliged to return to Nérac. After the death of the Duke d'Anjou, she quarrelled openly with her husband, declared for the League, which was hostile to Henry of Navarre, and took possession, in the name of the League, of the town of Agen. She was driven from it by a revolt, and took refuge at Carlat. She remained some time in Auvergne, and the Marquis of Canillac made her prisoner and conducted her as such to the Castle of Usson. She contrived to take possession of it, and from a prison made it a safe retreat for herself.

Marguerite wrote Memoirs, which are now very rare. If we knew of her only what she says, and what Brantôme and another panegyrist, Father Hilarion de Coste, say, we should have to place her very high and only to praise her qualities. The other documents which give us light upon her character are not so flattering. M. Charles Merki says, however, justly:

"We certainly cannot imagine that Queen Marguerite was exactly the princess vaunted by Brantôme; neither that she led in the castle of Usson the austere life which Father Hilarion de Coste speaks of. Concerning conjugal virtue and fidelity—which it would have been a merit in her to stand up for with a husband like Henri IV.—Marguerite de Valois had no puritanical ideas other than those of her time, or of the world in which she had grown up and lived. But we cannot forget that, after her marriage, she became an object of hatred to the Protestants; that she was singled out by the writers of anecdotes whom her beauty, her wit, and her manners excited; and that, after her death, she was dragged in the mud, for reasons of state.

A pamphlet appeared in Edinburgh in 1574, under the title 'Le Réveille-matin des Français et de leurs Voisins,' which contains scandalous allusions to Marguerite and her brother, Charles IX. The principal source, however, of the stories told about her is the 'Divorce Satyrique,' a book which had a very large circulation and which still enters into the collections of bibliophiles. It has been attributed to Agrippa d'Aubigné; it appears, but with some important reserves, in the "Œuvres Complètes" of this writer edited in 1877 by Reaume and De Caussade. It was for a long time circulated only in manuscript form. M. Charles Merki calls it "an ignoble pamphlet, unworthy of the author of the 'Tragiques' and of the 'Histoire Universelle'"; nevertheless, it was largely used by Bayle and by most of those who wrote on Queen Marguerite. The anonymous writer places in the mouth of Henri IV. himself the recital of the facts which rendered his divorce necessary, and gives an account of the lovers, real or supposed, of Marguerite de Valois, with many extraordinary details. We find in the long list, with some unknown names, that of the Duke de Guise, of her three brothers, of La Môle, of Bussy, of M. de Mayenne, of the Viscount de Turenne. It is in the 'Divorce Satyrique' that we find a saying, often cited, of Charles IX.'s at the time of the marriage of Marguerite to Henry of Navarre: "In giving my sister to the King of Navarre, I give her to all the Protestants of the kingdom."

Anything, says M. Merki, may be believed when it is a question of the Duke de Guise and the last of the Valois, "but we ought not to take *à la lettre* the affectionate terms which were used by the brother and sister, the Duke d'Alençon and Marguerite." Pibrac testifies: "Our mode of writing nowadays is full of excesses; nobody uses simply the word love—one adds always extremely, infinitely, passionately, and such things. No brother writes to a sister, no sister to a brother, no servant to his mistress, who by a common error and fashion does not allow himself to go to extremes in language of the time, and does not forsake the path of duty and, I may say, of honesty." The whole literature of the time of Ronsard and of the Pleiad is full of this affectation and exaggeration.

The accusations against Marguerite de Valois have a more serious foundation in the 'Histoire Générale' of Scipion Dupleix, which comprises a History of Henri IV. and a History of Louis XIII. Scipion Dupleix was a Gascon writer, who was allowed to enter society under the protection of Marguerite. When she established herself in Paris in 1605, she gave him the rank of *maître des requêtes* in her hôtel, and let him into the details of her private life. After her death, Dupleix became the follower of Richelieu, obtained the title of Historiographer of France, and in 1630 published his historical work, in which he speaks of his benefactor in the severest terms. Bassompierre justly accused him of ingratitude. Richelieu, in his memoirs, passed on Marguerite de Valois a judgment which has the real tone of history.

Marguerite will always remain a very complex character. "Much good may be said of her," writes M. Merki, "and much evil, for, if she had true qualities, she exposed herself to much criticism by care-

lessness, by the promptings of passion and contempt of opinion, by the conviction that her royal blood placed her above certain rules, and that she could allow herself anything." To the general public she will always remain the handsome Margot of the Court of Charles IX., who danced the *pavane* in the rooms of the Louvre with the young Duc d'Alençon; the humane princess who tried to save some of the victims of the Saint Bartholomew, and to whom, as we have seen, the King of Navarre probably owed his life.

Correspondence.

TWO NOTES ON SHAKSPEREAN SOURCES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Any item connected with possible sources of Shakspere's plays has a certain ephemeral interest even if it be not of value to the scholar. Whether the two notes which follow have any real significance in the determination of such sources, I am unable now to say, but, not having seen attention called to the facts, I state them for what they are worth.

The plot of "Measure for Measure" is undoubtedly the same as that of Whetstone's play, "Promos and Cassandra" (1578), which, like the same author's prose version of the incident in his 'Heptameron of Civill Discourses' (1582), may have been derived from Giraldi Cinthio, who wrote a tragedy, "Epitia," and a *novella* ('Hecatommithi,' Dec. 8, Nov. 5), on this subject. But as Shakspere has called his heroine Isabella, instead of Cassandra, it is usually assumed that he took the name from that of the teller of the tale in the 'Heptameron.' Now Isabel, the heroine of Robert Greene's "Never Too Late" (1590), has a very similar adventure (Greene's Works, ed. Grosart, viii., 144, ff.). Deserted by her husband, she is tempted and threatened by Bernardo, one of the burgomasters of the city of Caerbranck, but successfully resists him. He then has her brought before the council, of which he is executive head, and accused of adultery by a false witness whom he has suborned. Isabel is condemned and sentenced, but the witness suddenly repents of his perjury and confesses, whereupon Signor Bernardo is heavily fined and deposed from office.

It may be merely a coincidence that the name of the heroines in both tales should be the same, and that the name Bernardo should be rather close to that of Barnardine, the dissolute prisoner of Shakspere's play. But it is perhaps more striking that an unusual word is employed by both writers in the same connection. Greene writes (*ibid.*, p. 153): "Although he [Bernardo] knewe she did rightly *refell* his follie, and partly perceiued her counsaile cooled the extreame of his desires, yet the feare of God was so farre from him, that he prosecuted his intent." Shakspere employs this word "refell" only once in his works, where Isabel tells the Duke:

> "How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
> How he *refell'd* me, and how I replied" (*M. for M.*, v., i., 93-4).

The second item referred to is even more trivial. It is well known that "The Taming of a Shrew," the anonymous play on which Shakspere based his comedy of similar title, was entered in the Stationers' Register May 2, 1594 (Arber's Trans., ii., 648). Now, on October 16 of the same year, Thos. Gosson and Joseph Hunte entered a ballad entitled "The Cooling of Curst Kate" (Arber's Trans., ii., 662). "Curst Katharine," "Kate the curst," and "Katharine the curst," are phrases familiar to us from Shakspere's play (i., ii., 128-9, and 184; ii., i., 187); but in a hasty examination of the older comedy I did not meet with any of them. Still, it is not a far cry from Kate the shrew to Kate the curst.

Robert Adger Law.

Harvard University, February 8, 1905.

Notes.

The Merrymount Press, Boston, will make for C. E. Goodspeed an exact reprint of 'The Bride,' "a hitherto unknown poem by Samuel Rowlands," from the supposedly unique copy in the Harvard College Library. Alfred Claghorn Potter, assistant librarian, supplies an introductory note. Of the 210 copies to be printed, 190 will be sold for the benefit of the College Library.

Fox, Duffield & Co. have nearly ready 'Old Masters and New,' essays in art criticism by Kenyon Cox, some twenty in all, collected from this artist's contributions to the *Nation* and other periodicals, and much revised and altered. Their range, in point of theme and view, is from the fifteenth century to the present day.

'Trees and Shrubs of Central Park,' by Louis Harman Peet (author of 'Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park'), is now in the hands of the printer, and the author hopes to publish it early next April. On sixteen maps covering the Park two thousand trees and shrubs have been plotted. Explanatory tables and text descriptions accompany the maps, so that identification is easily effected.

We have received the illustrated prospectus and Part I., Volume I., of 'A History of English Furniture,' by Percy Macquoid (London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The work is to be a very stately quarto or square small folio, and Part I., running to page 48, including three plates printed in color separate from the text, is one-twentieth of the whole work, whose nearly one thousand large illustrations will include sixty plates in color. Four volumes will be devoted respectively to four periods, entitled "The Age of Oak," "The Age of Walnut," "The Age of Mahogany," "The Composite Age." The color-plate examples are very carefully wrought and highly successful, made by some modern process, seemingly not chromolithography, and yet superior in its results to the "three-color process" as commonly displayed. The subjects are the carved oak credence belonging to Mr. Barry, "Sudbury's Hutch in St. James's Church, Louth, Lincolnshire," "Sir John Wynne's Buffet," and (in the prospectus) a very elaborate chest with dropping front, inlaid in the Dutch style and with wood of various colors. There is not very much text in what remains of the 48 pages. Evidently but little purely Gothic design exists among the furniture which Mr. Macquoid's patient investigations have brought to light. He seems to name the closing years of the fifteenth century as the epoch for the first half-dozen pieces, including Plate I.

The Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, begin their series of reprints of "Narratives of Captivities" with 'A Narrative of the Captivity of Nehemiah How in 1745-1747,' edited by Victor H. Paltsits from the copy in the Lenox Library (1748). Mr. Paltsits supplies a topographical and historical introduction, and, on the bibliographical side, has occasion to criticise the faulty editing of Drake's 'Indian Captivities' (1839), which contained the first reprint of How. The tale, it must be said, is not very juicy. We could have wished a better proportion observed between the type employed for this volume and the page. There is a full index, and a facsimile title-page.

A book so slender that even its pages are unnumbered has been made up on the basis of an undated manuscript scrap, an "impromptu reminiscence" purporting to have been read at a meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society in Boston—'Lafayette in Brooklyn, by Walt Whitman' (New York: George D. Smith). The French patriot laid the corner-stone of the Apprentices' Library in Brooklyn, on July 4, 1825. Among other children whom he lifted over the rough grounds to a safe place for viewing the spectacle, was Whitman, who recalls Lafayette as resembling S. F. B. Morse's portrait now in our New York City Hall. A heliotype of this painting is accordingly provided, along with one of Cox's well-known photographs of the poet, and a facsimile of part of the reminiscence. John Burroughs supplies a preface. The mechanical execution of this trifle is dainty, and will commend it to the collectors for whom the edition has been limited.

Another slight, and wholly unpretentious, volume, quickly read, is Dr. J. W. Winkley's 'John Brown the Hero: Personal Reminiscences' (Boston: J. H. West Co.). The author was one of Mr. F. B. Sanborn's informants in preparing the Life of Brown. He was a boy in Kansas in 1856 when brought in contact with the partisan leader. His well-written narrative is restrained and manifestly truthful. Aside from his impressions of Brown, Dr. Winkley has little of importance to relate, though he participated in the capture of a camp of Missourian invaders. His chief service was as a guide in trackless prairies, having what he calls a "psychic sense" for going to the place or object sought—not orientation exactly. He also beats hollow the marvel of wireless telegraphy by telling of a mirage disclosing the enemies' camp so that it could be examined with the glass for all essential particulars. He is now a follower of Tolstoy, and his admiration for Brown is tempered by his present belief in peaceful instrumentalities. Mr. Sanborn furnishes an introduction, and there are photographic plates—one of the Adair log-cabin where John Brown viewed the body of his son Frederick, cruelly slain by Border Ruffians.

Under the perplexing name of 'The Medici Balls,' the Charterhouse Press of New York sends forth a handsome book by Anna R. Sheldon and M. Moyca Newell, telling of "seven little journeys in Tuscany." The "journeys" comprise the Mugello, Prato, Chianti, Lucca, Pistoja, Brancoli, and Barga. A trip to each of these spots, with

Florence as a starting-point, is narrated in a chatty, discursive fashion, with a due amount of historical reminiscence and a vivid description of present conditions. The authors are well informed and appreciative, and their account will arouse envy in the hearts of countless lovers of Italy who are unable to go over the same road themselves. These may find, however, some consolation in the beautiful photogravures, over a hundred in number, which form the essential part of the volume. Landscapes, people, works of art, and especially buildings, are displayed in bewildering profusion and, for the most part, with good artistic effect; least successful are the reproductions of paintings. Clear, open type atones for the glossiness of the thick paper. There is an index and a full list of illustrations. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be revealed that the "balls" of the title are those which constitute the Medici coat of arms, encountered by the travellers at every turn in their wanderings.

'Uganda's Katikiro in England' (London: Hutchinson & Co.) is a work absolutely unique in English literature. The *katikiro*, or prime minister, was sent to England in 1902 to represent his countrymen at the coronation, and his secretary, Ham Mukasa, on their return, wrote in his native language an account of what they saw and did, and published it in Uganda. At the request of friends in England who wished to know what were the impressions gained during the visit, it has been translated into English, and thus enables us to see how one born in the heart of savage Africa was affected by the wonders of civilization. It is characterized by a naïve simplicity which makes it exceedingly attractive as well as amusing. Again and again the writer says that the wonders he saw made him feel like a little child. Everything is described from the native point of view and compared with things familiar to his own people. For instance, "The great tube out of which the smoke [of the steamer] comes is as large or larger than the largest drum in Namirembe Cathedral." Organ pipes "are like the stem of a green banana." At Marseilles "they took us into a room which they called 'lifet.' They make a thing like the room in a house, and a man comes and turns a handle, and a great deal of water comes out, and when all the water is finished, the room goes up by itself." The Natural History Museum in London, to which they went on "a carriage of two stories which is called an omnibus," was especially interesting. "Any living thing that is not there has never been seen by an Englishman, or it would have been brought there, whether it were bird or creeping thing or precious stone; all things from all nations, whether white or black, were there. It was there that I saw the whale that swallowed the prophet Jonah, so that he should go to Nineveh." A biscuit factory in Reading is called "the stomack of England, because it feeds the whole land," and Cambridge is famous "because it teaches things that are much to be desired by all men on the earth, and though it is not as large as other cities, yet I call it 'the tutor of the world.'" The translator, the Rev. Ernest Millar, has wisely refrained from making many notes or correcting misstatements. Sir H. H. Johnston contributes an introduction, and there are several interesting portraits and characteristic scenes in Uganda.

The American Book Company publish (as an addition to the Williams & Rogers series) a handbook of 'Commercial Law,' by D. Curtis Gano; in the preparation of it the author has had the assistance of Samuel C. Williams. The objections to handbooks of this sort have often been stated, and are well known. They are law books only among business men, and are instructive in business only for lawyers. Nevertheless, they are so frequently met with that they are probably of greater use than critics suspect, as helps in teaching. The present author expresses the pious hope that his volume may guide his readers "to discern the ways that lead *from* litigation." The ground covered is very extensive, embracing contracts, sales, negotiable instruments, agency, bailment, partnership, corporations, insurance, real property, and even pleading and practice. The subjects have been arranged "in the order in which it is deemed advisable for the teacher to present them." Cases are cited with care, and, regarded as a text-book for instructors, Mr. Gano's volume will be found valuable. Possibly it may have a tendency to enable business men "to conduct their business dealings with an intelligent idea of their legal rights and limitations"; but this bright vision is clouded by the recollection of the Statute of Frauds and other obstacles.

The Providence Journal Company has published for private distribution a volume entitled 'Half a Century with the *Providence Journal:* Being a Record of the Events and Associates connected with the Past Fifty Years of the Life of Henry R. Davis, Secretary of the Company.' The book, as the title implies, serves the twofold purpose of expressing the appreciation of the editors for the lengthy service of a valued member of the staff, and furnishing a vehicle whereby many interesting events connected with the paper's growth for the past half century are related. In this latter field the exhibition of the paper's development from a party organ into an "independent" sheet, sketches of the editors, prominent staff-writers, contributors and correspondents, and accounts of the mechanical equipment and the methods of news-getting, make up a very readable survey. It is unfortunate that the book is not provided with an index.

The identification of the Alighieri house or houses in Florence has been a vexed problem for many years. We know that the family lived in the parish of S. Martino, and local tradition has pointed to some old buildings diagonally across the street from the church. In 1864 the Florentine authorities, wishing to corroborate the popular belief, appointed a commission to investigate the matter. This body presented, the next year, a long report, based on numerous ancient documents, accepting the traditional site. Although the members of the commission were not agreed, and their interpretation of the data seemed illogical, the report was generally received as authoritative, and was confirmed by an official manifesto in 1869. The whole mass of evidence has recently been scrutinized in detail by Giorgio Piranesi, who exposes the blunders of the commission in its translation of Latin deeds and its deductions from them, as well as its fundamentally erroneous idea of the Alighieri genealogy. According to him, the documents, rightly understood, far from substantiating the legendary claim, prove conclusively that the structures in question cannot have belonged to Dante or any member of his family. On the other hand, they afford some indication of a vanished Alighieri residence at the intersection of the Via de' Cimatori and the Via de' Magazzini, on the opposite side of S. Martino from the accepted location. As to the fate of Dante's own house, we have evidence that it was destroyed at the time of his banishment. Piranesi's researches, published last year in *L'Italia Moderna*, now appear, with plans and photogravures, in a dainty brochure entitled 'Le Case degli Alighieri' (Florence: Francesco Lumachi).

'Natur und Arbeit' is the title of a work, in two large volumes, by Prof. Alwin Oppel (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: S. Zickel), whose object is to give a history of human industry and a description of the present state of the productive and distributive activity of the human race. The author first reviews the natural wealth which nature offers to mankind; next traces from prehistoric times to the present day the gradual steps by which mankind, using this wealth and overcoming the natural obstacles placed in its way, has emerged from primitive barbarism and achieved civilization; and finally minutely exhibits the contemporary condition of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce in the various countries of the world. The book is a veritable encyclopædia of its subject, replete with facts and figures of all possible kinds, and illustrated with many maps and woodcuts, most of which are relevant to the subject-matter. The author has drawn for material on the most recent writers on history, archæology, science, geography, etc., and has brought together a mass of interesting information on an innumerable number of topics, ranging from an account of the domestic animals of the ancient Greeks and Romans to a modern establishment for turning out armor plate or the Chicago Union Stockyards. Merely to give a list of the subjects touched upon would occupy more space than is here available.

The recent International Geographic Congress is the subject of the opening paper in the *Annales de Géographie* for January. A summary of its general work is followed by a description of the excursion to the Rocky Mountains and Mexico, with plans and photographs. The writer, M. E. de Martonne, says that the European geographers all "felt in some way the rhythm of the American life, feverish and hurried, ignorant of the morrow, concentrating all its energies on the present. Contact with the American geographers has been particularly instructive." It seems to him curious, however, that "in this country of intense economic life, endowed by the Census Office with the most complete and most precious statistical material, human geography appeared to be ignored." Another product of the congress is an account of the internal commerce of this country by Prof. H. Hauser, which he introduces with the statement that the extreme variety of our prod-

ucts is the cause of "le protectionnisme yankee." The vegetation of Japan and its influence upon the life of the people are most appreciatively treated by M. Revon. Japan's wealth in this respect is extraordinary, for, without reckoning the mosses, lichens, etc., there are 2,743 species of trees and plants, including 168 species of forest trees. Naturally, the Japanese are a nation of vegetarians, and a man's wealth is shown by the kinds of wood which have been employed in the construction of his house, its furniture and decorations. Nor is it surprising that to the arts of painting and sculpture these nature lovers should add the arts of making a garden and a bouquet.

The Tercentenary of 'Don Quixote' was celebrated in London on January 25 by a special meeting of the British Academy, at which Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly read the paper. Among other things he said that "the internal evidence of the book showed that Cervantes began hesitatingly and tentatively, intending to write a comparatively short story. The existence of the accomplished Sancho Panza was an afterthought. The idea probably occurred to Cervantes just after penning the innkeeper's statement that knights were commonly attended by squires." As regards the influence of the story in our day he says: "It is certain that imperfect translations suggested the characters of Sam Weller, the cockney variant of Sancho Panza, and of Colonel Thomas Newcome." Mr. Bryce, referring to the fact that history, not literature, was a subject within the range of the Academy, justified the celebration by the fact that the book was "universal," and "from its pages was to be learnt more of history than by reading a dozen chronicles."

An international congress for chemistry and pharmacy will be held in connection with the international exposition in Louvain next year. The Belgian Government has already promised financial aid, and the Chemical and the National Pharmaceutical Associations are arranging for the Congress, which will meet at the end of July and will sit in eleven sections. The work has already been distributed, and savants from many lands will participate. Professor Gilkinet of Louvain is the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

In Germany the writings of President Roosevelt are finding many readers; his 'Conquest of the West' has been translated for some time, and recently two new volumes have appeared in German garb, the 'Jagdabenteuer eines Farmers,' and the 'Jagden in Amerikanischer Wildniss,' and are reported to be selling rapidly. General Lieutenant von Liebert, in a recent discussion of these works, declares that they are the product of a "grossdenkenden Vollmenschen," and finds in the American President a type of the kind of man represented in Emperor William II.

In university circles in Germany a new phase of the old problem of general versus technical training is attracting a good deal of attention, chiefly on account of a petition, signed by hundreds of students in the philosophical faculty in Berlin, asking for the establishment of a special examination at the end of four semesters, to be called a "Philosophicum." This examination, after the analogy of the Physicum in the medical faculty, is to be, for candidates for the position of teachers in the secondary schools, the conclusion of their general studies. The examination is to cover German, religion, philosophy, and pedagogics.

—The Catalogue of the Exhibition of Pewter at Clifford's Inn Hall, London, held last spring, compiled by H. J. L. Massé, shows marks of hasty preparation. References are constantly made to 'Pewter Plate,' by the same author, reviewed in these columns last April; in fact, the Catalogue may be considered a supplement to that work. With all its shortcomings, necessitating "addenda" and "corrigenda," and with an index leaving much to be desired, the Catalogue is still an addition to our scant knowledge of the subject of old pewter. The vessels described, with few though good illustrations, are mostly of English manufacture, enough of Continental make being noted to mark the difference between the plain surfaces and bold outlines of the former, and the more highly decorated foreign ware better suited to the silversmith's art. In accounting for this distinction, Mr. Massé asserts that "the English workmen, working as they did under definite restrictions and still more definite supervision, were obliged to draw the line at any downright imitation of goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work." He is especially severe on the "grotesque inanities and the intricate yet imbecile nothings" that have been produced of late years, in an attempt to revive the art; and the questions whether the revival of the art of the pewterer is likely to succeed, and whether the wares now being made are equal in quality and design to the work of the past, can be answered only by a careful study of such examples as those given by Mr. Massé. As director of this, the first exhibition of its kind, Mr. Massé had the coöperation of the Pewterers' Company and of the most prominent collectors in England. The last vessel on the list is one of the prison cups or beakers engraved with a nail by Baron von Trenck while in prison in Magdeburg, and dated 1763, the year of his release. The Catalogue is expensively made, with a consequently limited edition, and can be obtained solely of the compiler, whose address is No. 37 Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, W., London.

—A tale almost colloquially told, and packed with adjectives characteristic of the rhetoric of the stump, is Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall's 'Forty Years of Active Service' (Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.). An autobiography, it properly includes an extremely creditable post-bellum career that embraced legislative and judicial duties in Virginia and twelve years in Congress, and culminated in the governorship of the author's State. He had entered early and stayed late in the Virginia cavalry, and the reminiscences of those four years have the greatest interest, whether for the veteran or for the youth who dreams of war. Three times he was seriously wounded, once directly through the chest, almost cutting the heart, but he was so full of fight that after Lee's surrender he failed to reach Johnston and help carry on the war only because that general also surrendered while he was still on the way. Col. O'Ferrall evidently depends on his memory, and there are various minor discrepancies with the formal records; but in one important incident he traverses a generally accepted belief. Lieut. John R. Meigs, a highly accomplished officer of engineers, was killed about 8 P. M. October 3, 1864, on the road near Harrisonburg, in the valley. Gen. Sheridan reported it as a murder, and ordered all the houses within an area of five miles to be burned. This is known as "the burnt district" to this day. Col. O'Ferrall gives a circumstantial account of a famous scout of that region, Frank Shaver, who had volunteered in the cavalry at the first call and was occupied in scouting near his native scenes. On this occasion, having two men with him, he suddenly encountered a mounted officer and two men, and sharp pistol firing on both sides resulted in the immediate death of one of Shaver's men and of Lieut. Meigs, and in the capture of the two Union soldiers. If that is correct, it was hardly ordinary bushwhacking. The character of the act depends upon the status of the slayers. Were they regular and uniformed scouts or irregular and irresponsible guerrillas? They certainly have always been believed to be the latter.

—Geologists in this country will hail with pleasure the publication, in English translation, of Suess's monumental work, 'Das Antlitz der Erde.' Volume I., which in its original form dates back to 1885, has recently been issued from the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde), and does full credit, in method and typography, to the German publication. The translation is ascribed to Hertha Sollas of Newnham College, under the direction of Prof. W. J. Sollas of Oxford University. It is, indeed, fortunate that the translation of so important a work should have fallen to competent hands, and the announcement of the early issue of Volume II., towards the end of the year, to be followed in 1906 by Volume III., and shortly afterwards by the concluding volume of text, practically ensures a proper rendering of the entire treatise. No work on geology since the days of Lyell's 'Principles' has exerted so profound an influence upon geological thought as has Suess's 'Antlitz der Erde,' and no one has mastered the broad geographical facts that are associated with the science of the earth, the world-concept, in a manner at all comparable with his presentation. However open to question may be some of the theories or hypotheses advanced in this cyclopædia of knowledge, however incomplete may be the evidence on some points that are presented, the luminous survey of the relations of our planet's dominant features must for many decades of geological inquiry be an inspiration to the rising investigator and the guiding star to his researches. Suess has given to geology very largely what Darwin gave to biology—the new perception and the new inquiry. In the Sollas translation the notes and references originally at the end of the respective chapters become footnotes in their proper places, and this may justly be considered an improvement. Here and there we notice the use of terms which differ from what have come to be the recognized forms in American geological literature, but which may recommend themselves as useful—and in some cases, perhaps, improved—variants. Seeing how many have been the discoveries in geological science since the publication, twenty years ago, of the first volume (to which

Professor Suess in a prefatory letter himself alludes), one might wish that the translator and editor had taken for their task, instead of the original German edition, the annotated and much later French edition of MM. Margerie and Bertrand. This would have supplied much new information of which the student is greatly in need.

—The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, publishes 'The Church Covenant Idea: Its Origin and Its Development,' by Champlin Burrage. The author's painful labor in amassing a large body of material does not seem to have been seconded by his ability to draw out from it any general conclusions of an impressive character. Altogether praiseworthy is his refusal to overwork the word "covenant" as it appears in the Bible as the germ of the covenant idea of the post-Reformation churches. More germinal appears to him the oaths taken by the early Christians and by Jewish "proselytes of the gate" to abstain from various immoralities. Indeed, whether or not there was any genetic relation between these early oaths and the later covenants, there was, in the earlier, distinct prefigurement of the later form, and this fact suggests the principal defect of Mr. Burrage's presentation. He has reproduced a great many covenants of the early Baptist and Congregational churches, but he is singularly blind to their most striking character, which is a negative one—their comparative freedom from dogmatic elements. They are, like the early Christian oaths, pledges of loyalty to standards of right living to a remarkable degree. Doubtless to some extent the dogmatic element was implicit in the assumption that the New Testament teachings were identical with the Westminster and other confessions of faith. The beginnings of the covenant idea are found among the German Anabaptists of the Reformation period. Mr. Burrage is very modest in the claim he makes for any Anabaptist roots of the Scotch covenants. These, culminating in the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, were quite apart from the main course of the development of the covenant idea. They were all covenants to maintain a fixed order of belief and worship. Much prominence is given to Robert Browne, the English Independent, both with a view to depreciating his originality and emphasizing his systematizing skill. The reaction of American colonial covenants upon the mother country is made plain. The famous Half-Way covenant of the New England churches has that cursory treatment which its much threshing heretofore makes right. In conclusion, it is confessed that "the covenant idea has ceased almost entirely to have for us the great significance it had for the early New England colonists."

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams has expressed the opinion that the ideal historian of the future, having prepared for his *opus* by writing effective monographs, will finally give the public the residuum of all his studies and reflections in such directness and compactness of form as the public can manage to cope with. Mr. J. H. Rose, in his 'Napoleonic Studies' (Macmillan), follows a reverse process. Having already published his 'Life of Napoleon' in two modest but weighty volumes, he now offers the world a certain number of chips from his Napoleonic workshop. The chapters of this volume have already appeared in various magazines, but, as each one of them bears directly on some phase of the Emperor's career, they make up a fairly compact series of essays. Several of the subjects chosen are extremely attractive, as may be seen from the following titles: "Wordsworth, Schiller, Fichte, and the Idealist Revolt against Napoleon," "The Religious Belief of Napoleon," "Britain's Food Supply in the Napoleonic War," "The Prussian Coöperation at Waterloo," and "The Detention of Napoleon by Great Britain." Mr. Rose's essays are marked by the same wealth of information and carefulness of statement which appeared in his book. He does not dogmatize for the sake of amusing his readers by a sharp saying, and inclines to caution whenever he ventures to put forth a generalization. This quality of his style is well illustrated by his concluding remarks on Napoleon's religious views: "The probability would seem to be that he wavered between materialism and theism, inclining more and more to the latter belief as the years wore on, but never feeling for religion the keen interest that he always manifested for the arts of war and of government. Richly gifted as he was in all that pertained to the life of action, and by no means lacking in originality and taste in the spheres of philosophy and literature, his nature was singularly barren on the side of religion. His best certified utterances on this topic are those of the politician rather than the believer." Another very interesting paper relates to the Prussian coöperation at Waterloo. In former years, controversy on this subject has usually ranged itself around the value of the direct assistance that was afforded by Ziethen's corps, coming in on Wellington's left at the close of the battle. But at present the discussion tends more and more to hinge upon the character of such indirect assistance as was afforded by Bülow between 4:30 and 6:30 P. M. It is now clearly made out that the German attack on the village of Planchenoit involved the detachment from Napoleon's main army of 14,000 excellent troops, who, but for that, might have added decisive weight to the last charge of the Guard upon Wellington's right centre.

—A double memorial to Friedrich III., the second German Emperor, was made public on the 18th of last October in a bronze equestrian statue and the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. This is the second memorial to the present Emperor's father in the new Berlin. As to the externals of these monuments the art world expresses itself with some reserves, but does not go so far as a year ago, when the statue before the Brandenburg gate was styled generally "the white horror." The new memorials, like the Reichstag building, suffer from their situation. The latter can be approached only from behind, the new Museum only from the side; while, for the statue, though the horse is finely modelled, the only free view of it presents the back of a uniform and a horse's tail. Rudolf Maison was the sculptor, and Ihne, chief court architect, the designer of the building. The three-cornered plot of ground on which the Museum rests presented some difficulties, as it is on the Spree Island, and hemmed in by the city railroad on one side, and on the other two by the arms of the Spree; but Mr. Max Osborn, writing in *Die Nation*, thinks this fact should have called out more originality from the architects, and not driven them back on all the historic devices of late Renaissance. The interior arrangements, however, evoke more praise, and introduce some odd effects, rich in variety, demanded indeed by this same ground plan; and the director, Wilhelm Bode, and his assistant, Max Friedländer, by mingling art works of different sorts, paintings, sculptures and small works, in rooms where door frames, ceilings, cases, etc., have the decorative character of the period, have established model halls that will serve as types wherever such material may be had. So the Rubens room is a masterpiece, as a whole and in relative effects; and striking also are the hall for the Raphael Gobelins, the wall where Raphael's Madonnas add to each other's glories, the Titian hall, and the double room containing Botticelli's Madonnas, Signorelli's, and Mantegna's "Presentation in the Temple." Berlin has never known before what treasures it had in its old museum. Great praise is due to Director Bode for the collection. He has made Berlin's money flow out for art objects in an astonishing way, and kindled the joy of collectors no less. No one before him has had such skill. Of the new acquisitions one must mention the James Simon cabinet of Italian Renaissance art works of all kinds, the Adolf Thiem hall of Netherland masterpieces, and the Wesendonck gallery—the last at present a loan.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Love's Labour's Lost: A New Variorum Edition of Shakspere, edited by Horace Howard Furness, M.A., (Harvard) Ph. D. Vol. XIV. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1904.

Editing "Love's Labour's Lost" calls for noble fortitude. The editor, however enthusiastic he may be for his author, can hardly shake off altogether the dread lest both play and editor fall under the ban of the fatal letters three writ large. Such misgiving ought not to be. The play, though assuredly not of Shakspere's best, as assuredly is not of his worst. On the contrary, there is in it a peculiarly happy audacity, a half-consciousness of youthful power, which fascinate the reader able to penetrate the thin cloak of verbal conceit and piled-up rhyme and grotesque situation. This estimate we catch glimpses of in the remarks of William Winter, Dowden, Walter Pater, cited at pages 337, 362, 365. The true estimate has not yet been definitively formulated, though Moulton comes very near it in his 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist' (third edition), a book, by the way, not in Dr. Furness's list of works quoted from. This is to be regretted, for Moulton's treatment of "Love's Labour's Lost" in parallel with "As You Like It" is illumining and helpful.

What is the theme—to use a much-abused phrase, the "central idea"—of the play? Usually the reader, tickled by the word-fence and the glitter of Armado and Holofernes, has erred to the extent of looking upon the play as a satire of Elizabethan foibles. This is to overlook Ben Jonson's truism, that Shakspere was not of an age. The theme of "Love's Labour's Lost" is

not the satire of an age, but satire for all time, the sharp yet kindly ridicule of pedantic, affected Celibacy turned to naught at the first brush with Reality. Can we imagine anything more absurd than the spectacle of four young "bloods" in the heyday of manly vigor forswearing everything but books and study for three mortal years? Put thus baldly the absurdity is palpable. So are the pound-of-flesh bargain and Lear's partition of his kingdom palpably absurd. But the dramatist's cunning hoodwinks us; it hoodwinked even the astute Biron into half-hearted assent. From now on we have the inevitable conflict. The King and his men are shams; the Princess and her ladies, quippish and snippish though they be, are not shams: life to them is healthful earnest. Shakspere intended to satirize, not the Renaissance nor the Elizabethan nor any period in particular, but the perennial folly of trying to withdraw from the world while remaining an integral part of it.

So much for the main theme. How is it with the minor groups of characters: Armado, Moth, Jaquenetta and Costard; Nathaniel, Holofernes and Dull? Here, if anywhere, we may look for local and contemporary hits. Jaquenetta, Costard, Dull appear and reappear on Shakspere's stage; though well drawn, they are types rather than individuals. With Armado and Holofernes the case is different. They are not types, they are not even individuals representative of classes; to our way of thinking they are thinly disguised portraits, drawn from originals more or less familiar to the well-informed playgoer of the day. At this point we part company with our editor, very reluctantly. Precisely who were the originals, we do not profess to have discovered; but that there were originals, we cannot help believing. At page eight Dr. Furness records his protest: "May I be permitted respectfully to say that I find it almost impossible to believe that an audience in Shakspeare's day, or in any other, could, while the play was in action before their eyes, piece together such fleeting allusions . . . and make therefrom specific characters." Dr. Furness seems to us to put the stage of 1900 in the place of the stage of 1600. Playgoers of the Bankside were not playgoers of Longacre; they did not go to the show as a relief from a day in stocks or town-shopping or from a heavy club dinner,

> "Und, was das Allerschlimmste bleibt,
> . . . vom Lesen der Journale."

To the Elizabethan the play was a mirror of the world, to show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;" the actors "are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live." Shakspere, speaking through Hamlet, felt that much at least, however much more he may have felt which transcended the form and pressure of the time. We need not hold with Fleay that Holofernes is drawn from Bishop Cooper, we may put aside summarily the identification of Armado with Lyly as preposterous, yet we need not fear to admit that a quick-witted spectator of 1600 was able to make a good deal out of fleeting allusions—perhaps that was what he went to the play for. And if his knowledge or his divination failed, surely he might count upon a kind neighbor to pass him the word.

Fleay would identify Armado with Lyly, and we do not hesitate to dub the attempt preposterous. In general, altogether too many words have been wasted upon Lyly and Euphuism in Shakspere. Even our patient editor must have groaned more than once, we suspect, over his pages 348-350; we fancy we detect a sign of relief in his parting remark: "Possibly, the last word on Lyly and Euphuism has been said in an essay bearing this title, written by Clarence Griffin Child, . . . wherein Euphuism is subjected to a microscopic analysis which will probably suffice for all time." The defect of Child's essay is that it is too microscopic—it loses sight of the wood in the trees; besides, it has altogether too much of the infallibility air of the Munich school. Should any honest reader, bewildered in this world of words, ask what is this mysterious Euphuism, we would answer: the style of Lyly's "Euphues." And to the inevitable further question, what is the style of "Euphues," we would answer: Read, if not the 446 pages of Arber's reprint, any twenty or thirty pages of Landmann's little volume of selections; better still, read Lyly's "Campaspe" in Gayley's 'Representative English Comedies.' Having thus formed your own definite impression of the Euphuistic style, judge for yourself whether you can fit it into "Love's Labour's Lost," or anything else of Shakspere's.

Yet we should not reject all connection between Shakspere and Lyly. The younger dramatist, we suspect, learned a good deal from the elder in the line of brisk dialogue and sparkling repartee. To readers unfamiliar with the earlier drama, the point can scarcely be made clear without more discussion than we have space for. But of readers who are familiar with dramatic history we need only ask, Where in the drama before Shakspere do you find anything like brisk dialogue and repartee except in the writings of Lyly? Further, the grotesque contrast between Armado and Moth derives somewhat at least of its verve from "the lovely, loving pair of friends," Sir Thopas and Epi, in Lyly's "Endymion." True, the comic contrast of unwieldy pomposity with elfish pertness is very old on the English stage; we find it in the Cain and Garcio of the Towneley mysteries, in the Jupiter and Merry Report of Heywood's "Weather." But the extravagant love of Sir Thopas for Dipsas seems to have prompted the love of Armado for Jaquenetta.

There has been much cudgelling of wits over the date of composition of the play. All the thrusts and parries, reproofs valiant and counter-checks quarrelsome, are duly recorded in pages 324-341, with an obvious, if suppressed, editorial *non liquet*. We fancy Dr. Furness viewing the whole question, as he advises us to view the "lost" quarto, "with one auspicious and one dropping eye." We merely adventure a mild surprise that he should not have ruled out with a curt dictum every inference drawn from the date of *publication* of Sidney's 'Arcadia,' 1590 (see pp. 325, 330). The date of publication of the 'Arcadia' cannot possibly figure as a *terminus a quo*, for the sufficient reason that the 'Arcadia' circulated freely in manuscript several years before it was given to the public in print; it was a sort of Elizabethan 'Christabel.' In like manner 'The Defence of Poesie' was known and read long before its publication (1595). Consequently, Dr. Furness's argument that the 'Defence' could not have furnished any hints for our play is not valid. That it did furnish any is of course highly improbable.

"Love's Labour's Lost" is not the product of the dramatist's maturity; on that point all are agreed. Is it, on the other hand, a firstling, possibly *the* firstling? This seems to be the view of Hertzberg and even of Furnivall (pp. 333-335). The view rests in the main upon metrical criteria. Hertzberg figures out less than four and a half per cent. of feminine rhymes; Furnivall lays stress on the large number of doggerel lines and alternate rhymes: "The metrical facts are those which to me settle the earlierness of *L. L. L.* over the *Errors*." Since metrical facts are to determine priority, by all means let us have them, only let us test them in the concrete and not by rule of thumb. We put side by side a passage from "Love's Labour's Lost" and a passage from the "Errors." First from Biron's great speech:

> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
> They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
> From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
> Why, universal plodding prisons up
> The nimble spirits in the arteries,
> As motion, and long-during action, tires
> The sinewy vigor of the traveller."

Now for the "Errors":

> "A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
> Before the always wind-obeying deep
> Gave any tragic instance of our harm.
> But longer did we not retain much hope;
> For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
> Did but convey unto our fearful minds
> A doubtful warrant of immediate death."

Surely this is no improvement upon Marlowe's

> "Holla, ye pampered Jades of Ásiá."

It has not even got beyond the stilted strut of "Gorboduc." Compared with such pedantic stuff, Biron's speech has almost the directness, the elemental spontaneity of Portia and Prospero.

A few words upon the play as a whole and its acting possibilities. Our readers may contrast the opinion of Gildon (p. 327), "—since it is one of the worst of Shakspeare's plays, nay, I think I may say the very worst," with Sidney Lee's statement (p. 346): " 'Love's Labour's Lost' was one of the most popular of Shakspeare's comedies on the Elizabethan stage for some years after its first production." The proof of a pudding, says the proverb, is in the eating thereof; the proof of a play is in the acting. Those of us who had the good fortune to see Daly's representation of "Love's Labour's Lost" in March, 1891, will not forget it. To the audience the performance was a revelation; from beginning to end there was not only wit and charm, there was "go." Armado became a solid reality; even Holofernes, one of the most difficult rôles in Shakspere, became irresistibly droll. The master-effort, however, was Biron's great speech,

> "Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms."

Mr. George Clarke's sonorous, modulated voice, his exquisite emphasis, his clear conception and rendering of Biron's intense directness, were enough to carry away any audience. Such a performance ought to remove the last lingering suspicion of the playwright's juvenility.

The erudition packed away in the volume before us is incommensurable in terms of reviewing. Fortunately we are beyond the necessity of praising. We can only thank the editor for his untiring single-heartedness, for the lucidity with which he has disposed his huge material; above all, for the fine shrewd humor which lurks in every page. It is one thing to be steeped in lore, quite another to keep clear of extravagance.

THE TOWER OF PELÉE.

The Tower of Pelée: New Studies of the Great Volcano of Martinique. By Angelo Heilprin, F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

Before the eruptions of 1902, the summit of Mont Pelée encircled a crateral pit about half a mile in diameter, which, like the Somma crater of Vesuvius at the dawn of the Christian era, was a rarely visited wilderness overgrown with vines and shrubs. At the bottom of this depression, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet below its dentate rim, lay the little basin known as L'Étang Sec, opening to the south, through a great V-shaped breach in the crater-wall, upon the city of St. Pierre, four miles away.

The first observers to ascend the mountain after the destruction of the city on May 8, 1902, found the former basin of L'Étang Sec occupied by what seemed to them a cone of lava blocks and lapilli, but which Professor Lacroix later showed to be a domical mass (*bourrelet*) of extremely viscous lava. The dome rose until, in July, 1902, it overtopped the rim of the ancient crater. About this time Dr. T. A. Jaggar, jr., noted a fin-like projection from the dome, with a height which he estimated at 200 feet. The structure aroused no great interest and was destroyed a few days later.

On the 15th of October, Professor Lacroix, from the brink of the crater, saw a dominant point or spine jutting from the jagged surface of the dome. This spine rose at the rate of twenty or thirty feet a day until, notwithstanding continued losses by disintegration, in March, 1903, it towered more than a thousand feet above the remains of Morne de la Croix, the highest point on the rim of the original crater. It has been estimated that, had no fragments fallen from this obelisk, it would have attained a height of 3,000 feet. The material of the spine was solid lava, thrust bodily from the throat of the volcano. Steam issued from the mass; and its rifted sides, whence fragments were continually falling with a clinking sound on the dome below, revealed glimpses of an incandescent interior. During the month of May the spine rapidly disintegrated, and in August, although the supporting dome continued to rise, the great pinnacle had crumbled away. It is this remarkable structure that Professor Heilprin has described as the "tower of Pelée." A second and smaller spine rose on September 8, 1903, but was destroyed nine days later.

Had the gorge of the Rivière Blanche not opened directly from the old crater, or L'Étang Sec, upon the city of St. Pierre, the eruptions of Mont Pelée, great as their interest to volcanists, might have attracted merely passing attention from the world at large. But the swift rush of the fatal cloud upon the scarcely awakened city, and the almost incredible destruction wrought in a few moments within its dark folds, converted what, in comparison with convulsions such as those of Krakatoa or Bandaisan, was a minor eruption, into a calamity so terrible as to move deeply the imagination and sympathy of the civilized world. It is in the wide and sympathetic interest stirred by the tragic fate of St. Pierre that Professor Heilprin's volume finds its justification. Its author is a man of versatile scientific attainment, a general naturalist and geographer rather than a geologist or volcanologist, and with the journalist's eye for effective (albeit not always essential or accurate) details. A thoroughly characteristic passage is that describing his first glimpse of the tower.

"Shortly before two o'clock the opportunity for which we had so impatiently waited seemed finally to arrive. Clouds and vapors died down to one side, and the great tower, its crown hanging at a dizzy height above, began to unfold. Piece by piece was added to it—purple, brown, and gray—until at last it stood abreast of us virtually uncovered from base to summit. 'Look!' I shouted to my companion, and my words failed me for the magnificence of the view that presented itself. The spectacle was one of overwhelming grandeur, and we stood for some moments awed and silent in the shadow of this most impressive of mountain forms. Nature's monument dedicated to the 30,000 dead who lay in the silent city below, it rose up a huge monolith, 830 feet above the newly constructed summit of the volcano, and 5,020 feet above the Caribbean surface—a unique and incomparable type in our planet's wonderland."

Professor Heilprin's hypothesis of the origin of the great spine is not that which finds most acceptance among geologists. He maintains that the tower is the ancient solidified core or stopper of the volcano, which has been loosened from its resting-place and upheaved by "interior volcanic stress." His argument, however, scarcely accords with what seems to be the true interpretation of his own descriptions. He regards the solidification of lava as a simple process of cooling, as in the formation of ice from water. But it is certain that the molten material from the earth's interior, which we technically call magma, is a chemically complex solution heavily charged with occluded gases, chiefly steam. That relief of pressure and expulsion of these gases are important factors in solidification is well established. Indeed, as Professor Doelter has recently suggested, it is likely that, under certain not improbable conditions of temperature and pressure, an ascending column of lava may become viscous or partly solid at an intermediate stage on its way to the surface, and regain its original fluidity at a still higher level. Professor Arrhenius, the eminent Swedish chemist and physicist, has recently discussed in a masterly way the probable constitution of the earth. He reaches the conclusion that about one-half the mass of the globe, or 80 per cent. of its radius from the centre outward, is probably metallic iron—but iron so intensely hot and so enormously compressed that it is physically a gas with the rigidity of a solid. An additional 15 per cent. is occupied by a spherical zone of similarly compressed gaseous magma, which grades outwardly into a zone of liquid magma amounting to 4 per cent. of the radius. Finally, there is the solid crust, with a probable thickness of about 1 per cent. of the total distance from the surface to the centre of the earth.

Accepting the view that there can be no volcanic action without telluric gases, Professor Arrhenius believes that the steam thrown off during eruptions has been derived from the oceans. He regards the ocean bottom as a semi-permeable membrane through which water under pressure descends into the earth. In its descent the water becomes heated, and finally, as steam, reaches the zone of liquid magma and is absorbed. It is this absorbed steam that supplies the explosive force of volcanic eruptions. According to the same authority, the physics of the eruption are closely analogous to those exemplified in the activity of a geyser.

It seems fairly certain that most volcanic eruptions are due to the expulsion of gases from magma that, by relief of pressure, has become suddenly over-saturated with its volatile constituents. This being conceded, the conclusion that, at some point in the volcanic conduit, lava, instead of being blown into fragments at the moment of eruption by the explosive expansion of its occluded gases, will, on relief of pressure, merely expand and solidify as rock-froth or pumice, seems inevitable. In other words, there must be an intermediate state between lava expelled from the crater as dust and the liquid magma below. That the spine was composed of pumiceous or vesicular lava solidified in this manner within the volcanic throat, was suggested by Mr. G. K. Gilbert, who supposed that the solidification was due merely to the absorption of heat by the work of expansion. It is probable, however, that chemical forces were at least equally potent in determining the passage of the magma into a solid upon the expulsion of part of the gases. The "burnt-out" cindery appearance of the spine, "the whole looking much like a furnace product," is a feature that Professor Heilprin emphasizes in support of his view, but which is perhaps suggestive rather of the more generally accepted explanation—that the tower was an extrusion of recent, solid andesitic lava.

In the concluding chapter the causes of volcanic action are discussed with particular reference to the Antillean region, where, as Professor Suess long ago pointed out, the earth's crust is under conditions of stress highly favorable to volcanicity. As the author well shows, the volcanic paroxysms in this vast area, stretching for 1,800 miles from Central America to the Windward Islands, are so obviously coördinated as to demand for their explanation a condition of regional instability of which the subsiding floor of the Gulf of Mexico is one manifestation. "It was not without reason," says Professor Heilprin, "that Milne advanced the view that the earthquake of Quezaltenango was the real initiator or instigator of the disturbances that followed rapidly upon it; it took the lid off the boiling pot, and the pot exploded."

It is now generally admitted that volcanic activity cannot be due to a sudden influx of sea water through open fissures to the earth's interior. Whether, as Professor Arrhenius suggests, the sea bottom is semi-permeable to water which is ultimately absorbed by molten magma at great depth; or whether, as Professors Suess, Tschermak, and Doelter maintain, the water is original in the magma and is the

primal source of the oceans, is a moot question. But the author's statement that the problem of the source of volcanic water offers little fruit is perhaps rather pessimistic. The work of Suess on hot springs; the suggestion of Professor Tschermak that volcanism is a cosmic phenomenon, occurring independently of oceans—in the sun for example; and modern work on the origin of ores, all encourage us to believe that the fascinating and recondite problems of the earth's interior will be slowly solved.

As minor defects in Professor Heilprin's work may be mentioned a tendency to introduce irrelevant matter, as a discussion of the origin of the Sahara, and the use of such misleading expressions as "fed with volcanic fire," "burnt-out cinder masses," and "blue puffs of sulphur." In giving the results of Professor Moissan's analysis of fumerole gases from St. Pierre, the author curiously omits nitrogen, which formed 55 per cent. of the whole. The volume is well printed, and is attractively illustrated by twenty-three half-tone plates, of which all but five or six are germane to the tower of Pelée.

The Amateur Spirit. By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The amateur, the *amator*, "the man who loves," has always taken for granted a certain superiority to the professional. A young Greek at Athens when the Sophists were teaching the gilded youth a method which was to make them seem masters of every trade, blushed hotly if one implied that he might put his training to a professional use. Public opinion in those days gave the precedence to the amateur. If he has any such precedence to-day, it is because he takes it himself from a society too busy to dispute it. It is only in athletics now that the professional suffers any social disadvantage, and for that he has very solid compensations.

That "veiled hostility between the man who does something for love which another man does for money" (Mr. Perry is perfectly clear though his grammar is somewhat amateurish), the author regards as the instinctive reaction of the spirit of man against the dangers of the professional habit of mind. The amateur is afraid of a civilization that "encourages men to approach life from one side only." We should be inclined to think that it is for himself that he is afraid. In all the nice balancing of the first essay, which gives the title to his book, Mr. Perry may betray his love for the amateur; but the professional has his respect. How fatal the amateur spirit can be when it lays hold of a nation, was proved by the Boer war, when England, that "nation of amateurs," paid dearly for her contempt of method and training and her reliance on the native virtues of the British temperament.

All the six essays in the volume have some reference to the working of the amateur spirit in the world. Two are devoted to that long-suffering person, the college professor. There is on the whole no class of men in American society about whom so much uneasiness is felt as about the college professor. The members of the busy world, recognizing now and again for a moment that he is their affair since he educates their sons, exhort him to remember that his poverty is dignified by the sacredness of his mission to their families. He is urged on all hands to respect himself and make his students respect him on a salary that would not keep one of them in pocket money, and to lead the simple life, which takes a great deal of money. Only Professor Münsterberg faced the situation when he suggested that, in a community which respects men in proportion to their ability to make money, it is ridiculous to isolate one class and bid it be clever and good and let who will be rich. Mr. Perry, with all his respect for the profession, writes as usual an apologia for the professor. His faculty circles making pathetic efforts to grow worldly in their riper years, plunging desperately into dancing-lessons or duplicate whist, are enough to freeze the blood of every junior member of a college faculty. The picture is true to life and should be faced. "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches," says Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is a brutal truth for many a young man who, without the power to do creative work in his subject, and with no real enthusiasm for teaching, has taken the line of least resistance and has achieved a state of mind in which five months' vacation in the year seems absolutely necessary, and a nine o'clock lecture an imposition. No man who had the wit to go into a grocery store would choose the enervating, slipshod existence that is a too common interpretation of the academic life. Lowell was one of those who felt that he had escaped academic atrophy, the least honorable sort of decay. When he was a college professor he "used to lecture for an hour or two, go back to Elmwood, fill his pipe, and thank God that he had done a day's work." To Lowell, unlike Browning's grammarian, that seemed the time to ring up the curtain and "taste life," and there are many men in our generation for whom the chair of a professor is too narrow. So we have the new type, the sophisticated professor, "the expert who knows all about railroads and bridges and subways; about gas commissions and electrical supplies; about currency and banking, Philippine tariffs, Venezuelan boundary lines, etc." These happy individuals "combine technical training with practical capacity." They are not amateurs of life; they have decided both to live and to know.

The little sketch of "Hawthorne at North Adams" is an interesting reconstruction of that village when, fifty years ago, Hawthorne wandered over the neighboring hills, and was there inspired with the story of "Ethan Brand," whose setting is drawn exclusively from notes taken at North Adams. The moral problem in that tale was Hawthorne's own problem. He came to North Adams at a time when he felt that, like Ethan Brand, he ran the risk of becoming "a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment. . . . When he left North Adams, it was to enter almost at once upon the life of a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and to stand thenceforth in the ranks with his fellow-men."

The ideal which Mr. Perry sets before his readers in these essays is the combination of "the professional's skill with the zest and enthusiasm of the amateur." It is the doctrine that was preached with emphasis some years ago by the late Mr. Goschen when he exhorted the English, in a phrase that had a brief vogue, to take an "intellectual interest" in their work, whatever the work might be. There is everything to be said for such a doctrine, and Mr. Perry in these essays covers a good deal of the ground in a very agreeable strain.

Modern Tariff History—Germany, United States, France. By Percy Ashley, M.A., with a Preface by the Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

This volume comprises the substance of the lectures delivered by Mr. Ashley in the Lent and summer terms of the past year to his classes in the London School of Economics. Derived almost wholly from secondary sources intelligently selected, they afford in short compass a good sketch of the history of the tariff during the past century in the three countries designated in the title of the book. The impetus to Mr. Ashley's work was given by the vigorous propaganda which Mr. Chamberlain began in 1903 for a system of preferential duties between the different parts of the British Empire. Mr. Ashley, so Mr. Haldane assures us in the preface, began his inquiry into the history of foreign tariffs without bias. The method of inquiry followed was the historical method, and the result is practically a reaffirmation of the traditional view in favor of free trade as against protection. The conclusion reached, however, is not based solely on grounds of cosmopolitan economics, but upon a forecast of the probable future needs and development of the constituent parts of the Empire. It is not a little curious, by the way, that Mr. Percy Ashley's elder brother, Prof. W. J. Ashley, is one of the two professional economists of note in England who have taken up the cudgels for Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

In Mr. Haldane's very interesting preface he observes that the only adequate method for an investigation of this kind is the historical method—"the plan of examining the state of things that has to be inquired into in connection with its past, and in the light of all materials which can show why and by what steps it has come about." One may fairly insist, however, that the historical method as thus defined would shed less light on the problem than Mr. Haldane imagines. Indeed, the inadequacy of the historical method, pure and simple, is here shown, in that the industrial prosperity of Germany (p. 135), of France (p. 358), and of the United States (p. 261), is admitted by Mr. Ashley to be the product of many factors of which tariffs are but one, and one whose specific contribution to the joint result is confessedly incapable of measurement. Nothing at this day and hour is more to be deplored than a revival of the old *Methodenstreit* in economics. It suffices to say that Mr. Ashley employs the historical method judiciously and effectively, with an evident knowledge of its limitations. His cautious inference from given conditions evinces a better insight into its capabilities than would be suggested by Mr. Haldane's rather indiscriminate panegyric upon the historic method.

This history of tariffs in three different

countries presents some curious analogies. Thus, the Zollverein in Germany, which secured virtual freedom of internal transit and which culminated in the creation of the German Empire, is strangely like the federating process by which the American States were moved to form a central government which guaranteed freedom of interstate commerce. As regards the United States and France, the strongest point of likeness is that in both countries the bases of their present high tariffs were laid in the exigencies of war finance in the decade 1861-1871. Again, in all three countries Mr. Ashley points out the undisputed fact that protected interests have often exerted an undue and preponderating influence upon the lawmakers. In all three States, moreover, there has been manifested in the last two decades a strong protectionist movement, based on the necessity of taking the agriculturist into the protective partnership. And, lastly, in all three States various preferential or retaliatory projects have within a quarter of a century been grafted upon the earlier tariff trunk to afford a card in diplomacy or a club in a tariff war. Not the least instructive part of the book is the account given of various tariff wars—between Germany and Russia (pp. 92, 93), between France and Italy (p. 334 sq.), between France and Switzerland (p. 347 sq.)—and the almost inevitable loss suffered by both parties to the conflict. As a weapon, a differential tariff is a boomerang *par excellence.*

Instructive as is this comparative tariff history in many other respects, it is peculiarly excellent as affording an insight into what is called Neo-Mercantilism, and its correlative—which might perhaps be called Neo-Libertarianism. The advocates of protection in Germany, for example, as typified in such a man as Wagner, do not fail to recognize the validity of the abstract free-trade doctrine if based upon a cosmopolitan and static view of industry. But they contend that it should be Germany's ideal, situated as she is geographically and politically, to be self-sufficing, not dependent on the food supply grown on a foreign soil. Hence the policy of agrarian protection. In England, the followers of Chamberlain and his opponents no longer view the question of free trade from the standpoint of thirty years ago. To Cobden free trade was something recognized as supremely beneficial *semper, ubique, ab omnibus.* One could not lay claim to being an orthodox free trader unless he was ready to affirm that, despite the policy of other nations, absolute free trade was a *sine qua non.* This dogma was like the alleged Calvinistic test of being a Christian—a willingness to be damned for the glory of God. To Mr. Ashley, on the other hand, free trade is to be supported because, despite the growing inability of Great Britain to provide financially for the protection of the oversea empire, Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of preferential duties would not augment but lessen the financial power of Great Britain, and very likely provoke friction in the colonies at the same time. To one versed in the older habit of thought, the presumption of the modern thinker in forecasting the political and industrial future a generation or even a century in advance is somewhat appalling; but it is in the air, and so long as it rules the thought of the present day, it is at least reassuring to learn, as in Mr. Ashley's case, that it need not necessarily lead to the espousal of protection, retaliation, reprisal, and war.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part IV. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. Egypt Exploration Fund, Græco-Roman Branch. London. 1904.

The present volume contains for the most part papyri found in the second excavations at Oxyrhynchus in 1903. It will not be as amusing to the general reader as certain of the previous volumes, since it includes but few of the non-legal and non-literary, but excessively human, documents that gave in them such a sparkle of life to the pages of a very dead subject. The reason for the present seriousness is not that no such papyri were found in the later work, but that on the one hand literary papyri of great interest called for immediate publication, along with a group of fragments from the Augustan period, which is rarely represented in these finds; and on the other hand, the size of the annual volumes is limited by the contents of the treasury of this branch of the fund. Many papyri of the third century are therefore held over for later publication, and apparently several seasons must pass before we shall be through with the work on this fruitful site.

First and foremost in importance among the theological papyri are the new Sayings of Jesus, which have been published separately, and have been already described in these columns. The final remark upon them by the editors points out their interest for many other persons than professed theologians:

"The mystical and speculative element in the early records of Christ's sayings, which found its highest and most widely accepted expression in St. John's gospel, may well have been much more general, and less peculiarly Johannine, than has hitherto been taken for granted."

Three other theological papyri, all of the third or early fourth century, are also of interest. One of these is a brief fragment of a lost gospel, which contains some sayings of Jesus that are found in a closely similar form in the canonical gospels, and some other sayings that have a resemblance to those in the so-called Gospel according to the Egyptians. A considerable portion of the Book of Genesis in the Septuagint version, and another of the Epistle to the Hebrews, are not without textual interest and importance. A reminiscence of the Decian persecution is contained in a petition from a certain man in behalf of himself, his son, and his daughter, that the commission appointed to make inquisition against Christians should certify that he and his children had in their presence poured libations, offered sacrifice, and tasted the offerings, as the imperial edict required.

Of interest among fragments of lost classical works are pieces of a Partheneion and Ode of Pindar, of the first century B. C., and a bit of the argument of a play of Cratinus, the "Dionysalexandros." But the especial treasure of the volume is a new Latin epitome of Livy, covering Books 37-40 and 48-55. The papyrus is of probably the third century, and has no such literary merit as the extant Epitome, being merely a bare list of events, mentioned one after the other without the least attempt to connect them together. But the events are grouped by books and years, with the names of the consuls for each successive year carefully given, from which it becomes possible to correct certain more vague indications of chronology in the extant Epitome. The first part of the papyrus contains no new facts, of course, since it covers a portion of the extant history. But this part, by comparison with the full text, gives valuable information about the principles on which the epitomator worked, thereby enabling the student to form a more critical judgment of the second part of the MS., which covers books no longer extant. The author of the Epitome probably lived in Egypt in the second or third century. The editors remark that this discovery of an Epitome in which the names of the consuls, in the ablative case, are prefixed to the events of each year, goes far to support the acute conjecture of Mommsen from internal evidence in the case of Cassiodorus and Orosius, that these authors used such an Epitome rather than Livy's complete text. The new Epitome enables us to fix more definitely certain facts about which the testimony of extant authors is not precise, and in some details to correct previous errors. A number of new facts also are supplied. Singularly enough, the accusation of L. Aurelius Cotta by Scipio Africanus, which has previously been assigned to one of the years 133-129, on the authority of Cicero, is set down by the papyrus under 138, which appears to bring Livy and Cicero into conflict. The editors have been assisted in their annotation of the Epitome by Mr. Warde Fowler and Professors Kornemann, Wissowa, and J. S. Reid, the last of whom has published further, and very important, remarks of his own in the *Classical Review* for July, 1904. Doubtless much further discussion will be prompted by the discovery of such a notable, and puzzlingly defective, historical document. Even the writers of Roman history for schools will need to take it into consideration.

The volume contains a goodly number of interesting legal documents, which increase our knowledge of details of Egyptian administration and Græco-Egyptian law. The number of personal letters is, as we have intimated, very few. One (of the year 1 B. C.) is of curious interest, if the reading is correct, as bearing witness to the practical as well as theoretical authority of the paterfamilias over the fate of a newborn infant. A man writes back home from Alexandria directions that if the expected child proves to be a boy, it is to be reared (apparently this is the meaning), but if it proves to be a girl, it is to be exposed. Actual instances of such power of life and death over children born in the household are rare enough at this period to render a possible addition to their number noteworthy.

Genealogical Sketches of the Woodbury Family: Its Intermarriages and Connections. By Charles Levi Woodbury. Edited by his sister, E. C. D. Q. Woodbury. Manchester, N. H.: Printed by the John B. Clarke Co. 1904. Pp. 251.

These sketches, so the editor tells us, "were not meant for the eye of the general public, but for that portion of the Woodbury family directly interested in the

one who first undertook their compilation." The critic is thus disarmed at the outset. But we are sure that no portion even of the Woodbury family is content to stumble around in the dark merely for the want of an index of names. Ungallant though it be to bring the charge, we must protest that a book, otherwise so well edited, should thus suffer at the hands of its sponsor.

Few men familiar with Boston in the latter half of the century just past did not know, at least by sight, that sturdy leader of the Democratic party in Massachusetts, Charles Levi Woodbury (1820-1898). "Judge" Woodbury the newspapers used to call him, simply because he was a distinguished lawyer who was getting along in years. At an earlier date "the boys" liked to speak of him as "Charlie Woodbury." Among his friends he towered above other men, as one of the heartiest and noblest of those downright good fellows, with plenty of brains, that New England had furnished to the metropolis. The son showed himself an abler lawyer and a more accomplished man than the father, Levi Woodbury.

The younger Woodbury manifested also a taste for letters. He was fond of books. A precious collection of his was burned in the great fire of 1872, and he set about making another collection, which grew to be almost as valuable. Though a little inclined to indolence, he applied himself to writing articles, chiefly upon topics of local history, and so he put into shape the sketches of his ancestry that form the pages of this volume. He did his own thinking. He wrote plain English. A love of the sea and of the seacoast, indeed of all that is free and breezy and bountiful, marks his style. Probably no other man of his time possessed a more intimate knowledge of the early history of Massachusetts Bay or of the scanty coast of New Hampshire, "the Pascataqua region," than Mr. Woodbury. He was a collector of books. Along with his impulse toward broad and catholic views, he had schooled himself to be accurate in every statement. With an unerring eye he read the character of the first settler. He read it, too, in a tolerant, healthy-minded spirit.

'An Old Planter in New England,' privately printed, tells the story of John Woodbury of Cape Ann, the founder of the Woodbury family in America. In terse language Charles Levi Woodbury had already preserved for posterity in this monograph the record of an eminently useful life. This same John Woodbury is the starting-point for a series of sketches in the present volume. There is an opening chapter on genealogy. It is by far the best treatment of that subject we have ever seen. We are tempted to quote a word or two where the writer upholds the dignity and worth of the more prominent of the New England settlers.

"An ancestor who was a deputy, or a military officer, or a deacon, was a man of rank and precedence. Were he a minister, a magistrate, or of the council, or perchance governor of a colony, he also was a man of notable colonial rank, whether he bore coat armor or were ignorant of its very existence. He got his rank of the people in its sovereign aspect and authority because it was freely and voluntarily given, thus making it intrinsically higher in quality and dignity than any title the king might confer on a subject of his own suggestion and pleasure, and to-day should be held in more reverence" (p. 21).

The work comprises thirty-four chapters. The various Woodburys are described and their children named. Then an incursion is made into the field of "The Wives of the Woodburys." Here we have such names as Batchelder, Dodge, Traske, Herrick, Perkins, Palgrave, Clapp, Quincy, Wendell, Gookin, Flynt, De Kay, and many others.

Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire (1789-1851) had a career that was wonderful. At twenty-seven he was judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, and shortly after, chief justice; Governor at thirty-four, and United States Senator at thirty-six. He became Secretary of the Navy under Jackson in 1831, and Secretary of the Treasury in 1834; he was again chosen United States Senator, and finally took his seat in 1845 as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He declined two foreign missions, of the highest importance, and was generally looked upon as the prospective candidate of the Democratic party for President in 1852, had he lived. The family of Levi Woodbury for many years has been prominent in Washington. One of his daughters, the wife of Montgomery Blair, of Lincoln's Cabinet, is remembered as a charming and good woman. Another is the widow of G. V. Fox, distinguished as a most efficient Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war for the Union. The child of another daughter is married to the Duke d'Arcos, for some time Spanish minister at Washington. The name also survives in two grandsons, Woodbury Blair and Woodbury Lowery, gentlemen of distinction at the capital—the latter an author of some little note.

The editor has performed her task with the taste and discrimination to have been expected. Though the manuscript had been prepared by her brother almost exclusively for the use of the descendants of John Woodbury, it is well that the material is now laid open to the use of the public. We can say of this volume, what can rarely be said of a family history, that it will surely prove of interest to the general reader. Here we have original thought, expressed by a man of remarkable ability, in terms that are attractive, flavored by what may be called "a genuine democratic spirit." In other words, the book is valuable as giving a clear and true insight into the processes of development of the New England people.

Imperial Vienna: An Account of its History, Traditions, and Arts. By A. S. Levetus. Illustrated by Erwin Puchinger. John Lane. 1904.

The volume before us is both more and less than its sub-title implies. There is a good deal of "history" (141 pages out of 416), an indefinite amount of "tradition," and very little (ten pages) about "art, including sculpture and painting under Franz Josef"; but there is, in addition, something about literature, the theatre, dancing, court festivities, society, education, and the life of the common people. And, of course, the guide-book element is all there—description of streets, squares, buildings, monuments, churches, palaces, etc. The whole is enlivened by more than 150 well-selected and, for the most part, very clever illustrations from sketches in charcoal, pencil, and pen-and-ink. The typography, too, is very attractive, and the entire book pleasing to the eye in every way. Nevertheless, the result is disappointing. Not that the book is, on the whole, uninteresting or inaccurate. Mr. Levetus, whether an Englishman or a Viennese, knows the Kaiserstadt, has consulted good, though not many, sources, and is not sensational in the treatment of his topics. The book is entirely free from the wild extravagance of the "Martyrdoms" and the other pretended "revelations" of Viennese life—it is an honest effort to describe the Vienna of to-day, but one is tempted to apply to it Lessing's dictum: "One is precious little if all one is is honest." At its best utterly devoid of literary grace, it contains many sentences of almost incredible crudity, and some which make one wonder how they could have escaped the eye of the most careless proof-reader. Thus we read: "Although in 1849 a Constitution was granted, still, after a trial of two years it was dissolved and was not again called together till 1860"; and "There is nothing goes on in the city without the Emperor attending it." In other respects, the proof-reading is very good. There is scarcely a misprint in any of the German titles and sentences quoted, though errors in names abound: Schnörr, Carnova, Petteinkofen, "Philippine Leppi" (for Filippo Lippi), Glück, Szandor (for Sándor), "Heback" (for Herbeck), Tiapolo, etc. Errors of fact are not so numerous, the historical portion, indeed, being quite accurate, though the Franz-Josef's Quay was not opened in 1896, but, as far as our recollection goes, early in the sixties; and it is not true, in more than one way (aside from the Irish bull involved), that "the most popular living novelists are Ferdinand Kürnberger . . . and many others, including Ferdinand Gross, who is now no more." Ferdinand Kürnberger died in 1879, and Ferdinand Gross was not at any time, either before or after his death, a popular novelist or anything more than a modest *feuilletoniste.* Nor is it true of Grillparzer that, "during his visit to Italy, he happened to be going up Vesuvius just at the same time the Emperor Francis I. and the Empress were climbing down the mountain. The Kaiser at once recognized him, and addressed him in a friendly manner, saying: 'Oh, my dear Grillparzer, you are also here? It is very beautiful, but mind the lava.'" The fact is, the Emperor was not present at all on that occasion, which Grillparzer describes as follows in his 'Selbstbiographie':

"Near the hermit's lodge a cavalcade of several veiled ladies, accompanied by their retinue, came towards us. I recognized the Empress of Austria by the livery of the servants. I tried to stop my hurrying donkey, or at least to get him out of the middle of the path, but succeeded only in putting him in such a position that when the Empress passed us, my back was turned to her. I could merely take off my hat, but could not see her."

Of the lack of literary skill shown throughout, nothing is more characteristic than the fact that, while several pages are devoted to the painter, Rudolf von Alt ("no word is too great for the grand old pioneer"), the uninitiated would never suspect that all his work was in water color. Still, there is valuable material in this work for some future Augustus Hare or Howells,

who may wish to write 'Walks in Vienna' or 'Viennese Life.'

In to the Yukon. By William Seymour Edwards. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. 1904. 8vo. Pp. 312. Illustrated.

This volume comprises the observations of a traveller from West Virginia, via the Great Lakes and the Canada Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast, the Canadian Yukon, southern California, and return. It belongs to a class of which many have been printed, and from which in general little is to be expected, either by the literary man or the geographer. It is somewhat of a surprise, therefore, when, in perusing the work, one discovers that it has some positive merits. Mr. Edwards seems to be a clear-sighted observer, and his narration is straightforward and unpretentious. He appears to possess the knack of gathering and summarizing popular opinion without the exaggeration or superficiality usually characteristic of hasty newsgatherers.

The most interesting portion of the book is naturally that relating to the Klondike region. When the excitement of new discoveries and the rush of population are in full intensity, the press is filled with correspondence and descriptive matter relating to the region concerned. But, after business begins to assume a more normal character, prices have fallen, and mining has become systematic instead of spasmodic, the newspapers and magazines abandon the field for others promising some newer sensation. It is a conspicuous merit of Mr. Edwards's story that it gives us what looks like a fair and impartial account of conditions on the Canadian Yukon in the summer of 1903, and of the state of public opinion there in regard to the manner in which the Canadian Government has discharged its duty of regulating this distant territory mainly populated and exploited by energetic foreigners from "the States."

There has been so much just criticism of the neglect shown by the Republic toward the proper governing of her own Territory of Alaska, that it is interesting to compare the results of the minute and rigorously paternal rule of the Dominion under analogous conditions. There is no doubt that the Canadian Parliament has recouped its expenditures for the Yukon district by taking liberal tithes of the product of the mines, by its taxation of wood, water, and imported goods. It gives one a shock to learn, however, that, to make sure that no gold dust gets out of the territory without paying its two and a half per cent. to the Dominion, a female customs inspector strips to their chemises all the women in the railway coaches of the White Pass Railway, on outbound trains. Even the New York customs requirements seem to be tolerably decent after that.

It is well known that in the early days, especially in the post-office and police forces, a certain amount of "graft" was winked at by the Dominion authorities, chiefly, it is to be supposed, because on no other terms could they have kept any officials at all while fortunes were being had for the digging all about them. Now that things have settled down, if we may credit Mr. Edwards's report of public opinion in Dawson, corruption has shifted to Ottawa, and is shown chiefly in the granting of private concessions to individuals, such as the one discovered to be possessed of

"an exclusive blanket grant to all the water rights of the Klondike valley and its affluent creeks, as well as the exclusive right to hold and work all gold-bearing land not already occupied, and also to hold and have every claim, already staked or worked, which for any reason may lapse to the crown, either for non-payment of taxes or any other reason, thus shutting out the individual miner from ever staking a new claim within this region, should he discover the gold, and from taking up any lapsed claim and from re-filing his own claim, should he be careless and neglect to pay his annual taxes by the appointed day. Another man . . . appears with a similar concession covering the famous Eldorado and Bonanza Creeks, where land is valued by the inch, and millions have been dug out" (p. 140).

"So vigorous has been the protest against these daring abuses of a Government clique that this summer (1903) what is called a Dominion Royal Commission has been sent to investigate the situation" (p. 143).

It is pleasant to turn from these unsavory revelations to the description, illustrated by an equally surprising photograph, of the first annual exhibition of the Yukon "Horticultural Society":

"The biggest beets I have ever seen, the meaty substance all clear, solid, firm, and juicy. Potatoes, Early Rose and other varieties, some new kinds raised from seed in three years—large, a pound or more in size. And such cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce as you never saw before! Many kinds, fullheaded, and able to compete with any produced anywhere. All these raised in the open air on the rich, black bottom and bench land of the Yukon" (p. 144).

The illustrations are exceptionally good and fresh, from the author's own photographs. The volume would be none the worse for possessing an index.

Th. Nast: His Period and his Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Time hurries on so rapidly that it has already made Nast and his period a part of the past, and Mr. Paine has done the public a good turn in preserving this record of a great caricaturist. The scale of the drawings is so different from that originally adopted as to impair here and there the impression made by them, but their power and humor are so vital as to be indestructible. Of course, they are more amusing and attractive to the survivors of the period than to the new generation which has forgotten to whom it owes its Tammany Tiger and its Republican Elephant, but we can hardly imagine a time when our successors will not turn back with interest to these cartoons. Gillray is dead and buried, but he lives again in those undying caricatures which helped to put courage into the hearts of the enemies of Napoleon. Of Nast as an artist it is unnecessary to speak—we do not mean in any way to undervalue his original gift—for, having once devoted himself to political satire and caricature, he appealed to a political public, and no technical criticism can affect the success which that public's approval gave.

Nast was born in Germany, but came over here so young that the country was never foreign to him; very likely, however, his Teutonic parentage and inherited tendencies made him the better able to appreciate those differences and contrasts on the feeling for which any successful caricature must rest. Certain it is that he grew up with a Teutonic honesty of mind and heart; and this gave him a divine mission to help to their doom the wonderful group of hypocrites and thieves who, under the leadership of Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly, gutted the treasury of New York. It is no doubt by the Tammany Hall and Tweed Ring series of cartoons that his name will be perpetuated. To us he made the faces of the four as familiar as those of any eminent characters in ancient or modern history. Of his war pictures, which in their day were effective and pathetic arguments, it is an obvious criticism that he had not then fully found his vein. His wonderful eye for a likeness (the real expression of the face is always there, only made slightly grotesque) now guided him along a sure path, while his strong political sense gave him an abundance of perfect situations. Tweed was identified and captured through one of his pictures, and, in turning over the pages of this volume, one is struck with the constant sense of being in a portrait gallery of old acquaintances.

As good a test as any is to take a caricature meant to express an idea which is to us untrue. Nothing is really further from the fact than the notion that Sumner, Schurz, and the Liberal Republicans of 1872 were abandoning the negro in their preparations for the support of an independent candidate for President; but we defy anybody who ever saw those gentlemen to refrain from laughing at the sketch of "The Boat's Crew that is Going Over: Will Robinson Crusoe Desert his Man Friday?" Robinson Crusoe is Sumner; Friday, the poor negro on his knees bemoaning the approaching event; the hesitating Crusoe, absorbed in himself, is being hurried into the boat ("Cincinnati Convention") by the two conspirators, Schurz and Fenton; in the stern sheets is standing the enthusiastic and vociferous Greeley, waving his broad-brimmed hat in the direction of a full-rigged ship, "Democracy," in the offing, flying the "K. K. K." flag. Every face in the boat is a speaking likeness. And what shall we say of McKinley, weeping after Harrison's defeat, and the wonderful Tilden caricatures, and of those of Blaine? As we linger over the pages of Mr. Paine's volume we feel what we have lost. There may, for all we know, be caricaturists to-day who have greater natural gifts; there have been in the past men like Tenniel or Gavarni (to go from one pole to the other) who may be considered of a higher order; but when we think of Nast's range and *vis comica*, and hearty, generous motive (never unpartisan, and never mean), and his skill in character portraiture, we close the book with a sigh of regret that the curtain is rung down, and that the show which for us older playgoers lasted so long and so pleasantly, is over.

Mr. Paine's Life is evidently a labor of love. The author is an enthusiast, and must be followed in the light of his enthusiasm. He explains very fully the differences between G. W. Curtis and Nast, at the time of the Liberal campaign of 1872, and their effect on the attitude of *Harper's Weekly*. In narrating the history of the caricaturist, he follows that of his own times, and in this way has made, for any one who desires to understand the United

States from 1860 to 1896, not only a very entertaining, but a very useful volume.

Das Goldene Buch vom Eigenen Heim; Eine Hauskunde für Jedermann. [By many different authors.] Berlin and Stuttgart: W. Spemann; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1905. 729 numbered paragraphs.

This is a stout little volume, bound in gilded cloth, with an elaborate stamped pattern in red and marbled edges, all of a rather pretty effect; one of a series dealing with Music, Art, Literature, Manners and Customs, Health, and the Theatre. It seems as if all worldly subjects were to be included, sooner or later, in this handy encyclopædia. This initial volume takes up House Architecture in general, and devotes one-fourth of its space to a very practical study of needs and requirements, plan and construction, giving pictures of three-score dwelling-houses, and plans of many of them. Then comes interior decoration, with the visible media of heating and gas-lighting and electricity, and with illustrations of much interest. Some of them offer very good and very original designs. In farther advancement of this subject the cover-linings may be studied; for they are printed with mottoes, ejaculations, and pithy sayings taken from the gables of old German houses and the roof timbers of covered bridges. For example—

"Ohne Gottes Schutz
Unsrer nichts nutz";

but there must be nigh a hundred of them. A brief paper on Garden Architecture gives yet other exterior views of houses, with pavilions and fountains and similar luxuries of the park and garden.

Just half the volume has been used for the matters named above; and nearly all of the second half is given up to a history of domestic architecture, winding up with separate essays on Bavarian farmhouses, English villas and the like, with many and very useful pictures. Finally, about 75 pages are occupied with notices of German architects of the time, with a little portrait-head of each man.

The curious thing about the book is that it is really very good. The selection of subjects is intelligent, the curt statements are generally faultless, the illustrations are remarkably well chosen and instructive. If you must get your information and your judgment out of cheap little handbooks, this is one of the best of them; and it ought to be translated into English.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

The Week.

Senator Lodge and other apologists for the Senate's attitude on the arbitration treaties evade the point of the discussion. Nobody questions the Constitutional right of the Senate to declare each subsidiary "agreement" under a general convention a separate "treaty." Nor is it doubtful that the Senate may, if it wish, so modify and mangle every diplomatic proposal of the Executive that treaty-making may become almost impossible. The real question is, Will the Senate exercise its powers in a way to facilitate or to impede public business? For the balance established by the Constitution between the initiative of the Executive and the consent of the Senate in treaty relations depends for its working well upon mutual consideration and good feeling. A President who pelted the Senate with obviously crude and injurious treaties would discredit that function of government. And a Senate which examines all treaties, not on their merits, but captiously with a view to asserting its own powers, has actually crippled our diplomacy. The Senate had a right to assert its jurisdiction over every most minute implication of a comprehensive treaty, but it had not only the right but the duty to delegate to the President the powers necessary to execute a needful instrument.

The principle of comity involved is clearly illustrated in Senator Lodge's maladroit citation of the powers of foreign parliaments over treaties; for the European States which require confirmation of treaties by the legislative branch display precisely that wise passiveness on the part of the referee for which we are pleading. There is almost a universal practice of prompt confirmation of non-commercial treaties, and with a minimum of discussion. That is, European bodies with the power of our Senate as a matter of course give full faith and credence to the Executive in its diplomatic capacity. These relations of comity, which are broken only in the rarest instances, arise out of the conviction that international business can be conducted on no other basis. There remains always the power of veto as a possible check upon a rash Ministry; but, short of such emergency, the confirmatory vote is given as a matter of routine and of loyalty to a coördinate branch of government. How damaging Senator Lodge's parallel with European parliaments really is to the Senate will be realized when one recalls that it is getting to be difficult to get any treaty through at all at Washington; almost unheard of to pass one in its original form. In fine, the Senate lies under just reproach, not for exceeding its Constitutional prerogative, but for gross misuse of its admitted powers.

"Irish Citizens Applaud the Senate." This is the headline which the *Gaelic American* of February 18 places over its account of the meeting of the United Irish Societies. Resolutions were there passed strongly approving the Senate for defeating the arbitration treaties, and denouncing Secretary Hay for trying to "force" them upon the country. For President Roosevelt the feeling of the meeting was one of "respect, but pity." He is "personally very popular with Irish citizens," and it was only to be regretted that he had "completely fallen under the domination of Secretary Hay." The *Gaelic American* further makes public a bit of secret history. It seems to us to demand attention from an exalted personage, or at least from some semi-official friend of his. Here it is (the italics are ours):

> "One speaker recalled the fact that when a committee of Irish citizens waited on Mr. Roosevelt in 1897 to ask him to speak at a meeting at the Cooper Institute to protest against the arbitration treaty with England, then before the Senate, he had, while declining to make a speech, expressed his *strong sympathy* with their opposition, and said he *hoped they would succeed*. His reason for declining to make a speech was that he did not want to publicly antagonize his own party, but he said he was *against arbitration between nations*, and believed that nations which were too long at peace *got rusty and enervated*. He believed in a strong navy and hoped to live to see one that would be able to *beat England on the sea*. The extraordinary change in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude since then was attributed to the malign influence of John Hay."

The San Domingo treaty cannot be acted upon at the present session, for want of time. When it comes up at the extra session next month the probability of radical amendment of it is reported to be great. Certainly, some of the clauses look as if a coach and four had already been driven through them, so loosely drawn are they. As for the treaty's great merit in "defining the Monroe Doctrine," concerning which there is such a flourish, that is a thing from which the most ardent Monroe Doctrinaire might well draw back. Precisely in its vagueness lie the strength and convenience of the Doctrine. It is the *ignotum* in it which terrifies. If we begin to "define" it, and bring it out of the mysterious darkness into the light of common day, we but shear our Samson. No, the only thing to do with the Doctrine is to leave it undefined; and the safe course for the President is to say of it, as the old Scotch woman did of the Solemn League and Covenant, "I dinna ken what it is, but I'll mainteen 't."

It is an unpleasant, but an extremely useful, function which Mr. Littlefield is discharging in pointing out to Congress at intervals what the consequences of its policies are likely to be. Twice at this session he has risen in his place to go through the comparatively simple problem of addition and subtraction by which one ascertains how large the deficit threatens to be. His speech last week on the logical outcome of the "big-stick" policy was an equally needed warning. In expressing his fear that this country may become "a minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary for the money changers of Europe as guaranteeing the inviolability of the republics," the Maine Congressman has put into epigram the sound American argument against the attitude we are asked to assume toward the creditors of our southern neighbors. Mr. Littlefield's remarks were made in the course of debate on a naval appropriation bill of $100,070,079, the largest ever reported. To attack specific items must necessarily be the parliamentary procedure of the opponents of naval increase, but behind these tactics remains the greater question of what we propose to do with a huge navy when we have it.

Our Spanish Claims Commission bids fair to rival the almost incredible story of the French claims, on the score both of delay and injustice. Up to date, it has made awards in but three claims, amounting to $13,000. Meanwhile, the Commission itself has cost the Government, since its creation in March, 1901, only about $516,000, in salaries and expenses. This is a pretty sad record of inefficiency. At this rate, it will take the Commission some 500 years to pass upon all the claims before it. In any case, the claimants and many of their heirs will have died before they see the color of their money. Yet we went to war with Spain partly on account of these just claims of our citizens, and in the Treaty of Paris solemnly undertook to liquidate them.

Under a recent decision of the Attorney-General, the Treasury Department was authorized to apply the drawback clause of the Dingley act to wheat imported for reëxportation as flour. But this alteration of a tariff schedule by executive decree is naturally abhorrent to standpatters in Congress, and Senator Hansbrough last week proposed, and the Senate adopted, an amendment formally prohibiting such application of the drawback clause. This served notice on Mr.

Roosevelt that, if he is indeed zealous for tariff reform, he may as well face the issue squarely, and direct his attack upon the protectionist centre. It is evident that the Senate will give no countenance to slight incidental modifications of the schedules either by Treasury interpretation or by arbitration treaty. For those who desire genuine tariff revision, then, it is emphatically a case of going the whole hog. Time spent on indirect tariff reduction, excellent as such proposals may be in themselves, is as good as wasted. The standpatters are the enemy not only of the tariff-for-revenue men, but of the liberal branch of their own party. They may be crushed; they can hardly be outmanœuvred.

The House, meantime, has "asserted itself" against the pretensions of the Senate, on the ground that the Hansbrough amendment interfered with the House's Constitutional prerogative of initiating revenue measures. Senators, we think, might easily have shown how many times the House has meekly lain down under worse infringements of that principle. Granting the Senate the right to amend revenue bills—and this is all that is now claimed—it can make over, as it has done again and again, revenue bills, tariff measures, appropriations, until the House is not able to recognize its own children. The truth seems to be that Speaker Cannon and his lieutenants are very nervous about the decline of the House's prestige, but do not quite know what is to be done to restore it. A much surer means than they are now trying is open to them. Let them revive something of the deliberative quality; let the Representatives refuse to bolt raw masses of legislation, like the railway-rate bill, which they swallowed whole, ostentatiously pointing everybody to the Senate as the place where the measure was to be really digested. The way truly to assert the law-making power is to make laws, not to crowd foolish and crude bills through as if glad to shirk a job too difficult for them. However, the Senate promptly backed down, upon some division of opinion in its own ranks, and the Hansbrough amendment was cast out.

"An ecclesiastical lobby" is the term which Dr. Lyman Abbott applied to the influences behind the President's diversion of Indian trust funds to the support of Catholic mission schools. Cardinal Gibbons has denied that the most active advocate of the claims of the Catholics, Dr. E. L. Scharf, was an accredited agent of the Church; and it is, of course, absurd to suppose that the Church would ever give him formal authority to speak for it. But the statements of Senator Thomas R. Bard of California and Representative John H. Stephens of Texas, and the admissions of Dr. Scharf himself, have already made it clear that the latter's representations carried great weight. He offered, in return for favors to Catholic institutions, the good will of leading Catholics in various parts of the country. The *Evening Post* printed on Friday further evidence as to Dr. Scharf's method of operation: the tabulation of the vote in twenty doubtful districts in which the Catholics had considerable strength; the names of prominent Catholics in one of the California districts in which Senator Bard should have taken an interest; and the circular bearing Dr. Scharf's name which was circulated in support of Representative Babcock. If this last document be a cunning forgery by enemies of Dr. Scharf, he must admit that they worked along lines which he himself marked out. President Roosevelt cannot have known of the machinations lying back of the petitions for the diversion of trust funds; but Senator Aldrich and others who took a hand in the affair are not supposed to be as innocent as babes.

The Missouri Senatorial deadlock is evidently one that could be broken by the election of some other Republican than either Mr. Niedringhaus or Mr. Kerens. No such figure is yet even on the horizon, though Republican organs and politicians continue to urge the Legislature to elect somebody, if only to save the good name of the State. The situation of this "redeemed" commonwealth is in several respects extremely awkward. If the Legislature adjourns this year without a choice, it means a vacancy in the upper house at Washington for two years, since the Democratic Governor will certainly not call a special session for the sole purpose of choosing a Republican Senator. Then, in the election of 1906, the Senatorial issue could not be suppressed. As a Republican remarks in an interesting letter to the Kansas City *Star*, it would "centre about the question, 'Cockrell or not Cockrell?' Everybody knows what that means—it would be Cockrell, and goodbye to the Republican strength in Missouri. On that straight issue Democrats in every county—candidates for the Legislature and for county offices down to constable—would hang on to that fine old statesman's coat-tails, and he would pull nearly every one of them into office." The advocates of the popular election of Senators are not likely to find a better case for their argument than this. It can hardly be doubted that the people of Missouri would like to have Cockrell remain Senator. If they had had the chance, thousands of Roosevelt supporters would have split their tickets to vote for him, as they did to vote for Folk. As it is, some of the Republicans are already reported to be saying that it would be better for them to elect Mr. Cockrell outright and then make the next campaign on purely State issues, than to go down in certain defeat should the choice of the next Legislature hinge upon his return to the Senate.

One renegade citizen of the South has been caught up with. This man, a member of the merchant class of Cordova, S. C., so far forgot himself and his duty to the white race as actually to address a negro school, the Prince Institute. Naturally, the publication of this fact made every reputable white man shudder. The resultant outcry was so great that the offender, one Julian M. Smoak, confessed and published his apology in the Orangeburg, S. C., *Evening News*. Here it is:

> "I had left my place of business here on a business trip a few miles below; on returning I came by the above-named school and was held up by the teacher and begged to make a few remarks to the children. Very reluctantly I did so, not thinking that publicity would be given to it or that I was doing anything that would offend any one. I wish to say here and now that I am heartily sorry for what I did, and I hope after this humble confession and expression of regret that all whom I may have offended will forgive me."

We hope not. There are some offences quite beyond the pale. Other merchants of Cordova, P. B. Sanders, P. O. Smoak, and Smoak Brothers, evidently feel as we do, for they have published a card announcing that J. M. Smoak was the only white person who entered the school, and saying that they "are as anxious to see the colored race elevated as any people, but by all means let it be done inside the color line." Precisely.

Senator Raines's bill permitting women taxpayers in cities of the third class to vote on propositions involving the raising of a tax, aims at an act of simple justice. Women taxpayers already have this right in towns and villages of this State, under the law of 1901; they also have it in a number of the third-class cities. The Raines bill would therefore merely equalize the status of all women taxpayers in third-class cities—that is, in those whose population is under 50,000. As matters now stand, a woman owning property in both a third-class city and in a village can vote in the latter, but may be without any voice in the former. Most of the charters of the third-class cities give women the suffrage on tax-raising propositions as "residents," but in some cases they have been prevented from voting on the absurd ground that women, although taxpayers for many years and dwellers in their own homes, were not "residents" in the ordinary sense of the word! Naturally, there have been protests. Again, some cities allow husbands to vote as representing the property of the wives, and in others both husband and wife have this right. Obviously, there should be a uniform law. The suffrage asked does not give women the

right to vote for town, State, or national officials, but affords an opportunity to unmarried women and widows to defend their property rights when it comes to such questions as raising money for schools, electric lighting, water, and other civic improvements. The bill should receive prompt and favorable attention from both houses of the Legislature.

"When James C. Carter retires, he will make room for a thousand lawyers." This rhetorical exaggeration of Mr. Choate's conveyed a simple truth to which Mr. Carter's death gives fresh and poignant force. In losing him, we lose not only a chief ornament of the bar, but a great citizen. His range of learning and weight of character and dignity as a lawyer, combined with the loftiest standards of professional ethics, did more than the labors of a thousand ordinary men could do to exalt and honor his calling; while his zeal and services in the great public causes of his time were an example and rebuke to all timid or flabby citizenship. Who that heard his deep tones, "To the polls! To the polls!" summoning the electors to defeat by their votes a base politician's plot against the judiciary, can forget the thrill and impulse which his eloquence, vibrating with indignation, was able to impart? Happily preserved in vigor to a ripe age, Mr. Carter received in his life every tribute which integrity and extraordinary ability can command; and in his death there are many among the best of his own profession who will feel as if chariot and horsemen had been caught up out of their sight.

The fine brute majority that Mr. Balfour inherited from his uncle is, though reduced, still sufficient. This was shown in the rejection by Parliament on Thursday of Mr. Asquith's resolution to submit the fiscal question to the electorate. The debate brought out an interesting diversity of opinion. Mr. Balfour desired to prolong the present Parliament for the very good reason that he still commands a majority. Lord Hugh Cecil, since Mr. Winston Churchill's defection to the Liberals the most brilliant debater among the Free Trade Unionists, spoke for delay, because that would give time for fiscal agitation to die down harmlessly. Unionism, he maintained, was gradually purging itself of protectionist vagaries. Mr. Chamberlain, though for his own part he would welcome a general election, urged the Government not to resign simply to oblige the Opposition. Delay, he insisted, was doing the work of fiscal reform. He expected to see all the Free Trade Unionists converted to his plan. Evidently, if Mr. Balfour and the free traders of his party still manage to agree, and Mr. Chamberlain declines to oust his chief so long as the Liberals desire office, there would seem to be no immediate prospect of dissolution.

Anything that clears up the position of Mr. Balfour—"the great confuser," as Mr. Birrell recently termed him—is of importance, and Thursday's debate was notable for Mr. Chamberlain's reassertion that he and Mr. Balfour agree absolutely in principle, and differ only as to methods of procedure. In somewhat striking contrast to this clear-cut imputation of protectionist faith, was Lord Hugh Cecil's merciless scoring of his cousin for ambiguity, and Mr. Balfour's refusal to give "a monosyllabic" answer to the question, "Are you a protectionist?" The author of 'Philosophic Doubt' may have felt that he was being pressed too hard. Only the other day, at Mr. Morley's request, he committed his views on the fiscal question to "half a sheet of note paper." In this short space he reiterated squarely the demand for retaliatory duties made in his Sheffield speech, but continued with recommendations of some sort of tariff reciprocity with the colonies, some sort of a colonial conference, some sort of an anti-dumping policy Evidently, the official interpretation of such articles of faith could not be got into a word of one syllable, and Mr. Balfour did well not to make the attempt. Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain's rather arrogant claim that Mr. Balfour will be with the protectionists when he catches up, explains the somewhat lordly graciousness with which he declines to shorten Mr. Balfour's political life. This clemency obviously puts Mr. Balfour under palpable obligations of an embarrassing sort.

The distractions of the Russian Government were already near the endurance limit of human nerves. The hopeless confusion of political and industrial outbreaks in Finland, in Poland, in Batum, in all the great industrial centres; the protests of the bar and the universities against the "bloody Sunday"; the railroad strikes—were enough, with the demands of the Mantchurian campaign, to tax the energies of administrators to the utmost. At such a time, the terrorists have furnished a climax in the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius—the fourth prominent reactionary violently removed in the past two years. Thus the reformatory overtures of the bureaucracy are answered by hurled bombs, and the agitation of moderate liberals is seized upon by the Reds for a renewal of the old programme. Clearly, on both sides almost insuperable obstacles are offered to gradual reform. The slaying of Sergius strengthens the force which he impersonated so odiously that a deed which promises little good and may involve great evils has evoked slight sympathy for the victim. Sergius was the natural target for a fanatic's bomb, yet he was himself the creature of the absolute system into which he was born, and deserves some of the pity felt for a great people driven, contrary to its nature, to a violent revolution. His taking off may have the effect of precipitating peace in the East, but the Government cannot yet be declared at the end of its resources for the maintenance of order. Highly significant on this point are the resolutions adopted by the remarkably outspoken and even menacing meeting of professors and students of the University of St. Petersburg on Monday, which concluded upon a suspension of all teaching until the autumn. While the preamble, it is true, speaks of the "criminal adventure in the Far East, which has cost the people tens of thousands of lives and millions of hard-earned money," the formulated demands neither begin with peace nor contain any allusion to it, but do invoke "a people's militia, in whose ranks all citizens can fight to realize our aspirations." At the front stands "a legislative assembly on the basis of a universal, equal, and secret ballot of male and female citizens."

Facts as to Russian military mismanagement are leaking out every day. We have not only the savage criticisms of the fleet by the officers who have returned with Gen. Stoessel, and attacks upon each other by the surviving admirals and generals. The *Écho de Paris* has been printing some statements as to the conduct of the Vladivostok fleet which it vouches for on the authority of an intimate friend of Admiral Skrydloff. According to this story, in which there is nothing improbable, Skrydloff was merely the nominal commander of his squadron, being in every way subject to Admiral Alexieff. Thus, Skrydloff did not hear of the sortie of the Port Arthur ships until twenty-four hours after it had taken place, although coöperation of the two fleets was of the greatest importance. Alexieff ordered Skrydloff into Port Arthur by way of Chefoo, but the Admiral refused, saying he might as well go by way of Nagasaki. Skrydloff reports that Kuropatkin also rejoiced when Alexieff was recalled, for the viceroy, in the General's opinion, had succeeded in botching the whole concentration. This was the inevitable result of putting a naval officer in supreme command of both the naval and military forces—from the first a fatal blunder. Now, we have Gen. Gripenberg's extraordinary insubordination in publicly blaming Gen. Kuropatkin while that officer is still commanding in the field. That the highest officers have begun to denounce each other in this way must give the Japanese renewed hopes of decisive victories at an early date. And must we not believe that this insubordination and disorganization have affected Rozhestvensky's fleet?

THE SAN DOMINGO TREATY.

Having been driven from his first plan of taking over Dominican administration, under what he considers his general police power for this hemisphere, the President has now submitted to the Senate a treaty with the same end in view. This is the legal and orderly process. The scheme should be considered on its merits—but it should be really considered. The Senate and the country should look into the matter closely, to see if what Mr. Roosevelt alleges to be an imperative national duty, truly be such; whether it is desirable either to take the immediate step he urges, or to erect the far-reaching precedent involved in it; whether, in short, the President's premises are correct and his logic convincing.

The treaty and accompanying message speak of "the Dominican Government" and its desires. What reality lies behind the phrase? Undoubtedly, there is a *de-facto* government in San Domingo; but its authority and stability are in gravest doubt, according to President Roosevelt's own admissions. For four years at least there has been a disputed Presidency and endemic revolution. How do we know that President Morales is not using us simply to enable him to triumph over his foes? Dominican custom-houses have for long been headquarters of revolution. Jiménez, or any other conspirator, had only to seize one, and a revolution was at once financed. It has been credibly stated that Monte Christi and its customs revenues were in a possession adverse to Morales, but we obligingly undertake to oust his antagonists. Indeed, his complacent surrender of all Dominican custom-houses has the look of a clever move to cut off the sinews of revolution, and establish himself at ease under the protection of United States guns. This certainly is an aspect of the matter carefully to be scrutinized. In Venezuela, our Administration is reported to be about to override a *de-facto* government on the ground that it is arbitrary. In that country we do not propose to allow ourselves to be fooled by an alleged "Venezuelan Government." But in San Domingo we speak deferentially of a "Government" which, for all we know, exists only on paper, and may be alienating national sovereignty without consulting the people, or even in defiance of their wishes.

Upon President Roosevelt's arguments from the Monroe Doctrine we will not dwell. Anything you please can be drawn out of that fog-bank. We simply note that Mr. Roosevelt now brings out of it conclusions diametrically opposed to those he maintained in 1902. This only shows, of course, that Monroeism is a kind of reflex of national emotion. When we want to do something very much, it is the Monroe Doctrine that furnishes convenient warrant. If we are violently opposed to any course, Monroe lays a dead inhibiting hand upon us, greatly to our relief and comfort. That is well understood. To draw logical inferences from the Monroe Doctrine is as dangerous as to construct a syllogism in which every term is undefined. But there are certain statements of fact in the President's message which come within the reasonable operations of the mind.

He argues that foreign nations have just debts against San Domingo; that the only way in which they could enforce collection would be by seizing Dominican custom houses; that, even so, the debts are "beyond the power of the republic to pay," and that hence what we are confronted with is the peril of a "permanent" occupation of Dominican territory by European Powers. But from this he passes easily to the conclusion that we, with our transcendent financial genius, could take over the custom-houses, quickly make the revenue equal to the discharge of every obligation, and then gracefully withdraw, not proposing to "take any part of San Domingo." Obviously, the two parts of that argument are at war with each other. If the first one is valid, then what we are driving straight at, in spite of all pretence to the contrary, is a permanent occupation of San Domingo. This, in fact, seems to be distinctly invited by Article 7 of the treaty, which contemplates, in addition to rehabilitating Dominican finances, our doing everything *we* may think necessary to "preserve order" and "increase the efficiency of the civil administration." Imagine any European nation getting such a blanket grant of power! Should we not all cry out that it meant the complete and permanent absorption of San Domingo?

Financially, the proposal is that we, as one creditor, should guarantee the debts of all the others. Why not an undertaking by all concerned? The President informs us that a plan of "joint fiscal control" was suggested in 1903 by one foreign government. This the United States "declined." Why? No reason is given. We have had part in such a condominium before. Why reject so natural a step by the parties in interest now? Another case of inflamed Monroeism, we suppose. But peril of complications in the process glares at one. Already the German press is remarking that the President's plan, far from composing the troubles, will aggravate them. The point is, that we are now to pass upon the justice of foreign claims against San Domingo. Some of them the President calmly asserts to be "improper or exorbitant." If he is to use such language of foreign governments, how long will it be before San Domingo will be forgotten in the rows with France or Germany or Belgium precipitated by our assuming to be a referee in Dominican bankruptcy?

Such considerations and others like them should be duly weighed by the Senate. The President urges haste, but the business requires rather the extreme of deliberation. It wears too close a resemblance to the farmer's wife who was driven so distracted by the hopeless accumulations of work in her kitchen that she "went blackberrying." Our own affairs demand all the financial and administrative talent we have to spare, yet we may be sure that the San Domingo precedent will be seized upon by every tottering and revolution-harried republic of Central and South America. If the treaty goes through without serious amendment and rigid safeguarding, the effect will be the same as if a shingle were hung out at the White House: "Uncle Sam, Receiver in Pan-American Bankruptcy and Universal Antidote for Anarchy."

THE EQUITABLE CONTROVERSY.

The one patent fact in the action taken by the Equitable Life directors on Thursday is, that the situation whereby control of the company and its assets is practicable through ownership of a bare majority of its $100,000 stock, may be altered through transfer of this power to the policy-holders. Both factions in the recent contest recognize that the company's position will be strengthened and secured by conceding to policy-holders a voice in electing the management. The right to such participation, in the case of joint-stock companies, is in some dispute, and apparently could not be won with the board of management hostile to the plan. The Equitable controversy will be particularly useful, then, if it impresses on the public and the legislative mind the necessity for such a safeguard in the case of all life-insurance enterprises. To prove this does not require proof of incompetency on the part of any existing management. Based on control of a small majority of stock, such management may be ideal; yet death, business emergency, or high bids from other capitalists, might shift the control into hands either incapable or untrustworthy. That such a possibility should exist in an enterprise where withdrawal by the people vitally concerned is, to all intents, impracticable, hardly conforms to modern ideas; but there is no way of averting it save by granting to bona-fide policy-holders of such companies a potential veto on the acts of the management. This is the reason why the courts have tended of late towards recognition of rights on the part of patrons of life-insurance companies different from and superior to the rights of a bank depositor. Explicit admission of the same right by a company which has so long asserted the simple joint-stock principle in insurance, will have a very salutary effect.

It does not, of course, follow that this transfer of control will result in radical changes of personnel or policy. Even in the case of life companies operated from the first as mutual enterprises, such changes are very rare. With the enormous number and wide distribution of the policies embodying ultimate ownership of such companies, any management under whose auspices the enterprise has prospered is virtually assured of reëlection. This is undoubtedly for the best. Nothing could be more injurious to the business of such a corporation than constant change of officials; and in case of actual and proved mismanagement, appeal to the policy-holders always remains as a possible corrective.

An arrangement to "mutualize" the Equitable Life became inevitable from the moment of a contest for control between two or more rival factions. It would have been no solution whatever for the majority holdings of the stock to have been sold at a fancy price to other capitalists. No greater calamity to the insurance business can be conceived than the invasion of its field by the snatching and grasping methods which marked our railway and industrial company finance of 1901 and 1902. If the present situation, in which one individual dominates through ownership of a bare stock majority, was no longer safe, and if the alternative of bids for his holdings by rival interests, each with its eye on the company's huge assets, was inadmissible, the only possible recourse was that which the directors have adopted.

We do not doubt that the decision to invest control in the Equitable policy-holders will have good effect. At the same time, it seems to us that the matter cannot stop wholly with that. Executive officers who were reëlected last week have made certain distinct and positive statements, under their official signatures, as to a necessity for change in the composition of the board of management. The President of the company declared in terms that failure to make such change "would be most prejudicial to the welfare and progress of the society and the conservation of the trust funds held for the benefit of our policy-holders." We do not assume to pass judgment on the accuracy or inaccuracy of this formal official statement, but, after publication of such an utterance, the reëlection, both of the officer who was responsible for it and of the officer at whom its criticisms were directed, composes nothing. If the statement signed by Mr. Alexander was exaggerated, in the heat of a canvass to force the board of management to the mutualizing expedient, then it ought to be modified or retracted. If it was strictly accurate, something more should be said, in common justice to the company's policy-holders, as to what steps the present management means to take with a view of ensuring proper correction of past evils after the mutual plan shall have been formally adopted.

We do not suppose that these considerations are absent from the minds of the gentlemen now representing the Equitable before the public. But it is essential, in our judgment, that the nature of the situation and the nature of the remedy should be made absolutely clear. The question at issue is not a mere dispute over methods of management in a single institution; it affects the position of all other life companies and of their policy-holders. To stir up a controversy of this sort, only to drop it and leave matters precisely where they were before, would be a piece of fatuity and recklessness quite on a par with the exploits of Mr. Lawson; and it could have no other consequence than to create uneasiness and misgiving among holders of life-insurance policies throughout the country. This large and grave aspect of the matter obviously supersedes all considerations of "harmony" in the board of the Equitable or of any other company, and we believe that its importance is recognized by the principals in the pending dispute. It is fortunate that, with the plan for reversion of control to the policy-holders fairly under way, it will be entirely feasible to thresh out such questions without frightening investors in the company, and leaving them in a feeling of helpless insecurity.

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH SAVINGS BANKS.

For many reasons, the modern tendency to enlarge the functions of Government ought to be sturdily resisted. There are no steps backward: movements in this direction are irretrievable. No ruler willingly surrenders power; every officeholder will fight to keep his place. Were governmental administration wise and economical, we might rejoice in it; but it is apt to be both wasteful and stupid. When it is proposed to commit some new department of activity to the charge of Government, the public is assured that reforms will be introduced and improvements made. What usually happens is that the new bureau falls into the old ruts, that abuses creep in, that the promises of improvement are not fulfilled, and that the persons interested in maintaining these conditions are able by combination to defy criticism and prevent reform. The history of the Post-Office Savings Banks of England illustrates these truths. Men conversant with finance have for some time understood that the assets of these banks were less than their deposits, but the particulars of the situation have not been explained. They are now, however, clearly set forth by Mr. Alfred Marks, in the *Investors' Review*, and our people may well take warning from his disclosures.

Prior to 1861, when the Post-Office Savings Banks were established, the deposits of the existing, or "Trustee" banks, had been invested by law in Government securities, to the great convenience of the Treasury. This convenience, indeed, was one of the reasons which led Gladstone to favor the establishment of the post-office institutions. A steady income was thus turned into the Treasury, which could be employed for any purpose, and which constituted a loan from creditors who were not likely to make any sudden demand for their money. But Gladstone declared that "it would be absurd for the Government and Parliament, even for the purpose of encouraging provident habits among the poor, to make the working classes of the country pensioners on the Exchequer." The rate of interest allowed on deposits was therefore fixed at a rate which the deposits earned. Moreover, to provide for any depreciation, the act of 1861 declared that when the fund in which the deposits were invested became insufficient to meet the lawful claims of depositors, the Treasury should issue the amount of the deficiency out of the Consolidated Fund. The meaning of "insufficient" was defined by later acts relating to Trustee Banks. They were directed to prepare balance sheets showing the market price of their assets, and in case of any deficiency the Treasury was directed to certify the amount thereof to be a charge on the consols. Such deficiencies, being found to exist, were accordingly so certified.

Before the madness of imperialism involved England in the Transvaal war, the Post-Office Banks had not shown a deficiency, the price of consols rising steadily. That ruinous enterprise, however, greatly injured the credit of the Government, and for some five or six years the balance has been against the banks, and in 1904 their assets were less than their deposits by over £11,000,000. The deposits were about £147,000,000, and the stocks held equalled about 18s. 6d. in the pound. But the Government has taken no steps to provide for this deficiency. On the contrary, it has had passed an act which dispenses with the publication of a balance-sheet, following the example of some of our companies which think to conceal their embarrassments by suppressing their reports. As the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury naïvely replied to a question asked in Parliament, any one can make any valuation of assets that he likes. It is needless to say that such a proceeding on the part of private individuals calls forth the sternest condemnation from legislators. Such proceedings, however, are precisely what legislators have constantly resorted to in the past, for the purpose of deceiving the public and concealing their own mismanagement. But that the British

Government should in these days resort to them gives us a painful shock. We should not have looked for them even from the present Ministers.

Let us compare this situation with that of the five great joint-stock banks of London, whose deposits at the close of 1903 amounted to £147,720,000, those of the Post-Office Banks being £146,000,000. Against these deposits the joint-stock banks held a reserve of cash, in hand and in the Bank of England, of £26,583,000. They had also over 18 millions of cash "at call," and 95 millions in bills of exchange. They had, besides, 28 millions of Government and other securities, and they had marked down their consols to 85, less than the market price. But the Post-Office Banks have no reserve at all, and no cash on hand except their daily receipts. They are sustained by the guarantee of the Government. No one doubts the value of this guarantee; but, as a matter of fact, the money of the depositors has not been invested by Government, but spent. Their £146,000,000 has been swallowed up, and their sole asset is the good faith of the Government. That is a good asset; yet, if England became involved in a great war, its credit, already impaired, would seriously decline. Probably there would be no "run" on the Post-Office Banks; but, if there were, it might not be easy to stop it. Large quantities of consols might be salable, in a panic, only at a heavy discount.

The rate of interest allowed on deposits was fixed by Parliament, in 1861, at 2½ per cent. At that time the rate on consols was 3 per cent., but this has been reduced to 2¾, and recently to 2½ per cent. As much of the stock held by the banks was bought at a premium, it brings in less interest than the depositors receive, allowing nothing for the expenses of administration, which, in a business of this nature, are necessarily considerable. At first no one was allowed to deposit more than £30 in a year, nor more than £150 altogether. The limits were raised in 1891-3 to £50 and £200, and accounts may be kept in the names of different members of the same family. Mr. Marks calculates that, in 1902, one-tenth of the depositors owned two-thirds of the deposits. In 1857, some 70 per cent. of the deposits belonged to 95 per cent. of the depositors. Evidently these banks are extensively used by persons of considerable wealth, who observe that they would get only about 1 per cent. on their money if deposited in a joint-stock bank, and naturally prefer to take advantage of the Government rate. Any attempt to lower this rate to a proper figure would arouse the opposition of this class. The sympathy of the public would be asked for the poor workingman, and it is altogether improbable that the rate will be lowered. A tottering administration would not dare to do it for fear of bringing about its own fall, nor an incoming administration for fear of hurting its prestige. At present the "enormous evil," as Mr. Gladstone called it, of making the depositors pensioners on the Exchequer, has come to pass, although these pensioners are rather of the middle than the working class.

Depositors in the savings banks of this country may justly think their position better than that of the English, and much better than that of the French and Australians, whose savings have practically been impounded by their governments. We know that our savings have not been wasted in killing human beings and destroying their homes, but have been invested in productive enterprises. They are secured by collateral which has not depreciated, and which, if it tends to depreciate, is disposed of. They do not have the promise of the general Government that it will secure them against loss, but they have the ability and integrity of the best of our business men as a pledge that the trust reposed in them will be faithfully discharged. They have the satisfaction of reflecting that the interest which they receive has been honestly earned, and not paid them as a pension by their fellow-citizens. They know, too, that interest will not be paid when it has not been earned, and that, instead of a deficiency of assets, there exists a fair surplus—in spite of the taxes which our legislatures insist upon imposing. If they are wise, they will take warning from the case of England, and resist all attempts to commit industrial enterprises to the charge of rulers who are selected, to say the least, without reference to their integrity and capacity as business managers.

THE WINNER IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

It was the evening of election day, after a fiercely contested campaign. One of the aspirants for office was reading in his study, when his secretary entered with tidings of the struggle. "Well," said the statesman cheerfully, "how large a majority have they given us this time?" When the secretary broke the sickening news of disaster, the disappointed man, unperturbed, took up again the tale of 'Ben Hur.' *Abeunt studia in mores.* The death last week of Gen Lew Wallace raises the question why 'Ben Hur' was better than bromide to steady the nerves of a defeated candidate, and why the book has had such enormous popularity. Throughout the rank and file of our steady, church-going people the man who is ignorant of 'Ben Hur,' who cannot recall vividly every point of the chariot race, is set down as beyond the pale, in both literature and religion. Shakspere and Milton are above the range of honest folk, who are often content to take the Bible at second-hand; but 'Ben Hur' brings grandeur near our common dust.

Matthew Arnold had much to say about "the grand style." For hundreds of thousands of readers Lew Wallace is the inventor of the grand style. True, these modest critics live in what such superior persons as Arnold call Philistia, but they buy books by the ton. When they find an elaborated manner which is gorgeous with Oriental imagery and suggests a fusion of 'Marmion,' 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and the Bible, and which, in the more notable passages, is rhythmical, they exult in having discovered the real thing, and they are justly proud of their discernment. Take this:

> "Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car."

A man who can thrill at such sentences as these can surely spend his hours happily and unconsciously while waiting for the gallows.

The style, however, is merely the gilded vehicle for characters and incidents which make a dime novel about bandits and beauties seem dull and lifeless. The Queen of the Outlaws is nowhere when "Esther's eyes were dewy with tears." Jesse James is a divinity student in a white choker when compared with Messala, who, in spite of his "air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face," was "cruel, cunning, desperate, not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve." And for your high-souled, dauntless hero, we back Ben Hur against any combination of Old Sleuth and Crimson Dick yet presented to the world. There is also enough and to spare of battle, murder, and sudden death. Perhaps Lew Wallace could not have written up to the latest specifications for an historical novel—a hair-raising sensation in every five pages; but, for the benighted days of 1880, when the art was yet in its infancy, he far surpassed the wildest expectations. The most intensely respectable man that ever passed the plate for the missionary collection got his money's worth when he paid $1.50—the "Garfield Edition" in three-quarter levant, $10.00—for a book that recalled the fearful joy of reading behind his geography the shabby, yellow-covered guide to a forbidden paradise.

Above all, 'Ben Hur' gives us Crimson Dick, Old Sleuth, Jesse James, and the Queen of the Outlaws combined with the strongest religious influences; it is as edifying as a prizefight in a Young Men's Christian Association — unrestrained excitement and profound piety.

The sub-title, "A Tale of the Christ," would alone have sold two of the dullest books ever written, Becker's 'Gallus' and 'Charicles'; it made 'Ben Hur' a household word. From 1885 to 1900 no church entertainment was complete unless the local amateur elocutionist let herself go on the chariot race. Nobody who went to Sunday-school could have escaped the story had he tried. Whenever the class reached the life of Christ, the teacher read that chapter of 'Ben Hur' beginning, "A mile and a half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain." Superintendent, pastor, and stray visitor, called on for a few remarks, reminded everybody at least once in three months that the most vivid picture of the Holy Land in the time of Christ was in 'Ben Hur.' "Now, dear children"—so the talk began—"I always warn you against novels. But there is one work of fiction drawn very largely from the Bible. Though there are a few happenings that may have been invented, the great bulk of the work is as true as the blessed gospel itself. I mean 'Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ.' I can recommend it strongly as full of spiritual refreshment. We have two copies in our own Sunday-school library. It is spoken of most warmly by the bishop and the editor of the *Christian Advocate*."

The very stars in their courses fought for 'Ben Hur.' Its descriptions of Palestine and its religiosity won it eager readers among the millions who were bred to regard novels as hell broth. To minds nourished upon Todd's 'Lectures to Children' and 'Hints and Thoughts for Christians,' with the Lucy books reserved for a special treat—in short, to all who knew that sharp and unmistakable distinction between Sunday and other reading, the pages of 'Ben Hur' were like cold water to a thirsty soul. People of wide reading are naturally inclined to sneer at the meretricious qualities of 'Ben Hur' while they stick to 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.' 'Ben Hur' was never meant for them, but it has gone straight to the heart of the solid Puritans, who, thank Heaven! are still the backbone of America.

UNION AND CONFEDERATE FORCES.

The very latest reminiscence of the civil war, Colonel O'Ferrall's 'Forty Years,' recites that "the North was able to put in the field 2,700,000 men, the South only 600,000 men." Standing by itself, such an estimate would be of little consequence; but it does not stand by itself. That measure of the Confederate forces has been in vogue since 1867, and it is acquiring a pseudo-historical value. Thus, the Confederate Handbook, 1900, avowedly designed to furnish "reliable information for the use of the future historian," insists that the enrolled strength of the insurgent army did not exceed 600,000 men, while no more than 400,000 were ever available for the field. Another alleges that "this estimate is engraved upon enduring monuments in the South," and the figures "are printed in the Southern school-books," thus perpetuating serious historical error should it not be the truth. Very recently Mr. Cazenove G. Lee, in a newly-published table designed to show the enormous numerical superiority of the Union army, credits it with 2,778,304 soldiers as against the same 600,000. Such statements are unobjectionable if they are true; but the probabilities are all against their truth, for there is much presumptive and statistical testimony to impugn their accuracy, and there are no consolidated Confederate records to sustain them. In 1900, before the Confederate Handbook appeared, Colonel Thomas L. Livermore, lately of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, published an admirable discussion of the situation in 'Numbers and Losses in the Civil War,' reviewed in No. 1844 of the *Nation;* and at the November, 1904, meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society he examined Mr. Lee's and the Handbook's figures, which seem to be identical.

The overwhelming superiority of the loyal States in number and in material wealth has never been in question. The disparity was so great that the minority was foredoomed if the two parts of the common country put men in the field proportionately to their population. Secession's reliance, apart from possible intervention, was upon divided counsel and lukewarm defence of the Union, which might so far equalize the numbers in the field that an armed contest, if indeed there should be such, would not be hopeless. For the matter of that, it seems that the assumption in Beverley Tucker's 'Partisan Leader' was accepted by the disunion managers as infallible prophecy of an unmolested withdrawal of the Cotton States. Mr. Davis's advertisement, that all the new Confederacy wanted was to be let alone, sounded as an echo of that fantasy. It is demonstrable that on the Union side "there were in fact 2,898,304 army and navy enlistments." The point to estimate is how many men supported the Confederate cause in the field. It is necessary to estimate the number, because there remain no official summaries.

In 1890, after twenty-five years of peace, the census showed 432,020 Confederate and 980,724 Union survivors, or a little more than one to two and a fourth. If the Union enlistments account for 2,300,000 individuals, as is probably the case (for it is certain that many of them represent very short-term and other discharged men who reëngaged), then the Confederate survivors indicate an original force of more than 1,000,000 men on the assumption that the mortality rates were alike. But it is certain that the deaths of Confederates on the field were not only relatively but absolutely greater than those among the Union troops, and, from conditions not necessary to recapitulate here, the mortality from disease also was much higher. If the number of individuals in the Union army corresponds more nearly to the number of enlistments, then the number of Confederate survivors represents a proportionately higher number of arms-bearers.

In the Confederate ranks, enlistments and soldiers much more nearly corresponded, for there was no relaxation of the military grasp except where disability occurred. It is in evidence that the conscription, which arbitrarily prolonged the service of those voluntarily enrolled in the first year of the war, finally ransacked the seceding States from end to end with bitter constraint. The military age was gradually extended until in February, 1864, it ran from seventeen to fifty; and the exemptions were so few that, a year later, the entire number east of the Mississippi was 87,863. After youth and age had been ravished from their homes, the blacks themselves were about to be put under arms and in the ranks when the crash came. That such a trial to Southern sensibilities was ever dreamed of, is the best evidence that no white reserves were left. With a country swept as clean as that, the men in the ranks certainly exceeded 600,000 out of the 1,440,000 men of the conventional military age who, Col. Livermore shows, were probably available, plus those beyond the normal fighting years drawn upon by the conscription. There is official reference and plenty of popular testimony to lads of sixteen and less being drawn by the spirit of the times into the track of war, and without doubt men more than fifty years old were in the ranks. Further, although the general conscription records were destroyed by authority, there is a surviving statement from that bureau that in January 1864, fifteen months before the end of the war, 566,456 men had been in service from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. If six States put more than 560,000 troops in the field, as they certainly did, before the war was three-fourths over, a total of 600,000 would leave less than 40,000 for all the other territory during the four years, and for that central region during the remaining year and a fourth—which reduces assertion to absurdity. But, in fact, it was after this date that the conscription ages were extended, and to the official muster rolls already cited must be added the later recruits from these very States, 296 regiments from the other States belonging to or having sympathy with the Confederacy, and 98,000 men who were in certain irregular organizations. Irrespective of the arithmetical fallacy, to limit its soldiers to the familiar and indeed paltry 600,000 is a practical denial of the boasted unanimity with which, either freely or by compulsion, disunion was supported.

Along with this persistent error is the equally persistent misapplication (to lay no greater stress upon it) of the terms in which the military field returns were prepared. In the United States forces, all men neither absent nor sick were accounted present for duty. But a considerable proportion of these had to be employed on other necessary service than that of the firing line. The Confederates made a distinction between the able-bodied men present, by classing those available in action as "effectives," and reckoning them alone as their battle strength. But the Federal returns are always used at their face value by the Confederate historians, so that the odds against which the effectives fought are unduly magnified. The facts are not changed, but appearances are altered. In the latter part of the war, at least in the Army of Northern Virginia, it was forbidden to publish among the casualties the slighter wounds; doubtless partly to avoid depressing the civil population and the army itself, and partly not to encourage the enemy.

Col. Livermore's paper, which appears irrefutable, ought not to remain buried in the Proceedings of any Society, however notable. It is a valuable contribution to American history, and deserves a distinct investiture for convenience of consultation and study. The distribution among all the libraries of the land of a special edition of this analysis would be a service, in the interest of historical truth as well as of patriotism, which independent or incorporated wealth might well consider.

CURRENT ITALIAN FICTION.

ALASSIO, January, 1905.

Ten years ago it seemed as if a splendid efflorescence of the novel had begun in Italy. Fogazzaro, Rovetta, Matilde Serao, Gabriele D'Annunzio had all given proofs of their strength; De Roberto had just published 'I Viceré,' and Capuana 'Le Paesane.' There was still hope that Verga would continue his series of "I Vinti" with the promised 'Duchessa di Leyra,' while there was plenty of talent among the novelists of lesser note, and brilliant promise from some of the newcomers. Time has passed, but the bright morning has given place to a dull sort of a day—nothing, perhaps, to complain of, except that it is not at all equal to our expectations. There are new novels enough published, and by writers whose names were utterly unknown ten years ago; and here and there one who, with his youthful courage, has brought to his work good brains, and yet the survey of the field of fiction is to-day, as a whole, rather depressing. The cheering exceptions are chiefly among the tellers of short stories. For to-day I mean to confine my attention to these. It is somewhat like picking the plums out of a pudding, but if later it should turn out that what remains is too insipid, you will pardon me if I do not offer it to you.

Gabriele D'Annunzio contributes a volume which I believe is not really new, called 'Le Novelle della Pescara,' stories of the author's birthplace in the "Abruzzo forte e gentile." If one were to judge by these tales, heaven did *not* lie about him in his infancy. In reading them I found that, as regards the matter, nearly all came under one or more of three categories, and I marked them accordingly—gruesome, erotic, or disgusting. Instead of men and women, the pages are peopled with caricatures that the author seems to have drawn sometimes in hatred, sometimes in contempt, never in love. With few exceptions they are hideous; and as in general their actions are no better than their looks, the effect of a continuous reading of the book is like that of a nightmare. At first one wonders at the Olympian calm of the narrator in the midst of so loathsome a world, but little by little one perceives that his preoccupations are literary rather than human. His *fantoches* have a certain distorted resemblance to life; but then, after all, they are only *fantoches*, and a little attentive observation reveals how the wires are pulled, and also that the show is but a reminiscence of another given by an antecedent showman. One need not look far for an example. The second story in the volume, "La Vergine Anna," is obviously inspired by (one might even say, imitated from) 'Un Cœur Simple' of Flaubert. The same subject treated in the same manner, even to the suppression of every adjective not absolutely necessary to the proper telling of the story; and as far as the manner is concerned, the success of the imitation is beyond question. Occasionally the author's power of presenting a scene, barely more than suggested by a few sober touches, makes it seem that one is reading an Italian Flaubert. The illusion, however, is but fleeting. Flaubert, impassible as he appears, must have loved his Félicité, for there is scarcely a detail relating to her in his pages that does not bring into stronger and stronger relief her humility, her unselfishness and loyalty; whereas, D'Annunzio has no love for his Anna; and no wonder, as the one characteristic he is at great pains to show is her imbecility. The result is that, for want of human interest, the reader gets bored, especially as many of the details, consigned, after the manner of Flaubert, to short sentences, are of a surprising puerility.

And so with the rest of the book. In the matter of execution it leaves little to be desired; it is sober, with an absence of the lyrism, poetic cadences and the jewel-wrought diction of much of D'Annunzio's later work; but there is always that tantalizing suggestion of the author's reading, as if he were less taken up with the telling of a story about his fellow-townsmen than with the telling of it in the manner of some writer who has excited his admiration. But if the manner is a success, one can scarcely say as much of the matter. One tale, for instance (a spurious Maupassant, quite recognizable in spite of the heavier touch), would seem in its crude loathsomeness intended to bring his model into disrepute. The art is nearly always employed to delineate a collection of horrors, of deformities and diseases. Strange that writers should be so slow to learn that pages of minute description of blemishes, to the last wrinkle and the last wart, may provoke a feeling of nausea in the reader, but do not necessarily evoke for him a living portrait. Then there are reminiscences of one or the other of the ancient *novellieri*, that are by way of being gay, yet are of a grossness which the historic sense helps one to tolerate in the old chronicle, but which is simply repulsive in a narrator of to-day. And the author's conception of fun! No trace of sense of humor is to be found anywhere in the works of D'Annunzio, but he need not have been at such pains to demonstrate its entire absence in his intellectual make-up.

Never, perhaps, were qualities and defects more puzzlingly interwoven in a writer than in D'Annunzio. Happily 'La Figlia d'Iorio' has lately come to show that he has always the power of doing beautiful things. This, indeed, is not the place to give an account of the work. Critics in general have vaunted its dramatic qualities, but it appears to me that its success upon the stage has been owing rather to the beauty and dignity of the poetry, to a certain atmosphere which he has created and which lends enchantment to the scene, and perhaps a little also to its picturesqueness as a spectacle. It reads charmingly.

'Casta Diva' is the title of a volume of stories by Gerolamo Rovetta. In point of readableness Rovetta is, if not first, at least among the first half-dozen of living Italian novelists. His style is clear and animated; his personages move with a very pretty resemblance to life; his descriptions, without being overdone, are sufficient, and the same may be said of his psychology. With so many qualities—and there are more than I have named—one wonders why one does not take him more seriously; why a writer so extraordinarily clever should still seem to halt this side of the highest achievement. You are amused, you are delighted, with the keenness of his perceptions; you are also impressed when he is earnest, but—and there, perhaps, is the rub—I doubt if you are ever deeply moved. In the midst of a not very admirable world, which, however, strikes you as being amazingly real, there move certain figures, generally those intended to be of a higher order than the rest, and these rarely seem other than somewhat sentimental conventions. They introduce an element of falseness into a society that you otherwise accept as authentic. Of course these observations do not apply to every one of Rovetta's works; in some of them there is a happy adaptability of the means at his command to the end he has set himself; and 'Casta Diva' is one of these.

Ugo Ojetti, always entertaining as critic or traveller, was not so fortunate in his earlier essays in fiction. He was dismal in 'Il Vecchio' and perilously near to maudlin in 'Il Giuoco dell' Amore.' In 'Le Vie del Peccato' he has left such performances well behind him. The stories are attacked and sustained with spirit, and are far and away the best things he has done. Of course for Sig. Ojetti there is but one sin worth telling about; it is that which all have committed, or will probably commit to-morrow or next day. To deny the soft impeachment is evidence either of hypocrisy or inexperience. But granting that the book is not "virginibus puerisque," it offers excellent reading for all (and they are many) who are interested in the ways that lead to the divorce court. A succeeding volume, 'Il Cavallo di Troja,' has an occasional story about other subjects. While these are often pleasing or interesting, it must be owned that the real successes of the author are in the field he has made his own, and where one cannot invite the young folks to follow him.

The volume of Fogazzaro entitled 'Scene,' although containing three pieces in form of drama, two of which have indeed tempted fortune upon the stage, has still its right to a place with the story books. In 'Il Garofolo Rosso' and 'Il Ritratto Mascherato,' no less an authority than Giuseppe Giacosa thought he discovered scenic qualities of so high an order that he persuaded the author, much against his judgment, to give them to the theatre, where they failed. "À quelque chose malheur est bon," and Fogazzaro's want of success bore fruit in a long and pleasant article in the *Corriere della Sera*, wherein Giacosa confesses himself convinced by the logic of circumstances—that is, he remains of the same opinion still. And one may agree with him that the dialogue of the 'Garofolo Rosso' is of an excellent quality for the theatre, albeit written in the dialect of Vicenza, and that the action of the 'Ritratto Mascherato' is so "brisk and efficacious that the most practised playwright might envy Fogazzaro its invention." But if I may oppose my poor judgment to that of a master like Giacosa, and if I may be pardoned for being so wise after the fact, I should say that a deathbed so madly comic

seems to me calculated to bewilder any public made up, as a public always must be, chiefly of persons whose convictions, prejudices, and affections are not flexible enough to adapt themselves readily to these "most singular scenes, in which physical suffering, anguish, baseness, and death have the ways and language of pure comedy." Even in reading, in the midst of the gayety of the *danse macabre* the catastrophe comes as a shock that is, to say the least, disconcerting. And yet the piece is so original, so audacious, the personages are evoked with such vividness, the satire is so keen, and the grim drollery is so genuine, that one would need to be very dull not to enjoy it. The other two pieces of the volume, great as are their merits, seem at first commonplace in comparison. This impression is but momentary. The 'Ritratto Mascherato' contains one of the finest women Fogazzaro ever drew, and that is saying a great deal, if one recalls merely Elena in 'Daniele Cortis,' Luisa in 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' and Jeanne in 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno'; while 'Nadejde,' with the one exception of the title character, presents such a group of living and breathing men and women as the author himself has never perhaps brought together. The volume is, indeed, for interest one among the first half-dozen of all that I have had to examine.

It is five years since Edoardo Calandra published 'La Bufera,' which remains one of the best novels of our time in Italy. It has as yet had no successor; the volume entitled 'La Falce,' which appeared about two years ago, and in which the first tale fills by far the greater part of the volume, and might, by bulk, be called a novel, cannot take rank with its predecessor. It is in every way a slighter performance. And yet it can boast many of the qualities of 'La Bufera.' There is a slight similarity between the two stories, in so far as the protagonist, a man of birth and education, chooses his wife in a station that is not his own. And there the likeness ends—or no, the two works are akin in the delicacy and distinction of their art. I should say that Calandra writes like a gentleman, were it not that gentlemen do not, as a rule, write like Calandra, more's the pity. In part, it is the refined simplicity of the man whose story he tells, and who naturally reflects always the character of the writer; in part it is the love of nature everywhere apparent, and the succession of charming landscapes evoked by the slightest touch; in part it is the style, of singular limpidity, directness, and harmony, that create a sort of sympathetic air which envelopes the narration and the narrator. Reading 'La Falce' is like visiting rural Piedmont in very good company.

The readers of the *Nation* already know, at least by name, the authors of whom it has here been question; but there are also plenty of newcomers, and, of course, many collections of tales quite clever enough to justify the kindly reception they have received from the Italian press and also to repay the stranger for the time he may spend in reading them. Such, for example, is 'Rigoletto,' by "Térésah," freshly and pleasantly written, and singular in that it presents us with some humble Neapolitans (in whom I believe) so compounded of all the agreeable virtues that the ordinary traveller, who thinks he knows and is sure he despises the people of that wonderful city, will rub his eyes in perplexity, and perhaps impugn the veracity of the author. Such, too, is the "Fumo e Fiamma" of Domenico Tumiati, or 'Cavalleria Forzata' (stories of the theatre) of Nicola Guerra, or many another, the mention of which would be thankless, since my space does not allow me to do justice to their merits.

The case, however, is quite different with three of the volumes that lie before me. 'Trionfi di Donna,' by Alfredo Panzini, although, as the title indicates, all the stories are connected by community of subject, illustrates this by great variety in the inventions. The author has a pleasing vein of sentiment and an elevated conception of life and character, which implies that he is not an uncompromising realist. 'Il Trionfo di Puccin' and 'Il Trionfo della Penna d'Airone' are perhaps the best stories in the book, but there are two others which may interest Americans as showing how some of our rich countrymen look to Italians. The picture is not flattering to us; but, while we may hope that "mister" Douglas is of the author's own fabrication, one must own that in "Mrs. Evelyne" (her full name is Evelyne Taylor) every stroke in the portrait is copied from life. The spelling of English words is not impeccable—it scarcely ever is, and that not merely in Italian novels, but even in the most authoritative prints: "mister" Douglas is a "jankee" from "Nuova York" or "Nuova Yorck." Even the cosmopolitan Ojetti, in the first story of the 'Vie del Peccato' (another unflattering portrait, this time of an American girl), after making a steamer leave from "Oboken" and have a "deck-stewart," gives the following delicious sample of his heroine's English: "Would you accept a little flirt with your American pupil, would you not?" The popular writers of no country are infallible linguists; lady novelists in England used to have a high reputation for a fondness for eccentric French, and the French daily press, to say nothing of our own . . .! But the Italian, for some reason or other, is so constantly luckless in his liberties with our tongue that nothing would be easier than to make an amusing supplement to 'English as She Is Wrote' from almost any periodical of the country. I except *Minerva*, and, of late, the *Nuova Antologia*.

'Il Prisma,' of Italo Mario Palmarini, deserves to rank among the best works in the little mass before me, if only for three of the eight *novelle* composing it—"Un Vinto," a strong story, notwithstanding that the ending seems unequal to the rest of it; "Le Categorie di Don Ambrogio," dedicated to Luigi Pirandello, and in vivacity and humor worthy of that master; and "Musica Sacra," delicate and poetic.

Luciano Zuccoli first became known to me through a novel published about a year ago, entitled 'Ufficiali, Sottufficiali, Caporali e Soldati,' of which I may on another occasion have something to say. It was, without doubt, one of the most entertaining books of its year, and served as recommendation to the collection of stories published a year later under the title of 'La Vita Ironica.' It is enough to say that this last does honor to the introduction, and, were it only for the opening tale, "L'Ingenuo," or perhaps even more for another, "Il Ladro," deserves mention among the best that it has been my fortune or my duty to read of late. The author, if not a soldier, shows in his writing all the qualities that adorn the ideal man-of-arms. He treats lightly, indeed, certain conventions of ordinary society; but, in a style that is simple, forcible, and direct, he reveals himself generous, high-minded, impatient of all that is mean, and a lover of fair play; and these moral qualities impart a directness and simplicity to his narration that engage the reader from the very outset.

It only remains for me to mention four volumes, all by one hand, that are, however, sufficient to stamp their author as among the first of living Italian story-tellers. I am even tempted to assume the risks that beset the literary prophet, and assert that certain of these tales will always hold their place among the best in the language. The volumes are 'Beffe della Morte e della Vita' (two series), 'Quand' ero Matto,' e 'Bianche e Nere,' by Luigi Pirandello. From the scenes of most of his stories one concludes that the author is native of that part of Sicily which looks toward Africa. Ah, these Southerners—D'Annunzio, Capuana, Verga, De Roberto, Serao, Deledda, and now Pirandello—the field of contemporary Italian fiction would make but a meagre show without their creations! It is true that two of the number count only for what they have given us in the past, but the latest comer promises to vie with D'Annunzio in fecundity, so that, considering the long intervals which most Italian authors put between their published works, the quantity of production still remains overwhelmingly in favor of the Southerners. The four volumes enumerated just now appeared within the space of two years, and their author still found time and strength for various other works, including a novel for the *Nuova Antologia*. And this abundance is not secured at the cost of the workmanship; here is a workman who has a fine sense of his craft. And because the judgment of a foreigner in such matters is apt to be held in light esteem, I quote that of a competent authority, Ugo Flores, given in the *Nuova Antologia* of May 16 last: "The personality of Pirandello . . . has this superiority over all the other story tellers. . . . Palmarini narrates with more vivacity, Ojetti with more *brio*, Panzini with more sentiment; no one writes like Pirandello, whose prose is full of life, rich, flexible, . . . a prose that has a physiognomy like a person, a prose that, without strain on the part of either author or reader, distinguishes itself on every page by its incomparable directness." For the rest, Pirandello has the gift, so rare in Italy, of humor, an irresistible humor that sports with death as well as with life. His subjects are of the greatest variety, excluding only young love; an exclusion that, when one is of a certain age and asks only to be amused, is readily accepted. And, unlike many of his kidney, he does not altogether lose the gaiety of his earlier period with the sobering progress of the years. At least that is true at present. The fun of "Amicissimi" in 'Bianche e Nere' is madder than that of "Le Tre Carissime" in the first 'Beffe.' Let any one who wishes to pass a pleasant hour, read "Il Vitalizio" or "La Signora Speranza" in the second 'Beffe,' or . . . but I will not go further in the invidious selection; either of these will

engage the reader to continue till the four volumes can offer nothing more that is new.

S. K.

Correspondence.

THE GEORGE PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial article on the Peabody Fund in your issue of February 2 contains some inaccuracies in the paragraphs that relate to the College for Teachers at Nashville. Kindly permit me to correct them.

First, the institution formerly known as the Peabody Normal College has been called since 1902 the Peabody College for Teachers, and the title recognized by the trustees of the Peabody Fund in their resolution to endow the college was, in full, the George Peabody College for Teachers.

Secondly, the grounds upon which the College was established are not those of the State University, but those of the University of Nashville.

Thirdly, the conditions of the gift of $1,000,000 to the college do not require the city of Nashville to raise a similar amount. The city is pledged to give $200,000, the State $250,000, Davidson County $50,000; and the Trustees of the University of Nashville are to convey to the Peabody College for Teachers the grounds and buildings now occupied by that institution and valued at something over $300,000.

Fourthly, the aid given in the past by the State of Tennessee has been understated. According to your informant, the State has appropriated $15,000 since 1891. In fact, the annual appropriation was $10,000 from 1881 to 1891, $15,000 from 1891 to 1895, and $20,000 from 1895 to the present time.

Finally, the third paragraph of your article may easily, though perhaps not necessarily, be construed as indicating that the Peabody College for Teachers is intended for students of both races, whereas it is for prospective teachers of the white race only. The benefactions of the Peabody Fund, as distinguished from those of the Slater Fund, have been directed chiefly to the education of the white people of the South.

Very truly yours, Jas. D. Porter,
President of the George Peabody College for Teachers.

Nashville, Tenn., February 16, 1905.

BARTRAM REDIVIVUS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the fever is on for reprinting earlier American itineraries, could not some patriotic Philadelphian be induced to revive the 'Travels' of the Quaker natural scientist, William Bartram? Bartram's fascinating narrative of his journeys 'Through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida, [etc.]' hardly needs recalling to American botanists and ornithologists, or for that matter to European; as a scientific record, however florid in style, its value seems to have been understood from the first. According to Sabin, the work went through two editions in this country (Philadelphia, 1791, 1792), was reprinted twice in London (1792, 1794) and once in Dublin (1793), and was thrice translated on the Continent (Berlin, 1793; Haarlem, 1794-1797; Paris, 1799-1801). I have never seen the Dutch translation. Last summer I found other versions at Lund, Stockholm, and Upsala; there, no doubt, in consequence of the friendly relations between Bartram and the successors of Linnæus (cf. Harshberger's 'Botanists of Philadelphia'). Outside of collections, however, the book is rare both abroad and at home, so that to those interested in the geography of our Southeast a reprint should not prove unwelcome.

More particularly, a reprint might prove useful to a far different class. For some reason Bartram has of late escaped adequate notice from historians of American literature; Richardson, Wendell, and Trent, for example, fail to index him, although Stedman and Hutchinson include him in their "Library." Previous authorities, like John S. Hart and Duyckinck, knew him better. His book is, in fact, a typical specimen of romantic nature worship, deeply tinged with the doctrines of Rousseau, and all the more striking because from the hand of a recognized, though youthful, scientific observer. It is important, further, in that its richly colored descriptions of Indian life and subtropical scenery caught the imaginations of several, perhaps many, Romanticists across the water. Coleridge in "The Wanderings of Cain," Southey in "Madoc," Wordsworth in "Ruth," all levied on Bartram considerably; Bowles at least read him; in 'Atala' and the 'Voyage en Amérique,' Chateaubriand, as M. Bédier has pointed out ('Études Critiques'), filched from him remorselessly. I have suspicions of De Quincey and "Christopher North." Indeed, it would not be surprising if careful search revealed an interesting set of transatlantic literary relations wherever this remarkable work found susceptible readers, say, in Holland, Germany, and Sweden also. Its place and possible influence in our own literature will hereafter, let us hope, receive proper attention.

I have a mere impression that one or two years ago some local paper in North Carolina found space for a serial reissue, in whole or in part, of the work in question. A publisher of secure standing in New York or Philadelphia could rejuvenate it more effectively. Lane Cooper.

Cornell University, February 13, 1905.

Notes.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will begin their "French Men of Letters" series, edited by Dr. Alexander Jessup, with 'Montaigne,' by Edward Dowden; and will further bring out during the spring 'Mirabeau and the French Revolution,' by Charles F. Warwick, ex-mayor of Philadelphia; 'Diplomatic Mysteries,' by Vance Thompson; a new edition of Bigelow's 'Biographical Life of Franklin,' from 1775 to its close, enriched with much fresh material, in three volumes; and 'Young Japan,' by James A. B. Scherer.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish directly 'Out of Bondage, and Other Stories,' by Rowland E. Robinson; 'The Hawthorne Centenary,' July 4-7, 1904, illustrated; 'Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs,' by Gardner W. Allen; and, in a limited edition, Boccaccio's Life of Dante, translated by Philip Wicksteed, printed on a hand-press from type, in quarto form.

Little, Brown & Co. announce 'An American Girl in Munich,' impressions of a music student, by Mabel W. Daniels, and a new popular illustrated edition of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's 'History of North American Land Birds,' in three volumes.

The Macmillan Co. will shortly bring out 'The Primitive Character of Religious Revivals: A Study in Mental and Social Evolution,' by Prof. Frederick M. Davenport of Hamilton College, and 'The Horse,' by Prof. Isaac Phillips Roberts.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'The Old Shipmasters of Salem,' by Charles E. Trow, and 'A Digit of the Moon, and Other East Indian [Love] Stories,' translated by F. W. Bain.

The Société Gaston Paris, organized by the pupils and friends of that scholar, announces that the bibliography of his writings, which has been compiled by Professor Bédier, of the Collège de France, is to appear in the near future. The Society has further decided to print the catalogue of Gaston Paris's library, the editing of which is almost completed.

The subject of the course of lectures to be delivered at Harvard University by Dr. Sandys, public orator in the University of Cambridge, between March 20 and April 15, will be "The Revival of Learning in Italy."

The third volume of Dr. Thwaites's sumptuous edition of the Lewis and Clark Journals (Dodd, Mead & Co.) carries the expedition through the perilous descent of the Columbia to "the Great Western Ocian"—"I can't say Pasific," adds Captain Clark (Dec. 1, 1805), "as since I have seen it, it has been the reverse." Here we have a picture of the terrible fall and early winter which the company endured in a state almost of nudity and starvation, amid incessant rains and storms; fending off the Indians, whose even innocent visits inflicted a torture of communicated fleas. We have two plans of Fort Clatsop by Clark, and a generous supply of his maps with other facsimiles. There is much repetition because of double drafts, and so fine a phrase as Lewis's "dismorallity of order in the abdomen" thus scores a double entry. The same is true of his acute observation (pp. 315, 330)—"a general maxim"—"that those nations treat their old people and women with most difference [deference] and rispect where they subsist principally on such articles that these can participate with the men in obtaining them." It is Lewis also who reports the inquiry of "a young [Indian] fellow," on a hint that it would be for the welfare of the several nations to be at peace with each other, "what the nation would do for Chiefs?"—"taking as granted that there could be no other mode devised for making chiefs but that which custom had established through the medium of warlike ac[h]ievements." This has always perplexed the apostles of Jingoism.

The tenth volume of Dr. Thwaites's "Early Western Travels, 1748-1846" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.), is usefully composed of reprints of works bearing on a colony of English emigrants of character and breeding in Edwards County, in southeastern Illinois—"English Prairie," now to be

located at Albion. A polemical literature, fostered by Cobbett, sprung up over it, and Dr. Thwaites gives us Hulme's Journal, 1818-19 (chiefly remarkable for its incidental notice of Rapp's Harmony), Flower's Letters, 1819-21, and Woods's 'Two Years' Residence,' 1820-21—this last the most important on the economic side. The Birkbecks and Flowers of the English colony were efficient co-workers with Gov. Edward Coles in excluding slavery from Illinois. Flower's pictures of slavery are brief but to the life. "Anything," he remarks, "that a black is made to perform, is pronounced unfit for whites."

It is nearly ninety years since Francis Asbury died, and more than fifty since the chief edition of his Journal was printed. The memory of this main pioneer and organizer of American Methodism is now honored by substantial extracts, covering the forty-five years of his ministry in this country, in a revised and corrected text, edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D., as 'The Heart of Asbury's Journal,' and published in a thick octavo by Eaton & Mains, New York, for the Methodist Book Concern. The author wrote by fits and starts, under all the difficulties of a laborious and constant itinerary, and the compiler has not improved his unpretentious jottings beyond recognition; but one may find items of antique or curious interest. Thus, the future Superintendent observed November 26, 1784, as a day of fasting and prayer in view of his coming ordination, etc., and was "not tickled with the honor to be gained." On August 12, 1773, "a serious negro was powerfully struck; and though he made but little noise, yet he trembled so exceedingly that the very house shook." On the same day, apparently, "we saw a little woman with neither hands nor feet; yet she could walk, card, spin, sew, and knit." Illustrations (from Hurst's 'History of Methodism') are numerous, and the Index fills eight double-columned pages.

Drenthe, poorest and obscurest by far of the Dutch provinces, gave birth in 1776 to Harm Jan Huidekoper, who emigrated at twenty and made haste to become a good American. After ten years spent at Oldenbarneveld, N. Y., in Philadelphia, and in travel, mostly in the employ of the Holland Land Company, he settled at Meadville, Pa., where he attained prosperity and importance, and did much to improve the town. Imbibing liberal views, he founded the local Unitarian church, and made it a centre of influence when that faith was (to put it mildly) an unwelcome stranger in the region. Through life he served his adopted communion with pen and purse, editing and mainly writing the *Essayist* (1831-2), the precursor of the *Western Messenger*, and promoting the foundation and enlargement of the Meadville Theological School. His generosity went beyond bounds of sect; "'Charge it to Huidekoper' became a current saying as widely known as 'Nobody knows but Huidekoper, and he won't tell.'" Not his worst epitaph would be the saying of a child to whom he thought himself unknown: "Oh yes, I do; you are the man who builds churches and schools"—with his prompt response, that there was something much better to build than those, namely, character. In 1852, some twenty months before his death, an enthusiastic visitor described him as "the most ideally beautiful old man, . . . the perfect host, . . . the indomitable subduer of the wilderness, the eager enlightener and student of advancing Biblical criticism, the practical Christian with a trace yet lingering in him of the old controversial fire, and yet, above and beyond all else, the promoter of good works, the lover of his kind." His memoir, by Nina M. and Francis Tiffany, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, is in a more restrained style than this passage would indicate; and if parts of it have a somewhat archaic air, recording the subject's proficiency in Scripture and in confutation of the orthodox, these indicate one phase of an earnest life. One of his daughters became Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, and some of his descendants are still in or near Boston. The Index is liberal, and the genealogy equally full, going back to 1530. The appendix on the Holland Land Company should have some historical value.

The forty-fifth volume of the publications of the Oxford Historical Society, 1903-4 (H. Frowde), is entitled 'The Ancient Kalendar of the University of Oxford,' edited by Christopher Wordsworth. The manuscript of the calendar, whose date is about 1337, is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was composed in the first place for French use, and perhaps came from Caudebec, in Normandy. But it was adapted in the same century by interlineations and additions to serve as an Oxford Calendar. In 1868 it was published in Anstey's 'Munimenta Academica,' but the idea of the Historical Society in getting out this reprint is to indicate more fully than was done by Anstey the obliterated passages in the old calendar, and to make the present edition as far as possible a facsimile of the original, now much faded. As one looks through it, it reminds one of nothing so much as of Hesiod's catalogue of lucky and unlucky days. The "Egyptian days" were so called because the Plagues of Egypt fell on them. It was not the whole day, but some hour in each—the hour when the plague struck—that was thus solemnly banned. There were two days in every month styled Egyptian, which, it will be observed, calls for twenty-four, not ten plagues. It cannot have been easy to remember that the sixteenth day of a thirty-one-day month was never unlucky, and that "the first day from the beginning and the seventh day from the end of the first month" must be avoided as unlucky for bloodletting. No wonder that a *memoria technica* in verse was placed at the beginning of each month to warn the members of the University. Besides this, and the calendars of the Universities of Paris and Cambridge in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, the volume contains the text of a 'Computus Manualis' of the early sixteenth century. It is really a University text-book, the forerunner of the publications of the two great English University Presses, and treats of the solar cycle, the festivals and the seasons in about 250 Latin hexameters. Altogether, nine such documents are here reprinted with the fullest possible notes and indices. There are some curious illustrations in facsimile which formed the frontispieces of the MSS.

Deserving of more than the brief mention that we can give them, are M. Yves Guyot's suggestions in 'Les Conflits du Travail et leur Solution' (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier). He tells us much of the policy and practice of trade-unions in different countries, especially as illustrating their results on production and on the relations between employers and workmen. The solution for which he argues with much force is the organization of labor on an economic basis. The unions, which are now organized for conflict, should be organized for profit. They should be *sociétés commerciales de travail*, selling not their labor, but the products of it, to those with whom they contract. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Brassey described many years ago organizations of this kind among the navvies that he employed in railroad building, and spoke favorably of their operation.

Whatever may be thought of the practical uses of mathematical economics, there can be but one opinion of the merits of the little treatise on the subject by Mr. H. Cunynghame, entitled 'A Geometrical Political Economy' (H. Frowde). The author has the rare art of being brief without being obscure, and his enthusiasm for his method is really contagious. He assures his readers that the book requires of them no knowledge of mathematics except such geometry as is acquired at school, and very little of that; nor is the claim exaggerated. Every one who is fond of mathematics will agree with the author that "the geometrical method is so charming when once it is grasped, and enables somewhat recondite laws to be so clearly seen, that its mastery is worth an effort." No doubt, when premises are given, conclusions may be elegantly drawn by means of diagrams; but, after all, the great thing in economics is to establish the premises, and in this process the abstractions of mathematics are of little use.

In parts 28, 29, the General Catalogue of Italian Publications from 1847 to 1899 (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) advances to the middle of the letter S. It is noteworthy that only three of the 114 works of Ruskin are in the list, the 'Stones of Venice' not among them, and all in the last decade of the last century. Scott is still in request, with 'Ivanhoe' at the head in number of editions. He falls but a little short of Shakspere, who fills three-quarters of a page, with "Hamlet" (a new abridgment for the Italian stage was made in 1899) and "Othello" to the fore, while "Romeo and Juliet" (or, by Italian courtesy, "Giulietta e Romeo"), "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Cæsar" follow close. But one separate issue of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is recorded—in 1870. A translation of Shelley's 'Adonais' appeared in 1899, and in that decade there was a distinct Shelley revival in the peninsula. Schiller is alive in fresh translations; Schopenhauer, too, from 1888 to 1898. Savigny's 'Roman Law' was brought out anew in eight volumes between 1886 and 1898. George Sand is still a favorite, and Jules Sandeau was issued up to 1886; Scribe lingers if he does not hold his own, but Sardou shows no wane. The schools make steady request for Sallust, and for Xenophon (Senofonte) in particular. Fra Salimbene's Chronicle had for its two poles 1857 and 1882. The one American author we have noticed in this part of the alphabet is Sankey, whose Hymns were published in 1889.

The prominent feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for February is the article on Russia by our former minister, Mr. Charles Emory Smith. The difficulties

with which the Czar's Government has to grapple are lucidly explained, and just tribute is paid to the endeavors of such men as Vishnegradski and Witte to improve the condition of the people. "Russia has ministers, but no ministry"; and attempted reform has failed because "advance has been from the top, not from the bottom," are two of his terse statements. He closes with a reference to the wonderful recuperative powers of the Russians, and hopes that through the present trials the empire will enter on a new and brighter epoch. The conditions of the coast surveys of the world are shown, with the aid of maps, by Mr. G. W. Littlehales, in which we note the fact that "nearly all of the coasts of the empire of Japan have been completely surveyed and charted." Our consul at Hangchau gives a most interesting account of the vitally important part which Chinese canals play in furnishing food, fertilizers, irrigation, and means of transportation to the people. This number of the magazine contains, as a supplement, a chart of the world on Mercator's projection, showing the submarine cable lines and their connections and ocean routes. Tables of distances are printed at the bottom of the chart, and add much to its usefulness.

The completion of the fiftieth volume of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* is appropriately commemorated by the editor, Dr. Supan, in the December number. He reproduces Dr. Petermann's salutatory dated February 15, 1855, in which the object of his new journal is modestly said to be "the adding in some small degree to the general knowledge of the new or especially important investigations in the sphere of telluric science." There have been published 1,451 sets of maps and charts, of which 293 were of Africa and 59 of North America, and 14,800 notices of publications. From an examination of the various rainfall statistics Professor Kassner shows that the moistest place in Europe is Crkvice, on the Dalmatian coast, where the average annual precipitation is 186 inches [4,719 mm.]. A brief account is given of the various attempts to solve the question of the possibility of a northeastern passage through the Siberian ocean, with a notice of the proposed Greenland biological station at Godhavn, which will serve for observations of the aurora, earthquakes, and other natural phenomena, while there will be a garden in which to study the effects of light and temperature on plant growth. Attempts will also be made to give the natives an industrial education with especial reference to fishing and trapping.

With the present year a new high-grade journal has made its appearance in Paris entitled *Revue Germanique*, supported by the Universities of Lille, Lyons, and Nancy. The reviews will embrace German, English, Dutch, and Scandinavian books. The list of contributors includes many of the leading scholars of France.

An interesting innovation in the line of book-dealers' catalogues has just been made by the house of Eugene Diederichs of Jena. It contains not only elegant illustrations and samples of texts, but also twelve introductory essays of scientific value in the different branches of literature represented in the catalogue, prepared by recognized authorities, *e. g.*, Hermann Büttner on German Mysticism, Dr. Christlieb on German History and Culture, Karl König on Religion, and the publisher himself on the "Kultur der Bücher." In the last-mentioned essay it is noteworthy that so good an authority as Diederichs acknowledges that, externally, English books still stand vastly above the level of German books. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* rejoices at this open confession, because it is foolish to close one's eyes to actual facts.

The recent visit of the Viceroy of Nankin to St. John's College, Shanghai, an institution maintained by our Protestant Episcopal Church, has a peculiar significance as showing that one of the most prominent officials in the Empire, the ruler of nearly 70,000,000 people, does not hesitate to show publicly his interest in the Christian education of his countrymen. Accompanied by his secretaries and the chief local officials, he inspected the buildings, including St. Mary's Hall, the school for girls, attended the class sessions, and examined the text-books. The next day he sent $350 to be distributed in prizes to the students of both institutions for the best essays on certain assigned subjects. He also bought 200 copies of the New Testament from the American Bible Society, saying that he meant to distribute them among his leading officers. The standing of St. John's College may be gathered from the fact that there are nearly 300 students, and application for admission must be made a year in advance. Another sign of the awakened educational interest is the establishment of many native so-called "Anglo-Chinese schools." The instruction given in them is somewhat problematical, judging from the advertisement of one of them in a native paper: "English taught as far as the letter G."

The narration of Nehemiah How's Captivity noticed by us last week is the fourth volume in Burrows Brothers Co.'s Captivity series—not the first as we inadvertently stated.

—'A Memorial Biography' of Eugene Augustus Hoffman, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., has been prepared by his former colleague, Dr. T. M. Riley, and privately printed in two handsome octavos at the Marion Press (Jamaica, N. Y.), liberally illustrated with portraits and representations of the churches wherein its subject officiated —at Elizabeth and Burlington, N. J., and in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, 1853-79— and of the buildings which he erected for the Episcopal General Theological Seminary, of which he was the very capable head and eminent benefactor from 1879 till his death in 1902. This latter position especially was conspicuous and widely influential, and the book should be welcome to the many who knew the Dean personally and honored him for his work: it is appreciative, orderly, and so full that its 795 pages of noble type leave nothing to be desired except an index. It even reproduces a Rutgers College Mock Programme of 1847. Dr. Hoffman came of old Knickerbocker stock; he was of the quiet, conservative type, "a man of affairs, with special genius for business and executive work," and with nothing sensational about him but the inherited wealth which increased his means of usefulness. As his biographer says: "He was never primarily a theologian, or indeed primarily anything but an admirably well-balanced man, in whom the note of our common nature was always predominant. . . . He wrote no great books; he ventilated no schemes of sociological or of theological improvement to the world; he offered no advice to the public for the reconstitution of human society. He simply abode in the path of achievement marked out for him by his office as a priest, and by his gifts of constitution and rule. . . . And so he became great, because he was faithful, humble, wise, modest."

—The biography of a living revivalist, by one of his followers, will be received with grains by those not of the fold; yet the Baroness de Bertouch begins her 'Life of Father Ignatius, O.S.B., the Monk of Llanthony' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), with an appeal "to those who *think*" (the italics are her own). But for this warning, the topic and its treatment might appear better adapted to those who merely feel. Joseph Leycester Lyne was born in London in 1837, and ordained deacon in 1860. As curate at Plymouth he healed the sick, cast out devils, etc. He soon assumed the Benedictine habit, headed a community, and at twenty-five began "his campaign against World and Church"—happily, for the reformation, not destruction, of both; his aim being to save souls, to reëstablish monachism as in the early British Church, and incidentally to suppress heresy, or any opinions adverse to his own. His miraculous gifts, with visions and revelations, continued. Thus, in 1873, when his abbey church was building, a heavy crate of stones fell upon a workman, crushing him out of human semblance. The abbot, being called to the scene, sprinkled some Lourdes water upon the body, which thereupon, after "one single and mighty thrill," arose unscarred and walked home. This was not the only time he raised the dead, or near it. He had other talents, less uncommon but perhaps of equal practical utility—a highly vital and emotional temperament, unbounded confidence in his powers and his cause, a ready tongue, and (presumably) good lungs. So cocksure and irrepressible an evangelist, when unhampered by small scruples of modesty, courtesy, and charity, should be able to command audiences and exert a wide influence. And he did. Crowds followed his preaching; admirers, disciples, converts thronged about him; nor were means wanting to carry out his plans—see the pictures of his cloister, his lawn, his elaborately carved chair. Thus he thrived under obloquy and persecution, for he lacked not the courage of his convictions. When that "semi-infidel" Dean Stanley, who had called Lyne "about the last primitive Christian left on earth," was asked to preach at Scarborough, the Father held an opposition service there on the same day. After Dr. Jowett's death, he went to Oxford to protest against the honors paid to that "demagogue," the guilty translator of "Plato's abominations"; and it was not his fault that the students would not hear him through. In 1890-91, while in America, he almost ended "Heber Newton's days of unchecked infidelity," but unluckily was less successful with "another unfaithful preacher of the Word—a certain Dr. Rainsforth [*sic*]—and the famous Phillips Brooks." The Baroness's 600 octavo pages contain much more edification of this peculiar flavor.

—'Men and Manners of the Third Republic,' by the late Albert D. Vandam (James Pott

& Co.), was left unfinished at the time of the author's death. A publishers' note tells us that the second half of the book "was extant in the shape of papers and contributions to periodicals." To make out the volume, materials of this kind were used, though the publishers profess to have followed the author's own design, and also to have edited with all possible care such portions of the book as had not been revised by the author himself. Mr. Vandam will probably be remembered less as a veteran journalist than as "the Englishman in Paris" whose anonymous autobiography aroused so much interest in 1892. The tone of the present work is extremely journalistic, and its historical value depends altogether on the credit which one attaches to Mr. Vandam's "notes." Any intelligent man who had been a journalist for twenty years, would have enough gossip of one kind or another to fill out three hundred pages, especially if he gave free rein to his likes and antipathies. Dislike of Gambetta and admiration for Jules Simon are among the chief elements of the present narrative. Altogether, the Third Republic receives quite as hard treatment here as it gets from Mr. Bodley in his more dispassionate account of modern France. Mr. Vandam did not shrink, in contrasting the French politicians of recent days with the men of the Second Empire, from acknowledging his preference for the latter; or at least he was willing to state that, as a statesman and diplomatist, Louis Napoleon stood head and shoulders above any of the republicans except Thiers. If his diplomacy failed, its failure is ascribed to the limiting action of the French Chamber, which cramped his policy where Bismarck was able to carry through his plans by sheer dictation. Charges of wholesale peculation are brought so sweepingly against our own contemporaries as to dispel all belief in the morality of French statesmen. Apropos of the fortunes amassed by ministers through stock-jobbing operations, the author says: "I could prove that not only Talleyrand and Louis Philippe did this, but that absolutely every man of the Third Republic, with the exception of five, whose names I must for obvious reasons omit, owe the large fortunes they have amassed to those methods." Statements of this sort, in point of form, at least, take us back to the Grub Street literature of the eighteenth century. Much that is here said about the iniquities of French political life may be quite true, and the book, taken in small quantities at a time, is not devoid of a certain interest. But a rigorous criticism would show that the historian must quote it, if at all, with care.

—'Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives,' by Mr. J. G. Alger (James Pott & Co.), is similar in tone and character to such other books by the same author, as 'Englishmen in the French Revolution' and 'Glimpses of the French Revolution.' That is to say, it consists largely of biographical notices, none of which runs to any great length, but of which a large number are crowded into a single volume. After the Peace of Amiens the tide of British tourists at once set strongly toward Paris, for, apart from the amusements of that gay city, there was a general curiosity to see how far its outward aspect had changed since the opening of hostilities between England and France in 1793. On the renewal of war in 1803, Napoleon detained many Englishmen as hostages, and some of these languished in Paris and other parts of France for years. By its subject Mr. Alger's work recalls Miss Alice Baker's book on the New England captives in Canada, but Napoleon detained far more people than were carried off from Deerfield and other places in New England during the course of the French raids. Those who are familiar with Forsyth's excellent handbook on Italy will remember that it was a by-product of the writer's captivity in France. If one could only attract the notice of Napoleon or Josephine, there was some hope of securing a release, and literary distinction furnished the best ground for an appeal to the Emperor's clemency. Forsyth was seized by the French police at Turin, on May 25, 1803, while returning home by way of the Cenis, with no intention whatever of entering France. Why this Scottish schoolmaster should have been apprehended it is hard to imagine, unless we assume that Napoleon wished to lay hands on every Britisher in sight. We need not follow the adventures of any single captive in detail, but Forsyth's misfortunes, as related by his brother, show how uncomfortable a British captive might be in France, and how difficult it was to escape from the country. Mr. Alger, through recourse to the police records of Paris, has been able to prepare a more accurate list of visitors and captives than was available to writers of the Dictionary of National Biography. "The most vivid picture," he says, "of the life and treatment of the captives is gained from the police bulletins daily prepared for Napoleon and now preserved in the French archives. They also throw a flood of light on the character of Napoleon's internal rule, yet, so far as I know, no French historian has as yet utilized them, and I have every reason to believe that I am the first English writer who has consulted them." This volume contains a good deal of gossip, not unmixed with pure scandal, but it is a mine of anecdote, and contains a wonderfully full directory of the Englishmen with whom Napoleon came in contact prior to his first overthrow.

SAINTSBURY'S MODERN CRITICISM.

Modern Criticism. [A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. Vol. III.] By George Saintsbury. Dodd, Mead & Co. Pp. 656.

Mr. Saintsbury's first volume dealt with classical and mediæval criticism, his second covered the three centuries from the Renaissance to the death of eighteenth-century Classicism; the third and last surveys the nineteenth century, with some casting back to the eighteenth to pick up the dissenters and pioneers whose heresies have now become orthodoxy. Many if not most histories of literature tend to put on speed towards the finish, but in the story of criticism the plot thickens as the centuries advance. Moreover, the minor critics whom time has had no chance to smother must have each his page or paragraph, and many who already show a distinct weakening of vitality must be revived and brought into line with the rest. At this rate one volume a century is not unreasonable. Mr. Saintsbury set out to write an appreciation of the critics of all times and nations, a sort of history that can never be impersonal or impartial. But he declares that all he aims at giving is an atlas of the facts, and expressly declines to supply the complement of theory; he refuses to define that single purpose held, where'er they fared, by most of the critics reviewed in this volume. The port they sought was Romanticism; but when you ask him what precisely he means by that, he will only answer that it was the port they sought. That evasion is the keynote of the book. He is ready, like Matthew Arnold when asked for a definition of the grand style, to let those who can neither make definitions of their own nor put up with mere appreciation, "die in their sins." *Der Teufel hole alle Theorien!*—and he is welcome to the definitions also. Lessing, "with all his talent and freshness," had not attained to this level of individualistic criticism. He said in the 'Dramaturgie,' of Corneille's "Rodogune," that "the revenge of an ambitious woman should never resemble that of a jealous one." On which Mr. Saintsbury remarks: "*Æternum vulnus!* What is *the* revenge of *an* ambitious woman?'—'*the* revenge of *a* jealous one?' Show me the revenge of your jealous Amaryllis, the revenge of your ambitious Neæra, and then I will tell you whether they are right or not." His disgust is the greater because Lessing, though he had one foot still clogged in Classicism, had set the other in the excellent way that led to Romanticism. Mr. Saintsbury is, in fact, a sort of Protagoras. The individual man is the measure of all things literary; what seems admirable to me is admirable, and what seems so to you is admirable also since you admire it. That is his canon—to have no canons. "A man's likings are facts in criticism for him."

The Neo-Classic error was to have a definite critical goal, to set limits, to give too little rope to the unlimited variety of human genius, to force each of its manifestations into one of the existing categories, one of the literary kinds. This made it decidedly awkward for the novel and the ballad, those interesting outlaws. Romanticism changed all that, and here we have the story of the literary revolution that was being prepared even in the eighteenth century. It is really the story of how criticism learned to follow literature and to give up setting the pace. The New Critic was one who, confronted with a drama, whether of Shakspere or another, applied no test derived from Aristotle or Horace, shut his eyes to the "unities," followed his feelings, and asked himself whether he liked it and how and why.

Three commandments Mr. Saintsbury formulates for the guidance of a critic and for his critical principles:

> "He must read, and, as far as possible, read everything. If he omits one period of a literature, even one author of some real, if ever so little, importance in a period, he runs the risk of putting his view of the rest out of focus. . . . He must constantly compare books, authors, literatures, indeed, to see in what each differs from each, but never in order to dislike one because it is not the other. Thirdly, he must, as far as he possibly can, divest himself of any idea of what a book *ought to be*, until he has seen what it is."

Not all even of the "modern" critics have kept these commandments.

Mr. Saintsbury devotes the first third of

the volume to "The Dissolvents of Neo-Classicism," to the men who mutinied against the preceptist attitude. For some of these we hark back to the eighteenth century, and revive some of the smaller fry among Swiss, German, and English critics—among the last, Bishop Hurd and John Mason, interesting only to the specialist in criticism who sees in a single independent judgment another nail in the coffin of Classicism. Lessing and Diderot come in here, reserved for this volume, the latter because he was "the first considerable critic known to history who submits himself to any, to every work of art which attracts his attention, as if he were a 'sensitized' plate," and the former because, inspired by Diderot, he himself set out to revalue critical principles. Many readers will think that the most interesting pages in this section are those on Chateaubriand, for the complete appreciation of whose place as a literary critic one must still of course turn to Sainte-Beuve. Here we may note how the subjectivity of individualistic criticism leads to disagreement about critical principles among the Romantics themselves. Mr. Saintsbury cannot endure the method of Saint-Marc Girardin because he wrote studies of 'L'Amour Conjugal chez Shakespeare,' and "'La Jalousie' in this, that, and the other. . . . These things seem to me to be learning's labor lost. Study Othello, study Leontes, as much as you like. . . . but not to extract a dead essence in a bottle and label it 'Jealousy in Shakespeare'—or rather *in vacuo*." Now Sainte-Beuve, a true Romantic in Mr. Saintsbury's sense, devoted to Girardin a short sarcastic *Causerie* full of faint praises and saving-clauses, rallying him because he had too thoroughly converted the ardent youth of France from its dreams of being a great poet or dying in the attempt, to the more positive ambition to live and be a *préfet* by twenty-five. But Sainte-Beuve expressly admired Girardin for his new and bold history of the passions that are the springs of the drama, and went on to show that Girardin had borrowed this historical treatment of sentiment from Chateaubriand himself, who, in his 'Génie du Christianisme,' "choisit les sentiments principaux du cœur humain, les caractères de père, de mère, d'époux et d'épouse, et il en suit l'expression chez les anciens et chez les modernes." This is a typical instance of a certain superfluity of personal judgment in Mr. Saintsbury's work as a whole. One must always remember, in reading him, that he writes with the strongest possible bias, and that, however useful and even indispensable to the student of literature his History is, it is rather as a work of reference than as a storehouse of reliable literary judgments.

The second third of the book deals with the "Reconstruction of Criticism," with a chapter each to England, France, and Germany; England, of course, leading with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and the rest, their companions or opponents. For the opponents such as Gifford there is short shrift. Here Mr. Saintsbury is at his best with Coleridge, whom he ranks as the third great critic of all the ages, with Aristotle and Longinus. It would be well, indeed, if the 'Biographia Literaria' were as familiar to students of literature as the 'Poetics' and the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' but we imagine that few except specialists in English literature ever look into it. Mr. Saintsbury's exhortation to the reader is characteristic:

"Begin with him, continue with him, come back to him after excursions, with a certainty of suggestion, stimulation, correction, edification. *C'est mon métier à moi d'être professeur de littérature*, and I am not going to *parvify* my office. But if anybody disestablished us all (with decent pensions, of course), and applied the proceeds of our chairs to furnishing the boxes of every one who goes up to the university with a copy of the 'Biographia Literaria,' I should decline to be the person chosen to be heard against this revolution."

No wonder that Mr. Saintsbury's critics are always asking how a man who expresses himself like that can expect one to heed him on questions of literary tact and taste. It is amusing to find him, on page 22, suggesting that "if I found any encouragement to do so, I would very gladly write" a book on the general subject of "Taste."

France makes up for her vacillation in politics and religion by her conservatism in literature. It was easier, as some one has said, for the French to overthrow Christianity than to dispute the authority of Boileau. The performance of "Hernani" in 1830 is usually reckoned as the triumphant début of French Romanticism; but there had been precursors of Hugo, and of Sainte-Beuve, who is the greatest figure among the French critics of the nineteenth century. He has the lion's share of the whole volume, and is treated to an unstinted appreciation, tinctured by a certain patronage that would have infuriated Matthew Arnold. "We want a little more theory; some more enthusiasm; a higher and more inspiring choice of subjects." Mr. Saintsbury cannot tolerate the French "scientific" critic, of whom Hennequin is the type, going further, as he did, even than Nisard and Taine. Hennequin, in fact, offers one of those cases in which personal prejudice makes anything like a fair estimate impossible to our author. If he had not wisely confined his history to the critics who are no longer living, we can imagine with what gusto he would have attacked M. Brunetière, who is certainly the most formidable of the party of reaction to Neo-classicism.

The last third of the volume, devoted to "The Later Nineteenth Century," includes a study of English criticism from 1860 to 1900, and has for its central figure one of the "greater critics," Matthew Arnold. His chief heresy, in Mr. Saintsbury's judgment, is his insistence that in poetry all depends on the subject. Now, to hold the doctrine of the "Poetic Subject," as against what he calls the doctrine of the "Poetic Moment," is enough in itself to antagonize Mr. Saintsbury. Nor can he endure Arnold's limitations of "the Grand Style" by the prescription of "simplicity, severity, and seriousness." Here is a "fresh formulation of the classical restraint . . . against the Romantic fantasy." The preceptist manner of Arnold, his neglect of the historical method in dealing with a subject like Celtic literature, his attempt to "reconstruct the classic faith, taking in something, but a carefully limited something, of Romanticism," are wholly opposed to Mr. Saintsbury's ideals, and he revenges himself by calling Arnold a "*neotato*-classic," which, to a man of Arnold's fastidiousness, would have been punishment enough. It is, however, in his pages on Arnold, whom he does in the end rank high, for all his reactionary tendencies, that Mr. Saintsbury is at his best on the subject of "the Poetic Moment—the sudden transcendence and transfiguration—by treating poetically, that is to say, by passionate interpretation, in articulate music—of *any* idea or image, *any* sensation or sentiment."

In an Appendix that has an historical interest, Mr. Saintsbury outlines the contributions to criticism of those who have held the Oxford chair of poetry with the exception of Arnold, who had of course been treated separately. The contribution of the rest was indeed slight. Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' is the most notable, and it is stretching a point to call that criticism. The second appendix is devoted to American Criticism. There the author's rule of omitting living writers narrows his range. Ticknor, the first American critic who counts, is admitted to be more of an historian. Longfellow's criticism Mr. Saintsbury bids one gather from his poems, which is more than he had allowed to Keats. Emerson is "Carlyle *plus* Vinet," which means that he will not consent to look on literature as literature, but must always be dragging in ethics and transcendentalism. Whipple is brought into a prominence that will surprise many of his countrymen. Poe is treated very fairly; Lowell is given his proper place as "the premier critic of America"; and Lanier is damned in a few trenchant phrases. Mr. Saintsbury dismisses American criticism with a word of regret that it should "go too much to Germany for patterns," but grants that on the whole it is growing more cosmopolitan and more learned. Considering how little on the whole he thinks of our dead critics, he has been generous with his allowance of sixteen pages, especially in a work whose title limits it to Europe.

We need not dwell on Mr. Saintsbury's astonishing industry or the perseverance that must have been needed to carry through a work like this. It was in some ways a thankless task to undertake. Few have suffered more at the hands of his own critics than Mr. Saintsbury in his literary career. He is continually assuring his readers (or rather, one supposes, his critics) that he has really read all these works of all ages and in several languages, the mere bibliography of which would fill a volume. He realized, too, that, besides his scholarship, his point of view laid him open to the unfriendly. So few people like pure criticism as much as he does. They prefer it "allayed and sweetened by sentimental, or political, or religious, or philosophical, or anthropological, or pantopragmatic adulteration" (p. 543). They like the sort of criticism they get in the *Spectator*, that "very respectable newspaper," as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, and they adored R. H. Hutton, who is his *bête noire*. Mr. Saintsbury is still smarting from the reviewers of his first two volumes, and constantly protects himself in footnotes which spike the guns of a reviewer who should suspect him not to know what he only omits.

The style of the volume is deplorable. A good instance of Mr. Saintsbury's manner is his saying of Milman: "He manages to be as little literary as is possible, and rather less than one might have thought to be; and his much better known Histories are not more so" (p. 621). As we have seen

above, he will suddenly drop into another tongue, as on page 515, where he says, "*Vixere fortes post* Mr. Arnold; let us hope that *vivunt*." On page 512 he tells us that "there is much more, as well as some, if not quite enough, performance." See, too, the amazing note to page 139. He uses terrible phrases, such as "judge just judgment," "among society" (which reminds one of Scott's "among bubbling blood"), "very mainly," "very most impossible," and words like "unicity," "inamoration," "disrealize," which have been used either not at all or as conceits by seventeenth-century writers. His offences against taste are of various kinds; perhaps the most exasperating is his reference to great men by their Christian names. He prefers to call Wordsworth "W. W.," Hugo "Victor," and so on. The climax of absurdity is in a footnote to page 127, which reads simply, "*v.* Victor upon William," and leaves the reader under the necessity of hunting in the text to discover that he means Hugo and Shakspere. On page 100 a quotation from Euripides is misspelt.

YOUNGHUSBAND IN MANTCHURIA.

The Heart of a Continent: A Narrative of Travels in Mantchuria, across the Gobi Desert, through the Himalayas, the Pamirs, and Hunza, 1884-1894. By Col. Francis Edward Younghusband, C.I.E., Indian Army, British Commissioner for Tibet Frontier Matters. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The prominence of Col. Younghusband in connection with the recent expedition to Tibet, as well as the renewed interest in the whole region traversed, amply justifies the republication in cheaper form of the volume issued several years ago, and but summarily noticed by us. The explorations in Mantchuria were made in 1886, long before the Russians had thought of occupying the region. During that time Col. Younghusband accompanied Sir Evan James, whose book, 'The Long White Mountain,' was the best guide to Mantchuria up to the time of the Russian occupation. Indeed, no one else has traversed Mantchuria more thoroughly than did these pioneer explorers at a time when it was practically a closed country.

For full details of their remarkable journey, Mr. James's book must be consulted; but the brief account of it given by Col. Younghusband is sufficiently full for ordinary purposes, and is replete with both interesting and valuable information. One is surprised to find the extent to which the Chinese, even at that time, were not only importing, but manufacturing, arms of the latest pattern. At Kirin, native superintendents and workmen were turning out, without any European guidance, magazine rifles, Gatling guns, and field guns "in a very creditable fashion." The Chinese manager had actually invented new machinery and a magazine rifle. The heavy guns manufactured here were found mounted at Sansing and other places, whence they had been carried by great effort during the winter season, when snow covered the ground and frost congealed the swamps and marshes over which they had to be dragged. In the various fortifications in Mantchuria, as later upon the western borders of Mongolia, there was nothing really lacking upon the part of the Chinese, except their fatal inattention to details in the preservation of their arms. The rifles and guns were everywhere allowed to rust, so that, when brought into use, they uniformly failed to accomplish their purpose. These facts are a warning to all European nations of what may happen when the Chinese catch the spirit which is now animating the Japanese, and give themselves in earnest to the perfection of their military organization and discipline.

Col. Younghusband was greatly surprised, both in Mantchuria and throughout his long travels,

"to find what good fellows the Chinamen could be amongst themselves. Seeing only the lower classes, the mule-men, the loafers of the street, and the frequenters of the inns, one is apt to form a very unfavorable impression of the Chinese, and to regard them as a rude, coarse, and unmannerly race, who hate strangers and take little trouble to disguise their feelings. But when one can see the Chinese gentlemen at home, one modifies this impression very considerably. . . . The general impression among Europeans is that Chinamen are cold, hard creatures who have not a laugh in them. . . . Of course, in conversation with Europeans they do not excel; they are lamentably ignorant of geography, for instance, and they generally annoy the stranger by asking if his country is tributary to China. But in the conversation carried on amongst themselves there seem to be many topics quite as good as geography and the weather, and one hears long, well-thought-out and well-expressed arguments on philosophic and moral subjects, freely interspersed with quotations from their classics. A Chinaman is perhaps rather too celestial, rather too much up in the clouds, and above ordinary mortals, and certainly shows too little interest in the common, every-day affairs of this world; but he is an interesting man to meet at home, and, mingled with the irritation which his superciliousness so often inspires, I often had a feeling of real regard for a man who can aspire to such a lofty standpoint as the Chinaman does, and in his case I felt that it was not all simple self-conceit, for he had in him the pride of belonging to an empire which has stood intact for thousands of years, and which was approaching civilization when we ourselves were steeped in barbarism" (pp. 19-20).

The author's observations upon traffic in Mantchuria furnish important facts for reflection to the numerous editors and correspondents who are indulging in forebodings of evil to the Russian army in Mantchuria on account of the inability to bring them supplies over a single-track railroad five thousand miles in length. The truth is, that the region occupied by the Russian army is one of the most fertile in the world, supplying a superabundance of food for both men and animals. The exports of food products from Niu-Chwang have annually been far more than enough to supply both the Russian and Japanese armies.

"The traffic in this winter season was wonderful. I counted in a single day's march over eight hundred carts, all heavily laden and drawn by teams of at least two and many of them nine animals, ponies or mules. A main road in Mantchuria in the winter is a busy scene, and these strings of carts going along on the frosty morning, with the jingling bells on the teams, and the drivers shouting at their animals, were signs of life and animation which we had hardly expected to see after our first experience of the heavy, muddy roads in the summer. . . . I remarked, too, how very well the carters fed their animals. . . . They are given in the day as much as sixteen pounds of grain, besides bran and chopped millet-stalks. . . . Grain, of course, was very cheap and plentiful, but in no other part of Asia have I seen animals so well fed as in Mantchuria, and the result was that their owners could get the fullest amount of work out of them, so that two animals would draw their twelve hundred pounds of goods for thirty miles a day without difficulty" (pp. 42-43).

On April 4, 1887, Col. Younghusband set out with two Chinese servants, one of whom left him in a short time, to make his way across the Gobi Desert to Kashgar and Yarkand, and thence over the Himalayas back to his station in India. So few have ever been over this route that the record of his travels is still one of the best sources of information concerning the region. It is only as the reader follows him slowly across the vast stretches of the desert region in central Asia that he gets any proper conception of the energy which has been shown for many centuries by the Chinese Government in maintaining its authority upon the western border of its empire, and of an equally restless energy which has characterized the merchants, mostly Mohammedans, who have all along kept up an active trade between eastern Turkestan and not only China, but India and Persia, and the whole region to the west of the Tian-Shan Mountains. Two great caravan routes lead westward and northward from western China. One, starting from Kalgan and proceeding northward to Siberia, reaches Lake Baikal at a distance of about one thousand miles. Half way, however, a branch turns off to the west, and, passing through Kobdo and crossing the Altai Mountains, reaches Semipalatinsk after going fifteen hundred miles farther. The line of camels traversing these routes is almost continuous. The traffic carried on by this means between China and Russia has, for centuries, been really enormous, and explains the anxiety (which has been little understood by Western nations) on the part of Russia, to maintain amicable relations with China; explains, also, to some extent, the great influence which Russian diplomatists have exercised with the Chinese authorities. The opposition by the central Russian Government to the expansive policy of Muravieff fifty years ago in acquiring the Amur, and of Alexieff during the last decade in getting a foothold in Mantchuria, has been largely due to the fear of incurring the ill-will of the Chinese along the extensive border separating China from Russia and central Asia, and of interrupting this friendly traffic.

The more southern caravan route, which was followed by our author, is longer and through a more inhospitable region, and is less used than the northern, until one reaches the southern border of the Tian-Shan Mountains. After going about six hundred miles from Pekin to Quei-hwa-cheng, our party reached the real starting-point of the caravans from China to western Mongolia. The account of their tedious journey for thirteen hundred miles across the first stage of the route till they reached the eastern point of the Tian-Shan Mountains, though rather monotonous, is by no meant devoid of interest; in fact, it is interesting partly because of its monotony. Upon the ninety-fifth meridian, the eastern extension of the Tian-Shan Mountains was reached, and a new stage of the journey begun. For more than a thousand miles the course led westward along the south-

ern base of these mountains, and across the innumerable streams which come down from the vast mountain mass, spreading verdure for a considerable distance on each side of their banks, and then disappearing in the desert sands. This alternation of verdure and desert sands is peculiar to travelling in central Asia upon both sides of the immense mountain system which traverses the continent. If the water of these streams were all utilized for irrigation, the capacity of the country for the support of population would be vastly increased. Indeed, few Westerners have any adequate sense of the immense resources of this region which are now largely running to waste. The Tian-Shan Mountains are estimated to contain thirty times the mass of the Alps. For more than a thousand miles their glacial-furrowed and snowy peaks, rising in Khan-tengri to 23,500 feet, form a cloud-like but permanent boundary to the horizon; while at their western extremity, as they sweep around the Pamir to join the Himalaya Mountains, they present to view a semicircle of lofty peaks of which the Alps in southern Italy are but a miniature. Many of their peaks rise above 20,000 feet, several to more than 26,000, and K.2, the second highest mountain of the world, reaches the height of 28,278 feet. The base of these mountains on either side is bordered by alluvial deposits which vie in richness with those of the Nile, and exceed them in extent many fold. The supply of water, moreover, is more constant than that of the Nile. Whereas the Nile is dependent upon the great lake reservoirs of equatorial Africa, which are somewhat oscillating in their level, the supply of water for the streams of both eastern and western Turkestan is kept in "cold storage" upon these immense mountain masses, and is let down upon the plains with uniform regularity as the spring and summer months advance. The conditions, indeed, are ideal for the support of a vast population and for a high civilization. It is only the chaotic state of the political and social conditions which keeps these regions in so backward a condition.

After crossing the Himalaya Mountains and returning to his station in India, our author was almost immediately commissioned to return to Yarkand, for the purpose of exploring the various passes across the frontier. This expedition occupied seventeen months. The two expeditions involved probably more mountain climbing in high altitudes than any other single explorer has ever accomplished. The lowest of the passes, the Shimshal, was 15,000 feet, while the Mustagh pass was 19,000 feet. It is difficult to see how such inaccessible passes as these can be of any particular military importance, when either side of the mountain is occupied by a strong force. The truth is, that the boundary between Russia, Mongolia, and India as now established is a natural one, forming a scientific frontier of defence; so that the alarm which is frequently spread over England at the occupation of these passes by Russia is groundless.

Space forbids further enumeration of the many interesting observations and experiences recorded in this volume. It remains only to say that the half-dozen illustrations are well chosen and finely executed, but that the map, while giving a general view of the whole region traversed, is so defective in the region of the Pamir as to be actually misleading.

TWO LACE BOOKS.

The Lace Book. By N. Hudson Moore. Frederick Stokes Co. 1904.

Lace: Its Origin and History. By Samuel L. Goldenberg. Brentano's. 1904.

Mr. Hudson Moore tells us in 'The Lace Book,' in a concise form, all that is interesting in the history of the evolution and production of lace in the countries which have given the world the finest examples of this delicate fabric. This handsome volume is illustrated with engravings from famous pictures of distinguished personages, showing how lace was employed in costume at different times; well-chosen, full-size examples are also given of the various kinds of lace; and an index endows the collector and connoisseur with a book of reference. Both type and paper are excellent, but the lace-like border in black and white to every page is extremely fatiguing to the sight, and could well be dispensed with.

Egyptian mummy-cases of the tenth century B.C. show the earliest origin of lace in their decoration with colored threads on flax cloth, in geometrical designs generally, and sometimes in inscriptions. Then came the togas of the Greeks and Romans, with their patterned borders in color or in gold thread. These, when they became worn and frayed at the edges, necessitated stitching across and embroidering the rough threads into some pleasing border, and from this the idea of lace as an independent form of adornment was evolved. The first meaning of lace in English was a cord or line of silk thread used to tie portions of clothing together—the doublet and hose, for instance, or sleeves to the body, or the stays and bodices of ladies' dresses. It is thus used in the Paston letters in 1469. Flanders and Italy have run pretty close to each other in the production of lace, and each lays claim to priority of invention; but it would seem that the earliest mention of this fabric is in the Italian inventories, and its primitive form was in gold and silver thread, in which the Italians certainly first excelled. Coarse threads of flax were afterwards woven in the same manner, and Italian point lace was reputed finer than any other, while the Dutch contributed more to the making of thread lace by the growing of flax and making of fine thread for this purpose.

The flax plant was brought from Egypt originally, and grown in Holland under the care of the best Dutch gardeners, whose aim was to attain delicacy of fibre and silkiness of gloss. Dutch flax became in demand all over Europe through its superiority to any other; it further went through many processes involving infinite labor and sacrifice of eyesight before it became the precious Brussels thread which fetched the price of $1,200 a pound. We are told that to keep the thread moist, so that it should not break, it had to be spun in underground rooms with artificial light; the thread could be twisted only against a black cloth. Flanders, according to our author, cannot substantiate its claim to have been the inventor of pillow-made lace, there being no pattern books published before W. Vosterman's, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and that of Jean de Glen a little later, and in neither of these are there patterns for bobbin-made laces, while in an old Italian inventory of the Sforza sisters of 1493 the following item occurs: "A band of work done with twelve bobbins to trim a sheet."

One of the chief uses to which lace has been put, from its earliest beginnings to our own time, is the decoration of Church vestments and properties, so that all over Europe the richest stores of every variety and provenance are to be found in old cathedrals. Besides robes of the priests and dignitaries of the Church, the saints and madonnas were also decorated with the most splendid and costly lace fabrics, the homage of their devotees. Some of the images of saints were so rich in those garments that they wore a different one each day for high mass, after which they were carefully put away in the sacristy. Even as recently as the jubilee of Pius IX. (June, 1871) the bronze statue of St. Peter in St. Peter's at Rome was attired in an alb and stole of old Venice point lace, with gold embroidered cope, fastened by a clasp of diamonds. We are told, with reference to princely gifts, of a dress of Alençon lace which the Emperor Napoleon III. presented to the Empress Eugénie worth 200,000 francs, which she gave to Pope Pius IX. to be converted into a rochet.

A large quantity of the finest laces were made in Italy in the convents and similar institutions, and some by bodies of paid workers. The Béguinages in Flanders also produced a good deal, but the great ladies of both countries in their homes devoted much time and labor to the finest work in lace to decorate the altars and vestments of their especial churches, and had their handmaidens taught to help them. We are told that in ecclesiastical families the laces belonged to the members of the family, not to the individual, and have thus accumulated into valuable collections. The captive Mary Stuart beguiled the weary hours of imprisonment by making incredible quantities of lace, designing the patterns herself from nature—of birds, fishes, beast, and flowers. It was only among the nobles and those in high position that lace was used. To quote Hudson Moore:

"From the cradle to the grave there was no place or occasion where lace was not worn in profusion, the only limit being the ability of the wearer to gain possession of it. The once beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck, whose form has become the color and consistency of leather, lies in her coffin completely enveloped in folds of costly lace. She left directions that no expense should be spared to purchase Point d'Angleterre, Malines, or guipure for the last adornment of her body, and the jewels also coffined with her are worth a fortune."

This preoccupation for post-mortem finery seems to have been shared by others, for we read of the Duke of Alva (who died in Paris in 1739) being buried in a shirt of finest Holland, trimmed with new point lace, a new wig, a new coat of Vardez cloth, embroidered in silver, and a cane and sword on the right and left side.

Before what we call lace was known, both in Italy and in Flanders very beautiful cut-work was in vogue. It is interesting to note how, when the different styles of lace are divided into periods, the dates in Italy and Flanders are approximately the same. The geometric or Gothic period without brides prevailed from 1480 to 1590. Floral forms held by brides then came in fashion,

the heavy character of the lace rendering the brides necessary. At this time "modes" began to be introduced (the filling-in stitches were thus named), and until 1670 the development and elaboration increased —heads, figures, birds, and even scenes came into the design, and meshed or net grounds were in use. From 1720 to 1780 the fashion of little bouquets, sprays, flowers, leaves, buds scattered over the ground, was prevalent, and has since been copied to this day, so appropriate do they seem to lace fabric. It was Catherine de Médicis's arrival in France which turned the attention of that country to the production and general use of lace. She brought with her only the primitive forms then in vogue, but France kept pace with the development of lace in Italy. It was a moment when dress was much thought of; the Valois indulged in every costly extravagance of costume. It is stated that at the meeting of the States of Blois, Henry III.'s robes were trimmed with 4,000 yards of pure gold lace. The accounts of the Queen of Navarre exhibit items for cut-work, passements, points for handkerchiefs and rabats, for collars, towels, and lace for sheets, which show that the ten edicts issued during the reign of the Valois to restrain extravagance in dress were of little avail as to their own practice.

It was in 1665 that Colbert started a lace factory at his château of Lonrai, near Alençon. Thirty Venetian women were brought over by him to teach the art in this factory to French workers. This enterprise is generally connected with the name of Madame Gilbert, a native of Alençon, who was at the head of the establishment, and who had learned to make the famous rose point previously in Venice. The lace produced here was called Point de France, and later, under the encouragement of Louis XIV., who published an edict forbidding the use of any other lace in his court circle, was perfected the famous Alençon lace. The burning of 100,000 crowns' worth of Point de Venise and Flanders lace by the hangman publicly in 1670 enforced the King's decree. Alençon lace, however, is equally well made in Venice at the present time, and other laces also are equally well made in Venice, Flanders, and France. Spanish Point especially was largely produced in Flanders and France and smuggled into Spain in quantities, the duty having been raised from 25 to 250 reals per pound. There were no lace factories in Spain; the lacemakers worked at their own homes. The famous gold or silver Point d' Espagne, of which vast quantities were used by Spanish nobles, was made chiefly by the Jews, and its production decreased considerably after their expulsion in 1492. Mr. Moore furnishes complete lists, with descriptions, of each well-known kind of lace made in Italy, the Low Countries, France, England, Ireland, Spain, and Portugal, and his book is full of interesting historical detail connected with the subject.

The author of 'Lace' had in view to make a handy compendium serviceable for commercial purposes. The different kinds of lace are arranged alphabetically, with particulars as to their characteristics, their various subdivisions, and the manner in which they are made. The illustrations are especially clear and useful for purposes of lace study. The book contains much valuable information on machine-made laces, with diagrams and explanations of the lace and embroidery machines now in use. It tells also of the nets made for the foundations of certain kinds of lace. The opening article, treating of the origin and history of lace, affirms on the authority of Felkin that Barbara Uttman, in 1561, was the originator of pillow lace, and taught the peasantry living around the Castle of Annaburg, Belgium, where she lived, this new method, which soon spread through Flanders. Hitherto, all kinds of point lace had been made in the Italian fashion, with the needle and a single thread. We learn from Mr. Goldenberg that machine-made lace is at present vastly more important in commerce than hand-made, which remains a luxury within the reach only of the wealthy. In the United States, through the importation of foreign machines and workmen, attempts are now making to manufacture lace, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to prove whether the experiment is likely to be successful.

The book is well adapted for its purpose, the enlightenment of "the busy man of affairs," but it is evident that our author is hampered by having to express his meaning in English, and sometimes fails to convey what he intends—for instance, when he says: "Modern real lace is artistic, even superior, but compared with such few specimens as have come down to us of the work of the lace-makers of old, its deficiency, particularly in the matter of the fineness of the execution and thread, is at once apparent." We fail to see, consequently, in what its superiority consists.

Economic Essays. By Charles Franklin Dunbar. Edited by Prof. O. M. W. Sprague, with an introduction by Prof. F. W. Taussig. The Macmillan Co.

Nearly five years have passed since the death of Prof. Charles F. Dunbar removed from the ranks of American economists one who was considered the Nestor of the guild. Great as was the loss of his influence as teacher and as editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, it was a matter for still keener regret that he had died without giving to the world more of the results of his scholarly researches in many fields, particularly in the financial history of the United States. His 'History and Theory of Banking,' his carefully prepared edition of 'The Laws of the United States relating to Currency, Finance, and Banking,' and the articles which he had contributed to the reviews, had given evidence of his quality and aroused lively anticipation of what was to follow. But the pressure of university duties, and, toward the last, failing health, made literary work increasingly difficult, so that the expected *magnum opus* never appeared.

The volume now before us brings together fifteen essays which had been published in various journals, chiefly in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, and adds thereto five others which have never before seen the light. With the former, the task of the editor was comparatively simple; the latter, by the pious care of a disciple, have been brought "as nearly as possible into the form which the author would have wished" to give them. The introduction by Professor Taussig, carefully avoiding mere eulogy, is the fit tribute of a student to a revered master. While the book cannot repair, except in slightest measure, the loss which economic science suffered in Professor Dunbar's death, it is a worthy memorial to one who contributed so much, as teacher, editor, and investigator, to the progress of economic study in the United States.

The mere review of the titles of the twenty essays contained in the volume shows at once the range of the author's intellectual interests and his special fondness for certain topics. The first four essays deal with the history of economic science in America, the academic study of political economy, the conflict between the classical and the historical schools, and Ricardo's use of the facts of economic life. They disclose the wide range of his reading, the clearness and sanity of his judgments, and the insight with which he could interpret both the past and the present of his science. The other sixteen deal with his favorite topics of banking, currency, and finance; and, while six of them treat of current problems—such as the bank-note question, the safety of our legal-tender paper, and the income tax of 1894—the other ten are devoted to the early history of banking or the financial history of the United States. Thus, while it does not do full justice to his attainments, the present volume gives sufficient evidence of Professor Dunbar's firm hold upon his science in its broadest relations, his skill in handling questions of the day, and his special aptitude for patient and fruitful historical research. And, after all, little more than this is given to men who can show a much larger and far more pretentious literary output.

The fifteen essays which this volume merely reprints are sufficiently well known to students, and require no further attention from the reviewer; but something should be said concerning the five now printed for the first time. The first two of these are devoted to the crises of 1857 and 1860, and, by their masterly handling of the many elements that entered into a complex financial situation, furnish the most valuable account of these episodes that has ever been published. The last three are fragments of a larger study "designed to present a history of the national banks." They treat, respectively, of the condition of the State banks in 1860, the establishment of a national banking system, and the circulation of the national banks from 1865 to 1900. While only the last may pretend to be exhaustive, all display the nice workmanship of the author, and must be reckoned with by him who would write the definitive history of our banking system.

If an adequate history of economic science in the United States is ever written, the historian will begin a new chapter at the year 1871, when Professor Dunbar entered upon his career as Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University. This event, followed as it was, shortly, by the appointment of Professor Sumner to a similar chair at Yale, gave the science an independent position in the oldest American universities, and had no small influence upon the future development of economic study in the United States. The 'Economic Essays,' with the other works that had preceded, are not a large output for thirty years of professorial labor; but they are enough to display the quality of the author, and to assure him high rank among American econo-

mists of the nineteenth century. Moreover, in these days when the stream of economic publications threatens us with a veritable deluge, the present volume is a welcome reminder that, after all, quality is far more important than quantity.

Studies in Virgil. By T. R. Glover. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

In the long list of writings on Virgil and his poetry, Mr. Glover's new book deserves a high place. Nowadays every great teacher realizes that if the classics are to preserve even the place which they still hold in our schools and colleges, they must be more liberally taught than they used to be; that orthography, etymology, prosody, aye, and even syntax (we say it trembling), must be made the means to an end; and that this end should be the direction of the student's attention to the known value of the works which he is reading, and the awakening in him of some instinct for what is good and what is not good as literature in them. Many teachers, especially of the older school, while fully alive to this requirement, are honestly at a loss how to fulfil it. To such, and indeed to all lovers of Virgil, this book may confidently be recommended.

It falls naturally into four parts. The first is a chapter on the age and the man, and in it we are shown how Virgil, himself the child of a darker period, had a vision of a brighter day to come, and taught his countrymen to look forward hopefully to the age which was opening before them. The next consists of three chapters of literary studies: the first treats of the literary influences to which Virgil was subject, the second of his contemporaries, and the third of the growth of the myths about Æneas. In these chapters we find no rehash of parallel passages, no dull collection of words or verses or episodes which Virgil drew from this or that earlier poet, but the question of literary influences is treated in a far broader and more intelligent manner. How far, it is asked, did this or that poet influence *the mind* of Virgil?—more, for instance, than North's Plutarch influenced the mind of Shakspere? Was the poet's outlook on life affected? Did his habitual mode of expressing himself become a mere repetition of the thoughts and the language of others? When such is the issue of literary influence, we feel what Carlyle meant when he spoke of imitation as among the deadliest of poetical sins. But when this is not the case, as Mr. Glover shows it was not with Virgil, then "we realize the substantial truth of Goethe's dictum that 'to make an epoch in the world two conditions are essential—a good head and a great inheritance.'" And elsewhere Goethe added another necessary constituent which was also a part of Virgil's endowment for poetry—love.

The third portion of the book deals, in three chapters, with the land and the nation, the three topics being Italy, Rome, and Augustus. Here we see how "Virgil gave for the first time its literary expression to the triumph of a nation, politically, racially, and geographically one, over the clan and over the city-state," and how he "did for Italy, in some degree, what Scott did for Scotland." On the other hand, his earlier deification of the man Augustus—that "shrewd and successful adventurer, who lived by assimilating the ideas of his uncle"—is conceded to be untrue and universal poetically, and his introduction of Augustus into the Æneid, though prompted by honest motives, is held to be a failure to achieve the highest poetic truth. The last part of the book is on Virgil's interpretation of life, and here we have chapters on Dido, Æneas, Hades, and Olympus, and a final summary. Of these, the chapter about Dido is perhaps the best in the book, and certainly it is one of the most interesting and sensible essays on that famous episode of the Æneid which we have ever read. Nor, in saying this, do we forget Heinze's recent pages in his 'Epische Technik.'

The chapter on Æneas is unconvincing, and almost a failure. On other lines than those of Mr. Glover must the character of that truly unmodern hero be defended, if indeed it can find defence at all with any who are not saturated with ancient ideals. The chapter about Hades was apparently written before the appearance of Norden's recent edition of the Sixth Book. His views, as previously expressed in periodic literature and cited now and then by Mr. Glover, have since undergone considerable modification under the fire of criticism, and this chapter, if ever rewritten, may be much improved by a reconsideration of them. Neither do we care much for the last chapter, in which it is asked how far Virgil realized wherein the problem of the universe consists. But as a whole the book ought to of great assistance to all who wish to get a true conception of the powers and the weaknesses of the greatest of the Roman poets—that one who, more than all the rest, influenced the succeeding literature which is our heritage.

American Estates and Gardens. By Barr Ferree. New York: Munn & Co. 1905.

This is a competent book, but its title is misleading, since it has for its subject those palatial country houses of which so many have been built in America within the last fifteen years. The desire to escape from the city and to live among rural surroundings for at least a part of the year, has taken strong hold upon our people. The wealthy can readily gratify this desire, and so it comes that millionaires by the hundred, and multi-millionaires by the score, have of late bought estates, built houses, and laid out gardens. Why their private houses—country houses in a democratic community—should generally wear an air of sumptuousness and have a distinctly palatial quality, gives food for thought. Enough that, whether we judge them from the many excellent photographs given in this book or from Mr. Ferree's descriptive text, they are for the most part frankly palaces, and palaces that speak as little of their owner's taste, his habits of life, his personality, as do those miles of gilded and be-mirrored apartments that are a weariness to the soul and body of the sight-seer in Europe.

But if the houses say nothing about the owner (except that he is very wealthy), they are eloquent of the training and the technical skill of the men who have designed, decorated, and furnished them. If we are left with a desire for more individuality, for a certain domestic charm that is missing, we could not ask for more stateliness, more splendor, more elaboration. All art demands a choice between the free, the picturesque, the romantic—call it what you will—on the one hand, and the formal, the academic, on the other. The American millionaire (or, more truly, his architect acting as the arbiter of his taste) has very definitely decided that his country house shall be in the latter mode, and if we may judge from the few examples of the other given in this costly volume, that decision is something for which we may be profoundly thankful.

As an accompaniment of our great modern country houses, a garden is almost invariably present, and, fortunately, we at last find it treated as an important factor in the design. Garden designers, whether architects or others, become more and more capable year by year, yet how gladly would one welcome signs of the master's interest in his garden rather than evidence of mere ownership. If our author neglects estates, he deals adequately with gardens, many of his most charming illustrations being drawn from such splendid examples as those of Bellefontaine and Falkner Farms. Whether we regard his book as a record of contemporary domestic architecture of a certain sort, or as a contribution to sociology, it will be of scarcely less interest a hundred years hence than it is to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allaben, Frank. Concerning Genealogies. Grafton Press.
Barnes, James. The Blockaders. Harpers. 60 cents.
Pearce, William P. The Revival Thermometer. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House. $1.25.
Benson, E. F. An Act in a Backwater. Appleton.
Brooks, Phillips. Christ the Life and Light. Dutton. $1 net.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities for 1905. London: Scientific Press. 5s. net.
Cahan, A. The White Terror and the Red. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Macmillan Co.
Clarke, James Langton. The Eternal Saviour-Judge. Dutton. $3 net.
De Wiart, Carton. La Cité Ardente. Paris: Perrin & Cie.
Dickerson, Mary C. Moths and Butterflies. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dougall, L. The Summit House Mystery. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Driscoll, Clara. The Girl of La Gloria. Putnams. $1.50.
Duckworth, Lawrence. The Law affecting General and Particular Average. London: Effingham Wilson.
Gal Institutions. Translated by Edward Poste. 4th Edition. Revised by E. A. Whittuck. Henry Frowde. 10s. net.
Galton, Francis, and Others. Sociological Papers. Macmillan Co.
Gavit, Helen E. The Etiquette of Correspondence. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents net.
Gospel of Saint John.—Gospel of Saint Matthew in West Saxony. Edited by James W. Bright. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gwynn, Stephen. Thomas Moore. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Hammond, L. H. The Master-Word. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
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Hobhouse, L. T. Democracy and Reaction. Putnams. $1.50.
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Howison, G. H. The Limits of Evolution. Macmillan Co.
Hyperion: A Facsimile of Keats's Autograph Manuscript. Introduction by Ernest de Selincourt. Henry Frowde.
Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. IX. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
John Van Buren, Politician: A Novel. Harpers. $1.50.
Le Poer, John Patrick. A Modern Legionary. Dutton. $1.50.
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Palmer, A. Emerson. The New York Public School. Macmillan Co. $1.
Piranesi, Giorgio. Le Case degli Alighieri. 2d ed. Florence: F. Lumachi. 2.50 lire.
Pope, G. U. A Handbook of the Ordinary Dialect of the Tamil Language. Henry Frowde. $1.75 net.
Silberrad, Una L. The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1904.

The Week.

It is of course unfortunate that the Swayne impeachment should have been decided by so nearly a party vote. As one close student of the case remarked, enough evidence was collected against the Judge "to blackball him in a club." But it was straining the facts to call him guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and invoke the extreme remedy of the Constitution against him. There were not a few able members in both houses who honestly thought the abuses justified impeachment, but, as a body, the House did something very like leaping before it looked. The testimony, as in all such cases, was voluminous, and only a handful of members had read it through. On the only charge sustained by all the members of the House committee, it appeared that some of the most distinguished members of the Federal bench would have been equally guilty. Partisanship has been disclaimed by every one in considering this case, and yet, at every stage, nearly all the Democrats have voted one way, and most of the Republicans the other.

San Domingo topsy-turvydom is forced upon our attention again by the attempt to assassinate President Morales. He, like all his predecessors of recent years, is on a perilous eminence. Having mounted to it by dishonest methods and violence, he knows that he may be thrust down at any moment by conspirators more bold and unscrupulous than himself. Hence his eagerness to be safeguarded by the United States. Morales, of course, is "the Dominican Government" of which the treaty gravely speaks. It is he who invites innocent Uncle Sam to come in and protect him from the foes of his own household. That on one side. On the other, the San Domingo Finance Company, with that guileless politician, Smith M. Weed, as its President, is quietly standing by, waiting for our Government to guarantee it profits of who knows how many per cent.? Meanwhile, at the State Department, the rest is silence. Mr. Hay, keen on literary mysteries as he is, has not yet run down the author of the lawless and now disavowed "protocol" of January 20. Who authorized it to be signed? Did Mr. Hay? If, not, have we another case of "Loomis, Acting"? These questions will have to be answered sooner or later. The Senate is in duty bound to call for the correspondence. And the affair would have a better look if the Administration frankly took the public into its confidence, instead of waiting to have the truth dragged out of it.

What impression the San Domingo proposals make upon clear-sighted foreigners, may be seen in the article of Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu in the *Économiste Français* of February 4. He says with much force that all the disclaimers about intending no permanent control of Dominican territory go for nothing in view of the obligations actually assumed. "Though the word protectorate is not written in the agreement, and though great care is taken at Washington not to utter it, there can be no doubt that the thing is present." M. Leroy-Beaulieu also singles out the real gravity of our light undertaking to pass upon the justice of foreign claims against San Domingo. As Sumner said that Grant's treaty of annexation was a plan to "buy a revolution," so President Roosevelt's proposal is to buy a whole line of lawsuits and causes of international friction. To make ourselves not only an administrator in bankruptcy, but the sole judge of the rights of the creditors, is certainly, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu remarks, to embark upon a policy which would be "dangerous" in the end, if not immediately.

Ex-Secretary Long's warning against stretching the Monroe Doctrine too far, by setting up as general dun and collector of bad debts in this hemisphere, shows how the thought of serious men is turning against the Roosevelt plan of assuming the power of the purse in San Domingo. The art of government is foresight; and it is clear to sober minds that the Dominican hornet's nest is not the only one into which we shall have to thrust our hands if we once begin the process. It is with peculiar force and authority that Mr. Long also raises his voice against the President's headlong naval plans. At peace with all the world, and with the need of new taxes staring the Treasury in the face, this is no time to crowd on new construction. The ex-Secretary is wholly within bounds in saying that we have not the men, and with difficulty can get Congress to vote them, to man the ships. But that is just the way the little see-saw naval game is played. New warships are wheedled out of Congress, under solemn guarantees of limited cost, "just for this year," etc., and then the Department comes down with tearful pathos demanding more sailors. The big navy could discount the horse-leech in the game of extracting money from a befooled Congress.

"Never since the beginning of our country's history," said the President on Washington's birthday, "has the navy been used in an unjust war." But it was used in the Mexican war, which in Gen. Grant's deliberate opinion was "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." Mr. Roosevelt, of course, may dissent from that historical judgment. It may also be that he now scorns the notions of that other historian, Theodore Roosevelt, who, in his Life of Benton, spoke of the Mexican war as "a wrong," and recorded without disapproval Benton's denunciations of it. The absurdity of Mr. Roosevelt's insistence upon a large navy as the sole hope of peace appears at once if we but consider that England, Germany, and France are all steadily increasing their fleets, that Russia intends to rebuild hers on a gigantic scale, and that Japan will enlarge her navy to the extent of her resources. Three of the most powerful nations will soon be practically on a par in naval strength—France, Germany, and the United States—with England considerably in the lead; and Russia will doubtless catch up, so far as ships are concerned, within a few years. What then? Will the world's peace be really more assured by the existence of six great war fleets than it would be if there were none? If all the big nations are armed alike, where is the advantage? What Mr. Roosevelt cannot get into his head is the fact that his big-navy speeches are doing as much as anything else to cause European nations to increase their fleets. There is a good deal of loose talk about an alliance between the Anglo-Saxons, but it does not prevent England from matching every new battleship or cruiser we build with one slightly larger or more heavily armed. As is evidenced by the latest speech of the French Minister, France also does not intend to let us get ahead if she can help it. Instead, therefore, of this great nation setting the splended example it once did as the one beyond all others devoted to the arts of peace, we have become a chief reason why other nations should spend more and more millions upon their fleets.

What the big-navy men cannot deny is that a single new invention or development in marine engineering may consign our enormously costly fleet to the scrap heap without a moment's warning. The great lesson of the war in the East, according to the Navy Department, is the triumph of the battleship. But, to unbiassed outsiders, it is the victory of the floating mine, which has inflicted all the losses the Japanese have suffered. Togo's fleet did not sink a single ship by gun fire in the battle of August 15, and could not reach a single ship in the harbor of

Port Arthur, on account of the coast defences and floating mines, until the *Sevastopol* was driven into the outer harbor by the shells of the army. Take the turbine engine, for example. If the new Cunarder equipped with this machinery achieves twenty-six knots an hour, as is confidently expected, there must be a revolution in naval engineering. This vessel will be an auxiliary cruiser, and as such will be capable of running away from any battleship or cruiser afloat. Her existence will so "menace our commerce" that we shall at once be informed of our duty to produce naval vessels of similar speed. Thus far our naval engineers have only tentatively considered plans for turbine engines in one scout vessel. They may suddenly find themselves compelled to adopt them for all ships within the next five years.

We quoted last week the extraordinary remarks about international arbitration attributed to Mr. Roosevelt by the *Gaelic American*. The current issue of that paper reaffirms his opposition in 1897, and says:

> "The committee that waited on Mr. Roosevelt, of which the editor of the *Gaelic American* was one, are all alive, and their recollection of the occurrence is very clear. Mr. Roosevelt used the words attributed to him, and he has no reason to be ashamed of them. Further than that, he was in the habit of using similar language, and that fact was largely instrumental in making him Governor of New York. It even held for him for President of the United States the votes of many Irish citizens, who refused to believe either that he had changed his mind or fallen under the dominion of John Hay."

The incident might be dismissed as simply another example of the President's facility in persuading those on opposite sides of public questions that he is enthusiastically with them both. It throws, however, a strong light not only upon his political methods, but upon the existing situation. As between arbitration and a fighting navy, both of which he professes to favor, who can doubt which is nearest his heart? His public approval of arbitration is perfunctory. It is the sort of insincere tribute that a first-class fighting man feels compelled to pay to civilization—meaning about as much as "The ladies, God bless 'em!" But the real and dominant attitude of Mr. Roosevelt is betrayed in his private remarks to the implacable Irishmen. We would not so wrong him as to hint that he was simply bidding for their votes when he said to them that he was "against arbitration between nations." He said so because in his soul he was against it; and he has not yet, like the more facile Lodge, "changed his soul."

That the President should have run foul of the Constitution in his attempt to make Senator Quarles a Federal judge is a mere incident—humiliating to Mr. Roosevelt, but not vital. The main interest of the appointment lies in its bearing on the factional politics of Wisconsin. Because the Senate, during Mr. Quarles's term, increased the salaries of district judges, he is not eligible to appointment until after his Senatorial term expires and (by the same token) that of La Follette begins. It is probably better on all accounts that the almost unavoidable clash between the two Wisconsin Senators should take place over a matter of importance rather than degenerate into a petty squabble over some second-class postmaster, though every one must regret seeing the national judiciary involved in a fight of this kind. The President has had two judicial vacancies to fill in Wisconsin. To one he appointed Senator Spooner's former law partner, and for the other he has selected the Senator whose reëlection was made one of the chief campaign issues of the defeated Spooner faction. These appointments agree very well with the reports that, in spite of the fact that he and the President are both fighters of Trusts and curbers of railroads, La Follette will not find the atmosphere at the White House altogether congenial when he arrives at Washington. That La Follette would rather have Quarles on the bench than in active politics is hard to believe. While he has been a creditable Senator in every way, he never was a party leader of whom La Follette had any reason to be afraid.

Among the most important steps in the President's education which the Senate has taken in hand, is the prohibition in the Indian Appropriation bill. Hereafter, the diversion of Indian funds to sectarian schools, which Mr. Roosevelt ordered, will be defensible by no such legal quirk as he resorted to. The general policy was as flatly declared by Congress before; but the President found a way, at the urging of the Catholics, to get around it. Now, however, all Indian moneys are put beyond his reach. Neither principal nor interest of the Indian trust funds can he touch. Mr. Roosevelt declared, in his apologetic letter on the subject, that he believed his course in the matter both wise and just; and added that he should persist in it, unless Congress should otherwise order or the courts find him in violation of the law. Well, he has now got his Congressional order, with its implied condemnation.

An instructive sequel of the Senatorial election in Washington, when Foster of Tacoma was succeeded by Piles of Seattle, is explained by the Washington correspondent of the Portland *Oregonian*. A few days ago the Postmaster-General announced that no postmaster would be appointed at Tacoma during the present session of Congress, but that after March 4 Henry L. Votaw, recommended by Congressman Cushman, would be named for the place. The term of the acting postmaster expired a year ago last December, and it then devolved upon Senator Foster to name his successor; but, with this year's struggle for reelection to the Senate in mind, Foster took no action. Privately, he promised the place to a member of the Washington Legislature on the tacit understanding that the latter would stick by the Senator in his fight for reëlection. The recommendation for appointment was delayed, however, until the member should "make good." Representative Cushman took this little tale of shrewd Senatorial manipulation to the President, who promptly gave the order to hold the matter over until Foster had left the Senate.

The Senate has several times shown signs of wishing to rebuke the President for unnecessarily loading up the retired list of the army by retiring officers with advanced rank, bestowed for the purpose of getting them out of active service. Now, however, Congress has finally given him a free hand by agreeing to the bill to place Senator Hawley of Connecticut on the retired list with the rank of brigadier-general. A more inexcusable bestowal of a rich Government favor has not been seen since Representative Boutelle of Maine was made a retired captain in the navy when stricken with incurable disease. The retired lists were obviously not intended to be the refuge of aged or decrepit politicians. Mr. Roosevelt can, hereafter, point to the Hawley case whenever any one criticises his padding of the retired roll of either service. To make matters worse, the House, in agreeing to retire Senator Hawley, added an amendment similarly retiring Gen. Peter J. Osterhaus, one of the most gallant of our German-American civil-war generals. Neither of these men has been connected with the army since 1866; Gen. Osterhaus having lived in Mannheim, Germany, for the last thirty years. Senatorial courtesy will have a new meaning hereafter for Senator Hawley.

"Responsible government," Speaker Reed once wrote cynically, "is the thing which all Americans profess to believe in, but which no American would tolerate for an instant in practice." Certainly, its last vestiges seem on the point of disappearing at Washington. Even the Speaker's control of business was broken on Monday. Twice his own party, or enough of it in combination with Democrats to make a majority of the House and "vote down the organization," was deaf to his personal pleadings. Speaker Cannon had set the example, however. He is reported to have given

his pledge to President Roosevelt that he would get the two battleships through the House; anyhow, he quietly buttonholed Democrats and got them to rally in sufficient numbers to overcome the strong Republican defection on that question. But it was a dangerous precedent, and was turned unpleasantly against the Speaker himself. If he is ready to promote extravagance in naval appropriations, plenty are ready to get up their little cabals in favor of other forms of waste. But this is to make responsible government ridiculous.

Inquiry by the House into the Osage oil land leases is a timely recognition of responsibility. There is, apparently, a pressing need for bringing to the attention of the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company the principle of the "square deal." In approving a proposed compromise lease, to run from April, 1906, to April, 1916, and to cover 680,000 acres out of the 1,500,000 included in the reservation, Secretary Hitchcock recently denounced the old lease as "an unheard of monopoly." This instrument authorized the oil company to prospect over the whole Osage territory and to produce as much oil as it pleased, on condition that it should pay a royalty of 10 per cent. into the tribal treasury. Now the proposed new lease is identical in terms with the old, except that it is confined to somewhat more than a third of the reservation. But this 681,000 acres takes in every foot of really profitable oil land belonging to the tribe, so that we have in effect a renewal of the agreement objected to by the Osages. Their complaint is based on two grounds: They protest that a 10 per cent. royalty is not enough in view of the fact that the oil company exacts from the sub-lessees a royalty of 16 2-3 per cent. in addition to a bonus varying from $1 to $10 an acre. The imminence of allotment in severalty to the members of the tribe is another reason justly urged against a long-term lease which would impair the value of an Indian's individual holding.

All the testimony in the Colorado election contest is now in, and, with that rare impartiality and detachment of view which Rocky Mountain politics develop, the leaders of both sides have looked over the demonstration and found it absolutely conclusive. To the readers of but one Colorado newspaper, all is clear and simple; but the man so foolish as to attempt reading two, finds nothing but confusion. To begin with Denver, the Peabody handwriting experts identified 9,048 ballots as the work of a few hands. This number was within a thousand of Adams's plurality. But the Democratic witnesses identified an even hundred of these as their own bona-fide votes. To the Republican mind, this leaves the other 8,948 conclusively proved to be fraudulent, and fully justifies the rejection of the ballot-boxes. To the Democrat, it discredits the whole theory based on the expert testimony. The same thing would, however, apply to the testimony of Mr. Adams's experts, who have examined 4,405 ballots, among which 1,501 for Peabody were found to have been written by a few persons. According to the computation of his adherents, the net result of the long conflict of expert testimony is to leave an Adams plurality of 909. That is, he would win by that figure if the votes were thrown out bodily from all precincts, in and out of Denver, where frauds have been demonstrated by the experts of either side. Perhaps the most startling bit of evidence was presented week before last by the Democrats. They had called for the ballot-box from a certain precinct in Huerfano County, but there was much delay and difficulty in having it produced. It was finally brought before the Committee and opened, only to disclose the fact that it was entirely empty. From that precinct Peabody had been credited with 177 votes to 24 for Adams. This roughly summarizes the arithmetical side of the evidence. "A plague o' both your houses" must be the committee's feeling as it makes ready to report.

The proposed "grandfather clause" amendment to the Maryland Constitution, disfranchising negroes, has encountered some peculiar legal difficulties. It has not the approval of Gov. Warfield, and its promoters have contended that the assent of the Executive is not necessary at any stage in the process of making it a law. The Constitution provides that every amendment must be passed "as a bill," and the opponents of the suffrage change hold that this means that the Governor has the veto power. To test this contention, a friendly suit was brought last December. Now another point of a similar nature has been made. It is that, even supposing the amendment to be ratified by the people next fall, it does not legally take effect without the Governor's proclamation, and that the Governor could in no way be compelled to issue such a proclamation. This view is backed up by an old opinion by Judge Bryan, the father of the present Attorney-General. The friends of the amendment, according to this construction, might impeach the Governor, but no judicial process could force him to declare the amendment either adopted or rejected. The question is, of course, more or less academic, for it is very unlikely that any governor would exercise so doubtful a power, especially against a measure of his own party. But should the amendment be forced through by crooked methods, it is fortunate if the Governor has some discretion as to accepting the returns as they come from the judges of election.

The election in Philadelphia on February 21 was interesting chiefly from the participation of a new organization, the City party, which nominated candidates for Councilmen, and, endorsing two Democrats, put up three nominees of its own for the "minority" magistrates, of whom five were to be chosen. In this contest the machine was put on its mettle. Being entitled by law to only ten of the fifteen magistrates to be chosen, its object was to put the other five in the hands of Democrats instead of City candidates. Enough Republicans therefore threw their votes to the Democrats to accomplish this object. The *Ledger*, which estimates the number of illegal votes at 40,000 and declares that the "repeating zone" was extended to wards hitherto unmolested, finds some consolation in noting "results which are inspiriting at least in so far as they show what might be done under an honest electoral system." So far as the machine depended on argument at all, it used the familiar "defaming the city" cry. "As a matter of plain fact," said the *Inquirer* on the day before election, "Philadelphia is the most moral city of all the great municipalities, not only in the United States, but in the world." "Corrupt and contented" was Mr. Steffens's caption for his study of Philadelphia politics, and the city seems bent on living up to the description.

Mr. Wyndham, whose engineering of the Land Purchase act was a model of Parliamentary tact, has made it his care to maintain good relations with the Irish Nationalist party. To this end Sir Antony Macdonnell, Under-Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, has kept in touch with the Nationalists, and in many ways has tried to persuade them that the Government is sincerely promoting their cause. Meantime, Mr. Wyndham and others, while condemning the Home Rule heresy, have talked wisely of "devolution of power." Some of this power, according to Sir Antony Macdonnell's plan, was to be devolved upon semi-elective councils. To this scheme, for which the mover had cited the precedent of similar Indian councils, Mr. Wyndham gave a too hasty assent. In regretting and taking back his approval, he excuses himself merely by his "colossal ignorance of Indian affairs," the unhappy occurrence of a holiday involving a hasty action, and the undue, if wholly loyal, zeal of the Under-Secretary. Clearly, he comes off but lamely in the matter, and the Government, which, with its paper majority reduced to about eighty, needs the Nationalist vote more than ever—*it* is always present and counted—enters upon a session in which rebuffs may confidently be expected.

TWO PER CENT. A MONTH.

In his communication to the Senate accompanying the proposed treaty with San Domingo, President Roosevelt gave some account of the foreign debt of that republic, of the face value of which, he says, the Government probably did not receive over 50 or 75 per cent. Then he adds:

"Other portions of the debt were created by loans for which the Government received only one-half of the amount it was nominally to repay, and these obligations bore interest at the rate of one to two per cent. a month on their face, some of them compounded monthly. The improvidence of the Government in its financial management was due to its weakness, to its impaired credit, and to its pecuniary needs occasioned by frequent insurrections and revolutionary changes, and by its inability to collect its revenues."

This illuminating paragraph is found in the midst of a heated discourse on the Monroe Doctrine, the logic of which runs thus: Since Spanish-American and Spanish-African countries have frequent revolutions and need money to put them down—or to carry them on, as the case may be—and since European speculators take their bonds at 50 per cent. discount, charging 2 per cent. a month interest, therefore the Monroe Doctrine requires *us* to do something. Insurrections and revolutions have been going on in those countries for the better part of a century, and money has been borrowed to put them down, or to carry them on, wherever lenders could be found to take the hazards of the enterprise. In all cases heretofore the lenders have known that they took the risk of losing their money. The loan was a bet on one side or the other. Very frequently there were wagers on both sides, as in an ordinary poolroom, and the gamblers seldom thought of looking beyond the stakes for the return of their money. A revolution much like this was going on in San Domingo while President Grant was conducting the negotiations with Baez, leading up to the treaty which the Senate rejected. The poolroom in that case was here in New York.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to change the system so that the betting fraternity shall have more security for their investments. It is proposed to advertise to the two-per-cent.-a-month men in Europe and America that if the country whose paper they shave fails to pay, they have only to invoke the shade of Monroe to bring Uncle Sam upon the scene, who will forthwith send a fleet and take charge of the defaulter's custom-houses and collect tolls for the claimants. It is needless to say that, with such assurances, there will never be any lack of poolrooms for taking chances at 2 per cent. a month on Spanish-American and Spanish-African insurrections. Indeed, there have been plenty of them before. English capital has been freely invested in such enterprises in Central America in times past, and would have been more largely placed there had not the English Government given notice that it would not guarantee any loans of its subjects to foreign governments, since to do so would enable private persons to involve the country in war. Naturally, these private persons want some other government to do for them what their own Government refuses to do. Hence, the invocation of Monroe and the appeal to Uncle Sam at the present time. And here it is pertinent to ask what harm has come to us, or to Monroeism, in the past while these poolrooms have been open? What is the reason for this sudden change of policy on our part towards the two-per-cent.-a-month bankers in foreign lands?

Some hints are thrown out, as an answer to this question, in the President's communication to the Senate. He says that a loan was made, or a claim was held, against San Domingo by the house of Westendorp of Amsterdam; that default was made by San Domingo, and that the Westendorps assigned the claim to the San Domingo Improvement Company, an American corporation. Very little information is given as to the genesis of this company, its composition, its paid capital, its charter powers, its aims, or its doings, except that it has acquired the Westendorp claim. It is probable that the Westendorps parted with it because their own Government would not take it up. It may be a valid claim, but it does not follow that the United States Government should have anything to do with it. Still, it would be interesting at this crisis of Monroeism to have a complete history of the San Domingo Improvement Company; to find out what persons own it; what they paid for it; what money they have spent for the benefit of San Domingo as an equivalent for the $4,500,000 which we are now collecting from that poverty-stricken people for their benefit; and how they came to take the bonds of the Westendorps—so that the country may know whether we are engaged in an honest and clean transaction, or whether this is one of the many fraudulent and dishonest schemes which financial adventurers of the two-per-cent.-a-month variety succeed in fastening upon countries distracted by revolution, by bribing the temporary dictator of the country to sanction their predatory game.

The San Domingo Improvement Company of New Jersey may be a noble-minded and perfectly clean-handed corporation, for which we are exacting only the money it has acually expended for the benefit of that unfortunate people; but it may be that we are only the cat's-paw of financial adventurers who are getting two or more dollars for every one that they have actually invested. What we want is light—to obtain which, time is required and is abundant. Moreover, since both the Executive and the Senate have begun by giving publicity to the treaty, the investigation should be public also.

THE SENATORIAL PRIMARY.

The usual number of State legislatures will doubtless adopt, before the winter is over, resolutions for electing United States Senators directly by the people. The national House of Representatives stands ready at any time to vote for the same reform, but, so long as the Senate itself opposes it, a Constitutional amendment is out of the question. Yet, while the agitation for a change in the organic law is practically hopeless, there has been in the last few years a remarkable movement for securing many of the same objects in an indirect way.

Hitherto, the system of nominating party candidates for Senator by a popular primary has been confined to Southern States, where the Democratic nomination was equivalent to election. Not until last year did the idea take root in the North, but it seems to be spreading now very rapidly. Wisconsin adopted by referendum last November a law under which the voter records his choice of party nominees not only for Governor and State officers, but for United States Senators as well. This was regarded as a rash step even by many advocates of the direct-nomination idea. Yet, without waiting to see the result of the experiment, a half-dozen other Northern States are thinking of adopting the same comprehensive plan. In Illinois, where Gov. Deneen made primary reform one of his campaign issues, the "administration" bill provides for the placing of names of Senatorial candidates on the primary ballot, with the proviso that "the vote upon such candidates for United States Senators shall be had for the sole purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of voters in the respective parties."

In South Dakota the primary bill, which has been the most prominent measure before this year's Legislature, likewise has been drawn to include Senatorial nominations, as has the bill before the Legislature of Washington. In Minnesota, where the direct primary system for local offices has been in existence for some years, it is now proposed to extend it to the choice of United States Senators, and this is to be urged before the Legislature. That is to say, in most of the localities where primary reform is an issue at all at present, the proposal is for the people not only to nominate all officers whom they are themselves to elect later on, but also for them to issue binding instructions as to an office which the Constitution intended should be taken out of their hands altogether.

This is very like the process by which the electoral college was stripped of its discretionary power. It has been the

American way in the past, when a fundamental change of plan has been unobtainable, to devise a workable arrangement under existing laws. The obligation of the Presidential elector to vote for his party candidate, though not enforceable in any court, is so strong that even under heaviest pressure no man has disregarded it in more than eighty years. It is more than doubtful if a State Legislature would ever give up its power so completely. As Walter Bagehot somewhere points out, a body which is chosen to perform a variety of functions can never become the mere agent of its constituency, as may the body chosen for but a single purpose.

In the Southern States, the election by primary seems to move like clockwork. Two years ago Colorado and South Carolina elected Senators at about the same time. In the one case, the two houses were in a state of siege at the capitol, and it looked as if a Senator could be elected only at the cost of bloodshed and riot. In the other, the debate on some unimportant local bill was merely suspended for a minute while a unanimous ballot was cast, and the member who had been interrupted went on with his speech. In fact, Mr. Latimer's own biography in the Congressional Directory makes no acknowledgment at all to the Legislature to which, in theory, he owed his preferment. "Was elected to the United States Senate by 17,700 majority," the Directory says, "over J. G. Evans, to succeed John L. McLaurin." In Arkansas, the number of votes cast in the Democratic primary which chose Senator Clarke was practically twice as great as the total vote for Parker last fall.

There are manifestly greater difficulties in the application of such a system to a State where more than one party exists. A few Assemblymen, for instance, whose own constituents wanted Stokes for the Senatorial nominee though Noakes was chosen, might conceivably hold the balance of power in a close Legislature, and actually strengthen themselves politically by disregarding the verdict of the primary. This condition has no parallel either in the Southern States or in the workings of the electoral college. But such difficulties can be solved only by facing them. It is hard to see how, in any event, a popular vote for Senators, whether in the primary or the election itself, could produce worse results than the system of choice by the Legislature. This State, under such a law, might now be represented by Elihu Root and Joseph Choate, instead of by Platt and Depew.

THE RAINES-LAW HOTEL DOOMED.

The favorable report by the Senate's City Committee upon the City Club's bill to do away with the abominable Raines-law hotels is a convincing sign that the Republican leaders have decided to allow this measure to become law. In our opinion, no more important legislation will be enacted at Albany this season. The proper solution of the water question is, of course, essential and pressing, but the City Club's bill strikes at an evil which has done more to lower the moral tone of New York than any other. The existence of the "fake" hotel, besides demoralizing the public, has demoralized the guardians of the peace. They have seen unmentionable crimes a matter of daily occurrence in resorts which technically have the sanction of the law, but really bring the law into contempt and contumely as does no other business—not even the corner saloon with its defiant violation of the Sunday-closing law.

What the Raines-law hotels are, the Committee of Fifteen clearly brought out in its report on the social evil. Trained investigators found that these inns have been "the scene of most insidious and therefore most effective solicitation," with rooms so conveniently arranged as to make exposure unlikely. The existence of these rooms quickly drove many saloonkeepers into renting them to dissolute persons as the only possible way of making them pay. The city has had no genuine need of the hundreds of so-called hotels which have flourished under the law, but the saloon owner had to take an entire house if he wished to sell liquor legally on Sunday. As the Committee of Fifteen reported, the "most damning charge of all" brought against this mushroom hotel is that it "provides the greatest known facilities for seduction." Young girls are brought there, regaled on liquors of the influence of which they are ignorant, and then fall easy victims. The Committee found that this terrible allegation was true, and every New Yorker who knows anything at all about city conditions knows that the language it used was if anything too mild.

That such conditions could have been tolerated for any length of time in an American city seems beyond belief, but it is characteristic of our rural rulers that, until recently, they have refused to consider any suggestions for a change. Senator Raines has repeatedly declared that his law was not only above suspicion, but beyond improvement. No denunciations of it by bench or by bar, by the press, or by the clergy have hitherto availed. You might cite the number of proved seductions from year to year since 1896, when the law was passed, but it made no more impression than a demand for relief proceeding from the most public-spirited citizens and societies in this city. The Legislature knew what was best for New York, no matter how fearful the price the city might be paying. Just what has brought about the change we do not know. Whether the credit wholly belongs to the City Club or to Senator Raines or in part to Gov. Higgins, we cannot attempt to decide, but we do say that the prospect of relief is a genuine cause for congratulation. The abolition of the Raines-law hotel will be an event as well worthy of celebration as the opening of an underground railroad. That such reforms can be achieved by persistent fighting must encourage the most pessimistic. It is plain proof that an aroused public opinion of this city can still make itself potent at Albany. And that opinion, be it noted, has never been so well organized, so sensitive, or so readily directed, as at the present day.

It is but fair to Senator Raines to say that the present bill is based upon one he prepared last year, and that he has readily accepted the changes suggested by the Anti-Saloon League and the other conferees, Messrs. W. S. Bennet and Lawrence Veiller. These gentlemen are confident that fully 90 per cent. of the iniquitous hotels will disappear at once. In brief, the bill requires the Commissioner of Excise, before issuing a license, to find out from the Superintendent of Buildings the date on which the building was made into a hotel, the height of the structure, whether it is fireproof or not, and whether it complies with the law as to its rooms, their size, number, etc. If the reply shows that the hotel does not comply with the Raines law or the building laws, the Commissioner of Excise is forbidden to grant a liquor-tax certificate. Now the law requires that all hotels fitted up or constructed since 1896, and thirty-five feet in height, shall be fireproof. It is just this provision which is expected to do away with the "fake" hotels. They cannot be made over into fireproof structures, for it would not pay their proprietors to do this, even if they had the means. So far as the hotels in existence prior to 1896 are concerned, many of them are bona-fide, some having done a legitimate business for thirty or forty years. To require them to rebuild would cause unnecessary hardships from the point of view of those who would attack only the illegitimate resorts, however desirable reconstruction might be for reasons of public safety.

It must not be forgotten that this legislation leaves the ordinary saloons untouched, being aimed merely at those with ten-room attachments. It does not in any way solve the question of Sunday opening, licit or illicit. It may, and probably will, increase the illegal Sunday profits of the saloonkeeper, whose chief competitors have been the "fake" hotels. The question whether we are to have a law regulating the Sunday sale of liquor which can be enforced, or are to go on violating the present law, is yet to be settled. The abolition of the fraudulent hotel will clear this issue of one complication which has done much to befog it.

A WAR AVERTED.

The great and happy significance of the North Sea arbitration is that it prevented a desolating war. Men may debate the balanced and somewhat inconclusive findings of the court, but no one can deny that reference of the dispute to the court was all that prevented England from going to war with Russia. "We might find ourselves at war before the week was over"—such was the startling language of Lord Lansdowne to Count Benckendorff on October 26, as contained in the correspondence now published. The English Foreign Minister also called the Russian Ambassador's attention to the "concentration of the British fleet at Gibraltar and elsewhere." The situation was critical. English public opinion was clamorous. The drift towards war was obvious; and with Russia and Great Britain plunged into hostilities, the danger that France and Germany might also become involved was acute. Hence it was an impending calamity, immense and almost unthinkable in its proportions, from which the resort to arbitration saved the world.

Note, too, that the points involved were precisely of the kind to go to war about, with each side maintaining that it was innocent and aggrieved. There was a sharp issue on a matter of fact. The Russians asserted that they were attacked by torpedo boats. To this the English indignantly replied that there were no war vessels of the kind lurking behind and among the British fishing fleet, and to assert that there were was grossly to insult England, as it implied that she had deliberately violated the obligations of a neutral. But consider how strong the Russian case would appear to Russians to be. Their admiral himself, with several leading officers, was on the bridge; they had glasses; the searchlights were turned upon the suspicious ships; and all agreed that torpedo boats were seen. If there had been war, the question would have been debated to the end of time without a conclusion. But now, without making a single woman a widow or any children orphans, we have the impartial decision of a body of competent officers, and it will command universal acceptance. Thus arbitration may challenge preeminence over war as a means of "settling things." There was also that most delicate point in an international controversy—a nation's pride and jealousy in behalf of its own officers. Lord Lansdowne demanded that, in addition to apologies and indemnity, which Russia was prompt in offering, Admiral Rozhestvensky be "punished." On that point war hung for some days. Punish our admiral? cried the Russians; first prove him culpable. We assert him guilty, hotly retorted the English. From that deadlock of opinion, with swords drawn, arbitration was the escape. It was a blessed escape, possible only because Premier Balfour was not, as Mr. Roosevelt privately assured his visiting Irishmen in 1897 that he was, "against arbitration between nations."

Some uncertainties and disappointments will linger after the decision of the Paris Commission; but so they would after a bloody war with a million killed. The main points are cleared up to the satisfaction of reasonable men. As to the torpedo boats, all the Commissioners but the Russian agree that none were present. With the Austrian, French, and American admirals uniting in this finding of fact, it must be considered as put at rest, so far as all the evidence now available goes. Yet Rozhestvensky's orders were held to be "not excessive in time of war," except for the actual opening of fire, which was "not justified"; and a general recognition of his "military valor" and "sentiments of humanity" was thrown in as a final placatory flourish. If the whole bears marks of delicate seamanship on the part of the arbitrating admirals, so as to steer clear of rocks on either side, the result is yet one to be received with thankfulness, since it comes from skilled and unbiassed men, and averts a terrible war. It is one renowned victory more for arbitration.

With general relief will it be learned that the first press rumors of the decision were unfounded in one particular. The Commission avoids going the length of asserting that an admiral's duty in war time is to fire first and find out later what he is firing at. This would have been an alarming doctrine. Neutral commerce would everywhere have felt itself exposed to appalling hazards. Readiness of a blundering admiral's home government to make reparation would have helped the situation but little. As Lord Lansdowne observed with great force to the Russian Ambassador, if a naval commander was to let go his guns on a mere theory that he was attacked, "who would be safe, and what was to prevent the Russian fleet, during its long journey to the Far East, from carrying death and destruction with it throughout its course?" From that peril, though some naval officers have said privately (Lord Charles Beresford is reported to be one of them) that it is an unavoidable incident of war as now conducted at sea, the Paris Commission does its best to free the world of commerce. It shrinks from establishing a precedent under which a rash commander might make himself with impunity a terror of the seas. There may be dispute whether the Commission should not have gone further and been more exact and explicit; but, at any rate, it did not admit that Rozhestvensky was justified in firing upon peaceful vessels without first making sure of their character. We want no *Flying Dutchmen* of that kind chartered.

The carefully framed compromises of the decision leave room for both England and Russia to grumble a little; but, in reality, each ought to be content. England's main contentions are upheld. Perhaps nobody will be "punished," as Lord Lansdowne insisted; but, under the agreement, Russia was to do whatever punishing seemed necessary in view of the Commission's assignment of guilt. That, however, is so vague that probably nothing will be done. Thus Russian *amour propre* will not be seriously impaired. But, over and above all such considerations, rises the great deliverance from war, with the vivid and salutary reminder that civilized nations have now a way of settling their quarrels not in the manner of wild beasts.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

George Sewall Boutwell, who died on Monday last, was born on January 28, 1818, at Brookline, Mass. He was a descendant, through his father, of James Boutwell, who was admitted a freeman in Lynn in 1638; and through his mother, Rebecca Marshall, of John Marshall, who landed at Boston in 1634. His mother's father, Jacob Marshall, invented the cotton press, the first use of which, however, was in pressing hops. Both families were of pure English stock, and Mr. Boutwell himself was thoroughly representative of that remarkable civilization which characterized the development of the little republics of New England. When he was but two years old his father bought a farm at Lunenburg, incurring a debt of $1,000, which was paid only after twenty years of severe toil. The boy's schooling was limited. He learned to read while facing his mother as she held the Bible open in her lap, and always retained the power of reading an inverted page. He attended the district school, summer and winter, until he was ten years old, and the winter school until he was seventeen, when his school life ended. There were educational influences enough, however, at a time when the common people were shaking off the restraints of the Puritan régime, both political and religious, and the air resounded with controversy. Mr. Boutwell soon freed himself from religious trammels and had little to do thereafter with churches. When he was thirteen, he became clerk in a country store, and was thenceforth in active intercourse with men. He studied when others were sleeping, reading many good books, and fitting himself as well as he could to practise law. He taught school for a few months, but soon returned to shopkeeping—this time at Groton, which was his home from 1835 to the time of his death. This town, which is now best known because of the boys' school recently established there, was then a place of importance. Several eminent lawyers lived there, among them the father of Margaret Fuller. She was known to Mr. Boutwell as a Sunday-school teacher, in which capacity he recollected that she expressed her opinions "in a style which indicated that they were not open to debate."

The country store has always furnished an opening for talents, and Mr. Boutwell's probity and capacity in business, combined with the severe training which he gave

himself by persistent study at night, made him respected and influential. Such a man, in such a community, necessarily enters political life. Mr. Boutwell was a Democrat because he believed in equality and the other principles of the Jeffersonian school, but he never defended slavery, and he opposed the annexation of Texas. He was a demagogue in so far as he represented the middling and lower class of people in their struggles to overthrow the old aristocracy of the State; but he was sincere in his support of Democratic principles. He held "Shay's rebellion" to have been justified and even beneficial to the State; but he differed with his party concerning liquor legislation. He was several times defeated at the polls because of his independent action, but represented his town in the General Court for several of the years between 1840 and 1850. His achievements as a legislator consisted in transferring the choice of the overseers of Harvard College to the Legislature—a mischievous but short-lived measure—and in enforcing the taxation of personal property. He also served on several commissions—a field in which his business abilities were successfully employed.

By the combination of the Free-Soil and Democratic parties, Mr. Sumner was elected Senator in 1850, and Mr. Boutwell Governor in 1851. All the offices were then held by Whigs, and Mr. Boutwell promptly replaced them with Democrats and Free Soilers. He had, even in his later years, little sympathy with the civil-service reformers. After his term of office was over, he became Secretary of the Board of Education, in which capacity he visited every town in the State, holding "teachers' institutes," and making, during his five years of service, more than 300 addresses. In this way he came to know the State thoroughly, and to be known to all men active in public affairs. Meanwhile, the Republican party had come into being, and Mr. Boutwell's anti-slavery feelings naturally carried him into its ranks. He saw the nature of the crisis in 1860, and urged that an armed force should be raised to secure the inauguration of Lincoln. He advocated emancipation from the first; and indeed his career in the House of Representatives, of which he was a member from 1863 to 1869, may be described as an advocacy of all the most radical measures of the Republican party. He took a leading part in the impeachment of President Johnson, and always maintained that the votes of the House and Senate really established the principle that the Executive might be impeached for acts which were not indictable offences. He was, of course, a supporter of the policy of reconstruction which Congress finally adopted. He was a more sedate person than Thaddeus Stevens, but not less determined and violent in his policy. He proposed in 1868 to abolish the existing governments and make the whole South a military district. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were largely his work, the latter especially. He was responsible for the Tenure-of-Office Act, which was intended to keep Mr. Stanton in control of the army. The lesson that he drew from the impeachment proceedings was that it would be unwise to lengthen the term of office of the Executive. The impossibility of removing a President made it desirable, he thought, that there should be frequent elections.

In March, 1869, President Grant appointed Mr. Boutwell Secretary of the Treasury. He was known only as a radical politician, and the financial world was not pleased with the choice. Mr. Boutwell, however, proved to be in many respects an excellent officer. After he had held office four months the *Nation* observed that "intelligible, business-like purposes, frankly announced in advance and faithfully adhered to, a consistent recognition of the law as his only and imperative guide, and an equally consistent disregard of that kind of popular clamor which is almost always due only to the selfishness of influential individuals, and which is so often pleaded as an excuse for official vacillation and tergiversation," were characteristics that went far to justify the President in making the appointment. Mr. Boutwell undoubtedly bettered the administration of the Treasury, which under President Johnson had become very corrupt. There were no more "leaks" for stockjobbers to profit by. The Secretary kept his own counsel, and made his announcements so that the whole country knew what was to be done, although he was induced to act as a *deus ex machina* in the "Black Friday" panic in 1869, ordering a sale of gold in violation of the published schedule for the purpose of affecting the market price. He applied the surplus revenue to the redemption of bonds for the sinking fund—a requirement before neglected—and in that way increased the credit of the Government. He also greatly improved the form of Treasury statements, the methods of keeping accounts, and the personnel of the service.

Unfortunately, Mr. Boutwell was narrow in his financial views, and, in fact, ignorant of financial history. His convictions were so strong as to make him arrogant and intolerant. He was incapable of appreciating the invaluable services of Mr. D. A. Wells, and probably persuaded the President that he could be dispensed with. He was a bigoted protectionist, and had no disposition to apply the principles of civil-service reform in his own Department. The collection of the customs was attended with some scandalous abuses, due, to a great extent, to the bad character of the officers of the revenue service. Towards the end of his term he attempted, at first without success, to refund a part of the public debt, and in a later attempt paid a syndicate of bankers a considerably larger commission than was authorized by law. His motive was laudable, and the transaction was probably advantageous to the Government; but it was of doubtful legality, and was pronounced improper by Congress. Finally, at a time when confidence was greatly shaken, he allowed a subordinate (a New York banker having induced President Grant to give the order) to reissue a large number of the "greenbacks" which had been paid and were supposed to be cancelled. This proceeding greatly alarmed all conservative business men, especially as Mr. Boutwell appeared to claim the right to reissue the whole $44,000,000 that had been paid off. He appeared to assume that it was the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to supply the currency needed "to move the crops"—a view which commended itself to the desperate speculators who were threatened by the collapse which soon took place. The committees appointed by Congress to investigate the matter declared this view unwarranted by law, and severely condemned Mr. Boutwell's claim to exercise a power which might, by inflating the currency, impair the obligation of contracts to the extent of one-tenth. He soon after resigned his office, having been elected Senator, and thus escaped the evil days for the Treasury which came in President Grant's second Administration.

Mr. Boutwell's term as Senator ended in 1877, and he was not reëlected, partly on account of the hostility of Gen. B. F. Butler, who was aggrieved because Mr. Boutwell opposed the confirmation of the notorious Simmons as Collector at Boston. In 1877 he was appointed a commissioner to revise the United States statutes. He served as counsel for the Government in 1880 in the settlement of the claims of Frenchmen arising out of the civil war, and took part in numerous cases involving questions of international law. After many years of withdrawal from public affairs, Mr. Boutwell was impelled by the oppressive and sanguinary course of our Government in the Philippine Islands to raise his voice in protest. A partisan all his life, he could not bear the spectacle of the Republican party trampling on the Declaration of Independence and the Constitutional amendments securing human freedom which were bought with the great price of the civil war. His speech on "Imperialism as a Public Policy" contrasted forcibly the principles which led to the emancipation of the negroes with those which were involved in the subjugation of the Filipinos. It illustrated, too, the intensity of conviction and the rugged honesty for which Mr. Boutwell was distinguished, and which gave him for many years a position of almost unparalleled influence in the councils of the Republican party. He may be said, in spite of his advanced age, to have been the head and front of the anti-Imperial sentiment and propaganda in Boston, and his utterances were to the end remarkable for vigor and fire. This was his last service to his country; and it was, perhaps, more trying and more honorable to him than any other that he ever rendered.

EL TRIBUNAL DE AGUAS.—I.

The vagaries of Spanish justice have long been a byword. The judicial temperament, under those heating skies, is commonly reported to suffer from the want of objective aloofness, from a general tendency to read new and unexpected connotations into such familiar terms as legality and equity. During more than one visit to Spain, with somewhat more than ordinary opportunities for obtaining tolerably accurate general information, I have repeatedly been struck with the bitterness of Spanish litigants (whether successful or not) over their experiences in this connection, and with their invariable eagerness to avoid for the future by any possibility the slow ordeal of waiting for a judgment. At first, the habitual caution of generalizing with reserve leads one to listen to these complaints as one might turn an ear to pungent, amusing gossip; it is the reiteration of them that compels conviction.

By way of a specimen case, the following anecdote, vouched for in all its details by the one who suffered (and by his *abogado*),

was admitted to be typical by many others to whom it was repeated. A large dealer in exports rented a neighbor's field some two or three years ago for a single season, the crop being wanted to satisfy an unusually heavy order from a foreign house. Now it happened that the owner of the field was in debt and declined to pay. Just at the time when the crop was ready for gathering and immediate shipment from the little Mediterranean port, the grower was astounded to hear that the whole of this movable property had been attached to the soil by some legal process or other until the creditor should be satisfied. After the first wild wrangle, in which the shipper vainly protested against seizure of *his* effects, the lawyer on the other side calmly proposed the following terms "as compromise," viz., payment of *half the original debt and all the costs.* Naturally, this was rejected; and the fuming merchant with his counsel took the apparently accepted Spanish step of waiting upon the judge appointed to try the case when called, who immediately declared the seizure to be illegal, pledging himself to set it aside in due season. When the day of trial came, that dispenser of justice was away on sick leave. To save delay and the year's crop, the victim consented to compromise on half the costs; thus the lawyers were paid, but I never could hear anything of the original creditor.

Such facts as the above are readily explicable through the absence of a firm public opinion in a country where absolute illiteracy is the lot of a deplorably large number; where the usual difficulty of bringing pressure to bear on corruption or venality is increased by the vast mass of ignorant indifference precluded from hearing of abuses. How can there be a general active interest in public affairs when fully sixty-five out of every hundred can neither read nor write? This very condition, however, has for centuries produced other effects, singularly local in their character, yet testifying to the shrewd, practical wisdom of the Spaniard, if once thoroughly interested in his own affairs. *La politica regionalista* is the conventional generic phrase that covers all these forms. It is this that has established on a firm working basis a number of institutions circumscribed, it is true, in a narrow region of activity, yet capable of achieving a variety of good results without let or hindrance from central authorities. Such, for instance, are the Conservatory of Music at Malaga (supported by local private subscription), the School of Fine Arts at Palma de Mallorca, the truly admirable Archives of Catalonia and Aragon at Barcelona, besides a host of other examples which any observant traveller may easily find for himself in the intervals of visits to conventional sights, and to which the never-failing courtesy of the Spaniard will grant the stranger a prompt, even eager, admittance. Many of such institutions are of comparatively recent growth; but, deep down in the traditions and customs of that most intensely conservative of peoples, the spirit of independence has planted others, less conspicuous perhaps to the casual eye, but far more ancient, and belonging in their very essence to that strong, self-reliant habit of conduct which is involved in the manifold meanings of the term *Españolismo.* As it was my privilege some months ago to observe one of these in full working order, I take pleasure in recording my impressions, more particularly as no familiar work of Spanish travel (not even Ford) devotes a single paragraph to this example of popular wisdom and forethought.

In order to understand its nature, it must be borne in mind that the Mediterranean coast of Spain, when not cut by bold, perpendicular mountain-bluffs, consists of a flat, alluvial plain, varying considerably in width, and watered less by rain than through the numerous streams of the ranges accompanying the sea line for miles and miles of level length. The natural fertility of this coast region is phenomenal; one needs but to traverse the *huertas* of Malaga, Murcia, or Alicante to obtain a thrilling impression of simply inexhaustible wealth, which the patient hand labor of the Iberian peasant works up, season after season, into the splendor of vegetation that covers it all. As I stood on the apex of the citadel of Saguntum, rising, as it were, an isolated, impregnable pyramid out of that marvellous plain, and turned first towards Valencia, all ruddy pink and gold under the slanting rays, then northwards where the seemingly endless green stretches vanished in the powdery haze of the late afternoon, I realized for the first time the full meaning of that siege on which hung for a season the rival destinies of Carthage and Rome. To keep this region constantly supplied with water (in view of the comparatively light rainfall of that sunny clime) was a problem solved centuries ago by the ingenious industry of the Moors, who devised a system of irrigation as complete and elaborate as that which the *campesinos* of the *Vega* of Granada have allowed to fall into a state of relative neglect.

A most interesting drive may be taken to the outskirts of Valencia, or any other coast town, for the purpose of verifying the perfection of comparatively simple appliances by which the crops are kept so constantly green until the long summer has scorched the fields to a uniform brown or dusty gray. This system of local canals, with plain wooden sluices easily manipulated, distributes over the whole coast plain the abundant waters of the mountain torrents, without which the country would remain an almost barren desert. Rain water, with its fertilizing qualities, would no doubt be preferable, and several proverbs or maxims, current in the locality, testify to the value of an exceptional rainfall; but, failing this, the peasant is but too eager to avail himself of the priceless fluid distributed over the soil by a network of narrow waterways so constantly fed that the supply fails only in the rarest of dry years. To establish and pay a system of official inspectors for this system, under the control of a "central irrigation office," would involve the creation of a special bureaucracy with all the familiar weaknesses of such Spanish *juntas*, of which the peasants have, naturally enough, an uncomfortable suspicion, preferring to keep the whole management in their own hands and to settle all cases of dispute according to the fashion bequeathed by traditional practice from their ancestors in the days of presumably indifferent Moorish rule. There has thus developed, in this locality, an absolutely unique court of arbitration, which testifies in its workings to the practical and expeditious common sense of the men whose nerves and muscles make a garden of the Valencian province. I am informed by a friend learned in the law that to the existence of this court there is but one reference in English legal works. Cases calling for such intervention arise, of course, from the fact that a farmer is charged with having opened the sluices for a longer time than he is entitled to; but I was also given to understand that in a quiet way much private litigation is warded off through the influence of the wise men whose ostensible duty is with water disputes alone. As the Athenian stranger says in the 'Laws' of Plato: "There might be an excellent judge who, finding the family distracted, not only did not destroy any one, but reconciled them to one another ever after, and gave them laws which they mutually observed, and was able to keep them friends." P. T. L.

ELVIRA'S LETTERS TO LAMARTINE.

PARIS, February 8, 1905.

Criticism and inspiration are almost incompatible terms. There is, at the present time, in our critical school a tendency to look for the sources of inspiration in the incidents of every-day life. The private life of the great writers is scrutinized with the utmost care, and their works are explained by their acts. No writer can help, of course, finding elements in his surroundings; but our critics do not perhaps, keep enough in mind the creative power of imagination. Chateaubriand, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, all are in turn subjected to a process of criticism which seems to have for its object to bring them down to the common level of humanity.

I shall speak to-day only of Lamartine, who was and is still the idol of all who remain faithful to the most ideal poetry. When his "Meditations" appeared, they were an event, as much as would be the apparition in the sky of a new and brilliant planet. Their inspiration was different from that of the preceding age, from the eighteenth century to the end of the Revolutionary and Imperial period. It was so different that the first publisher who read the manuscript returned it with these words: "It is not in the style of the age." Lamartine published the first "Meditations" at his own expense, I believe; only fifteen hundred copies were printed, and most of them were distributed by him to his friends before he started for Rome as secretary of embassy. An article in the *Journal des Débats* drew the attention of the public to the young poet; the success of the "Meditations" was instantaneous, and several editions had to be printed in rapid succession. The "New Meditations," printed a short time afterwards, continued the success of the first. There was in these two volumes a new note—a profound, a religious feeling; a love of nature which was not the admiration of a pagan, but the gratitude of man to the Creator, a feeling for the sublime in the creation; an expression of love which was not profane and sensual, but had a purity and an elevation altogether unknown in the preceding age.

Lamartine says in his 'Raphaël': "One always finds whole in a man the first woman whom he loved." Who was, for him, this first woman? Who was the inspirer of the first "Meditations"? Who was the per-

son whom he calls Elvire, this sister of Beatrice and of Laura? The secret was long suspected by the personal friends of Lamartine; it has recently been revealed by M. Charles de Monterot, a grand-nephew of Lamartine, now living at Saint-Point, who has authorized the publication of the letters written to his great-uncle by the mysterious Elvire—those, at least, which the poet did not destroy, and which were religiously kept in his room at Saint-Point. The real name of Elvire was Julie Françoise Bouchaud des Hérettes. She was born in 1782, of French parentage, in San Domingo. In 1791 her parents fled from the island. Madame des Hérettes died at sea; her husband arrived in France with two daughters, and lived for some time in Brittany. Julie was placed in a school, and, when her education came to an end, lived with her father at La Grange, near Tours. Julie was twenty-five years old when she was married to M. Charles, who was fifty-seven years old. He was a scientific man, who acquired some celebrity in his time by the bold balloon ascent which he made in 1783 with Pilâtre de Rozier (it was the second of the kind, next after Montgolfier's). M. Charles became much enamoured of Julie, who was very unhappy with her ill-tempered father; marriage was for her a deliverance. Charles was an excellent man, absolutely devoted to his wife, who had very delicate health. He made her acquainted with many distinguished people, chiefly with members of the Institute. At the time of the Restoration, Madame Charles had a salon, where she received Suard, Lally-Tollendal, Bonald, Lainé, and many others.

For the sake of her health, Madame Charles passed a season at Aix, in July, 1816; and it was there that she met Alphonse de Lamartine. He was twenty-four years old, and had been educated in his province, in a serious and religious family; he had no occupation, and spent his leisure hours in writing verse. He was at the time an unsuccessful applicant for a post in diplomacy. He wrote of his sensations at this period:

"I don't know what vague and sublime and infinite ideas cross my mind, every moment, at night especially, when I am, as at present, confined to my room, and hear no other noises than the rain and the wind. Yes, I believe, if, for my misfortune, I should meet one of those faces which I once dreamed of, I would love her as much as our hearts can love, as much as man ever loved on earth."

This was written in 1814 to a friend, Aymon de Virieu. Two years afterwards he met Madame Charles; they saw much of each other, and both fell in love. To this romantic attachment we owe some of the finest verses which French literature can boast.

When autumn came, Lamartine returned to Milly, and afterwards to Mâcon, while Julie returned to Paris. Lamartine had not the means of living in Paris and keeping there an apartment of his own; his friend Virieu offered him a room in his own apartments in the Rue Neuve Saint-Augustin. As soon as he was in the capital, he again saw Madame Charles. The first visit he paid her took place on Christmas Day. She received him in the midst of numerous visitors, but in the evening, when everybody was gone, she wrote to him a long letter which he received the next morning. "I ask myself if it was not a celestial apparition which God sent me, if I shall see it again, if I shall see my beloved child, the angel I adore." At the end of the ardent letter, she explained that she would see him the next day, and where she would see him. We have also the exact text of two long letters which Lamartine received from her on the 1st and 2d of January.

Love letters cannot be analyzed; we always read them, when they are addressed to others, in a critical spirit. Madame Charles's letters are very serious, and not in the tone of ordinary love letters. She touches political questions, while admitting that women have to receive advice rather than give it.

"On their part there must be submission and deference, and I assure you that I am wholly conscious of my duty. I like to recognize your superiority and I am proud of it. . . . I shall make it my happiness and my duty, dear Alphonse, to take your advice and to follow it unrestrictedly. . . . What a good woman I should be with you! What an ordinary woman I am for others. Such is love! What virtues it inspires when its object is worthy of it! I feel that my Alphonse would raise me even to sublimity."

She speaks to him of his verses: "I have read them, or rather devoured them." She has not recognized herself in Elvire:

"Oh," she says, "who will give you back Elvire? Who was loved like her? Who deserves it so much? I see her as you have painted her. This angelic woman inspires me with a religious fright. I see her as you have painted her, and I ask myself, What am I, to pretend to the place which she occupied in your heart? Alphonse, you must keep it for her and look on me always as your mother. You gave me that name when I believed that I was worthy of a most tender one. But since I see all that Elvire was to you, I see also that it was not without reflection that you felt that you could only be my child. I even begin to think that you ought to be that only."

She tells him that she will be content with his filial affection:

"Dear Alphonse, I will try to be satisfied with that. The warmth of my soul and of my feelings would like to add another passion to it, and oh that I might be allowed to love you *d'amour et de tous les amours*. But if I must conceal it from you, my angel, if you are really so much in heaven that you repel all earthly passion, I will be silent, Alphonse. . . . I will ask God for strength, and will suffer myself to love you in silence."

There is a sort of confusion in these letters between Elvire, the imaginary creature to whom Lamartine addressed his first verse, and the real Elvire, Madame Charles. Curiously enough, the real Elvire was jealous of the other. Lamartine wrote a commentary on the poem entitled "À Elvire" in the last edition of his works.

"These," he says, "were love-letters written in memory of a young Neapolitan girl of whose death I have told in my 'Confidences.' Her name was Graziella. The verses constituted part of a publication, in two volumes, of my early youth, which I burned in 1820. My friends kept some of them and gave them back to me when I wrote my 'Meditations.' I detached these examples, and wrote the name of Elvire in place of the name of Graziella."

These are the verses about which Julie Charles wrote in January, 1817. There was no confusion in her mind. She loved Lamartine; she questioned M. de Virieu, his friend, on the subject of Graziella, and was amazed at his coolness in regard to it. She had almost a quarrel with Lamartine, finding him also too cool, and complained to him of the selfishness of mankind. She had been formed in the school of Rousseau, and was very sentimental.

Lamartine composed his most famous poem, "Le Lac," in September, 1819. Julie was in a very poor state of health; she was at that moment at Viroflay, near Versailles. She wrote him a letter on the 10th of November, ending thus: "Adieu, my friend. I love you always like a good and tender mother." She died on the 18th of December following. M. de Virieu was with her, and took from her deathbed her crucifix, which he gave to Lamartine. When Lamartine was married, he gave to his first child, a girl, the name of Julie.

Correspondence.

THE YALE LIBRARY OF 1743.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have at hand a copy of the first catalogue of the Yale College Library, prepared by President Clap, and printed in New London, in 1743. This catalogue is not arranged alphabetically, but is partially conformed to the principles of classification laid down in Samuel Johnson's 'Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, exhibiting a General View of all the Arts and Sciences, for the Use of Pupils'—a treatise which Clap incorporated in the same volume with his list of books. In his "Advertisement to the Students of Yale College," prefixed to the catalogue, the President advises his pupils "to pursue a regular course of academical studies in some measure according to this catalogue. And in the first year to study principally the tongues, arithmetic, and algebra; the second, logic, rhetoric, and geometry; the third, mathematics and natural philosophy, and the fourth, ethics and divinity. Other less principal studies may be occasionally intermix't with these." Those who are familiar with the history of the Yale curriculum will notice that, on certain important lines, its character and arrangement were early determined and have been faithfully adhered to.

In contrast with the 400,000 volumes in the modern library, the Yale collection of 1743 contained only about 2,600 volumes, of which a considerable number had come through the recent liberal gift of Bishop Berkeley. But an examination of the titles shows that, with a few exceptions, the college possessed a fairly comprehensive assortment of books. The first section, under the heading "Languages, English," contains only two titles, "The English Grammar" and "Dr. Watts on Reading and Writing English"—no doubt an inadequate apparatus according to modern notions of how English should be studied. In those days, however, educated men got their English through the classics, and in Greek and Latin the Yale Library was relatively strong. The departments of history, natural philosophy, medicine, Biblical literature and theology are all well represented. The last division of the catalogue, "Plays and Books of Diversion," includes thirteen titles, viz., Addison's "Cato," Ben Jonson, Fontenelle's Dialogues, Gray's Fables, 'The Dunciad,' Shakspere, Steele, 'Don Quixote,'

Wycherley, Rowe's Tragedies, Otway's Plays, Spenser, and "The Turkish Spy."

JOHN WINTHROP PLATNER.

ANDOVER, MASS., February 24, 1905.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will pursue their reprints of Trollope with a series to be called "Manor House Novels," beginning with 'Orley Farm.' A log-book for automobiles is also to be published by this firm.

The Germans have decided that they, too, must have a 'Who's Who.' A Leipzig firm is publishing it under the title of 'Wer ist es?' It includes at least 1,500 contemporary celebrities.

'How to Write: A Handbook Based on the English Bible,' by Charles Sears Baldwin of Yale, is in the press of Macmillan.

The London Folklore Society (for collecting and printing relics of popular antiquities) has just put out the latest instalment of its valuable publications (David Nutt). 'The Folklore of the Musquakie Indians,' the volume for 1902, describes a people who have been worsted in the struggle with civilization and are now, so to speak, on the point of death, and rescues for the student beliefs and traditions that would otherwise be lost for ever. The author, Miss Owen, is a native of Missouri, and is intimately acquainted with her Indians. She deals in turn with their mythical origin and early history, their government and religion, their dances—perhaps their most characteristic institution—and the ceremonial of their births, marriages, and deaths. Her style is attractive and sympathetic; she has a keen eye for the human interest, the comedy, and the pathos of her subject, and her story will appeal as well to the general reader as to the folklorist and ethnologist. The catalogue with which the book ends relates to a unique collection of Musquakie bead-work and religious implements, which with rare generosity Miss Owen has presented to the Society, and which is now on view in the Museum of Archæology at Cambridge.

'The Folklore of Northumberland,' the volume for 1903, is the newest issue in the County Folklore Series. It is made up of notes, collected by Mrs. M. C. Balfour and Mr. Northcote Thomas, on the superstitious beliefs and practices, the traditional customs, the traditional narratives, and the folk-sayings of the district. We note that some typical features of border folklore—the slogans and warcries, the nicknames, proverbs, and legends—are but slightly represented in its pages. This is due to the fact that a great deal of space has been devoted to them in previous publications of the Society, in Henderson's 'Northern Counties' (1879) and in the two volumes of the Denham Tracts (1891 and 1895). The sections on the life of the people, their games, their weddings, their harvest homes, etc., and on their traditional songs and ballads, refer more seldom to these works, and are perhaps the most profitable reading. The original version of "A Pennywite of Pins," known only at Alnwick, is printed here for the first time.

'La Marraine de Peau d'Âne,' by G. Franay (Paris: Armand Colin), is a recent number of the "Bibliothèque de Romans pour les jeunes filles," and is intended for girls of fourteen or fifteen, a difficult age for which to provide fiction. The tale is an echo of the famous *conte* of Perrault, and describes the adventures of a modern Cinderella who manages to lead a double life, spending her days as a nurse-maid and her evenings in bewitching the inevitable Prince Charming by her ravishing toilettes, the relics of former prosperity. Nothing could be less realistic; the narrative has all the atmosphere of a fairy-tale with a background of modern Swiss resorts and English tourists. It is written in a light, pleasing style, and can be recommended for the perusal of any young person in whom it is desired to nourish romance.

Commissioner Swan's seventeenth report on the custody and condition of the Massachusetts Public Records abounds, as usual, in sound and searching comment on existing—generally, thanks to his long insistence, improving—conditions. His chapter on the intrusion of politics into this sphere of government is bold and faithful. Two practical details are worth citing: "[My] tests prove that an ink that is proper for use upon records should have a tendency to 'bite' into the pen as it should to 'bite' into the paper." "Canvas bindings have from time to time been advised as preferable to leather because of their resistance to heat in a safe. Inspection of the ruins of the Springfield city hall showed their superiority as well in resisting flame."

The annual report of the Library of Congress possesses more than ordinary interest. Mr. Putnam's general survey is accompanied by the report of the Register of Copyright, by a list of manuscript and map accessions, and by a sketch of the publication of historical material by the United States Government—this last from the pen of Mr. Worthington Ford. From the head of the manuscripts department we have also some account of the exceptional character of the papers acquired during the year—Van Buren, Polk, Andrew Johnson, Duff Green, Clayton, Thornton, Kent, and Washburne. President Johnson's collection is both extensive and of great value for the student of his turbulent administration; in particular it is rich in official reports on the condition of the South during reconstruction. The manuscripts, of which the Southern portion is especially welcome, require already twenty steel safes, and Mr. Ford anticipates the early need of doubling this insurance. The changes in the personnel of the Library show it to be a swarming-hive of training, and point to the general diffusion of its methods and aims by the going out of so many apostles all over the country.

The arrangement of Robert Morrill McCurdy's bibliography of articles relating to holidays (The Boston Book Co.) is not easily accounted for, being neither alphabetical nor logical; nor is it rectified by an index. So much said, the list may be pronounced useful.

Of quite another order is the John Crerar Library's 'List of Cyclopedias and Dictionaries, with a List of Directories' (Chicago). Under each heading, the chronology of publication is reversed—that is, the newest works stand first, tapering off to the oldest. English works sometimes precede foreign. Bibliographical details are very liberal, and include the names of publishers. There is an index. The collection represents only this Library's possessions.

Mr. Charles Henry Hart, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for January, makes a text of Pine and Savage's painting of "The Congress Voting Independence," now owned by him. This canvas antedates Trumbull's more artistic treatment of the same theme, and has a value for its portraiture and for its correct record of the architecture of the room. It was painted, in fact, in Independence Hall. A photographic copy of it is the magazine's frontispiece. Some good Franklin-iana may be found in "Excerpts from the Papers of Dr. Benjamin Rush." The sage told how "the judges in Mexico, being ordered to prosecute a man for peculation, found him innocent, for which, they said, 'they were sorry both for his own and their sakes.' "

Dr. Erman's plan for a printed card catalogue of the books in the larger German libraries, which we mentioned some time ago, has been further discussed in the later numbers of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*. In the December number E. Kuhnert and A. Wolfstieg criticised the whole scheme adversely, finding it extravagant and impossible of execution. In the January number, the editor of the *Zentralblatt*, Dr. Schwenke, takes a more favorable view. He regards the suggestion on the whole as one of the most important propositions ever made on the subject of co-operative cataloguing, though he finds the part relating to a uniform classification rather weak. He points out the clumsiness of the present procedure of sending the manuscript entries which have been prepared in Berlin on the circuit from library to library, and suggests that the entries be printed at once and printed copies sent to each of the coöperating libraries for comparison and addition. This, as Milkau pointed out in his 'Centralkataloge und Titeldrucke' (1897), has, of course, the disadvantage that many titles will be duplicated by several libraries. If it comes down to a choice of evils, the question will have to be decided as to which is the greater, a certain amount of duplication or the waste of time incident to the present plan.

From the same number we learn that the Prussian Kultusministerium has appointed a commission to formulate a plan for the elaboration of a bibliographical catalogue of all existing incunabula. Professor Haebler of Dresden is chairman; the other members being Dr. Vouillième in Berlin and K. Burger of Leipzig, all well-known authorities in this field. Some years ago the suggestion was made that the inauguration of such a plan would be a fitting way to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg. Mr. John Thomson of the Free Library of Philadelphia took up the idea with great enthusiasm, and began to collect material for a catalogue of incunabula in American libraries. Nothing came of the plan at the time, however, though Mr. Thomson succeeded in collecting valuable information in regard to the most important collections of incunabula in public libraries in this country, including those in the Lenox and Newberry libraries, and, of course, in the Free Library of Philadelphia. It is interesting to learn that he is now engaged in editing the list for the Bibliographical Society of America. The great significance of this lies in the fact that

the new society will thus from the beginning take part in an international movement while contributing an important piece of work in the field of American library literature.

International features are pushing to the front in matters bibliographical and bibliothecal. The chief note of the St. Louis conference of the American Library Association was decidedly international, and an important step was taken towards the realization of the hope expressed vaguely by President Francis in his address of greeting, that, as the Philadelphia conference of 1876 engendered the American Library Association, the St. Louis conference might lead to the formation of an International Library Association. A more distinct form was given to this idea through Dr. Biagi's proposition that an International Federation of Library and Bibliographical Associations be formed. The matter is now in the hands of a strong committee, consisting of Messrs. Herbert Putnam, William Coolidge Lane, and Cyrus Adler.

Some time ago the *Evening Post* printed communications, chiefly from Professor Gayley of the University of California, regarding the publication of a collection of facsimile reproductions of the most important manuscripts in European libraries. The recent disaster to the Turin University Library has led the Belgian Minister of the Interior and of Public Instruction to call a congress to discuss this very subject, in connection with next summer's International Exposition in Liège. A commission has been appointed to make the necessary arrangement, with Prof. G. Kurth of the University of Liège as president, and P. J. van den Gheyn, curator of the manuscripts section of the Royal Library at Brussels, as secretary. The commission has already held several meetings, the proceedings of which are printed in the *Revue des Bibliothèques et Archives de Belgique.*

In the January issue of the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Mr. Macalister presents his tenth quarterly report on the excavations at Gezer. There is little that is new. A fragment of a wall which, in his last report, he "thought might be identified with the foundations of the Crusaders' Castle of Mont Gisart," turns out, on further excavation, to be a gateway of a much earlier date, "no doubt the main entrance to the city in the Maccabæan period." Recent work has confirmed "the observation already made that there are" in Gezer "eight strata of building," the accumulated débris of which is 28 feet in depth. Below this there are still twelve feet of débris above the solid rock, representing an occupation of the site by a more primitive population, and in the rock itself are caves. Mr. Macalister formerly assigned these troglodytic remains to a period about 3000 B. C., and the commencement of the Semitic occupation approximately to 2000 B. C. We pointed out in these columns at the time (No. 2040, p. 99) that his evidence seemed in fact to favor a date about 3000 rather than one about 2000 B. C. for the commencement of the Semitic occupation. Mr. Macalister now finds himself forced to adopt this date, and assigns "the beginning of life on the mound to 4000 B. C."

In volume xvi., No. 63, of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, Dr. Schechter published a Hebrew fragment, consisting in all of seven sheets, or fourteen pages, with two columns of eighteen or nineteen lines on each page, discovered, like the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus, in the Genîzeh of old Cairo in Egypt. From the system of punctuation and other peculiarities it was clear that this manuscript was Oriental in origin, and written not later than the twelfth century A. D. The original work Dr. Schechter assigned, on the ground of internal evidence, to a date not earlier than the tenth century of the Christian era. Dr. Lazare Belléli discusses the same fragment in a little pamphlet entitled 'Un Nouvel Apocryphe' (London: Luzac & Co.), in which he endeavors to show that it belongs in fact to a work of the same character as Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, and Pirke Aboth, the so-called Wisdom Literature, and that it was composed some time between the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and the revolt under Bar-Kochba, roughly 70-135 A. D. So far from a doctrine of five senses, which Schechter thought he found, and which he regarded as evidence of acquaintance with Greek philosophy through the medium of Arabic, Belléli points out that the writer really speaks of six "doors," a genuinely Hebrew conception (compare, for instance, Psalm 115), viz., mouth, eyes, ears, nose, hands, and feet. The linguistic peculiarities of this fragment seem to Dr. Belléli to indicate a period when Hebrew was still a living tongue, which he thinks to have been the case in the first post-Christian century. The original work belonged, in his judgment, next after the Book of Wisdom, to which it is, on the whole, superior. While Belléli's arguments are ingenious and sometimes plausible, doubtless the verdict of Jewish scholars will be that Schechter was correct in his general results, and that this is no new apocrypha, but a fragment of a mediæval philosophical treatise otherwise unknown.

The birthday of Charles Dickens was celebrated in London, on February 7, by a dinner of the Boz Club, at which the chairman, Lord James of Hereford, dwelt upon the novelist's influence as a social reformer. The Poor Laws, for instance, were administered now with far greater clemency than when 'Oliver Twist' was written. Lord Chancellor Halsbury, while extolling Dickens as a writer, doubted whether his fame was increased by putting him forward either as a politician or as a social reformer. Mr. Choate said that "the man who could make the whole world indulge in honest laughter was one of the great benefactors of the world." But his main theme was the popularity of Dickens's stories in America, illustrating his point by relating an incident which happened in New York at the time of the publication of 'Dombey and Son' (1846-48). The last number received here had left it doubtful whether Paul would live. "When the next steamer arrived at the docks, the passengers saw with considerable alarm a great crowd of people on the quays. Their fears were dispelled, however, when they discovered that what the crowd wanted was to know whether Paul Dombey died or no."

Our readers are aware of Professor Waldstein's hope, under international auspices, to undertake the excavation of Herculaneum. The Italian Cultus Ministry has, however, published an official declaration to the following effect: (1) that Professor Waldstein some time ago had conferred with Minister Orlando in reference to this project, but that enormous difficulties at once presented themselves; (2) that the Italian Government had since heard nothing further of the matter, and had never seen any concrete proposal regarding it; (3) that Italy is very grateful for the enthusiasm of foreign savants touching the archæological treasures it possesses, but that, for good and solid reasons, especially of a national kind, it could never consent to permit an international body to conduct or to manage any archæological researches in the kingdom. The Scientific Supplement of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 10, reports from Rome that the International Congress of Artists in session in that city had declared that the excavation of Herculaneum should be undertaken by the Italian Government, and carried out by Italian scholars.

In the recent Italian elections no fewer than thirty-nine university men were elected to the Parliament; namely, eighteen ordinary and four extraordinary professors and seventeen privat-docents; or, according to another arrangement, twenty-two jurists, ten medical men, five from the philosophical faculties, and two representing political economy. The University of Naples heads the list, with fourteen representatives; followed by Rome with eleven. Padua has two, Bologna two, Parma two, Ferrara one, Messina one, Modena two, Catania one, and Pavia one. Politically, these academic parliamentarians are distributed as follows: Twenty-two are Constitutionalists, nine Radicals, five Social Democrats, and three Republicans.

The International Congress of Archæologists in Athens will be opened on April 7 by the Crown Prince on the Acropolis. On the following day the sessions begin, and will extend over eight days. The work is to be divided into seven sections, viz.: (1) Classical Archæology; (2) Prehistoric Antiquities and Oriental Peoples; (3) Excavations, Museums, and Conservation of Old Monuments; (4) Epigraphic Archæology and Numismatics; (5) Christian Archæology and that of the Middle Ages in general; (6) Archæological Teaching; (7) Geography and Topography in their relation to Archæology. In connection with the congress, excursions are being arranged for to the Peloponnesus, Crete, Smyrna, Samothrace, and Asia Minor, to examine the ruins of Ephesus, Pergamon, and Melos.

—If the public was at first slow to attach adequate importance to Mr. Luther D. Burbank's experiments in artificially stimulated plant variation, it is certainly making up for that neglect at the present time. The March *Century* adds the first of two papers to the rapidly swelling magazine literature on the subject. Mr. Burbank's results seem hardly more surprising than the volume and rapidity of experiment by which they have been secured. One brain, with but little money at its command, has accomplished what might well seem an adequate achievement for a well organized and supported bureau in the Department of Agriculture during an entire generation. Indeed, it is greatly to the discredit of the American way of doing things that Mr. Burbank has not long ago been placed at the head of such a bureau,

with a perfectly free hand and ample means and men at his disposal for carrying on his work to the utmost possible advantage. But perhaps it would have been hard to find the money without cutting into the annual garden-seed distribution. It is highly creditable to the management of the Carnegie Institution that it has voted Mr. Burbank a subvention of $10,000 a year for ten years, in spite of his entire lack of scholastic pretensions. Eastern problems are, in this number of the magazine, treated by Richard Barry, "the only American correspondent with the Japanese forces before Port Arthur from the beginning of the investment," and David Bell MacGowan, who has secured personal interviews for the *Century* with Tolstoy, Witte, and various other Russians of international prominence. Mr. Barry deals especially with the effective siege operations, the success of which he attributes to the Japanese readiness to adapt any idea whatever, old or new, to the situation of the moment. Mr. MacGowan writes of the outlook for reform in Russia, but suffers seriously from the rapidly shifting situation, which inevitably puts a magazine article out of date before it can cross the gap between the pen and the reader. Harrison S. Morris, the Managing Director of the Pennsylvania Academy, writes of Philadelphia's contribution to American art, from the time when Benjamin West "came into Penn's good old village of tree-bordered streets and undeviating angles and founded American art," down to Violet Oakley, Jessie Wilcox Smith, and Elizabeth Shippen Green.

—Miss Florence Trail has compiled 'A History of Italian Literature' (New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer), which evinces on her part a laudable interest in the subject. She tells us in her preface: "The toil involved in judicious selection may be understood when I say that, out of 37 poets who preceded Dante, I selected 7; out of the 100 Latin poets of the age of Leo X., I chose 1; out of 660 sonneteers, 6; out of 5,000 comedies, 9; out of the 70 poets between 1850 and 1885, 3; etcetera." Certainly, old Father Time himself cannot at this rate compare with Miss Trail as a winnower. Only 9 comedies out of 5,000! But nobody need complain nowadays of a too strict sifting of literary celebrities. Miss Trail's method is to give a brief, almost gossipy account of the life of each author; then to mention his works; and finally to criticise them, the criticism being either original or selected. Miss Trail's first guide was Cesare Cantù, but she has evidently consulted many more recent and perhaps safer critics, and has diligently delved in biographical dictionaries and literary manuals. Her enthusiasm is contagious. She moves about among the masters of Italian literature with naïve confidence in her power to appraise them. Her most serious work is the epitome of the 'Divine Comedy.' Her reflections, however, though original, are not always important: For instance: "It is evident," she says, "that Petrarch cannot be understood from hearsay. One must drink deep of the Pierian spring he has unlocked, and then it will be impossible not to rejoice in the niche he occupies in the Temple of Fame." A person who wished to get a general idea of the development of Italian literature, with personal information about its creators, and would not be disturbed by the amateurishness into which Miss Trail occasionally lapses—witness the passage just quoted—might find what he needed in her book. She dedicates it "to the Few who still love literature," and yet, according to a circular which accompanies it, we are assured that "Professor Uhler, Provost of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, says the demand for this book will run to a hundred thousand when it is properly placed before the public."

—The character and career of Montalembert are well calculated to awaken the enthusiasm of Roman Catholics on this side of the Atlantic. In Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has often declared himself a liberal Catholic, following in the footsteps of Montalembert and Lacordaire; and among the Catholics of the United States we imagine that there are more who sympathize with Montalembert than with Joseph de Maistre. Whether or not our conjecture be correct, a fresh sign of interest in the works of this famous orator, historian, and academician is now observable. We refer to the translation which Mr. Francis D. Hoyt has made of Montalembert's 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary' (Longmans). This biography, when originally published, was designed to be a vindication of the Ages of Faith against the ages of unbelief. Montalembert, in his famous speech on religious liberty delivered in 1844, exclaimed: "Nous sommes les fils des Croisés, et nous ne reculerons jamais devant les fils de Voltaire." Couched in less militant form, the 'Life of St. Elizabeth,' which was written in 1836, has something of the same spirit. The introduction, as a piece of rhetoric, is extremely beautiful. The author, finding himself in Marburg on St. Elizabeth's feast-day, is impressed by the lack of reverence for her memory which is displayed in this city of Lutheranism, where exactly six centuries earlier the Duchess of Thuringia had died. And so he resolved to write once more of the woman who there at Marburg "consecrated the last days of her life to works of heroic charity." Edification, then, furnishes the main motive of the book, but at the same time it is not unmarked by a certain controversial purpose. From the translator's preface it may be inferred that Mr. Hoyt has been moved by similar sentiments in placing the book thus directly before Americans. "To the Catholic mind," he says, "it is indeed 'strange and incomprehensible' that in this 'enlightened age' educated people, who pride themselves upon their knowledge and their liberal views on all subjects, should be in such profound ignorance of the faith and spirit of Catholics." But there are those who contend that St. Elizabeth does not belong to the Romanists alone, and a striking comment on Mr. Hoyt's preface will be found in Charles Kingsley's preface to his "Saint's Tragedy." Over against Montalembert's panegyric on the Ages of Faith may be set, if only for contrast, these words from Kingsley's prose preface to his own drama in praise of St. Elizabeth: "For the more coarse and homely passages with which the drama is interspersed, I must make the same apology: I put them there because they were there—because the Middle Age was, in the gross, a coarse, barbarous, and profligate age—because it was necessary, in order to bring out fairly the beauty of the central character, to show 'the crooked and perverse generation' in which she was 'a child of God, without rebuke.'"

—The history of religious freedom in Brazil was succinctly told in a chapter (pendent to one on the history of Catholicism) requested of Mr. J. C. Rodrigues for the Brazilian Centennial volume of 1900, and hurriedly put together. It has been separately reprinted by a Scottish press in a very attractive and handy form, and issued from the office of the Rio *Jornal do Commercio* (of which Mr. Rodrigues is the editor), under the title 'Religiões Acatholicas no Brazil, 1500-1900.' One misses very much a table of contents and an index, a chronological table, and varied running-titles. For the rest, the author has compressed within less than 300 pages a great deal of Portuguese and Brazilian history, setting forth at some length the terrible condition of the mother country under Jesuit rule and the self-imposed yoke of the Inquisition, which lasted in Portugal till 1820, in Brazil till 1810. It was reserved for the Republic in 1890 to fix in its charter the separation of Church and State, setting an example to all the other South American republics. Mr. Rodrigues, while not concealing his own liberal views, supplies with fairness and with a minimum of comment on opposing opinion the sentiments pro and con that emerged in the legislative and constitutional debates from the era of independence to the downfall of the monarchy and the present republican régime. He finally considers in detail the fortunes of the various non-Catholic denominations, devoting fifty pages to Positivism, and so reaching a veritable climax of interest, whether we consider the schism which led to the bold denial of the leadership of Laffitte, Comte's successor, or the disproportionate part which the little Brazilian group played in liberalizing the Constitution and furnishing a Positivist motto, "Order and Progress," to the flag of the Republic. In this extraordinary narrative Mr. Rodrigues's sympathy is obviously enlisted most warmly, and one remarks in it his loving portrait, by the way, of Benjamin Constant. The faithful, it appears, do not grow in numbers. Those who contribute to the Positivist sustentation fund increased from five in 1876 to 220 in 1892, and have since then fallen below 200.

—In a recent number of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Professor Turner of Oxford has an appreciative article on the late Frank McClean, F.R.S., LL.D., in whose death English astronomy has suffered a severe loss. His invention of the spectroscopic eyepiece, introduced by Mr. John Browning to the Royal Society, first made his name generally known more than thirty years ago; and ever since then successive operations by his own hands have firmly established his reputation. He presented to the Royal Society in 1889 his fine photographs of the red end of the spectrum, comprising just half the visible spectrum, and beside them were shown subsidiary photographs of the green to violet, so that comparisons of value were rendered exceptionally easy. All McClean's work exhibited similar thoroughness, and his great industry permitted a surprising amount of achievement. Parallel photographs of the spectra of the sun, iron, and iridium; comparative pictures of high and low sun spectra, and of sun and metallic spectra, were exhibited, all on a large scale,

By means of a heliostat mounted on the roof of his own house at Tunbridge Wells, sunlight was reflected into his photographic telescope, an instrument stopped down to four inches aperture, of 98 inches focal length, and fixed parallel to the polar axis. Until 1890 a large Rutherfurd grating was used; after that a Rowland plane grating. Certain of his metallic spectra are of rare metals difficult to obtain. In 1895, with a Sir Howard Grubb telescope (of the pattern adopted for the Astrographic Chart, but with an objective prism, angle 20 degrees, added), he began a systematic survey of the spectra of stars brighter than three and one-half magnitude, in the northern heavens. This completed within a year, he carried the prism to the Cape of Good Hope, in 1897, mounting it on a telescope like his own, and there extended his survey to the whole sky—a noteworthy feat for one man, single-handed, and for which he deservedly received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, in 1899. In addition to mechanical and scientific work, Dr. McClean made generous gifts to astronomy, among them the foundation (£12,500) at Cambridge of three "Isaac Newton studentships," for research in astronomy and physical optics; and he presented telescopes to the Cape Observatory. At his death, last November, he left bequests to many universities and scientific societies.

THE HOUSE OF BARBÈRA.

Annali Bibliografici e Catalogo Ragionato delle Edizioni di Barbèra, etc. 1854-1880. Florence: G. Barbèra. 1904. 4to, pp. 597.

Two years ago we had occasion to review Viscount Goschen's Life of his grandfather, Georg Joachim Göschen (1753-1828), publisher to Klopstock, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe, an eminent figure in the German book-trade of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era. This work bore the imprint of John Murray; and hardly yet out of mind is Samuel Smiles's chronicle of the house of Murray under the rule of the second John (1778-1843). Now we have a like record of the house of Barbèra in Florence, from the beginning to the founder's death in 1880. As Gaspero Barbèra was born in 1818, he was a contemporary of both the German and the British publisher; and the three works illustrate in a remarkable manner the condition of literature and of book-publishing for a full century in three countries, amid the greatest political and social changes. They are alike in being a mixture of memoirs and inedited letters, with lists of books published, negotiations and contracts with authors, biographical sketches of some of these, notes of failures and successes, extracts from reviews (sometimes *cooked*, in Germany), complaints of piracy (Irish from English and Scotch houses, Neapolitan in Italy). But whereas the Göschen and Murray volumes have a literary form, the *Annali* is openly a *catalogue raisonné*. There is no doubt that the latter offered a simpler task; indeed, the interest commanded by the works of Viscount Göschen and the late Mr. Smiles proceeds more from richness of material than from constructive art. We are inclined to think that the brothers Barbèra have produced a more satisfying presentation, and have not less effectively exhibited the character of their sturdy father, the physiognomy of the group of scholars, publicists and statesmen by whom he surrounded himself, and the quality of his output. Their skill is to be estimated highly, and they have rendered an invaluable service to the history of Italian patriotism and letters.

A controlling reason for their not attempting the Göschen-Murray form of chronicle was that there existed already an autobiography of their father, 'Memorie di un Editore' (Florence, 1883), a work deserving to rank with the best of those portraying the careers of self-made men. Gaspero Barbèra was a native of Turin, of humble parentage but with a rich inheritance of character. He owed a heavy debt to Franklin's Autobiography, which he repaid by publishing in 1869 a competent translation of that work, executed by the Milanese Pietro Rotondi, and, later, the American sage's miscellaneous writings; intercalating from similar motives a selection of lives from two works by the author of 'Self-Help.' Barbèra's fixed aim was to carry his religion into his business, and to assist in the moral uplifting of his countrymen, in the spirit of Massimo D'Azeglio's famous phrase—"Fatta l' Italia, bisogna far gl' Italiani" (Having made Italy, we must now make Italians). He was eminently successful in this purpose through the popularization of classical Italian literature in text-books, "collections," and otherwise, at a time when "literature divorced from politics appeared academic"; acquiring fortune for himself and universal esteem. "I do not," he said, in arranging terms with an author, "regard myself as a merchant—in the sense commonly attached to that word." The poet Aleardi dubbed him "honest publisher (*onesto editore*)· two words which fight in other cases; in yours, embrace." And on the side of his craft, in which he took the greatest pride, Massimo D'Azeglio gave him the reputation of being "No. 1 in Italy." He earned the frequently expressed gratitude of the rising Carducci for liberal treatment and encouragement "in male acque" as colaborer and adviser.

Copious yet strictly pertinent quotations from these Memoirs supply a connecting tissue for the Catalogue proper, and at the same time greatly enhance its readability. Conspicuous instances are Barbèra's relation of his visit to Massimo D'Azeglio, when 'I Miei Ricordi' was placed in manuscript in his astonished hands, with a result best summed up in the figures of a sale of 55,000 copies of the printed work; and the pathetic account of his farewell visit to the statesman on his deathbed. Besides such merited revival of the autobiography, the sons contribute further a large amount of business correspondence from which Barbèra's high tone, fairness, disinterestedness, liberality, and excellent literary judgment shine out unmistakably. Those who are prone to abuse publishers as sharks, may here find candid revelations of lofty endeavor at the publisher's own risk, ending in discomfiture, and some amusing samples of extremely plausible forecasts by ardent authors overcoming the reluctance of Barbèra, only to justify it completely—at his expense.

The hundreds of letters and critical appreciations contained in this generous volume make it a literary performance and almost event. The compilers have avowedly had in mind a contribution to an Italian Biobibliographical Dictionary, and in particular to the future *epistolario* of Giosuè Carducci. This poet and scholar first appears on the scene with No. 40 of the Catalogue, as chosen editor of Alfieri's Satires and Minor Poetry, both furnishing a preface and controlling the text. The year is 1858, when he was, at twenty-three, still an obscure youth in spite of his doctor's degree and of the maturity of his intellect and breadth of culture. Editions by him of Tassoni and Parini followed; of the poems of Lorenzo de' Medici; of Giuseppe Giusti, with another masterly preface revealing the great prose writer—a work still in demand; of Salvator Rosa's Satires, Odes, and Letters—"the most elegant prose, academically speaking," of all Carducci's, in his own estimation. And now (1860), at twenty-five, Mamiani calls him to the chair of Italian literature at Bologna, from which he has just retired, the idol and pensioner of the nation. The next year he reviewed in the *Nazione*, the liberal daily printed by and under the management of Barbèra, a canto of Aleardi's, 'I Sette Soldati,' issued by the same firm. He signed with a C., whose identity is now first revealed, and the critique is reproduced in part, ending with an extract from the poem that might well be Carducci's own. Here, along with just discrimination, is observable that generosity towards fellow-literati so characteristic of the man. For the *Nazione* he also wrote (1862) a remarkable review, quoted entire, of Aleardi's 'Canto Politico.' With No. 138 (1863) we come upon the 'Stanze' of Poliziano, proposed by Carducci to Barbèra in 1857, and the first Italian text edited in accordance with the methods of modern criticism, by one who was regarded as above all a poet, and called in Florence an unbridled poet. (It was the period of the "Hymn to Satan," of the "Giambi ed Epodi.")

The first creative work of Carducci's published by Barbèra was his 'Poesie' (1871), including the *Decennali* or his "knight-errant" verse written in the sixties; and his real name stood upon the title-page beside "Enotrio Romano," the *nom de guerre* of his first venture. The correspondence over this volume is of marked importance for the biography of the poet. The correspondence under No. 269 gives a lively portrait of the scholar whose "wait a bit" (to his publisher)—*attender corto corto*—had become the habit of his soul, from his mania for doing well, *molto bene*. In his proposal to edit Baretti he makes a fine display of his bibliographic knowledge and his scrupulous labor in comparing editions. For his Horace he proposes a few odes in the Venetian or Sicilian dialects, and lays out a stupendous programme of editorial labors, while confessing his detachment from the world and his being out of sorts. Of his work on Petrarch since 1860, he says no one was capable of it but himself.

Here we take leave of him for a momentary glance at two or three other conspicuous figures in Barbèra's roll of honor: Massimo D'Azeglio first of all. Of his 'Ricordi' we have already spoken. His correspondence with the house extends from 1857 to 1865. What of it we have here is very interesting, in a political and a literary point of view. To Barbèra this statesman was justly an object of the highest admiration, and he secured the

publication of his posthumous writings. To his establishment came also General La Marmora, in 1873, for utmost privacy in printing that startling revelation of the diplomacy of 1866, 'Un po' più di luce,' which had a great vogue and involved the author in much official and public censure, and caused Bismarck an uncomfortable quarter of an hour in the Prussian House. A further autobiographic defence against aspersion was La Marmora's Genoese 'Episode of the Risorgimento' (1875), and Signor Piero Barbèra served him as secretary in editing his 'State Secrets in a Constitutional Government' (1877), an attempt to forestall an addition to the penal code aimed at the "indiscretion" of 'Un po' più di luce.' (The Secretary found the General not at home in the use of Italian.) Other notable successes grew out of the early discernment of E. De Amicis's talent when at twenty-five he put together his 'Ricordi [of 1870-71],' after making his début in the *Nazione*. This author's correspondence with his publisher is very engaging. The Marquis Gino Capponi's History of the Republic of Florence is another landmark in our Catalogue. Nor should we omit mention from the galaxy of scholars of Prof. Giovanni Mestica, whose correspondence outbulks any in the archives of the house in the Via Faenza, whose painstaking knew no bounds, as one may see from his incomparable edition of Petrarch, and who died only two years ago.

We recur in closing to the comparison we instituted in the beginning, odious though it be. The *Annali* easily surpasses the Göschen and Murray memorials in one particular, namely, beauty of manufacture. Here is a real monument to a master printer—in proportions, paper, elegant diversity of type, scrupulous proof-reading (we recall no obvious error more serious than the omission of a space between two words), exact fidelity to originals in quoting (as one familiar with Carducci's peculiarities of punctuation may observe), tasteful binding. We must also speak of the judicious employment of facsimiles, one being the fond father's endorsement of the first matter set by his eldest son when learning the printer's art; of Gaspero Barbèra's portrait for frontispiece; and of the appended Catalogue of the Collections (Yellow, Diamond, etc.), and List of Books, Pamphlets, and Periodicals of any importance printed on commission, with an index; plus an index of commentators. Taken together, this pious work is a treasury of Italian style and literary portraiture, and an ornament to the world's stock of fine book-making.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic. By James Douglas. John Lane. 1905.

Mr. Douglas's vicarious autobiography of the mind of Theodore Watts-Dunton is in plan and execution pretty much everything that a study of a living man of letters ought not to be. In the case of a man like Watts-Dunton, who has produced such multitudinous and multifarious work, and has been so little careful to preserve it, the reader would have welcomed a systematic outline of it, some hint of the chronology of the author's life, and full and accurate bibliographical references. At all of these points, however, Mr. Douglas is to seek. There are no exact references to the *locus* of any of the very numerous quotations from Mr. Watts-Dunton's work, and even our justifiable curiosity as to the date of his birth is not satisfied. In the index, too—if one turns to it for aid in searching out details of information—will be found such illuminating entries as "Wilderspin: See Smetham, James," and under "Smetham, James," "See Wilderspin"; and the same quality of workmanship is observable in the actual writing, in which discontinuity of periods and incoherence of paragraphs are paralleled in the structure of the book as a whole. It has the architectonic of a wounded snake.

Nor is the temper of Mr. Douglas's approach to his subject quite so cool and discreet as might be desired. He has a talent for tall talk. "Undoubtedly," he says, "the greatest philosophical generalization of our time is expressed in the four words, 'the Renascence of Wonder.'" This will cause surprise to many philosophers. Mr. Douglas's high-erected vein seems in some cases to come from a lack of full literary information. He says, for example, speaking of the part played by Philip Aylwin after his death in shaping the course of the story of his son, "This effect of making a man dominate from his grave the entire course of the life of his descendants seems to be unique in imaginative literature; and yet although the fingers of some critics (notably Mr. Coulson Kernahan) burn close to it, there they leave it." Surely Mr. Douglas has forgotten his Hawthorne, to mention no others. It is remarks like this that give at times to Mr. Douglas's book almost the accent of a burlesque *éloge*.

Fortunately, however, there is not very much of Mr. Douglas's own writing in the book. He has wrapped his slender shanks with such ample swathing of his author's work that they make a very presentable appearance. His native Boswellian tendencies, which he frankly avows, have been strictly repressed by Mr. Watts-Dunton, so that, while we do indeed have some interesting pictures of Mr. Watts-Dunton's mutually fructifying friendships with George Borrow, William Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, and others, the chief value of the book is as an anthology of Mr. Watts-Dunton's scattered and too little known work in criticism, in fiction, and in verse.

Those who have known of Mr. Watts-Dunton as the chief poetic critic of the *Athenæum*, as the author of that curious novel, 'Aylwin,' or as the faithful Achates of Mr. Swinburne, will be surprised at the amplitude and variety of his interests as they are presented here. In early life he was, as we discover, a student of science, and for a time looked upon that as his career. Later he was a barrister and a student of music; and then, in order, as Mr. Douglas tells us with unction, a society man, a poet, a critic of art and letters, a novelist, and, all the time, a first-hand investigator of gypsy life and lore, and a poet. Mr. Douglas's meditations upon the Renascence of Wonder have so tinged his mind with that quality that he considers each of these pursuits with something like awe. Seen through the perspective of over-seas, they inspire interest rather than awe, as explaining some of the peculiar quality which has impressed readers of Mr. Watts-Dunton's work.

The salient merit of that work, as it has been seen for thirty years by readers of the *Athenæum*, is its consistent ideality. The poetic reviews written by Mr. Watts-Dunton and the personal articles from his pen have always shown something of the freshness of view of a Romany Rye, something of the psychologizing of a student of modern thought, along with an unflagging perception of the inner spirit of poetry. While they have been streaked with the occasional flatness of tone that is the inevitable result of composing by dictation, and have never quite shown that admirable low-voiced quality of style which is at present the ideal of literary good manners, or quite the "silkiness" which Mr. Douglas finds in them, they have been always resourceful in phrase, and often extremely picturesque. How admirably suggestive, for example, and cleanly phrased is this bit of criticism which Mr. Douglas has resurrected from an old review:

"One great virtue of the great masters is their winsome softness of touch in character drawing. We are not fond of comparing literary work with pictorial art, but between the work of the novelist and the work of the portrait painter there does seem a true analogy as regards the hardness and softness of touch in the drawing of character. In landscape painting, that hardness which the general public love is a fault; but in portrait painting, so important is it to avoid hardness that, unless the picture seems to have been blown upon the canvas, as in the best work of Gainsborough, rather than to have been laid upon it by the brush, the painter has not achieved a perfect success. In the imaginative literature of England the two great masters of this softness of touch in portraiture are Addison and Sterne. Three or four hardly drawn lines in Sir Roger or the two Shandies or Corporal Trim would have ruined the portraits so completely that they would never have come down to us."

We are not of those who hold with Rossetti that "the subtle and original generalizations upon the first principles of poetry which illumine his [Watts-Dunton's] writings could only have come to him by a duplicate exercise of his brain when he was writing his own poetry." For, despite the unremitting picturesqueness of such poems as "The Coming of Love" and "Christmas at the Mermaid," despite their mystical burden and occasional lyric lift, there is discoverable in them rather the considerate intelligence of the critical mind than the irresistible impulse of the creative. Indeed, the critical doctrine, or philosophic lesson, seems to shape the creation from outside, rather than to lurk, fluid, in it. An excellent illustration of this is the piece of vivid criticism to be found in a passage which Mr. Douglas has printed from an unpublished romance. Dereham, by whom we understand George Borrow, and the author have been discussing the poetic quality of Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy." They conclude to leave it to the first gypsy girl they meet on the road as umpire. Meeting Rhona Boswell, they read it to her, with this engaging result:

"Glanville's prose story, upon which Arnold's poem is based, was read first. In this, Rhona was much interested. But when I went on to read to her Arnold's poem, though her eyes flashed now and then at the lovely bits of description—for the country about Oxford is quite remarkably like the country in which she was born—she looked sadly bewildered, and then asked to have it all read again. After a

second reading, she said in a meditative way: 'Can't make out what the ill's all about. Seems all about nothink! Seems to me that the pretty sights what makes a Romany fit to jump out o' her skin for joy makes this 'ere gorgio want to cry. What a rum lot gorgios is surely!' And then she sprang up and ran off toward the camp with the agility of a greyhound, turning around every few moments, pirouetting and laughing aloud."

Surely the pathetic fallacy of the gorgios was never more picturesquely put. But we suspect that the critical doctrine determined Rhona's speech.

The striking thing about Mr. Watts-Dunton's ostensibly creative work, as it is disjointedly summarized in this book, is the curious solidarity of the circle of people who move in all of it. The group of passionate and moody poets and artists with whom his life has been spent, a handful of gypsy types, and the family of Aylwins—whom Mr. Douglas has punctiliously identified with the Wattses—are his stock characters. One feels, it must be confessed, that Mr. Watts-Dunton has been rather the fortunate secretary and reporter of one of the most interesting circles of his time than quite the marvellous creative artist that he has seemed to the young men in England, perhaps with poems in their pockets, who have bowed before the poetic critic of the *Athenæum*.

Mr. Douglas has reprinted in full many interesting and characteristic reviews and articles from the *Athenæum*, but the greater part of the texture of his book is made up of excerpts from 'Aylwin,' and it is most probably by 'Aylwin,' considered rather for its doctrine than for its form, that Mr. Watts-Dunton's place in literature is finally to be determined. There is no question that 'Aylwin' is in many respects one of the most interesting books of the last decade; but to a quizzical age not yet wonted to the Renascence of Wonder, some parts of it must always seem feverish and overwrought, some a little foolish. The "Aylwinism" which has been so enthusiastically and insistently preached by many English reviewers, does not seem in its entirety likely to become the dominant artistic and religious creed of the new century. But Mr. Watts-Dunton must not be judged solely by the crudities of his admirers. The Renascence of Wonder—his excellent formula for the great romantic movement as it is exemplified in 'Aylwin'—means a very special kind of wonder. It is not the blindly mystic bewilderment for which it is sometimes mistaken. It is rather the "keen-eyed wonder" of which young Lowell sang. It does not shut its eyes to the methods and results of science, or to any of the so various phenomena of modern life. As it is presented in 'Aylwin,' despite many unpleasant strains in that book, it does make for a recognition of the invisible realities that are life. The core of all of Mr. Watts-Dunton's work is in the concluding lines of his fine apostrophe to Natura Benigna:

> "Dumb mother, struggling with the years to tell
> The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes."

In this groping for the meaning of nature he is at one with the endeavor of the scientists, yet what he has done has made undeniably for faith.

THE DAWN OF RECONSTRUCTION.

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. V. Macmillan. 1904.

Mr. Rhodes's fifth volume opens with Sherman's march to the sea, and closes with the Congressional elections of 1866 and the remarkable performances of Andrew Johnson in his contest with Congress. It thus covers less than two years of the nation's history; but as those two years were replete with interesting and important events, the space devoted to them is not too great. The writer's method and his even narration make pleasant reading. There is the same painstaking examination of authorities, the same skilful arrangement of facts, the same balanced (sometimes hesitating) judgment, and the same desire to be eminently fair to all parties in a controversy. To have steered one's way through the many quarrels and differences engendered by the civil war without becoming involved on one side or the other, is a great feat; and to have done this in a manner which has won the confidence of ardent partisans to those controversies is a high tribute to the correctness of procedure laid down by Mr. Rhodes at the outset and steadily maintained through the course of his work. He describes the management of the military prisons in the North and in the South, without giving occasion for a charge of partisanship or unnecessary coloring of his facts. He seeks to explain the burning of Columbia, and almost leaves one in surprise that any controversy could long rage over that catastrophe. His account of the Fort Pillow massacre distributes the blame in such a way that the Northern critics must answer a charge of remissness of duty on the part of those who should first have investigated the matter. In his effort to be just, Mr. Rhodes sometimes leans to excessive caution. Who would explain, as he does, an application of the term "irresponsible" to the romancing Sala? He hesitates about the actual proof of Butler's dishonesty, while admitting that an atmosphere of corruption followed and surrounded the man wherever he was placed. On mooted points Mr. Rhodes has again demonstrated his high ability, and while it is impossible to assert that he has silenced controversy, he offers a model of investigation and calm judgment.

Sherman's march to the sea and the surrender of Lee and Johnston brought peace and a necessity of facing the problems of administration that a peace involved. In two chapters Mr. Rhodes describes the social conditions in the North and South, and endeavors to show the results of the war upon the daily life of the people. That the North bore the contest so easily is attributed to the fact that an era of prosperity, a recovery from the effects of the panic of 1857, was due. As wages did not rise with the increase in prices, the benefits were not evenly distributed. The heavy expenditures of Government gave a feverish activity to certain industries, and the gambling spirit was encouraged by the fluctuations in the value of the greenback and by the unhealthy tone of the money market. Even in the South the free capital went into blockade-running, or was invested in lands; manufactures benefited but little. At the North the frauds in Government contracts were great, but did not equal those of the bounty brokers—the forerunners of the later pension agents. Mr. Rhodes seems to accept the theory that luxury was a fertile cause of the exports of specie; thus reversing the usual explanation of economists. Bad as the issues of paper were at the South, a legal-tender act was never passed.

The States exposed to actual war naturally suffered, and in the South the destruction of life and property was such as seriously to weaken the power of recovery. This power was normally less effective in the slave States, and the better business organization and ability of the North enabled it to come out of the conflict with no serious economic trouble, apart from its paper money. The moral tone of the country was in one phase elevated by the patriotism displayed. The war had a sobering effect. In another phase the morals of the country were weakened by the war spirit and its incidental as well as necessary evils.

But is it true that, in the slave States of the South, before and during the war, a greater regard was paid to liberty? Personal liberty may consist with extreme social selfishness, and the laws and policies that grew out of State's rights and jealousy of executive power could not imply liberty in its highest sense while millions remained slaves. Burke's statement, which our author endorses, that where there is a vast number of slaves, "those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom," is a paradox. With much greater justice, Mr. Rhodes calls attention to the difference between the executives in the two sections. "The Federal Government may be called a dictatorship; Congress and the people surrendered certain of their powers and rights to a trusted man. The Confederacy was a grand socialized State in which the Government did everything." Paternal government is a denial of individualism—and liberty.

The war was over, and the question of the political status of the people lately in rebellion was pressing. Sherman's well-intentioned concessions to Johnston, involving some of the leading problems of reconstruction, were promptly disavowed by the authorities at Washington. Mr. Rhodes believes that Sherman's defence of the conditions is worthy of consideration, and condemns Stanton's reckless disregard of official secrecy and honor in making public the implied reprimand to Sherman, while attributing it to the excited condition of Stanton's mind at the time, and to his want of personal courage. For Lincoln Mr. Rhodes's admiration is unbounded, and when treating of his words and acts he most closely approaches enthusiasm. Lincoln was the best friend of the South; his mild and forgiving policy was based upon the highest statesmanship. He had the confidence of the North, and was winning that of the South. He would have had a Congress elected upon his own platform, and his breadth of purpose would have enabled him to win against opposition by a judicious concession of less important details. His death closed an epoch. While the manner of his end created a feeling that told against the full reconciliation of the two sections of the country, the accession of Johnson was hailed by many as a change for the better. Of Lincoln, Mr. Rhodes says:

"In all the steps which Lincoln took, there was an Anglo-Saxon adaptation of the

means at hand; the process was tentative. A wise Executive could modify his plan according to circumstances, and therefore could carry out the work, as long as a state of war existed, better than if he were hampered by a cast-iron rule of Congress. For such an affair of statecraft Lincoln by his training and experience was especially fitted; his action seems to show the practical wisdom of the Anglo-Saxon."

Lincoln's attitude towards Reconstruction had been opposed by Stanton and by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, through Wade, its chairman. Johnson was known to be outspoken against "traitors," and very earnest in demanding that they be punished. The party leaders looked upon him with greater favor than Lincoln, whose views of mercy were not palatable to them. Johnson made no pledge to carry out Lincoln's policy, yet in the summer of 1865 he had so far changed his views about reconstruction as to surprise both friends and enemies. Peace altered the conditions which prevailed under Lincoln; Stanton yielded on the question of imposing negro suffrage upon the States by Federal authority, and supported the President. Sherman and Schofield, then in North Carolina, were opposed to granting the suffrage, and Johnson's action in establishing provisional governments in the States did not recognize it. The absence of well-defined political parties in the South made the task of beginning other than military governments more difficult. "State and Congressional elections took place at regular periods; but as no principle was involved in them, they excited little interest and determined practically nothing." Unwise and unfriendly legislation respecting the freedmen gave good ground for suspecting the sincerity of the protestations that slavery was abolished beyond recall, and the President's course was hampered by this legislation and the suspicions awakened by it.

Mr. Rhodes believes that had Johnson called an early session of Congress, some common ground for agreement might have been found. Yet Johnson was his own worst enemy. He did not understand Northern sentiment; and he was a State's-rights man applying the principles of State's-rights to communities which, in the belief of many, were not States. Opposition intensified his obstinacy, and he was gradually led into resuming his old party affiliations. Failing to secure assent to his own policy of reconstructing the States through the Federal Executive, he resisted the plans of Congress, which after all embodied most of the essential features of his own policy. Sumner, Wade, and Stevens insisted upon the full right of Congress to impose reconstruction on the States lately in rebellion, and the subsequent legislation placed the President in a position that called out the worst points of his character. Mr. Rhodes believes that the Southern States would have received a plan that gave to the negroes full civil rights and a qualified suffrage. He shows that popular opinion was generally with the President, and the majority of the Congress of 1865 was nearer to the President's views than to those of Stevens and Sumner—until the veto of the Freedman's Bureau bill. He is plainly on the side of Congress, expressing surprise that Johnson should have vetoed that measure. Yet the veto appears to have been based upon the advice of Brigadier-General Fullerton, who had been in charge of the Freedman's Bureau, and was therefore in a position to advise with authority. It is difficult to prove that the author is unfair to Johnson, yet the case of the President was a strong one, granting certain assumptions which the Executive could make. Mr. Rhodes thinks that it would have been safe to permit the States to work out the negro problem under the restrictions of the Freedman's Bureau and military occupation. But both these measures were temporary; would it not follow that Congress alone could provide for the permanent settlement? And, in insisting upon conditions that were punitive and vindictive, did not that body err as greatly as did the President?

We wish we could follow Mr. Rhodes in this important chapter, for, as in everything he writes, his fairness is striking, even when his conclusions do not seem to be borne out by the facts.

Methods of Industrial Peace. By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

This is the first comprehensive book on the various methods of adjusting disputes between labor unions and employers or employers' associations. It consists of some four hundred pages divided into sixteen chapters, treating in general of the present-day combinations of both employees and employers, of the aims and methods of trade unions, mediation, conciliation, and arbitration, and finally of legal regulation of labor disputes. The work is not a first-hand study like Webb's 'Industrial Democracy,' but is based almost wholly on secondary sources. It is mainly descriptive, paying little attention to development or extended comparison. A large part of Mr. Gilman's sources are English, and in his discussion of the aims and methods of trade unions he is led to generalize too broadly on English experience. Indeed, the author proceeds frequently on the assumption that conditions are alike in the three countries—England, New Zealand, and the United States.

The author says (p. 35), without qualification, that the local union exercises all the functions of trade unions in that it determines wages, hours, apprenticeship, etc. This is certainly not true of the more important American unions such as the Typographical, the Steel, Tin and Iron Workers, the Bricklayers, and the Iron Moulders. He says (p. 234) that the organization of unskilled workingmen has been "unsuccessful in England, and the attempt has not even been made in this country." As a matter of fact, there are at least a dozen large national organizations of unskilled workers. For more than five years, the whole system of unionism in the United States has been rapidly changing to the industrial form, wherein are included the skilled and the unskilled, such as the Mine Workers, the Brewery Workmen, and the Butcher Workmen. Aside from these, powerful organizations of teamsters, hod-carriers, waiters, elevator conductors, janitors, and window-washers have come into existence.

Mr. Gilman considers (p. 238) the union label as of no importance, basing his conclusion on the words of a labor leader—"We hope nothing from the label"—and on an investigation made in one city, published as a magazine article. There are some trades in which the label cannot well be used, and the labor leader in question may have belonged to one of them; but even if the label were as much in demand in all the larger cities of the country as in Milwaukee, the city investigated, it would nevertheless be of considerable importance. That the label is of importance is evidenced by the fact that several national unions, such as the cigarmakers and the garment workers, have been built up on it. There have been several instances where the union label has been counterfeited, a practice not likely to occur unless the original were of value.

In regard to apprentices, the author says (p. 232) that trade unions were formerly the subject of much criticism because of their rules regulating the number of apprentices. He mentions a strike in New York in 1809 on account of apprentices, and, after giving several cases of such regulation in England, states that only 15,000 of 1,500,000, or only 1 per cent. of the unionists in that country, enforce apprentice regulations. He concludes that the whole system of apprenticeship has been so disintegrated in modern times that the rules of unions are of little importance and the question of apprentices lacks actuality. As a matter of fact, there are but few, if any, of the nearly one hundred organizations of skilled trades in the United States that do not have and enforce apprenticeship regulations. A majority of the agreements with employers that Mr. Gilman cites as typical contain clauses regarding the apprentice. It should at least have been known to the author that of the problems considered by the conference board of the Iron Moulders and the Defence Association, which he characterizes as the most highly developed system of collective bargaining in this country, the most difficult problem next to wages has been the subject of the union regulations of the apprentice.

The author's treatment of mediation, conciliation, and arbitration is much more satisfactory; but even here the discussion is often diffuse, especially in the chapter on collective bargaining, and throughout there is not that successful search for underlying principles which distinguishes the work of Mr. and Mrs. Webb on the trade unions of England.

In the chapter on the incorporation of labor unions, Mr. Gilman gives (p. 151) a lengthy résumé of the testimony before the Industrial Commission on this subject, and then shows how the unions registered in England are practically incorporated according to the Taff Vale decision. He argues that incorporation is necessary to put the unions on the same standing as employers, and speaks of the "illogical and immoral unwillingness to become incorporated." But here the author is not altogether just to the unions. Many labor leaders say that they would be heartily in favor of incorporation if its effects were merely to make binding the agreements entered into with employers. They claim that, as the criminal law is sufficient to reach cases of lawlessness, they see no reason why a way should be opened for hostile employers and employers' associations to mulct the treasuries of the unions or tie up their strike funds when they should be most needed. The testimony before the Industrial Commission, on which the author large-

ly bases his arguments for incorporation, was given before the Taff Vale decision was rendered. That decision has changed the views of many who formerly favored incorporation.

The author also says (p. 176) that the incorporation of employers' associations is a requisite to industrial peace, and quotes from the Report of the English Royal Commission of Labor for 1894—ten years ago. Almost all of the successful systems of collective bargaining in this country are carried on by unincorporated associations of employers. None of these now demand that the unions incorporate. It may not be without significance that the demand for incorporation comes mainly from employers and employers' associations which are opposed to trades unions as such.

The author is inaccurate in saying that the principle of the Taff Vale decision was applied recently to the Franklin Union of Press Feeders of Chicago when that union was fined by the court for disobeying an injunction, and again when he says (p. 196) that the boycott suits now pending in the Federal courts against the Hatters' Union may furnish another such instance. The Franklin Union, which has since given up its charter, was one of the few incorporated unions in the country, and naturally could be fined like any other incorporated body, while in the case of the Hatters the union is not incorporated, and the members are sued as individuals, and not as a union.

After describing the Governmental control of strikes in New Zealand, the author makes a plea for such regulation in the United States. It cannot be said that he gives much consideration to objections, although he does notice (p. 407) the consideration that "Governmental control would be a half-way house to Socialism." Yet he considers that objection answered when he replies: "It is not necessary, because I go half way towards the Pacific Ocean, that I shall continue my course until I am drowned in it." On the practical side, it should be noticed that the whole number of workmen in New Zealand does not equal the number in some of our largest unions. The industry of New Zealand is insignificant as compared to the extent and diversity of the industries of the United States, and it can readily be seen that the power granted the court in New Zealand of fixing wages and labor conditions throughout these islands could not give satisfaction here, nor serve as well as the systems of collective bargaining that are being worked out in some of these industries with characteristic American independence and originality.

Upon the whole, however, the book is of value. In spite of its inaccuracies and occasional unfairness, it contains much information presented in a readable way, with many references to secondary and some to primary sources. In justice to the author it must be said that there exist few original studies of the various aspects of American trade unions, upon which a general work of this description might be based; yet it must also be said that he has generalized too broadly on insufficient evidence, and has been influenced too much by his prepossession for State regulation to give an unbiased interpretation of the strivings of the leaders of employers and of employees towards satisfactory methods of industrial peace.

The Road in Tuscany: A Commentary. By Maurice Hewlett. In two volumes, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

A book-notice need not always be like an epigram—little and sweet, with a sting in the tail. Let us this time at least reverse the order. Here are two volumes in washday blue—not inexpensive volumes, either, and not unduly large—yet they might have been expressly concocted for the spite of the author and the torment of the reader. They are leaden in their ponderosity, and when the book is once poised before the eyes, to hold it open for the space of two pages' reading is like riving Milo's oak. The only thing to do is to lay it on a table, or book-rest, and break it down the back (this last can be done at any signature); and even then the stiff leaves curl up with petulant insistence. In such a discouraging prison is confined the rich fancy of Mr. Hewlett's fertile imaginings. Perhaps this is the price we are called upon to pay for the bountiful store of Mr. Pennell's drawings; but it is an unnecessarily hard price.

Possibly our preliminary impatience makes us think the illustrator not at his best in these volumes. His later style appears to us, at any rate, not as pleasant as his earlier. That sharp and sure pencil-point (of which we find some work even here) fitted better the interpretation of shivering light and lambent shadow than do some of these masses of crayon blackness, which too often give us a tumbling and amateurish perspective, and in the printer's hands at times degenerate into smudginess.

Mr. Hewlett should be the ideal artist to paint in words the road through Tuscany, for no man has so comprehendingly idealized Tuscan life and character. If the Italian of that soil be not what Mr. Hewlett makes him in the delicately gorgeous tapestry of his wonderful tales, then let no man ever weep again that Ilaria del Caretto sleeps in dust, nor yearn again to bathe his weary feet in the noontide coolness of an Apennine brooklet. Yet Mr. Hewlett seems to us better in the individual vignettes of this book than in its panoramic passages and effects. Where he essays to depict, as he does sometimes in professed allegory (a little tediously), and sometimes in more straightforward guise, the movement of events, we get the overwhelming massing and swirl of all-intent giant forces, but not a clear idea of "what they killed each other for." It is almost too nearly like his own characterization of a certain fresco in the portico of the Annunziata at Florence: "In the foreground is a heap, a fricassee, a salad of naked mammoths in human guise, . . . fawns, heroes with clubs, demigods, deuce knows who or what is not in this writhing mass." Furthermore, we are sometimes cloyed with mere preciosities of verbiage—purple patches on a noble garment of stately folds. We would fain see the forest, but the neighboring trees distract our attention and block our view. Why, for instance, need charm and magnificence and such like things be a dozen times dubbed "perdurable," and never once simply "lasting"? Mr. Hewlett is more than a fantastic lord of language.

The *road* in Tuscany, says Mr. Hewlett, and never the railway, for which, and for all that runs therewith, he feels a Ruskinese contempt—though, be it noted, he does not always love Ruskin down to the bottom of the depths. But, once we are valiantly settled for the road, Mr. Hewlett begins to hedge and compromise, and to quote high authorities for the golden mean. Let us not be too hasty in swinging knapsack to shoulder. The extreme counsel is a counsel of perfection. Mr. Hewlett would not "pitch his pipe too high." No footweary days for him, but rather the *al Milord* style of a carriage and four—or, let us say, two—with Dante and Sacchetti for hourly comrades, and Herr Baedeker (as he is always entitled, with lamentably disrespectful intent) tucked away under the seat, to be summoned into consultation only to be snubbed, or when Dante, like a true Tuscan, falls lightly asleep in the afternoon glare. So we traverse highway and byway, town and hamlet, upland and lowland, at the leisurely pace of some six miles an hour, and sleep in the midst of heavenly visions, and all is ethereal fire and color and bewildering charm, and the people know neither good nor evil any more than once did Adam and Eve, and the inn-keeper's wife in the Garfagnana is a woman more lovely than any who can now be ministering to Mahomet. We need hardly ever go inside a church, and never into a museum, nor ever look at a picture unless we happen to like it; and we are swept blissfully forward through all this exquisite phantasmagoria of brilliant sights and sounds and imaginings upon a billowing tide of gloriously resonant names like those which spread their glamour over all ancient poetry. In short, Tuscany with Mr. Hewlett is more Paradise than ever, though we already thought it Paradise enow.

Papermaker, and binder, and the little demon of the commonplace have called seductively upon us to curse, but we have blessed. For even here, in the bleakness and dulness of this western world, Mr. Hewlett has again given us sundry hours of beatified vision into a distant, though perhaps not forever lost, Elysium.

Chinese Made Easy. By Walter Brooks Brouner, A.B., M.D., of Columbia University, and Fung Yuet Mow, Chinese Missionary in the City of New York. With an introduction by Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D. (Aberd.), Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, England, and late H. B. M. Consul at Ningpo. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

This is a handsomely got-up book, with a red cloth cover and a gilt dragon impressed on it. The title-page is on the right hand and the pages of the book follow from right to left as in a Chinese book. This and the title will no doubt attract purchasers, especially novices in matters Chinese and the study of languages generally. It seems a pedagogic mistake, however, to call any study "easy" if in reality you expect a student to muster all his energies in tackling what everybody knows to be a difficult subject. Although the difficulties of the Chinese language have been greatly overrated by many, there is not the slightest doubt that Chinese is not easy and cannot be made easy. Students who may trust to the bait thus thrown out to

them will find themselves sorely disappointed in finding, in the end, that they have thrown away much valuable time, and must start by another method if they are really anxious to arrive at a certain competency in either speaking or reading Chinese.

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The method adopted is also of a practical kind. It would certainly commend itself for the study of the Canton dialect but for the shortcomings above explained. With the exception of a useful choice of Chinese characters and a well-printed reproduction of the text of the Chinese primer San-tzi-king, 'The Three Character Classic' seen in the hands of Chinese school boys, the book contains no matter calculated to impart any knowledge of the Chinese written language, so entirely different from the several spoken idioms. To be pronounced useful the book should have for title 'Cantonese Made Easy,' and the spelling should be made to correspond with that adopted in all other works on the subject, local deviations and solecisms being changed into their proper equivalents in standard Cantonese.

The Land of Riddles (Russia of To-day). By Hugo Ganz. Harper & Brothers. 1904.

As the above title indicates, Mr. Hugo Ganz set out on his travels in the frame of mind of the man who has made up his mind to solve the mysteries of the Sphinx. His way of reaching his solution was to obtain a large number of interviews from people who must of necessity remain nameless, but are spoken of as "a Russian prince" (there are said, by the way, to be genuine Russian princes among the cab drivers of St. Petersburg), "a statesman," "a man in a very respectable position," "a Conservative aristocrat," etc. Undoubtedly this method has its advantages. It is an excellent way to obtain startling facts from people who, if they are sure that their identity will not be disclosed, are glad to profit by the chance to unburden themselves of their bitterness to a sympathetic listener. On the other hand, it has the disadvantage that the accuracy of statements thus made is more than difficult to control. Mr. Ganz for his part seems to have accepted what was told him as readily as he does the unhistorical legend of the blinding of the architect of the church of St. Basil in order to prevent the duplication of such a masterpiece. To him every kind of whip in Russia is a "knout"—an article which, in theory at least, is now relegated to museums. He declares, to be sure, that he set out on his journey without prejudices, but his state of mind may be inferred from the fact that he did not dare to bring a single book into the country except his Baedeker; hence he had a dull time looking out of the car windows. No wonder that he appears to have been filled with emotion while his passport was being examined. Then, though truth compels him to admit that "I did not experience the slightest annoyance throughout my entire journey; I was not subjected to police surveillance, nor did I notice in my meagre correspondence the least trace of police interference," he attributes this last circumstance "to the extreme precautions taken by me in sending my mail in inconspicuous envelopes." There is a good deal of truth in the saying that what we take out of a country depends chiefly on what we have brought in.

At the same time, even if we have to regard many of the assertions made by and to Mr. Ganz as "not proven," in themselves they accord too well with much that we have on other evidence for us to be able to reject them summarily. The views that were expressed to him, and which formed his judgment, may have been merely the opinions of certain discontented groups—and even the much-abused Chinovnik has his side of the case—nevertheless, the facts related are not only painful in themselves, but, alas! many of them all too likely. Recent events are proving beyond dispute how profound is the discontent at present existing among the enlightened classes in Russia, and few people will be found in the outside world to deny that that discontent is warranted.

In the non-political part of his book Mr. Ganz gives us his impressions of St. Petersburg and Moscow, of the Hermitage, of the Trediakovski Gallery, and of other similar subjects. There are a few instances of careless proof-reading in the volume, the worst of them being when Mme. de Staël's description of Moscow as a "Rome tartare" is made unrecognizable as "Roma tatae." The volume closes, as such a one was bound to do, with the inevitable but still usually interesting "Visit to Tolstoy."

The Secret of Petrarch. By Edmund James Mills. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. xii, 219; illustrated.

To one acquainted with the most remarkable of all Petrarch's Latin works, his Confessions—or "My Secret," as he was pleased to call them—Mr. Mills's book is a sad disappointment. The title seems to promise, at last, a good modern edition, or at least a translation or full description, of this precious little treatise, which has been buried for more than three hundred years in the slovenly Basel editions of Petrarch's *Opera omnia*. But, alas, aside from a brief commendation of the 'Secret' in his preface, Mr. Mills scarcely alludes to it, and it appears to have done little more for him than to suggest the name of the "drama" which occupies the latter half of his volume. In this he embodies the startling results of a series of "critical studies on various questions of interest relating to Petrarch and Laura" which form a prose prelude to his poem. These "critical studies" are based almost exclusively on the Canzoniere. So few are the references to Petrarch's discussion of his relations with Laura given in the 'Secret' that one wonders if Mr. Mills has taken pains to read the work for himself; and, singularly enough, he does not cite in his bibliography any edition of Petrarch's writings where it may be found.

Petrarch's Lady Laura has been the subject of much speculation. It is true that his Italian verses are largely devoted to her, but they furnish few, if any, cold facts which can be confidently pronounced such. One of his Latin metrical epistles and the 'Secret' have a little to say of her, and then there is the famous entry which Petrarch made on the fly-leaf of his Virgil upon her death. It is usually supposed that she lived, very possibly married, and died, in Avignon, and was buried in the Franciscan cemetery there. Mr. Mills, however, comes to very definite and quite different conclusions. Laura was a country maiden who "lived in a squalid farmhouse, probably on the clay opposite Pieverde [near Avignon], and was entirely out of sympathy with very unpleasant personal and other surroundings." The word *faticosa* used by Petrarch "evidently indicates that she took her part in the farm work." She did not die of the plague, as commonly supposed, but "a gentle death, resembling the languishment of a cut flower," due to uterine fibroma; her grave was marked by a few stones (*pochi sassi*). Mr. Mills finds it necessary to reject the entry in the Virgil as apocryphal, although M. Nolhac, the greatest expert in the matter of Petrarch's handwriting, accepts it as authentic beyond a peradventure.

We suspect that the critical discussions were only designed to introduce the drama, which really lay nearest the writer's heart, and in which he gives a very pleasant wandering account of Francesco and his long talks with his sweet, serious-minded *contadina*. The illustrations are beautifully executed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashmore, Sidney G. The Classics and Modern Training. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Barton, George Aaron. A Year's Wandering in Bible Lands. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach.
Cahan, A. The White Terror and the Red. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Dods, Marcus. The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. Scribners. $1 net.
Fitch, William Edwards. Some Neglected History of North Carolina. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Gomperz, Theodor. Greek Thinkers. Vols. II. and III. Scribners. $4 net.
Havell, E. B. Agra and the Taj. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Japp, Alexander. Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribners.
Knauer's Manufacturers of the United States, 1905. Manufacturers' Red Book Pub. Co.
Laurent, Gaston. Les Grands Ecrivains Scientifiques. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr.
Muss-Arnolt, W. Dictionary of the Assyrian Language. Part 16. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Oates, William C. The War between the Union and the Confederacy. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Paffiow, Charles W. The Mysteries of the Zimniy Dvóretz. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Ransom, Caroline L. Studies in Ancient Furniture. University of Chicago Press. $4.50 net.
Schenck, Elizabeth Hubbell. The History of Fairfield. Vol. II. and last. Privately Printed.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1905.

The Week.

When did the Monroe Doctrine begin forbidding us to permit European nations to collect their just dues from an American republic? Senator Platt of Connecticut takes it for granted that we are bound to refuse such permission; and then argues plaintively about the "injustice" of that position unless we proceed at once to collect and pay all those foreign claims ourselves. But who decided that we must refuse? Instead of refusing, we effusively acquiesced when Germany requested our assent two years ago in the similar case of Venezuela. What has happened to the immutable Monroe Doctrine since to work so great a change? The only answer to that question which we are likely to get is the one proffered by Prof. John B. Moore in his article in the current *Review of Reviews*. After recounting the joint intervention in the affairs of Hayti and San Domingo by England, France, and the United States in 1851, he remarks: "To-day, public opinion in the United States would be adverse to such a concert with European Powers on an American question." But where, we wonderingly ask, is the proof of that? Does any man know that, if the President had accepted, instead of declining, the invitation of European creditors to make common cause in San Domingo, "public opinion" would have condemned him? If there has been any expression of popular sentiment on that subject we should like to have some one point us to the record of it. It is certain that the Administration press would have admiringly exclaimed at the singular wisdom of Mr. Roosevelt if his decision had been precisely the opposite. An echo is not public opinion.

Secretary Hay is explicit and emphatic in assuring the Haytian Minister that this Government has no thought of annexing either Hayti or San Domingo. We have quite islands enough, thank you. Mr. Hay adds that we would not accept the two republics mentioned even if their citizens should throw themselves into our arms. This is timely and reassuring, if it speaks for the present honest intention of the Administration. The question remains, however, whether it is wise to take any step leading directly to that annexation which the Secretary asserts is contrary to both our interests and our sentiments. If we take over Dominican financial administration, is there not every likelihood that we shall find the land running with the purse? The Dominicans who want to be annexed and have done with it, might well say to Mr. Hay, with his calm proposal to assume control of their revenues:

> "You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house."

Hence we may fairly say that the Secretary's strong disclaimer of annexation is one argument more against ratifying the San Domingo treaty. The way to keep out of annexation schemes is to keep out of their beginnings.

President Roosevelt's appointment of a colored man to an important office in this city will put an end to the old Southern complaint that negroes are given Federal positions only in the former slave States. This has never really been a valid criticism, particularly since Mr. Roosevelt made Mr. W. H. Lewis, the old Harvard football player, an assistant United States District Attorney in Boston. Mr. Anderson, whose appointment as collector of internal revenue in this city is now announced, has been a loyal Republican worker and a trusty follower of the machine bosses. To that extent the appointment is open to criticism. But he is more than that, being a man of ability, of excellent education, with considerable reputation as an orator. If it is President Roosevelt's plan to reward the various elements which aided him to achieve his unprecedented victory, the negroes are certainly as much entitled to spoils as are the Irish editors who are getting consulships. But proper political recognition of their leaders will be an immense stimulus to the negroes everywhere, and an important factor in elevating them. The best way to make good citizens is to put some of the duties of citizenship upon those qualified to discharge them.

The House of Representatives has brought odium on itself by the attempted mileage grab, and all for nothing, since the Senate promptly threw out the objectionable item. But the roll-call in the House showed some interesting features. In the aye vote were 52 Republicans and 38 Democrats, which certainly leaves neither side in a position to make partisan use of the episode. There may, at the same time, be some little consolation in noting that a good majority of those members who have been re-elected, voted against the appropriation. It was, in fact, those who had failed of renomination or reëlection last fall who used their last hours of Congressional service in this mischief, and turned the scale against the self-respecting members. There were 36 men voting on this roll-call who would not reappear in the Fifty-ninth Congress, and all but seven of them voted for the mileage, Messrs. Baker and Douglas of this city being among the seven. In this whole matter it is to be remembered that the mileage was a very small matter to an Eastern Congressman, but a pretty important one to a member from any distant State. The Hawaiian delegate's mileage amounts to two-thirds of his entire salary. It is a peculiar coincidence, to say the least, that every member from the Pacific Coast States who voted at all—and only 5 out of the 13 failed to be recorded—voted in favor of the payment. Undoubtedly, it takes sterner stuff to refuse a gift of $1,200 than one of a paltry $25 or $50.

Commissioner Garfield's report that the Beef Trust has been making only about 2 per cent., and that some of the companies have temporarily operated at a loss, is naturally hailed with joy by the packers. "Here," they cry, "is proof positive that we lead the list of President Roosevelt's 'good' Trusts." On the other hand, the accounts presented by Mr. Garfield puzzle rather than enlighten the average man. The consumer who is paying such high prices for his meat, would like to know who are the expert accountants who went through the Trust books; he has a suspicion that even Government agents are not infallible. Then, too, he is well aware that bookkeeping conceals quite as often as it reveals the facts. A company may ostensibly be earning only 2 per cent., and yet high salaries, rentals paid to the inside clique, special charges for private cars, and other such operating expenses, may keep down the dividends, while the real owners of the enterprise enjoy comfortable profits. Indeed, the report admits that the annual profit on the private cars has ranged from 14 to 22 per cent. "These cruel doubts," the packers will reply, "are the fruit of ignorance." That may very well be, for men of finite intelligence are slow to grasp the great truth that the Beef Trust is a purely benevolent undertaking.

The municipal campaign in Chicago, in its first week, resulted in the practical obliteration of party lines. Both candidates for the Mayoralty, John M. Harlan, Republican, and Judge E. F. Dunne, Democratic, declare that the one overshadowing issue is the settlement of the city's traction problem. Both make an appeal for public ownership of the street railways, the difference between them being only that between a policy of restricting franchise grants with a view to ultimate municipal ownership, and a flat declaration in favor of immediate assumption of entire control

by the city. Mr. Harlan promises to submit every ordinance proposed to a referendum before it is placed upon its final passage through the City Council. In his speech of acceptance, Judge Dunne appealed directly to the radical element: "I think it lies in the power of the city of Chicago to blaze the way among American cities for putting into actual operation the principle of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities." He pointed to the success of Chicago's municipal light plant. In effect, the campaign promises to test the relative strength, not of the Republican and Democratic parties in that city, but of conservatives and radicals.

Senator Marks's resolution for a legislative investigation of the manner in which the surplus funds of our life insurance companies are employed was to have been expected. His statement that in all reports made to the Insurance Commissioner the surplus is intermingled with the general assets of the company in such a way that no outsider can tell how it has been invested or deposited or used, is but little exaggerated. Certainly, this information is generally denied to the average policy-holder who does not take the trouble to go to Albany and inspect the detailed reports filed with the Commissioner, and Senator Marks is perfectly justified in demanding a system of accounting which will give the policy-holder a true insight into the workings of his company. We are of the opinion that suggestions of legislative action will not stop here unless there are voluntary and radical changes in the management of some of our largest companies. The Equitable scandal has clouded the prospects of every insurance corporation in this country. More than two weeks have passed since the so-called Hyde victory, and what has happened? The president and subordinate officers who denounced the vice-president and demanded his removal have not resigned, and neither has Mr. Hyde. The conditions which Mr. Alexander pictured as intolerable have obviously become more so, if this were possible. The vice-president and chief shareholder, of whom Mr. Alexander said that it was unsafe to have him in charge of the company during the president's absence, is still in position to do harm in such an eventuality. No one has denied or retracted a single allegation. The public has no intimation whether Mr. Hyde's trouble is due to his youth, his great wealth, and his propensity for self-advertisement, or to some moral failing. The doubt is as cruel to Mr. Hyde as are, to Mr. Alexander, some of the stories afloat about him. They can be ended only by a wholesale house-cleaning.

There are now two unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency who have turned to the popular periodical as a means for the political regeneration of the country. Mr. Bryan has for years been editing what is practically a country weekly of the familiar type, with political attachments. Mr. Watson now enters the field with a ten-cent monthly. The Nebraska Democrat's utterances are followed by recipes for buckwheat cakes, question-and-answer columns, and humorous anecdotes. The Georgia Populist's doctrines are in a wrapper composed of fiction and poetry by the same writers, or of the same sorts, as those found in any one of the popular magazines. It is presumably the theory of both proprietors that without these miscellaneous features the political propaganda would fail to reach its maximum efficiency. But there is room for some nice speculation on this point. Do the 10-cent magazine readers present the most hopeful field in which to sow Populistic precepts? Might not Mr. Bryan make more converts if he added a serial by a popular novelist? It is already to be accepted as a rule that politicians who may in the future need an "organ" must keep out of the way of those whose claims have been before staked out. Thus, Mr. Swallow has the choice of a heavy quarterly or a comic weekly, while Mr. Debs might choose between an "outdoor" magazine and a review of the fashions.

Sectarian schools are giving trouble in Ottawa as well as at Washington. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's bill to maintain "separate" (that is, Catholic) schools in the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, to be created out of the Northwest Territories, has already brought him the loss of one member of his Cabinet, Clifford Sifton, and has raised a great outcry in Canada. Opposition is based partly on technical grounds of law, but more upon the injustice of fettering the new provinces with a school-law which, so declares a correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* who recently visited the Territories, is distasteful to the great majority of the settlers. Without passing on the merits of the question, we think it clearly unfortunate that religious animosities such as were shown in connection with the Manitoba school dispute ten years ago, should again be aroused. The issue is obviously troubling and dividing the Liberal party, though Sir Wilfrid's position will not be seriously menaced if the Conservatives, under the lead of Mr. Borden, persist in not making the matter a party question.

Again has the Irish question troubled the repose of English politics. Mr. Balfour has been compelled to throw to the Ulster wolves Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was in some respects the most brilliant and admired man in his Cabinet. If Wyndham could not be said to be the rising hope of stern and unbending Tories—since all the latter-day Tories seem to have apology written on their faces and to possess backbones with an extra supply of vertebræ—he was at least one whose personal qualities and public abilities were of a sort to make a veritable bow of promise seem to hang above his political future. But he now joins the portentous list of Mr. Balfour's losses—Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Elliott, and now George Wyndham. The Chief Secretary's forced resignation, together with the debates and the bitter dissensions within the Conservative party leading up to it, has dealt Mr. Balfour's tottering Ministry a rude blow. It is not simply that the Premier is weakened by losing a valued colleague. The whole affair, as threshed out in the Commons, where, as Mr. Redmond truly said, the truth had to be dragged out of the Government piecemeal, has further and seriously discredited a Ministry already fallen into contempt.

Two weeks ago the row began. It centered about the Ministry's relations with Sir Antony MacDonnell, whom it had appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Antony was himself an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Liberal, who took office with the avowed purpose of trying to do something to make English rule in Ireland more tolerable. With the knowledge of the Lord Lieutenant, and, as he supposed, with the authorization of the Chief Secretary, he entered into negotiations with certain Irish landlords and Nationalists. The result was the so-called Dunraven scheme, covering, among other projects, a certain amount of "devolution of Imperial powers"—the elegant Tory phrase for Home Rule. The plans were published in the newspapers, and created no sensation. But a month later the *Times* made a violent attack upon the proposals, and upon Mr. Wyndham for tolerating them. This was followed by the whole Ulster pack in full cry. Mr. Balfour took fright, called Mr. Wyndham to book, and thereupon an official statement was made that Sir Antony MacDonnell had exceeded his powers, and that the Cabinet had rebuked him for his "indefensible" conduct. Yet his resignation was not asked for, neither did he offer it. The reason was made clear as soon as Parliament convened. Sir Antony had in his possession letters which showed that all that he had done, he had done with the consent and apparent godspeed of his official superiors. It was the production of these letters in the Irish debate in Parliament that brought on the crisis.

The German Chancellor makes no

concealment of the fact that the new commercial treaties which he has lately concluded with Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Rumania, and Servia were drawn in the interests of the Agrarians. German industry and commerce, he explained in his speech of February 2, have progressed satisfactorily, to his mind, during the last ten years, but not so agriculture. Hence the duty of the State to come to its rescue. Speaking before the Council of the Agricultural Society a week later, he denied that the manufacturing interests would suffer, while maintaining that he had now relieved the farming interests of their worst troubles. In the main, the latter have been well pleased with their victory; even if it was not as extensive as they hoped, it at least once more establishes clearly their practical ownership of the Government. The Chancellor has had little difficulty in obtaining the Reichstag's approval for his treaties, despite the vigorous protests of the various Liberal parties, the low-tariff men, and the Social-Democrats against the greatly increased duties on grain, meat, and other foodstuffs—in some cases as high as 100 per cent. As is inevitably the case in the award of tariff favors, the spoils have gone to those who have been able to bring the greatest social and political pressure to bear. The workers in the fields are as unorganized in Germany as elsewhere, and subject to many disadvantages. Their employers still have the right to inflict corporal punishment upon them in certain portions of the Empire. Hence they must submit with a grimace to an increase of two marks per 100 kilograms on wheat, which now bears a total duty of 5.50 marks; of one mark and two-fifths on corn; or one and a half marks on rye, and of nearly three marks on flour. Let the theorists say what they will, this can only mean that the workingmen and every other class in the community must pay tribute to the land owners to the extent of millions of marks for the necessaries of life. Von Bülow was not far wrong when he assured his Agrarian hearers that "the time of your harvest has come."

Upon the United States all this has a very important bearing. Writing in the current *Atlantic*, Mr. William C. Dreher affirms that the indifference of the American Government to the serious situation which will exist after January 1, 1906, causes "much amazement" in Berlin. The German Government has not yet announced what it will do in regard to the United States. For the present, American imports will be taxed at the minimum rates of the old tariff. But, obviously, we cannot claim consideration under the "most-favored-nation" clause after the new treaties go into effect, since the seven contracting nations have made special concessions for their new rates. In the case of Cuba, England has just been unable to obtain the same rates as the United States, for precisely the same reason. A writer in the Berlin *Nation* finds the situation as dangerous for Germany as for the United States, and fears the early outbreak of a tariff war injurious to both countries. Most of our exports to Germany consist of raw materials or half-manufactured goods. In 1904 six million of dollars' worth of American wheat was consumed by Germany. There will be a rapid shrinkage in these and similar figures unless our Government bestirs itself. This gives peculiar significance to the Senate's resolution authorizing the Finance Committee to dig into the tariff during the recess.

After consulting with Francis Kossuth, Count Andrássy and other Hungarian leaders of the Opposition without being able to find a Premier, the Austrian Emperor decided to receive members of the "anti-Tisza coalition" in platoons. Sixteen of them were given audience successively at Vienna last week. Among them was Count Albert Apponyi, who had an article in the last *Monthly Review* explaining the Hungarian crisis, and confidently predicting that the Government would carry the recent election—which, of course, it utterly failed to do. Hence the present attempt to form a Ministry out of the somewhat heterogeneous Opposition. It, however, is absolutely united in standing for new measures of Hungarian autonomy, including the military demands, and at least some of these will have to be conceded if the Government is to be carried on under the forms of law. Kossuth, in an interview with the Vienna correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, after his reception by the Emperor, said that he thought matters could be "arranged"; but he meant, of course, that Francis Joseph would arrange them by making substantial concessions.

An article published in the *Century* on the Russian outlook contains an interview with M. Witte which has some pertinence in view of current events. Speaking in the week after the zemstvo conference—that is to say, at the close of last November—M. Witte reiterated his opinion set forth at the beginning of the war, regarding the grounds for expecting Russian victory:

> "I gave my opinion, officially, that if we should succeed, in the end, in defeating the Japanese, it would be by virtue of our superior finances. The Japanese cannot resist our finances. I have nothing to say of the two other factors—the army and the navy. Perhaps the Japanese can carry on the war one and a half, two—at the most two and a half-years. Considering the finances alone, we can keep it up for four years. Other factors being left out of account, the Japanese can therefore be brought to sue for peace by their financial ruin."

This view of the situation will be recognized as that which from the start has shaped the policy of financial Paris towards the Russian loans, and has largely influenced London's reception of the Japanese borrowings. On no other theory than a misgiving as to Japan's "staying power," military or financial, can the harsh terms exacted from Japan by the lending bankers for the $110,000,000 provided last year in the loans of May and November, be explained. But M. Witte's reiteration of his prophecy, under the subsequently changed conditions, is interesting.

Vacillation and the extreme of timidity mark the two documents issued by the Czar on Friday. First came his manifesto, asserting the autocratic principle with melancholy fanaticism. A statement more depressing, more inept, it would be hard to find in all the annals of royal blundering. But close upon its heels came the Czar's rescript promising the speedy institution of representative assemblies in Russia. Obviously, if Nicholas is sincere, his rescript eats up his manifesto. But he seems like a man distraught, and to be of the mind of the last counsellor who gets his ear. First we have Pobiedonostseff, summoning him to shake himself and go out like the Russian autocrats of other days. So the nerveless Czar essays that rôle. Then comes Witte, assuring him that this will never do, and urging him to listen to the appeals and rising demands of the best men in Russia. Thereupon the hapless and helpless Czar swings in that direction. The personal impression he makes throughout is that of one wholly unequal to the too vast orb of his fate. Liberty, however, thrives upon the follies and weaknesses of those who would stay its course, and from the vague and reluctant concessions which Nicholas, torn with doubts and fears, is proposing, may yet be built up a Russian Parliament. Details are still wanting. Probably the Czar and his counsellors do not themselves know exactly what they want or intend. But the thing is that the people are in the way to utter their authoritative voice. Once assembled, the spokesmen of the people cannot be silenced or dispersed. They will acquire strength as they go on. Hence we may be confident that, with whatever delays or temporary backsets, we are witnessing the passing of the old order in Russia.

We may also, but this is less certain, be witnessing the close of hostilities in the Far East as a consequence of the Titanic battle which has been raging for ten days, on the Japanese initiative, for the occupation of Mukden and the capture of Kuropatkin's army. We go to press with no satisfactory grounds for prediction one way or the other. The losses have already been enormous.

THE REAL FACTS ABOUT ARBITRATION.

Senator Lodge's defence of the Senate as the sworn friend of arbitration leaves some holes in the ballad. His list printed in the *Congressional Record* shows that the Senate has ratified 43 arbitration treaties since the foundation of the Government, while 7 arbitrations have been effected without referring the agreements to the Senate. But this does not sustain the Senate's contention that its amendment of the treaties recently submitted to it was not a blow to the principle of international arbitration. With the latter, cases of specific arbitration for specific disputes running back as far as 1802 have really little to do.

Until within the past fifteen years, general international arbitration was hardly more than a hope, which had never been given concrete form by any action of the Government. When the Senate of Massachusetts resolved in 1832 that "some mode should be established for the amicable and final adjustment of all international disputes, instead of resort to war," it gave expression to an aspiration which, nineteen years later (1851), found expression in a resolution introduced in the United States Senate, reciting that it would be desirable for this Government "to secure in its treaties with other nations a provision for referring to the decision of umpires all future misunderstandings that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiations." True, the Senate never acted on the resolution. Two years later another resolution came before that body, and into its pigeonholes, advising the President "to secure . . . a stipulation in all treaties . . . providing for the adjustment of any misunderstanding or controversy which may arise . . . by referring the same to the decision of disinterested and impartial arbitrators." In 1872 Charles Sumner introduced resolutions recommending "the adoption of arbitration as a just and practical method for the determination of international differences, to be maintained sincerely and in good faith, so that war may cease to be regarded as a proper form of trial between nations." In 1888 Senator Sherman presented a resolution requesting the President "to invite . . . negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration and be peaceably adjusted by such means."

Plainly, all these expressions aimed at one goal—a general and permanent system of international arbitration, to be effected by general treaties, and to work as nearly as possible automatically when international disputes should arise. The public sentiment which prompted the resolutions had that object in view, and it would be absurd to maintain that it had no other purpose than to obtain piecemeal treaties to be made when each dispute arose, and halt its settlement at the doors of the Senate—to make arbitration an uncertainty in every case, since its acceptance in every case must depend upon the changing moods of a body whose actions are controlled by a hundred varying motives, many of which are wholly irrelevant to the merits of the questions actually before it. It would be still more absurd to contend that those who have been striving for many years to obtain international arbitration, have desired to secure action by which it would be impossible in the future to settle even minor difficulties as they have often been settled in the past, by arbitration mutually agreed upon without the formality of consulting the Senate. Prof. John B. Moore's standard work shows that there have been at least twelve such arbitrations, instead of the seven given in Senator Lodge's list.

What the friends of arbitration have desired was shown in the plan of arbitration recommended by the International American Conference in 1890, the first article of which provided for the adoption of "arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of differences . . . that may arise"; and the second article of which made arbitration obligatory.

The first material success crowning the movement came in 1890, when the Senate and House passed the following concurrent resolution:

> "Resolved, etc., That the President be and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any Government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably settled by such means."

In the light of this pronouncement, the position which the Senate must defend is not its attitude towards single cases of arbitration submitted to it in the past, but its attitude towards the principle of general and effective arbitration since 1890, when Congress for the first time declared for it. Because of that declaration, Mr. Olney and Lord Salisbury negotiated the treaty providing for arbitration of future disputes between the United States and Great Britain, and although the enlightened public opinion of the whole English-speaking race enthusiastically favored the ratification of this measure, the Senate killed it without compassion. It is true that the Senate ratified the Hague convention, but if its recent attempt to amend the ten treaties which are now things of the past had been successful, much of the force of the Hague convention would have been lost. Resort to the peace tribunal would have been possible only after a separate treaty for each dispute had been ratified by the Senate. To say nothing of the clumsy machinery and delay entailed by this method, it would have been attended in every case by so much uncertainty in the result that the Secretary of State would have felt little enthusiasm in employing it.

Our foreign negotiations, in fact, come for review before a body of men who have no individual international accountability, and incur little individual odium when an arbitration negotiation fails. From such odium, however, the Senate as a body cannot escape by exhibiting a list showing how many times it has agreed to single arbitrations; for the important fact stands out that to the great cause of general international arbitration it has dealt a mighty blow.

ROOSEVELT ON SENATORS.

Many stories, apocryphal or well-founded, have been told of President Roosevelt's private quips and gibes at the expense of Senators, individually and collectively. It is known that his tongue runs away with him oftener than his horse; and some of his smart sayings, as well as sayings that cause others to smart, have no doubt reached august Senatorial ears. It is even said that it is partly the Senate's sense of spurned beauty which has led to its present somewhat strained relations with the Executive.

These tidbits of Washington gossip it is not for us to retail; but last week at Jefferson City, Missouri, some public testimony was given respecting the President's Senatorial standards. The Republican national committeeman from Missouri, Mr. Akins, had been at the White House sounding Mr. Roosevelt in respect to the Missouri Senatorial deadlock, and brought back positive information concerning the President's wishes. "The Administration did not want R. C. Kerens elected United States Senator," the reporter testified before the investigating committee. This was in line with evidence previously given under oath by Congressman Arthur P. Murphy of the Sixteenth District of Missouri. He said that he had been directly informed by Mr. Akins that "if any newly elected Congressman in Missouri expected to have any influence in the distribution of patronage in our districts, he must line up against R. C. Kerens." That is conclusive proof of Presidential hostility.

Nor did the President stop with his highly commendable opposition to Kerens. He proceeded, with great frankness, and in the spirit of Sainte-Beuve's remark that an example is always the best definition, to define the type of man he wanted by specifying the individual Senators whose doubles he did not desire to have undo him. "The President did not want any more like

Elkins, Kearns of Utah, or Clark of Montana in the Senate. He was having more trouble with them now than with the rest of the Senate, and he did not want any large railroad corporation interested in a United States Senator." Thus we have, in addition to the Constitution on the qualifications of a Senator, and supplementing what Hamilton and Madison and Story wrote on that subject, the opinion of President Roosevelt on the type of man who should *not* be a Senator.

One observes at a glance that the severe application of this Presidential standard—this Roosevelt's Purge, as it might be called—would empty seats in the Senate faster than legal indictment has thus far been able to do. No railroad corporation to be "interested" in a Senator? That it would mean decimation! Off would roll the heads of both Senators from Pennsylvania and both from New Jersey, while "the frost that binds so dear a head" as that of the junior Senator from New York would soon be a subject of lamentation by our Shelleys of politics. Aldrich, too, would never come back from Europe; and as for the whole row of railroad Senators from the Northwest, they would speedily become extinct volcanoes. Kearns is to leave the Senate on account of lack of appreciation at home; Clark is a Democrat (or says he is), and may safely be held up as a horrible example; but Elkins, the Senator who has oftenest taken sweet counsel with the President on railway regulation—who gave his name to the compromise legislation with which Mr. Roosevelt was so pleased two years ago—who has served so often as prime illustration of the President's tact and skill in making even wicked Senators further the public good—what did Elkins think when he found his name leading all the rest in President Roosevelt's Index Expurgatorius?

Some may object that the President's scruples wear a belated air. It may be said that his deeds have not squared with his words—not even his words at one time with those at another. The author of the effusive telegram about his "loyal friend" Quay must look odd drawing the line at any sort of political roguery. For that matter, the President's comically premature letter of congratulation to Niedringhaus, on the supposed certainty of his election as Senator from Missouri, can but impair the force of anything he may say about elevation and purity of character in the Senate. To felicitate one of the most brazenly mercenary figures that have appeared in our politics, was a bad preparation for protesting against Kerens, Elkins, or anybody else. Of countenance given to an Addicks, we need say nothing.

Yet we would not rob Mr. Roosevelt of a particle of the credit which he deserves for lifting up his voice in behalf of an abler and better Senate. It is not merely that its present composition gives the President "trouble," it gives us all trouble; hinders the dispatch of the public business; sets a bad example to aspiring young men; reverses our political tradition. The steady increase in the number of rich nobodies in the Senate points to and is a product of the decay of our old ideals, and the beginnings at least of political rottenness. It is one thing to say that the Senate ought adequately to represent and safeguard property, but another to have it come about that itself should be a form of property. We may agree with Story that Senators should be "beyond the reach of the sudden impulses of domestic factions"; but that is not to approve the type of Senators whom none but their owners, the great corporations, can "reach" at all. We know that Senators of the older sort look with apprehension upon their invasion by men who bear, not a brain, but a purse. It throws too great a burden upon the diminishing number of members who are competent; it lessens the respect due to the office of Senator. How can you respect a man whose credentials as Senator are in the form of a certified check? The President is right. The Senate needs an infusion of men instead of moneybags. And if we can now and then send a man there whose speech, not his plate, shall be golden; who is able to give the signal to parties, and watchwords to debate; who will be a model and inspiration to generous youth by showing how far character and unbought abilities may still go in this country, we shall be helping to save an institution now obviously threatened with an embarrassment of rich men in corporation leading-strings.

MRS. STANFORD AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The death of Mrs. Leland Stanford will not, according to the statement of President David Starr Jordan, immediately affect the fortunes or policy of the University. The affairs of the institution, he adds, have for some time been managed by a board of trustees who are in entire sympathy with Mrs. Stanford's wishes. Without questioning the accuracy of President Jordan's utterance, we may note that the University has reached a stage where certain changes are inevitable; and the death of Mrs. Stanford, if it does not hasten, will at least not check them. Senator and Mrs. Stanford were ambitious to found one of the greatest universities in the world, and they have already succeeded in making it the richest in America. But the trustees cannot carry out the noble purpose of the founders without exercising large discretion. The knowledge and the experience which must guide them in 1910 and 1950, are obviously not the wisdom and experience upon which Senator Stanford could act in 1890 or Mrs. Stanford in 1900 and 1905. This fact she herself recognized in the broad terms of her gift.

In the moment of her tragic death people naturally recall her passionate interest in this University, and the devotion and self-sacrifice by which she sustained it in the perilous crisis while the Stanford estate was in litigation. Both she and her husband had limited advantages in youth, but upon their only son they showered those opportunities the lack of which they themselves felt so keenly. When this attractive and promising lad died at the age of seventeen, his disconsolate parents resolved to bestow freely upon the children of the State where they had gained their wealth, and upon others as well, that higher education which they had planned for their own son. This was the spirit in which the first stone was laid at Palo Alto. At the death of Senator Stanford in 1893 his estate was tied up by litigation, and the University fell upon evil days. The hard times made the raising of money upon any terms difficult. Mrs. Stanford received from the court an allowance of $10,000 a month for personal expenses—a modest sum for the style of living to which she was accustomed. She said, however, that she had known poverty, and that she would live on $100 a month in a room or two of one of her mansions, and give the rest of the money to the University. Her fine example inspired president, professors, and students. The teachers accepted heavy cuts in their salaries; all running expenses were reduced to a minimum, and the University —in spite of gloomy predictions—kept open. It was not until the suits were decided in favor of the Stanford estate and the financial stress was over, that the University encountered its worst troubles.

Deeply concerned as Mrs. Stanford was in the welfare of the University, she watched closely the details of administration. In theory she well understood the danger of meddling, and doubtless she earnestly tried to keep well within her legitimate sphere. But when, in 1900, Prof. E. A. Ross of the department of sociology was guilty of believing in free silver, she had not sufficient breadth of view and patience to tolerate him. The case was complicated by the fact that his views on Chinese immigration were diametrically opposed to those of the late Senator Stanford, whom she had almost canonized; and doubtless Professor Ross exhibited other traits which led her to put a low estimate on his attainments and character. At any rate, she failed—and the failure was perhaps natural—to understand that, in a university devoted to the free inquiry after truth, certain unorthodoxies of opinion, perhaps even vagaries, must temporarily be endured. She may have felt too old to wait the certain de-

feat of error in the course of a few decades. Thus it came about that Professor Ross was dismissed. Several of his colleagues took up the fight in his behalf and within a year followed him out. Others have since left, as opportunity has offered, and the Faculty has never recovered its prestige.

The attitude of President Jordan in this emergency has been sharply criticised. His motives were clear enough. He felt that Mrs. Stanford had done everything for the University, and that he should accede to her wishes in every way possible. He is not a man who lacks courage, as is proved by his bold advocacy of anti-imperialism in the teeth of public sentiment on the Pacific Coast. Yet he consented to the dismissal of a man whom he had described as a good teacher; for the sake of holding the University together, as he believed, he sacrificed an important principle. Some of his warmest admirers admit that in that difficult situation he blundered, and, perhaps through a feeling of chivalry towards Mrs. Stanford, allowed himself to be driven into an untenable position. However that may be, his own large view and his generosity of temper, combined with other high intellectual and moral qualities, have won back respect and even affection from men who were once hostile. He seems now secure in the confidence of the community.

In the last few years an undue proportion of the income of Stanford has been spent on building. Mrs. Stanford was anxious to see with her own eyes the outward and visible form of the university she was creating. Therefore she pushed the construction of laboratories and halls beyond immediate necessities, and cared less for strengthening the Faculty. But the work in brick and mortar is now nearly done; and, had she lived, President Jordan would soon have had more money for vital needs. He can now offer high salaries to the best teachers in the world, and he can assure them that Stanford will be second to none in standing for intellectual freedom. The people of the Pacific Coast have in some respects higher ideals of education than those of the Middle West. The Californians are planning magnificently for the State University at Berkeley. They already see that the two institutions, no matter how large the resources of each, can supplement and help each other both by coöperation and by wholesome rivalry. They are aware that years as well as money go into the making of a school. They have the money, and they have eternity.

AN EDUCATIONAL ENTENTE.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin announces officially that graduate work done in any one of the fifteen institutions comprised within the Association of American Universities shall henceforth be accepted as equivalent to work achieved in residence at a German university. The only restriction made upon candidacy for the degree of doctor of philosophy is that at least three semesters shall be kept in actual residence at a German university; the remainder of the normal period of three years, or six semesters, however, may be taken in one or more of the American universities specified.

This action, it need scarcely be pointed out, is not only a singularly definite recognition from a conservative source of the worth of graduate instruction in our universities, but is also important for its bearings on the higher education in both countries. Henceforth, for instance, the German student of sociology and economics who is desirous of hearing American authorities on these subjects, and of observing American conditions upon the spot, can matriculate at an American university for a longer or a shorter period, as he may choose, without loss of academic status at home. With the continually increasing interest in matters American in Germany, it is probable that students who later on are to enter the public service, or are destined to fill professorial chairs in gymnasium or university, will be eager to avail themselves of so excellent an opportunity to acquire an expert knowledge hitherto obtained only at considerable inconvenience. The presence of German students of this kind in our lecture rooms would have, too, in conceivable cases, a tonic effect which surely would not be detrimental to the quality of our graduate courses.

For the American student the advantages accruing through the new arrangement are not particularly new; most of them he has had, to all intents and purposes, before. The gain in this direction is rather to the cause of graduate instruction in America than to the individual American student on his *Wanderjahr*. A concomitant action of the Berlin faculty is that the bachelor's degree of any American institution will hereafter be accepted at matriculation as equivalent to the *testimonium maturitatis* of the gymnasium or the Oberrealschule. Although this is a sweeping and somewhat uncritical action—since the greater universities in America by no means accept the bachelor's degree of all American colleges as the unquestioned basis for matriculation for the higher degrees—it is in the right direction. At the present time, in many German universities, it is perfectly possible for an American to matriculate on so unacademic a certificate as his passport, or even on no certificate at all, and thus to become a qualified candidate for the doctor's degree without having had any previous academic training whatever. This latitude has, it is needless to say, worked against high standards in American institutions, by making it possible for a student readily to secure abroad a standing denied him at home. What has probably not been suspected in Germany itself, but is none the less true, is that such laxness has tended steadily to depreciate the value of the German doctorate in America. That degree is felt, in our academic circles at least, to demand a careful scrutiny as to its inherent value in every individual case. Thus this reform of the procedure of matriculation at Berlin at once brings it conveniently into line with our American practice, and tends to rehabilitate the German doctorate as an article of exportation.

The establishment of a minimum period of three semesters of actual residence in Germany safeguards the degree from the German point of view, but it is at the same time a certain concession to the intending doctor, since, although it has been nominally possible for the American student to complete requirements for the degree at the end of that period of study in most universities, the actual promotion has often been grudgingly conceded.

In connection with the recent suggestion by the German Emperor that a system of interchange be set up between the members of the corps of instruction of the German and the American universities, this even more definite action of the greatest of the German universities in the direction of educational reciprocity is significant of an old order changing. The dictatorship in education, so long assumed, and rightly assumed, to be held by Germany, has at last made way for a still broader and more liberal construction of that *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* which has made German university instruction an ideal for the world. That this *entente cordiale* has proceeded in our particular direction and on German initiative is proof positive, so far as expert opinion can give it, that the storm and stress which has evolved in the last two decades a real university system in America out of the chaos that preceded it, has not been in vain. What the University of Berlin has thus begun, it should not be difficult for the other German universities in their turn to carry out. The new system of international interchange, as well of the student who teaches as of the student who is taught, will, when properly adjusted, not only add in its way a new element of value to academic education, both here and yonder, but will inevitably prove a long step toward that unification of the highest education which, whatever its environment and however different its details, should make it essentially the same in spirit and effect in all the progressive nations.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADMIRATION.

Many an artist who has noticed the excited state of the public mind about

a certain statue of Aphrodite now on exhibition in this city—who has, perhaps, seen the throng of hushed worshippers at her shrine and heard their whispered awe and delight—must have wondered what would be the fate of this same figure if, without its stains and breaks, it were exhibited at the Academy or the Society of American Artists as the work of Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Perhaps he can see no great artistic merit in the statue himself, and declines, as most artists do, to interest himself greatly in the question whether or not it is "an antique," knowing that there are bad antiques as well as good ones, and that a weak imitation of a great original is no better for being two thousand years old. Even though it be as lacking in exquisiteness as he finds it, it has yet, certainly, some degree of beauty—the degree of beauty, if no more, that is inseparable from anything approaching a competent copy, ancient or modern, of a noble and accepted type. The question is, whether the people who are daily in ecstasies before it are admiring the beauty which is really there or that which they think must be there. Here is what our artist's trained sense of quality, which admits of no argument or explanation, pronounces at once an inferior variant of the Venus de' Medici, itself a reflective work of a poor and late time; yet because its owner, backed by the critic of an influential journal, dares to pronounce the name of Praxiteles, travelled men and women who have beheld the Medici herself without a thrill, are filled with æsthetic emotion; and art students who have considered the Ilissus and the Hermes tiresome things that must be drawn before one can get at the life, are beset with anxious questionings.

The little gallery of a New York club is changed, for the time, into something like the Sistine room at Dresden by a public that would hardly glance in passing at the finest of modern statues, while it hurried on to admire a landscape or a portrait by Sargent. Suppose, even, that this figure were by Praxiteles, and as much finer than any of the countless Greek figures of its type as it should be, being the original of them all, would a public profoundly ignorant of sculpture really care for it? How many people spend much time over the casts in the Metropolitan Museum? Or, granting the advantage of marble over plaster in sensuousness of surface, how many people, even when professedly travelling for culture, spend much time in the sculpture rooms of the British Museum or the Louvre? And would not a public capable of any real enjoyment of the beauty of workmanship of a Praxiteles find something also to enjoy, though not so highly, in the best modern work?

Our artist would be likely enough to conclude that the enthusiasm he hears expressed is mere pretence, and altogether assumed; but probably he would be wrong. Doubtless there are some who know, vaguely, that Praxiteles was a very great sculptor, and who think that if this should really be his work, it would be unpardonable not to have admired it. There may be others who think everything Greek equally admirable, having no conception that there were variations in style and value in the work of six or eight centuries; and these, too, may think it a duty to express admiration, whether or not they feel it. But it is probable that few are conscious hypocrites; the most are influenced by external pressure, and really think they feel the raptures they express. It is hard for the best of us, even those who have some actual knowledge as a basis of independent opinion, to react against authority and to protest boldly that an admired work is but mediocre. The world is full of proclaimed masterpieces which hold their rank partly because no one is strong enough to resist the universal affirmation of their merit. We are all a part of the crowd, and it was only the child, in the old story, who saw that the King had nothing on. With most of us it is merely a question of the weight of authority which is needed to overthrow our private judgment. If we are modest, doubtful of ourselves, willing to admire and glad to find that we can, the authority need not be great. We are open to suggestion, and almost any one may make the needful passes. Also, we affect each other, and each admires, quite genuinely, because the others do.

Does any one suppose that many of the visitors to the Dresden Gallery appreciate the higher qualities of the Sistine Madonna? But they are in a receptive condition: they wish to admire, and the admiration comes. And when one is in this state of mind there is always something in a work of art that one can thoroughly like and be truly interested in, whether the work of art be a masterpiece or a very ordinary thing. One may, perhaps, be interested in what a picture represents rather than in what it is, and care to think that it is a portrait of Beatrice Cenci, attributing to the artist the emotions roused by a contemplation of the subject. Portrait shows are always entertaining; and though the average New Yorker may know little of Phryne, he knows that she was, somehow, a celebrated person, and the fact that a statue is called her likeness gives it for him a human interest that he can hardly be blamed for confusing with its artistic interest. One may, in the case of the Sistine, know nothing of masterful composition or purity of line, yet be sensible of well-cut features and a sweet expression. One may, in the case of the Aphrodite, catch the far-away echo of Greek beauty, and perceive a graceful figure and a prettiness of type not very different from that common to the cheaper forms of art in all ages. One has been made to look, one finds something—no matter what—that one can like, and one goes away rejoicing. One has "acquired merit," and the process has not been disagreeable. One has really liked something that it is proper to like, and feels a satisfying glow of virtue.

If the statue were by Brown or Jones or Robinson, it is probable that we should not look. There are many statues, and we cannot give them all the attention necessary to discover in them even such elements of attractiveness as we are capable of appreciating. That we do not look, does not prove that the beauty is not there, or that we are insincere in our praise of the beauty we have been made to look at. Let some one who has the ear of the public—some one whose authority it is inclined to accept—proclaim loudly enough that Brown, Jones, or Robinson is the greatest sculptor of all time, and that his Aphrodite is an immortal masterpiece, and we shall all look, we shall all see, and we shall all feel that we have become capable of appreciating the highest beauties of art. It is for this reason that an artist usually succeeds in commanding the attention and the praise of the public only when his work has ceased to be what it once was, and that we hail in the works of his old age the merit which we ignored when he possessed it.

A MUSICAL CENTENARIAN.

On the seventeenth of this month London expects to witness a unique ceremony. The musical and medical world will then unite in celebrating the one-hundredth birthday of Manuel Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope, the son of a famous tenor, the brother of two of the greatest singers of all time—Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot—the teacher of Jenny Lind, and one of the greatest experts in the art of song known to the history of music; altogether, perhaps, with the exception of Sarasate, the most important musical genius Spain has yet given birth to. As a matter of course, the Spanish Ambassador will attend to congratulate the illustrious centenarian in the name of the Government of his native country. Addresses will be presented by delegates of German, French, Dutch, Belgian, American, Australian—even Japanese—laryngological societies, by musical societies, by old pupils of Garcia, and by the Royal Society, before which he read his paper, entitled "Physiological Observations on the Human Voice," just fifty years ago. The meeting is to conclude with the presentation to Mr. Garcia of his portrait painted by Mr. John Sargent, and in the evening there will be a

dinner at which a speech is expected from the centenarian, who is still fairly vigorous in body, while his mental powers are said to be absolutely undimmed by age.

Some surprise may be felt that the congratulatory meeting should be held in a medical instead of a musical building—the rooms of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society; but there is a reason for this. However much Garcia may have done for the tone art in training pupils, his discovery of the laryngoscope did infinitely more for the healing art by creating an entirely new branch of it, immensely facilitating the diagnosis and cure of throat troubles by enabling physicians to look down into the windpipe. It was a mere accident that led to Garcia's discovery—his finding, in the shop of a Parisian instrument-maker, a little mirror attached to a long stick, with which it occurred to him to try to see his vocal cords in action with the aid of a ray of sunlight. This led him to endeavor to place the art of voice-building on a scientific, physiological basis, to explain tone-formation, registers, and tone colors, or modulations of the voice. His first communication of his ideas to the world, in the lecture before the Royal Society already referred to, attracted little attention; and it was not until the quarrel of Türck and Czermak, some years later, regarding the invention of the laryngoscope, attracted general attention to the subject, that the real inventor was brought to the fore. In 1861 the Paris Academy of Science divided the Monthyon prize between Türck and Czermak; but the impending festivities in London indicate that the laryngologists the world over now know to whom honor is due, and are eager to shake hands with the creator of their science.

Garcia himself, in later years, abandoned the idea that laryngology, with its anatomical and physiological details, was of much use as a basis for the science of voice building. He fell back on the ear as the controlling factor, and followed the maxim that the secret of learning to sing lies in having a good example and trying to imitate it. He himself was a tenor of some note in his youth. He was taken to America at twenty by his father, who brought over a sort of family opera company, with which he succeeded, in a few years, in accumulating a fortune of $30,000. But on the way home from Mexico the party was stopped by brigands, who not only took all his gains from Garcia, but added insult to injury by making him sing for them. Subsequently, the son conceived an aversion to stage life, and for some years served on shipboard as a common sailor. Then he began his life work as teacher, first in Paris, afterwards in London, where he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music. He continued to teach regularly until a few years ago; indeed, it is said that even now he gives an occasional lesson at his villa in Cricklewood.

If Manuel Garcia is given to musing, he must often think of the changes that have taken place in the musical world during the hundred years of his life. When he was born, Haydn was still four years from the end of his life, and Beethoven had written but three of his nine symphonies. Had Schubert lived as long as Garcia has, he would have died but eight years ago instead of seventy-seven. Wagner was born eight years after Garcia, lived to within a few months of seventy years, and died twenty-two years ago, while Garcia lives on! Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Franz, Brahms, Rubinstein, and many other eminent musicians, most of whom reached what is usually considered a good old age, had not yet seen the light when Garcia was born. Of all the branches of music, the oratorio alone had reached its highest development before his birth. The symphony, the pianoforte piece, chamber music, the opera, and the art song, were all destined to come to maturity in his lifetime. Particularly great has been the progress, during Garcia's century, in the realm of song with which he himself has been so closely associated. Although Hadyn, Mozart, and Gluck had written a few pretty *Lieder*, the art song, as a form of equal importance with the other branches of music, remained to be created by Schubert. In the opera, more weighty things had been done, especially by Mozart and Gluck. Beethoven's "Fidelio" was born in the same year as Garcia, and he was eighteen when Weber's "Euryanthe" was launched—the forerunner of Wagner's operas, the first performance of all of which Garcia might have attended. But it is more startling to recall the fact that he might have done the same with all the operas of Rossini, who was born only thirteen years before him.

With the exception of the Bachs, who were noted musicians for six generations, and the Viennese branch of the Strauss dynasty, there is perhaps no musical family that affords a more interesting illustration of heredity in a special talent than the Garcias. The elder Garcia, who was born in 1775, was not only a great tenor and teacher, but a prolific composer of operas. His two famous daughters also became composer, as well as singers. Mme. Viardot (who is still living) was so lucky as to be able to base her operettas on librettos written by Turgeneff. Liszt said of her that "in all that concerns method and execution, feeling and expression, it would be hard to find a name worthy to be mentioned with that of Malibran's sister," and Wagner was amazed and delighted when she sang the Isolde music in a whole act of his "Tristan" at sight. The other sister, Mme. Malibran, belonged to an earlier phase of the era of song. While a first-rate vocalist, she indulged in practices—such as "improvising passages of strange audacity upon the stage"—which are not countenanced by modern taste.

EL TRIBUNAL DE AGUAS.—II.

But let us attend an ordinary session. At half-past eleven on Thursday morning (June 9), the immediate neighborhood of the ornate Puerta de los Apostoles—one of the three entrances to the Cathedral of Valencia—shows signs of more than usual animation in a rapidly gathering crowd made up of peasants in homely garb, townspeople of the middle class, numerous *badauds*, and only three foreign tourists. Thursday, we are told, is the old Moorish market-day, and has been devoted ever since the original foundation of the court by an early Moorish ruler to the regulating of these irrigation cases; nominally, the hour is eleven. On one side of the portal, a singularly incongruous modern sofa, straightbacked, with gaudy brocatelle covering, is intended to serve as the bench from which the decisions are given. A small semicircular enclosure, made with a light movable iron railing, prevents outsiders from crowding in on the trial. As we approach, some one says, "Extranjeros!" upon which a lane is immediately formed in order to allow the foreigners to take a front place, leaning on the balustrade; while, as I begin jotting down a few notes, another says, "Publicista!" when at once the peasant next me offers to explain or translate. "For," he adds, "most of the proceedings are in Valencian dialect, and the Señor probably understands only Castilian." It is always thus in Southern Spain when one has to do with ordinary unofficial persons; there is not only a charming readiness in answering questions, but a large-hearted spontaneity in offering practical assistance of the most useful kind—as indeed it turned out to be on this occasion.

At this time of day, the space in front of the church door is in shadow, permitting the crowd to wait patiently for the appearance of the judges, and to discuss freely the probable decisions, since all the peasants present know the circumstances of each case and are familiar with the elementary procedure of the popular court. Punctually as the Miguelete-tower strikes the minute with its booming bell, five men suddenly appear and take their places silently on the sofa. All are clad in Sunday black, clean, dignified, but without the least appearance of self-consciousness or pompous authority; they are all there for the settling of practical business claims, and, while conforming to convention or custom, have no idea of exalting their office or playing a set part. This, by the way, is another feature of Spanish social life in this region—the entire absence of pose, so long as the onlooker offers no challenge to the status, the character, or the efficiency of the person attending to a specific charge.

Here, then, are these five; and contrasting types they are. Three of them are but simple peasants of the most ordinary sort, *ouvriers endimanchés*, whose function subsequently appears to be to give assent to the

judgments pronounced. In the middle, however, sits a splendid old patriarch, with a long white beard, upper lip shaven like a New England farmer; and from his quiet gray eye there shines a glance of shrewdness, experience, and genially tolerant charity—a judicial type, if ever there was one; the kind you will meet by scores, if you have the enterprise to tramp it about the exhuberant plantations that encircle Valencia. But this tribunal has its active spirit also, the Regidor de Justicia, chosen by the bench to preside and take the lead in the ensuing discussions; and he is by far the most striking type of them all—a clean-built, broad-shouldered, short-necked man, whose square head, with its grizzled, close-cropped hair, and eager face seamed with many wrinkles, reminds one of the busts marked "B. C., Roman," in the sculpture galleries of European towns. It is, indeed, the very face of a Roman senator, suggestive not only of wise strength, but also of that persistence of racial type which any observer of his fellows can perceive all along this coast. We must understand that these men, selected from the farmers and water-managers of the huerta by a sort of *co-optatio* principle, serve for a fixed period (from six months to a year, I was told) without any emolument whatever, their honesty guaranteed by a union of principle with prudence; for, while the fundamental probity of the Spanish peasant in the simple relations of life is beyond question, the fact that each judge may at some other time be himself a seeker after justice confirms the disposition to give equitable decisions. From these findings there is absolutely no appeal; no court, no institution, no individual, can constitutionally claim the right even to examine the grounds of the conclusions arrived at. If, then, as all the bystanders assured me, isolated complaints are virtually unknown, what a testimony we have here to the continuance of the tradition of fairness which has preserved to this court its rude simplicity, its expeditiousness, and its popular support.

No ceremonial opens the proceedings. A sort of crier (not in uniform) calls the first case. Two peasants, of the kind who inhabit the thatched and whitewashed *barracas* of the huerta, step forward. One is waved to one side, while his opponent, in the fewest possible words, sets forth his grievance, with the interruption of a few pointed questions thrown in, here and there, in the same low undertone as that imposed by the court on the pleading peasant. Needless to add, that every one inside the railing is bareheaded, and the most complete silence prevails in the listening crowd. In five minutes the tale is over. After a joining of judicial heads, the opposing party is called upon for his story. Judgment (after a short whispered colloquy): "You are both equally in the wrong, according to your own showing. Have you any witnesses? No? Then you simply go back to your fields and your work, and be careful to observe the laws and customs of the water-system. Call the next case."

Here, the decision is not quite so simple, for another Latin disputant is at loggerheads with the one whom I have called a "Roman senator." It is difficult at first to make out whether this is really a case of hardship and grievance, or merely a trial of wits; the interchange of rapid sentence becomes more animated, until the fox-pleader, who has virtually ignored all the bench but the persistent Regidor, begins to speak in louder tones, to cast slurs on his opponent, almost to beard the judges. Discipline is absolute. One and all the judges unite in waving hushing hands and enjoining decorum on the complainant, who is forced to obey. Were he to persist in loud language, he would be fined; and further shortcoming would involve his immediate dismissal, judgment against him, and deprivation of water-rights for a term within the discretion of the court. My amiable neighbor informs me that the difficulty has arisen from the absence of an important witness. The excited litigant objects to the necessary week's delay, and has urged that the unscrupulous opponent will have full seven days more for misuse of privileges and inflicting damage. It is for this aspersion on his fellow-laborer's character that he has been called to order. The case is remanded for a week.

A third (the last) dispute is settled in most summary fashion. Scarcely has one of the peasants spoken for two minutes when a glance and nod among the judges declare that, unless testimony to the contrary be forthcoming, right is on his side; and as the somewhat shame-faced responder can offer neither denial nor contradicting witness, he is dismissed with a word of sensible warning. *La séance est levée*—after less than three-quarters of an hour! And the most remarkable part of it all is that one hears no grumbling, no biting comment, no hint of favoritism, no aspersion of character or capacity. Indeed, in the first and the last case, the contestants have gone off together to the nearest café, where I find them half an hour afterwards apparently on no hostile terms. What a moral lesson! No wonder that this "Court of Waters" retains its popularity. These Spanish peasants are neither specially litigious, nor specially fond of tricking one another, but the extremely hard conditions of their toiling lives render them willing enough to take advantage of unobserved favorable situations in the daily relations of economic existence.

Let me cite a corroborative instance. Last year (1903) in Valencia witnessed an unusual scene—the universal strike of the revenue officers who collect the provision duties (*octroi*) at the gates of the city. The suspension of duty lasted only about twenty-four hours, during which all the entrances to the city remained unguarded and open, the municipal authorities not venturing to shut the gates for fear of a general riot among the poor of the town. The result was that in that interval the surrounding peasants, who had got wind of the situation, provisioned the city with duty-free eatables enough for a several months' siege To judge from an account given me by a foreign resident, it might have been thought that all the live stock of the kingdom of Valencia had been sacrificed to that unique opportunity of turning a centimo at the expense of the civic government, so crowded were all the roads with vehicles of every kind, with rows or processions of neat-cattle, sheep, and pigs. Country carts were piled high with butcher's meat, and all about were cooked fowls, cheeses, vegetables—even sausages. During the whole of that time not a single tram-car was conveniently available for town passengers, under the constant siege of country women and baskets.

It is this readiness to seize upon an apparent momentary opportunity or advantage that renders necessary some strong and clearly defined power to regulate the constantly recurring complications of a system which distributes fertility over a vast area and involves the livelihood of thousands of peasants. Hence the finality of the decisions. But there is more; not a single *peseta* is paid by any postulant under any pretext whatever, and this, besides another peculiarity presently to be mentioned, gives this court its principal distinguishing characteristic. One is reminded, by contrast, of the cynical remark of the retired judge in Octave Mirbeau's 'La Robe Rouge': "Oui, la justice est gratuite; ce sont les moyens d'y arriver qui coûtent cher." Here, even to the supplying of the gaudy sofa (provided by ancestral arrangement with the chapter of the cathedral), there is not a single item of expense incurred in connection with any single case, save that complainant and respondent are bound to transport themselves at their own cost to the scene of trial.

But there is another conspicuously absent element in this most interesting of tribunals. A hundred paces away is the Audiencia, or Hall of Justice, of Valencia; indeed, from its windows one might easily look down on the proceedings of the peasant-judges; yet no lawyer in any capacity is ever known to take the slightest interest in discussions among the fundamental conditions of which is the unyielding principle that every litigant shall be his own counsel. I was informed that prior consultation with a man of law is a practice unknown, for the plain reason that irrigation-laws and customs are not recorded in official law books, but in the memory of every peasant from the time he begins, as a boy, to play about the small canals of the homestead. What little procedure is called for has been handed down by simple word of mouth from one set of judges to another; and, seeing that there are no papers of any sort, the inartistic, yet costly, law stamp can find no corner to adhere to. Again and again have the juridical powers of the district vainly attempted to obtain control of what could undoubtedly be turned into a field rich in fat fees.

Not the least interesting incident of this episode of travel was the chat and interchange of impressions with two chance travellers, urged by the same curiosity as myself. One of them, a retired American general, of the broadest liberal school in politics, shared likewise the feeling that talk of "lesser breeds" and "dying nations," which glides so easily out of the ever-open mouth of more than one expansionist, is the veriest vaporing in presence of a hard fact symbolizing the forethought, the wisdom, and the hereditary discipline of a splendid race. With the other interlocutor—a Madrileño, but closely related to Eleuterio Maisonnaave, the famous reforming politician of Catalonia—enthusiasm took on a more exuberantly eloquent character. The unrepentant liberal cordially thanked the stranger for an elementary openmindedness which, it would seem, the Spaniard does not usually expect to find in the for-

eigner who visits Iberian shores. Nevertheless, it seems but natural to be stirred by the spectacle of these simple, unassuming yeomen and peasants, who for centuries have followed the memorable maxim: "One foul sentence doth more hurt than many foul examples." P. T. L.

Correspondence.

OUR ART MUSEUMS AND THE INTERNATIONAL COLLECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been recently called to a London letter in your issue of January 26, on "The International Society in London," in which the writer expresses his amazement at the lack of appreciation of American Museums as shown in their failure to secure certain works for their permanent collection.

A mild protest and an explanation may be opportune. It was not lack of appreciation, nor ignorance of the benefits to be derived from such a splendid collection as the drawings of Vierge, that prevented their acquisition somewhere on their journeys through American "towns." The absurd price placed upon the works of Vierge in particular and the entire collection in general was absolutely prohibitive. No one could possibly be induced to pay the prices asked for even less important works than those of Vierge. The American museums are, as a rule, not to be deterred from acquiring objects by the price asked; but in the case of the works which made up the International collection, it was simply out of the question to even think of purchasing them. That, and not lack of knowledge or appreciation, was the reason why there were no purchases for at least *one* American Museum.

As to the selection of work to represent American artists, it was most unfair and one-sided. The selections were made from a favored circle, and others, outside the pale, were ignored. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the American showing should be "feeble and devoid of results."—Very truly yours, E. H. W.

St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts,
March 1, 1905.

THE VIGILANT BAEDEKER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer on "El Tribunal de Aguas" in the *Nation* for March 2 states that "no familiar work of Spanish travel (not even Ford) devotes a single paragraph to this example of popular wisdom and forethought." In view of this statement it should, I think, be noted that Baedeker gives a succinct but adequate account of the *Tribunal de Aguas* or *de los Acequieros*, also called *La Corte de la Seo*, in his 'Handbook to Spain and Portugal' (2d ed., p. 308).

Yours, etc., James F. Muirhead.

Cambridge, Mass., March 5, 1905.

Notes.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will shortly publish 'The Opening of Tibet,' by Perceval Landon; 'Life of James Watt,' by Andrew Carnegie; 'Chopin,' by G. C. Ashton-Johnson; and 'How to Keep Bees,' by Anna S. Comstock. They report forthcoming Chinese and Russian editions of Booker Washington's 'Up from Slavery,' following versions that have appeared in the East Indies, Holland, Germany, Poland, Norway, France, and Spain.

Further announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'Christus Liberator: An Outline Study of Africa,' by Miss Ellen C. Parsons; 'China in Law and Commerce,' by Prof. J. Macbride Sterrett; 'Riding and Driving,' by Price Collier and Edward L. Anderson; and 'Alcestis, and Other Poems,' by Sara King Wiley.

A. Wessels Co. have nearly ready 'Cartoons in Rhyme and Line,' by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and F. Carruthers Gould.

From the Grafton Press we are to have 'Arizona Sketches,' by Dr. J. A. Munk; 'The Days and Hours of Raphael,' by Rachael LaFontaine; and 'Fifty and One Tales of Modern Fairyland,' by F. Strange Kolle.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s spring announcements include 'Letters from an Oregon Ranch,' by "Katharine"; 'From the West to the West,' by Abigail Scott Duniway—a journey across the Plains in the early fifties; 'Iowa, the First Free State of the Louisiana Purchase,' by William Salter; 'The Athlete's Garland,' sporting verse, compiled by Wallace Rice; 'A Selection from the Great English Poets,' by Sherwin Cody; and the Scammon Lectures before the Art Institute of Chicago by Russell Sturgis.

Ginn & Co. will publish shortly 'The Greek Painters' Art,' by Irene Weir, art director of the Brookline (Mass.) public schools. A description of a recent journey to Greece is joined to chapters on vase painting, architectural coloring, Greco-Egyptian portraits and Greco-Roman mosaics, and mural painting in Greece and Italy.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring list includes the Complete Poetical and Prose Works of George Herbert, in three volumes, edited by George Herbert Palmer; the Complete Poetical and Dramatic Works of Lord Byron, edited in one volume (Cambridge Edition) by Paul Elmer More; 'Later Poems,' by John White Chadwick; 'The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems,' by Anna Hempstead Branch; 'Essays in Puritanism,' by Andrew Macphail; 'The Far Eastern Tropics: Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies,' by Alleyne Ireland; 'Manual of the Trees of North America (exclusive of Mexico),' by Charles Sprague Sargent; 'Wasps: Social and Solitary,' by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham; and 'Wild Wings: Adventures of a Camera Hunter among the Larger Wild Birds of America on Land and Sea,' by Herbert Keightley Job.

The Oxford University Press (H. Frowde) is about to publish 'Cantonese Love Songs,' with Chinese text, glossary and translation by Cecil Clementi of Hong Kong; 'Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the French Revolution,' edited in two volumes by L. G. Wickham Legg from strictly contemporaneous writings, mainly periodical literature; 'The Farther East,' by Archibald Little; 'The Faroes and Iceland,' by Nelson Annandale; 'Corps de Droit Ottoman,' by George Young, second secretary of the English Embassy, in seven volumes; a Concordance of Dante's Italian Prose Works and of the Canzoniere, by E. S. Sheldon; 'Early Patristic Quotations from the New Testament,' by A. J. Carlyle and others; an authorized translation of Schiaparelli's 'Astronomy in the Old Testament'; 'An Outline Dictionary,' intended as an aid in the study of the languages of the Bantu (African) and other uncivilized races, edited by A. C. Madan; Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' edited in three volumes by the late G. Birkbeck Hill; 'The Minor Caroline Poets,' edited with introductions by Prof. George Saintsbury; 'The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene,' edited by J. Churton Collins; and 'The Lyrical Poems of Blake,' edited by John Sampson.

The literary remains of Theodor Herzl have been found to be very extensive, and his writings on Zionism are soon to be published with the title 'Theodor Herzl's Sämtliche Zionistische Schriften,' consisting chiefly of essays and addresses. The work will be edited by Prof. L. Kellner, who, in the last will of the Zionite leader, was appointed his literary executor. In connection with it a biography of Herzl from the pen of Max Nordau will appear. Herzl's chief monument, however, will be his Diary, in eighteen "books," which reports the Zionist movement from its very beginning to the death of the author. It has, however, not yet been definitely decided when this *Tagebuch* is to be published, if at all.

The publishing house of Victoriano Suarez of Madrid is publishing a new series of books on American history, entitled "Colección de libros y documentos referentes á la historia de América." The first three volumes have already appeared. Volume I. is a review of the Jesuit missions near the headwaters of the Amazon River in the country of the Maynas, and was written, by command of the Jesuit superior at Quito, in 1661, by Francisco de Figueroa, S. J., a Spanish-American. Its title is, 'Relación de las misiones de la Compañía de Jesús en el pais de los Maynas,' and it is a typical Jesuit relation, full of keen observation, thrilling scenes of hardship and danger, customs of the Indians, etc., and some valuable history. Volumes II. and III. are the first two instalments of the "Quinquenarios" of Pedro Gutiérrez de Santa Clara, in the main the story of the revolution in Peru (1544-1548) which was the first instituted attempt against constituted Spanish authority in the new world. Its author was probably a Spanish mestizo and a native of New Spain, and, best of all, was not an ecclesiastic, but a part of the scenes that he describes so vividly. His book is very readable, and contains much that is valuable to the student. As a series the publication has some drawbacks, and obviously the following: the lack of a list of the documents, of which the Spanish archives contain so many still unpublished, that are to be published; the lack of a general editor to lick the work into shape and to set definite bounds to it; the lack of a general introduction that would reveal the proposed scope of the work; the almost utter absence of notes, most of the slight annotation consisting of bibliographical notes in the introductions to the separate works, and of notes in the text proper showing erasures in the original manuscript or emendations made by the editor; the want of illustrations, especially good maps, of which

there are many manuscript ones in the Spanish archives that have never been published; and the omission of an index, for we fear there is no hope of a general index to the series. On the other hand, the typographical arrangement is neat, and the size of the volumes handy for the reader. The introductions accompanying the several works are useful, and the bibliographical notes extremely so. Documents are carefully reproduced in the old orthography and capitalization, and the press-marks of the original manuscripts conscientiously given.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have united with the London house of J. M. Dent & Co. in the production of a much desiderated series of French reprints, "Les Classiques Français." It is in pocket form, bound in flexible olive-green lambskin covers, richly gilt, and printed in small but thoroughly legible type, with a regulation portrait, a preface by some recognized man of letters, and a bibliography of editions (supplied by the general editor, Mr. D. S. O'Connor). To view is to be captivated. We have before us Chateaubriand's 'Atala, René, Le Dernier Abencérage,' in one volume, with an introduction by Melchior de Vogüé, and 'Contes Choisis' from Balzac, with a preface by Paul Bourget. The range of selection promises to be very extensive.

While the foregoing enterprise is aimed at readers, familiar with French, who do not desire notes, or regard them as detracting from their pleasure, the Oxford Modern French Series, edited by Leon Delbos (H. Frowde), is primarily intended for students. These text-books, then, are correspondingly sober in their attire, without and within, with an eye to cheapness, and are moderately annotated at the end, with less reference to linguistic difficulties than to literary and historical allusion. The initial numbers are Jules David's 'Le Serment,' edited by Cécil Hugon, and Thierry's 'Les Normands en Angleterre et en France,' edited by A. H. Smith; and in size they exemplify the varying price, according to bulk, viz., eighteenpence and two shillings sixpence; two and three shillings being demanded in other cases.

'Collier's Self-Indexing Annual, 1905' (P. F. Collier & Son), is "self-indexing" like any other alphabetically ordered handbook; but a large portion of this bulky quarto is not "annual" matter in any proper sense of the word. Take the rubric Gymnastics, for example, which makes no pretence of being related to the "history of men and events of the past year"; or the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; or the Luther League of America; or the Monroe Doctrine (with no fresh illustrations); or Hay (statistics for 1903). Numerous entries of societies are justified only on the ground of the election of officers in 1904. They might better have been tabulated. Many others are utterly trivial, like McLean (Dolores) or Sipido. There is no index to help one through the maze of information, or to open up the abundant illustrations. There is even no alphabetic catchline aid to reference. In short, constructively this annual is as much behind the times as is possible. It is a jumble of borrowings from *Collier's Weekly* and of special articles in no way remarkable. It cannot be said to have been edited.

The ever fresh, authoritative, and stimulating year book, 'Burdett's Hospitals and Charities,' for 1905 (London: The Scientific Press), is able to exhibit for the first time the resources and expenditure of the ninety-four voluntary hospitals in the county of London for a period of ten years, during which a uniform system of accounts has been enforced. Such a showing could not fail to reveal excessive expenditure in some institutions and point the way to retrenchment. This is the world's statistical directory for the institutions contemplated, but it is also characterized by most useful discussions, here occupying fourteen chapters.

'The Land of the Future,' by Wilhelm von Polenz, which now appears in an English translation (Brentano's), although much shorter than Professor Münsterberg's imposing work, has much in common with it and covers briefly about the same ground. It is not quite so laudatory of everything American, but is evidently inspired by a desire to be perfectly just, and contains very little that can wound the self-love of the most sensitive American reader. Even its severest censures are mingled with exculpatory praises, and are tempered by intimations that, as this is the land of the future, it cannot be fairly expected to vie in every respect with European countries which have a long past behind them, and have not gone through so hurried a development. Of course, there are some droll mistakes, but they are comparatively few, and it speaks well for the author's judgment and powers of observation that he has produced what is, on the whole, a correct account of our country. Several of the recent works of German writers on American conditions have been written with such fulness of knowledge that there is really no reason why the intelligent German public should remain under any false impression about our institutions and tendencies. It is to be regretted that the present work is so poorly translated.

Into one volume of 636 pages, Mr. Charles H. Cochrane, the author of 'Modern Industrial Progress' (Philadelphia: Lippincott), who glares at us viciously as "Yours for progression" out of the frontispiece, compresses a description of 43 phases of modern progress, illustrated by 405 half-tone illustrations, largely borrowed from trade catalogues. The contents cover a bewildering diversity of subjects, from mining to flying, from ploughing to printing, from transportation by horse and wagon to rushing through space by rail and automobile. The work is therefore encyclopædic in scope, and, as it is the production of a single mind, is neither profound in treatment nor remarkable for accuracy. If read continuously, it leaves on the mind somewhat the same impression as the perusal of a condensed edition of Webster's Dictionary; and carelessness in composition and revision makes many of the sentences, to say the least, ambiguous. Take the following, which is printed without punctuation: "The autoplate consists of a casting mechanism and a series of finishing mechanisms which automatically coöperate in one machine to do the entire work that was formerly done on four or five hand machines at a single operation." As a scientific treatise, the book is worthless. As a popular survey of modern progress, were it more carefully written and more generously indexed, it would be useful. Moreover, were its quality commensurate with its weight to the hand, it would be invaluable.

'The Old Shipmasters of Salem, with Mention of Eminent Merchants,' by Charles E. Trow (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a plain story, well told, of the old merchant captains who used to sail square-rigged vessels out of the Massachusetts port to the East Indies, a hundred years or so ago; and of later voyages, down to the decline and extinction of that once-flourishing industry. The field of narration is not extensive, and the subject is treated with all the fulness it deserves. The writer commands an excellent style, and the text is freely illustrated. The portraits of some of these marine worthies are of more than passing interest. That of Capt. Joseph Peabody (1757-1844), for instance, represents a man of handsome features, denoting intellect and power. There are several pictures of ships. While the author has done well to gather his material and present it in so acceptable a shape, he is another in the list of sinners who send out a book, historical in character, and provide for it no index.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Schenck's 'History of Fairfield, Conn.,' begun twenty-five years ago, and issued in a first volume nine years later, is now concluded with volume ii., bringing the narrative down from 1700 to the close of the Revolution. It is a bulky work, and the new volume is open to the objection we made to the first, that too much extraneous history is introduced. In the main text it is hardly possible to follow a clear thread of the town's development. In fact, one must go to the appendices for the local color. Here we have vivid pictures in depositions from women regarding the plunder and burning of Fairfield by the Hessians in 1779, during one of Tryon's inhuman coast raids; a certain number of genealogies; and, of especial value, the first extant parish record of Christ's Church, from 1694 to 1805, filling sixty-one pages of fine print in double columns. To have indexed this would have swelled the book by an amount easily subtracted from the irrelevant text. The volume bears the imprint of J. J. Little & Co., New York. Mrs. Schenck's address is No. 2026 R Street, Washington, D. C.

A well-printed, thin volume of seventy-one pages, from the Grafton Press, New York, bears the title 'Concerning Genealogies: Being Suggestions of Value for All Interested in Family History,' by Frank Allaben. One finds little that is new or striking in these rather cleverly written pages. The suggestions which the author makes most prominent are that he knows who can give the best help to an inexperienced worker in this field, and also a press where the book had better be printed.

In view of a recent attempt to arouse public interest in the importance of fostering the reproduction in exact facsimile of books useful to students, there may be some curiosity regarding the number of American libraries that have contributed to the success of the reissue of Friar Colonna's 'Poliphili Hypnerotomachia,' by Methuen & Co., London. The original edition, printed by Aldus at Venice in 1499, has always been one of the most desired of all the productions of that famous press. Lovers of fine books; amateurs interested in the history of printing or engraving, of art or literature; collectors of choice or uncommon editions; and those who seek for what

is euphemistically called "curious," will all find much to their liking in this new edition of the work. But the 'Hypnerotomachia' ought to be much more than a collector's book. It is comparatively little known, perhaps because, as Renouard pointed out long ago, so many more famous artists and authors have borrowed from its superabundance of ideas and suggestions that they have all hesitated to call attention to the source of their inspiration. Nevertheless, it has a well-established place in the history of mediæval life and literature.

The January issue of the Essex Institute Historical Collections (Salem, Mass.) is wholly taken up with the local proceedings on the hundredth anniversary of Hawthorne's birth, under the auspices of the Institute. Besides the set addresses (one from Dr. Edward W. Emerson), numerous letters and appreciations are printed—from Mr. Choate, Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Andrew Lang, Mr. Bryce, and others. On the same date (conventional, not the true birthday), June 23, 1904, was held the first reunion of the descendants of Major William Hawthorne and his brother John (a settler in Lynn), and this too is reported. Mr. Henry F. Waters's account of his discoveries among English wills of the English ancestors of Hawthorne, substantial yeomen of Berkshire, surpasses all else in interest. Affixed are lists of Hawthorne souvenirs and relics and first editions exhibited concurrently at the Institute.

The mountains of Turkestan form the subject of an unusually readable article in the *Geographical Journal* for February, by Mr. Ellsworth Huntington. His aim is to draw attention to the relationship between all that goes to make up the earth and air of these mountains on the one hand, and all that makes up their life, whether vegetable, animal, or human, on the other. In showing this intimate connection he pictures most entertainingly the nomadic life and character, demonstrating particularly how her environment makes the "Khirgiz wife stronger, more capable, and more self-reliant, and hence a better and more loving mother." Of greater local interest is Prof. J. W. Spencer's description, with charts and sections, of the submarine great cañon of the Hudson River, which was first noticed by Prof. J. D. Dana. Beginning some thirty miles outside of Sandy Hook, it is nearly twenty miles long, and from 1,000 to 4,800 feet below sea-level, and develops into a valley 9,000 feet deep. Among the other contents are an account of the McMillan expedition to Southwestern Abyssinia, by B. H. Jessen, and descriptive notes, by Dr. Tempest Anderson, of some striking photographs of Stromboli, showing the changes in the crater since 1888. The finding of a new genus of algæ, by the *Discovery* expedition in the Antarctic Ocean, named *Clementsia Markhamiana*, is chronicled by Mr. George Murray, with illustrations. The peculiar interest of this type lies not only in its unique character as an oceanic plant, but in its significance from the point of view of the geographical distribution of such organisms. Its nearest allies are found in fresh water.

—The literary interest stands foremost this month in the *Atlantic*. Goldwin Smith makes a very vigorous retort to the adverse criticism of Walter Scott's poetry contributed to the November number by Mr. Arthur Symons. He admits that it takes something of the boy to read "Marmion" with delight; but if it be that part of the boy which a man of Goldwin Smith's tastes and attainments may carry through eighty-two years, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Symons has not seriously lowered Scott's rank on the slopes of Parnassus by dubbing him a poet for boys. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes a paper on "A Bundle of Old Letters," the papers of her uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland. In describing how the American diplomat was made at the time of Mr. Leland's occupancy of the Turkish mission, "or was made before the idea of the so-called Civil Service entered into the policy of Washington," Mrs. Pennell apparently labors under the impression that American ministers are selected by competitive examination. After relating an occasion on which "the Rye" achieved the honor of thanks from his Government for success in dealing with the difficult Turk, she adds, "I wonder to how many of his already forgotten successors it has happened." Evidently Mrs. Pennell is not thoroughly informed as to the history of the Turkish mission. James Sully gives some interesting recollections culled from his long years of intimacy with Sir Leslie Stephen, and T. W. Higginson presents a paper on "The Close of the Victorian Epoch," taking the deaths of Herbert Spencer and Philip James Bailey as the definitive turning of the page. Spencer, Darwin, Lord Houghton, Aubrey de Vere, Bailey, Jowett, and Alexander J. Ellis are the names to which Mr. Higginson gives special attention. The continuation of Thoreau's Journal can hardly be said to present anything likely to strengthen his hold upon the present generation. By far the best of the Walden philosopher has long been available, and the utility of publishing the second best is questionable.

—The chief paper of serious interest in the March *Scribner's* is the third of Mr. Vanderlip's studies in current political problems of Europe. This writer takes up methods of education, giving the lion's share of attention to Germany, and showing a very evident admiration for what he regards as the German ideal—that is, the transformation of each student into the most effective economic unit which it is possible to produce. He is apparently convinced that a nation's life consists chiefly in the abundance of material possessions acquired, and would be quite willing to see our own traditional ideal of education primarily for intelligent citizenship radically altered. In the French system he finds nothing but a mechanical preparation for examinations admitting to the public service, and in this fact alone he sees an adequate explanation of the relative backwardness of France in modern industrial progress. England has not yet risen to the point of having an educational ideal. "No British statesman seems ever to have conceived that a perfect system of education would redound to national greatness." The statesmen who found a way to raise one billion two hundred million dollars for the conquest of the Boers, do not feel that the Government can afford to recognize any new claims on the budget for the support of education. On the artistic side, nothing in this number compares with the series of tinted reproductions of Indian types, thirteen in number, from photographs by E. S. Curtis. George Bird Grinnell, who writes the accompanying text, is well within bounds in saying that if Mr. Curtis shall have life and health to go on with his accumulations of material for ten years, he will have the basis for the greatest artistic and historical work in American ethnology ever attempted.

—President Eliot presents, in the March *Harper's*, another of his thoughtful papers on the troubled relations between capital and labor. The associations of employers form the special topic. All such associations, he holds, should be brought to the test of their relation to private and public liberty. So far as their policies tend, in practical execution, to promote such liberty, they are worthy of hearty approval. Taking up for analysis the declared aims of a single organization, he finds these aims to be as follows: No closed shop; no restriction as to the use of tools, machinery, or materials, except such as are unsafe; no limitation of output; no restriction in number of apprentices and helpers when of proper age; no boycott; no sympathetic strike; no sacrifice of the non-union workman to the union, and no compulsory use of the union label. Each and every one of these points he emphatically approves. Prof. John Bassett Moore contributes a sketch of our actual experience in international arbitration, and recent attempts to promote the principle by general treaties. No definite line, he holds, can be drawn between classes of questions which may rightly be arbitrated and those which may not. The extent and usefulness of the method must be determined largely by public sentiment. Chemistry, ethnology, and botany are each honored with a paper of "popular science" type so frequent now in the magazines. W. Carew Haslitt presents with appropriate comments a few hitherto unpublished letters of Lamb's.

—A very illuminative exhibition of the *anima poetæ* is found in the facsimile of Keats's autograph manuscript of "Hyperion," edited by Mr. Ernest Sélincourt and published at the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde). This manuscript, which is now the property of the British Museum, seems to have been intended by Keats as the final revision of the poem for the press, although after he set to work upon it his mood became so creative and his alterations so numerous, that it was deemed better to have one of the clerks in the office of his friend Woodhouse make a clean copy for the printers. The manuscript, therefore, represents a form of the poem intermediate between the first draft and the printed text of the first edition, and it is rich in traces of the operation of the poet's mind. Mr. Sélincourt has studied all the corrections and differences with a very painstaking subtlety, and in his ample notes on the variations of the manuscript from the printed text of "Hyperion" will be found excellent material toward a poetic. A single example must suffice. The form of the fine lines—

> "Until at length old Saturn lifted up
> His faded eyes and saw his kingdom gone,"

was, in the latter line, as Keats first wrote it in the present manuscript,

> "His eyes and saw his royal kingdom gone."

"But as he copied," says Mr. Sélincourt, "he recognized the tautology of *royal kingdom* and decided to give an epithet to *eyes*.

First he tried *faint blue*, but deleted it in favor of *faded*, which suggested more forcibly Saturn's loss of royal power, and is doubtless an unconscious reminiscence of the *faded cheek* of Satan ('Paradise Lost,' i., 602)." Nearly all the emendations in the manuscript are calculated to make the tone of the poem more Miltonic. The significant thing about them to a student of poetry is that they show how—the initial energy of conception being granted—there is as much flavor and zest of personality in the considerate refining of revision, in the afterthought and labor of the file, as in the spontaneous ebullition; reminding us again that poetry is a fine art as well as a form of vaticination.

—Mr. Sélincourt appends to the facsimile of the autograph of "Hyperion" an uncommonly interesting transliteration of the manuscript of "The Fall of Hyperion: A Dream." This again shows some important differences from the printed text, the most important of them being the inclusion between lines 186 and 187 of the printed poem, of a passage of twenty-four lines which, for some unaccountable reason, was rejected by Woodhouse. The concluding lines of this passage are of the first moment for a lover of Keats, showing as they do how, at the end of his short day as a romantic poet, he had become aware of the seeds of decay which were in Romanticism itself:

> "Apollo! faded! O far-flown Apollo,
> Where is thy misty pestilence to creep
> Into the dwellings, through the door crannies
> Of all mock lyrists, large self-worshippers
> And careless hectorers in proud, bad verse?
> Though I breathe death with them, it will be life
> To see them sprawl before me into graves."

Keats wrote upon a foolscap folio, so that the facsimile has necessarily been printed in a tall folio. The facsimile itself is admirable, and the letterpress little less so. Barring the bad paste used in the binding, this is in every way a satisfactory book.

—During a recent visit to Rouen, Prof. Arthur L. Frothingham, jr., of Princeton University made an interesting discovery in the small archæological museum of that city. His attention was attracted to a beautiful model of the well-known late-Gothic Church of Saint Maclou. This model had hitherto been considered by the local authorities to be a miniature copy from the completed church; and in the catalogue of the museum it was set down as the work of a priest who had spent ten years of his life in making it. Professor Frothingham was at once struck by the beauty of the art and workmanship, and, after making a thorough study of it, comparing it in detail with the church, he became convinced that this was the original model made by the architect who planned the building. His conclusions excited the interest of the most prominent specialists in Gothic architecture in France, and on the 8th of February he was invited to speak on the subject before the Société Nationale des Antiquaires de France in Paris. The most notable of the French savants in the mediæval field were present, and the Comte de Lasteyrie, the chief authority on Gothic architecture, accepted all of Professor Frothingham's findings, and in a few words called attention to the importance of the result. Up to this time it had been held that no original architect's model of a Gothic building existed in France. Professor Frothingham demonstrated that this model of Saint Maclou could not have been executed at any time when Gothic art did not flourish, and that, as in many points it differed from the finished church, the architects and builders who carried out the original design departed from the model. Moreover, these variations showed a poorer art, both in richness of ornamentation and in beauty of line and detail, and confirmed the supposition that the model was the original design made by the architect before the church was begun, and submitted by him for approval to the board of directors who had charge of the financial part of the enterprise. From his previous study of the subject, Professor Frothingham inferred that architects' models were always designed for the practical purpose of having a plan accepted. As this is the only work of the kind that has survived from the Middle Ages, it possesses extraordinary interest for the student of to-day. It is noteworthy that the spire of the model is our only evidence of the original appearance of the church when completed, as its spire was destroyed in the eighteenth century and the present one is a modern construction. The model, which dates from before 1436, is a work of art of great beauty from the hand of a master architect. It is finished to the smallest detail, indicating every statuette, gargoyle, pinnacle, and bit of tracery. The material is papier-maché on a wood frame. Professor Frothingham has had some large photographs of the model made, and two of these will be reproduced in Dujardin (heliogravure) plates, to illustrate the monograph which he has prepared, and which will be published in the sumptuous French publication, "Monuments Piot" or "Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres."

OSLER'S ADDRESSES.

Æquanimitas: With Other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses, and Practitioners of Medicine. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. London: H. K. Lewis. 1904.

Dr. William Osler, about to leave this country for the Regius Professorship of Medicine in the University of Oxford, has published a sort of valedictory volume, almost if not quite as interesting to the laity as to the profession of which he is a distinguished ornament. It is a collection of eighteen addresses and essays prepared at various times (between 1889 and 1903), all pertinent to medicine. As Dr. Osler is one of the men who have avocations as well as a vocation, those who know him will expect to find that two noteworthy characteristics, his love of literature and his good humor, are blended with his medicine. They will not be disappointed. In the phraseology of pharmacy, his pills are sugar-coated, and his potions are elegant extracts. We may almost say that he has unconsciously written an autobiography—not the annals of his life, nor the story of the friends with whom he has been associated, but he has given his thoughts on education; on investigation; on the relation of physicians to patients and to nurses; on ethics; guardedly, on religion; and fully, on the conduct of life. From these *disjecta membra poetæ* a psychological anatomist, if he had tact and time, might perhaps reconstruct, after Cuvier's example, *Osler redivivus*—at least so far as head, heart, and hands are concerned.

In view of Dr. Osler's transit, it might be worth while to enumerate those writings of his which are strictly medical, and to recapitulate the events of his peripatetic career in Toronto, Montreal, Philadelphia, and especially in Baltimore, where for fifteen years he has been the medical chief in the Johns Hopkins foundations; but our remarks will be confined to the volume 'Æquanimitas.' This title gives the keynote to most of his utterances. On his first page he declares that in the physician and surgeon no quality takes rank with imperturbability. Imperturbable the author is, at the bedside or on the platform, making a diagnosis or a speech, before a clinic or an assembly of sexagenarians (when he points out the danger-point of advancing age). Nothing ruffles his disposition. He avows that his recreation is bibliography, but his record shows that his real recreation is in reading. He seldom makes an exact citation from his favorite writers, but his allusions to them are interwoven with all his discourses, often in a very subtle manner. There is a background of Biblical knowledge. Plato is frequently referred to—indeed, one paper is on Medicine in Plato. Marcus Aurelius and Sir Thomas Browne are especial favorites of his; Shakspere is often quoted, and from Osler's pages a long list of poets, from Milton to Arnold, might be constructed as a trustworthy guide to modern English literature, illuminated by appropriate epithets. It is English writers, however, and not Continental, who have chiefly attracted him. No one would suspect that Dante or Goethe was his familiar spirit. All this is exemplified by the titles of the ten volumes which he recommends, at the close of his book, as a "Bedside Library for Medical Students," to wit: The Old and New Testaments; Shakspere; Montaigne; Plutarch's Lives; Marcus Aurelius; Epictetus; 'Religio Medici'; 'Don Quixote'; Emerson; Oliver Wendell Holmes—'Breakfast Table' series.

The essays in this volume are historical, including a review of Medical Science in the nineteenth century. The addresses were delivered on academic occasions, when the speaker appeared as a teacher, not as the investigator, nor as the historian. Students, rather than colleagues, are usually in his mind; but he has an eye also to a wider circle. For example, Dr. Osler constantly recurs to the need of enlarged endowments for medical education if the new school of medicine is to fulfil its work. A great university, he says, has a dual function—teaching and thinking. The effort should therefore be made to secure professors who can add to the store of the world's knowledge. Every gift which promotes higher medical education means fewer mistakes, greater skill, and the saving of pain and anxiety to countless numbers. An institution which does not look beyond college gates in selecting professors may get good teachers, but rarely good thinkers. Parochialism is a dangerous snare. Closely allied to these citations are the remarks of Dr. Osler on the hospital as a college, wherein his own experience in the Johns Hopkins Medical School is carefully described. He predicts that, in the next quarter of a century, the larger universities in this country will, like Johns Hopkins, have their

own hospitals, in which the problems of nature known as disease will be studied as thoroughly as are those of geology or Sanskrit. His rule of three is this: "As laboratories are to the physical sciences, so are hospitals to schools of medicine."

In every paper Dr. Osler is the advocate of scientific methods—exact observations, careful records, modern appliances. Of "The New School in Medicine" he is a persuasive defender. "The three great advances of the century have been the control of epidemics, anæsthetics, and antisepsis." Thus, he says: "We have seen a complete revolution in the practice of medicine, and what has been accomplished by the new school is only an earnest of what the future has in store." This, he admits, is no new method, but the old method of Boerhaave, Rutherford, Hunter, now supported and amplified by modern facilities, laboratories, and instruments. A man cannot become a competent surgeon without a full knowledge of human anatomy and physiology; so the physician, without physiology and chemistry, flounders along in an aimless fashion, never able to gain any accurate conception of disease, practising a sort of popgun pharmacy, hitting now the malady and again the patient, he himself not knowing which. Here are some evidences that the author is no druggist. We no longer live, he says, in a fool's paradise, and fondly imagine that in all cases we control the issues of life and death with our pills and potions. Common sense in matters medical is rare; usually in inverse ratio to the degree of education. Clergymen, he continues, are notorious supporters of nostrums, and the further they have wandered from the decrees of the Council of Trent, the more apt are they to be steeped in thaumaturgic and Galenical superstition. Man has an inborn craving for medicine. Heroic dosing for several generations has given his tissues a thirst for drugs, and, with improved preparations, we are in danger of polypharmacy, the emancipation from which has been the sole gift of Hahnemann and his followers to the race.

Here are some counsels of our medical adviser to young physicians. In one of the Jungle Stories, Mowgli wished to be avenged on the villagers, and he could get the help he needed only by sending the Master Word. "This I propose to give you," says our author. "It is the secret of life as I have seen the game played and as I have tried to play it myself." Then comes this inspiring passage:

"Though a little one, the Master-Word looms large in meaning. It is the open-sesame to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady. With the magic word in your heart, all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it; the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, the dumb speak with fingers. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. True balm of hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. It is directly responsible for all advances in medicine during the past twenty-five centuries. Laying hold upon it, Hippocrates made observation and science the warp and woof of our art. Galen so read its meaning that fifteen centuries stopped thinking and slept until awakened by the 'De Fabrica' of Vesalius, which is the very incarnation of the master-word. With its inspiration Harvey gave an impulse to a larger circulation than he wot of, an impulse which we feel to-day. Hunter sounded all its heights and depths, and stands out in our history as one of the great exemplars of its virtue. With it Virchow smote the rock, and the waters of progress gushed out; while in the hands of Pasteur it proved a very talisman, to open to us a new heaven in medicine and a new earth in surgery. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in everyday life. Not a man before you but is beholden to it for his position here, while he who addresses you has that honor directly in consequence of having had it graven on his heart when he was as you are to-day. And the master-word is *Work*—a little one, as I have said, but fraught with momentous sequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your hearts, and bind it upon your foreheads."

This citation is quite enough to show that the style of Dr. Osler is most felicitous; and those who think they care but little for the professional aspect of this volume, will be charmed by its graceful expressions, its acute suggestions, its thorough good sense. The medical profession among English-speaking people is especially noteworthy for its contributions to natural science beyond the field allotted to it, and not a few of the guild are distinguished non-professional writers. If Dr. Osler, in the new environment to which he is called, under the dominant influences of classical culture (for which he shows a strong predilection) should find time to devote himself to literature, would not the gain to letters be a loss to humanity?

BOOKS ON ART AND ARTISTS.

The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting. By Sir Walter Armstrong. London: Seeley & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

A Record of Spanish Painting. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan). London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Scribners. 1904.

Tuscan and Venetian Artists, their Thought and Work. By Hope Rea. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. By A. E. Fletcher. (The Makers of British Art.) London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Paolo Veronese.—Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Newnes's Art Library. London: George Newnes; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

The director of the National Gallery of Ireland is one of the few writers on art who always has something interesting to say, and in his *Portfolio* Monograph on the Peel Collection he has made of what might easily have been a perfunctory piece of work an acute and valuable critical essay on the Dutch School. The Peel Collection includes one Italian picture, ten British pictures, twelve Flemish pictures, and eighteen drawings by Rubens and Van Dyck, besides the fifty-five Dutch pictures which are its principal glory. Two Rubenses, the famous "Chapeau de Poil" and the "Triumph of Silenus," figure in the illustrations of this monograph, but are not treated of in the text; Rubens and Van Dyck, as well as Rembrandt and Gonzales Coques, being reserved for study at "another opportunity." Rembrandt is such a lonely figure that he has constantly to be excepted from all general remarks on Dutch painting; and his elimination, together with that of the two great Flemings, leaves a compact and homogeneous body of artists whose work is so much of a piece that it may be profitably considered as exemplifying a point of view and a method. That they are artists and not merely mechanics—that they are designers as well as technicians—is Sir Walter Armstrong's main thesis; his whole book being a sort of sermon on a text from the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' and his argument a refutation of Ruskin's fallacies. It would be vain to attempt such a condensation of this argument, in the space at our disposal, as should give any fair idea of its scope or cogency; whoever will read it for himself will find it illuminating.

That such an argument should ever have been necessary—yet more that it is still necessary—seems almost incredible to the lovers of Dutch art; but there are still, undoubtedly, people who repeat and believe the old sneers at Dutch painting, made when that painting was as profoundly misunderstood by those who praised it as by those who damned. The reputations of Hals and Vermeer are so modern that no pictures by them are included in the Peel Collection; and while admirable examples of Metzu and Ter Borch and De Hooghe are to be found there, it is doubtful if the collector cared as much for them as for the industrious mediocrity of Dou. The works most admired by the connoisseurs of that day were the very ones which most nearly deserved the condemnation of Ruskin, while the qualities for which the better works were praised were the least of their real merits. Those who have felt that, in spite of controversy, Vermeer is as much, if not as great, an artist as Titian, may well be grateful to Sir Walter for showing them why and how this is true.

Velasquez was an even more isolated figure in the history of art than Rembrandt, and to read Mrs. Gallichan's volume or to study its illustrations is to accentuate one's conviction that there was only one great Spanish painter. His contemporaries, Ribera and Zurbaran and Murillo, were second or third-rate men, much farther below Velasquez's standard than were the little masters of Holland below that of Rembrandt. Before him the most interesting painter is the half-crazy Theotocopuli (il Greco), who was not a Spaniard; after him there is a hundred years' blank, and then that clever blackguard, Goya. We are bidden to see in the work of Zuloaga the hope of a renaissance of Spanish art, but the example reproduced shows no more than a superficial modern brilliancy, as little akin to the art of Velasquez as is Boldini's facile virtuosity to the grand Italian painting of the sixteenth century. The more one studies the really great figures in art, the more inadequate the theory of Taine appears, and the more one is forced to the recognition of the inexplicability and the importance of individual genius. The race, the *milieu,* and the moment may account for Botticelli, but not for Michelangelo; for Ter Borch, but not for Rembrandt; for Zurbaran, but not for Velasquez. The art of these greatest ones is colored by the race instinct and the time spirit, but is not produced by them. It is not the race or the epoch that interests us in their art: it is their art which interests us in the race and the epoch.

A great deal of industry has gone to the preparation of this stout volume of between three and four hundred pages. It is crammed with information, and we are willing to believe that most of this information is accurate, but it is not entertaining. With few exceptions the Spanish painters were very unimportant persons, and it would require great critical acumen and literary skill to interest us greatly in them; a lack of either faculty has reduced them to a row of labels. To read that so-and-so painted in such a town, that he drew well, or imitated the Italians, or was influenced by Venetian coloring, is much like reading that Pennsylvania is bounded on the north by New York. No one, indeed, could make Velasquez quite uninteresting, but it must be a rarely gifted person who can be justified in writing of him after Stevenson. The book has seven appendices, besides an index, and is a creditable production.

Hope Rea's modest essays, which come to us in a "new and enlarged edition," are of a very different texture. Here we have no cataloguing and very little history; the effort is to treat of certain large aspects of Italian art, using individual artists or particular works as illustrations only of the theme in hand. Thus, in the seven chapters, we have a consideration of the influence of building and goldsmith work on Italian painting, with Botticelli as the chosen exponent of this influence; of the relation between imagination and reality in art, with Angelico and Signorelli, Raphael and the Venetians, as contrasting types; of the artists as story-tellers, and of the comparative treatment of subject; as well as a separate chapter on the Della Robbia ware. The author writes intelligently, if with no great originality of thought, and in a pleasing if not over-exact style. That a second edition has been called for shows that the book has a value for a certain, probably a large, public, and its usefulness is increased by the thirty-eight well-executed half-tone illustrations.

Mr. Fletcher has nothing new or important to tell us of Gainsborough's art, but he has succeeded, in spite of the handicap of a wordy and inefficient style, in writing a fairly entertaining biography. His sentences rarely hit the mark, but he tries again and again and hits all around it, until one finds where the target must have been by allowing for the degree of deflection. Gainsborough had such a human and winning personality that even on these terms he is pleasant to read about, and he left a number of letters which are very briskly written, and which let us see him at first hand. Therefore, although there was no greater call for this book than the necessity of filling out the series to which it belongs, it can be read with a certain degree of enjoyment.

The two latest issues of Newnes's Art Library are like the earlier ones—collections of indifferently executed plates with a minimum of text. In the case of that devoted to Veronese, this text is much above the average of these publications, and gives some real idea of the range and force of Paolo's genius, though Mrs. Bell seems entirely to have missed the humor of the artist's defence of himself before the Inquisition, and to sympathize altogether with the inquisitors. The plates after Burne-Jones include a larger number of that artist's early works than we have seen elsewhere, and this gives the volume a certain interest. The extreme feebleness of these juvenile productions makes the real accomplishment of the later work seem by contrast even greater than it is.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH BOOK ON HUNTING.

The Master of Game. By Edward, Second Duke of York. Edited by William A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, with a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. With fifty-two facsimile photogravure plates and monotint reproductions. London: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. 1904.

It was probably just five hundred years ago, during the unwelcome leisure of imprisonment in Pevensey Castle for conspiracy, that Edward, second Duke of York, grandson of Edward III. and of Pedro the Cruel, began the translation into English of the famous book on hunting written in France some twenty years before by Gaston III., Count of Foix and Lord of the Béarn, otherwise known as "Gaston Phœbus." Though the French work has been printed at various times, this English translation, to which Edward added five chapters and many shorter passages of his own, has heretofore existed only in manuscript form. Of the three manuscripts of special value, two lie in the British Museum and the third in the Bodleian Library. From one of the two former, the Cottonian, the text of Mr. Grohman's edition has been reproduced, with no alteration except "the addition of stops, and the correction of obvious clerical mistakes or repetitions." President Roosevelt contributes a characteristically enthusiastic Foreword, giving incidental expression to some of his own sensible views as to the proper subordination of sport to the more serious interests of life, the ethics of sportsmanship, and the best methods of game preservation. The revolt of his own taste against many of the older habits of the chase, as described in the volume, finds its way to the surface in his closing sentence:

"But, after all, no form of hunting has ever surpassed in attractiveness the life of the wilderness wanderer of our own time—the man who, with simple equipment, and trusting to his own qualities of head, heart, and hand, has penetrated to the uttermost regions of the earth, and single-handed slain alike the wariest and the grimmest of the creatures of the waste."

The President is guilty, we think, of historical injustice in asserting that the Romans, in comparison with the Greeks and Assyrians, cared little for the chase. We might readily fill a dozen of these columns with representative passages from Roman literature of all periods proving the contrary, were it worth while.

Aside from its aristocratic origin, in both the original and the translation, the treatise is of great inherent interest. The author believed in his sport, and threw his whole heart into his literary presentation of it. The hunter, to him, was one of the most favored of human kind. "Men desyren to leve long in this world in helthe and in joye, and after deth helthe of mannys sowle, and hunters han alle thise thingges." He "nevere segh man that loved travaile and lust of hundes and of hawkes that he ne had mony good custummes in hym, for that cometh to him of grett nobilness and gentillnesse of hert." His loving references to "the swete and fayre morrow, the clere wedir and bryght," and "the songe of the small fowles the which syngen swetely with grete melodye," all point to a genuine lover of nature, in spite of the strenuous existence in which he was involved by the troubles of the times. The Duke of York was apparently less at home with the pen than the Count of Foix, but criticism is disarmed by the closing entreaty:

"Nowe prey I unto every creature that hath herde or redde this lytell tretys whatever he bee of estate or condicyoun that ther as to lytel is of good language, that of theyre benignytee and grace they wol more adde, and ther as to is to muche superfulytee that they wol also abregge hit as hem seme the best by hure goode and wyse discrecion, nought presumyng upon me that I had other (over?) ful knowlegge or konnynge for to put in wryting this ryale desportful and noble game of huntyng so effectuelly but alwey to be submitted under the correccoun of alle gentyle hunters."

Both Frenchman and Englishman alike were evidently careful observers of the habits of the game of which they wrote, and the naturalist no less than the hunter will find much of curious interest recorded.

One can hardly speak too highly of the loving and enthusiastic care which the editors, Mr. Baillie-Grohman and his accomplished wife, have manifested in preparing the work for publication. Considering its age and origin, the simple reproduction of the manuscript, in sumptuous form, would have furnished a choice morsel for collectors, but the writers have wisely chosen to elucidate as well as to reproduce. No effort has been spared to explain the many technical terms of the chase, a class of words so difficult to the philologist that in some cases even the late Max Müller and Dr. Murray were obliged to admit themselves completely baffled. As none of the English manuscripts are well illustrated, about half of the remarkable series of miniatures of Manuscript 616 of "Gaston Phœbus," in the National Library at Paris, are included in photogravure reproduction. These miniatures are representative of the best work of the French illuminators of the middle of the fifteenth century, though the hand that painted them cannot now be identified. Their chief interest, of course, lies rather in their relation to the history of art than in their value as accurate illustrations of the facts of the chase. Their extremely conventional character strikes the eye at once, though the artist's deviation from his text in the use of colors is, of course, eliminated by the method of reproduction. Only the frontispiece is printed in the original colors. This represents the Count of Foix surrounded by his huntsmen and hounds, with some two dozen lines of the prologue underneath, and all surrounded by a very elaborate decorative border. In the Introduction, however, the color of the huntsmen's dress in the other miniatures is described in detail. The fact that in just a few of these miniatures we have a natural background in place of the conventional decoration so suggestive of wall-paper or oil-cloth patterns, is one of the evidences in favor of the date assigned, for it was toward the middle of the fifteenth century that the fashion began to change in this respect.

Aside from the introductory material which we have already noticed, there are

brief, but very compact, biographical sketches of the author and the English translator, a history of the remarkable adventures of the manuscript from which the miniatures are taken, and a chapter on English hunting in the Middle Ages. The notes and appendices furnish in the aggregate a vast amount of less connected information. We have mentioned above the possibility that the translation was made while the translator was imprisoned in Pevensey castle in 1405. There is no decisive evidence as to date, and the Pevensey-castle theory rests chiefly on the difficulty of finding any other time for the work in a life of such restless activity as the Duke was forced to lead. The prologue, at least, could not have been written earlier than 1406, since the Duke employs therein his title of Master of Game, a position which he held under Henry IV. from some time in 1406 until the King's death in 1413. Shortly after his pardon and promotion, the Duke was ordered to retire to his estates in the Welsh Marches and repress the rebels thereabout, and Mr. Grohman finds in this semi-exile another possible period for the work in question. There may be some doubt, however, whether the rebels of the Welsh Marches, five hundred years ago, constituted a favorable entourage for literary labor. But, however attractive the problem may be, it cannot be said to possess any serious importance. True, the book has been persistently attributed to the translator's father, Edmund de Langley, but this has been due merely to careless blundering, and Mr. Grohman has no difficulty in showing that there can be no real question whatever on that point.

One who has read to any extent in the older English will naturally feel inclined to resent the modernized version which accompanies the text in parallel columns, but perhaps the interests of the majority have been wisely consulted. It is impossible to modernize such a text, however, without some sacrifice of the quaint atmosphere of the original, and we counsel the reader to stick to the antique side of the page, resorting to the "pony" only when he finds himself absolutely baffled. Of course such a book cannot be put on the market, with its dozens of finely executed plates, its high-grade paper, its lavish margins, and its beautiful binding, at a price which will place it within the reach of "every gentleman's library." It must be frankly admitted, if we may take a little liberty with the well-known German phrase, that this edition has been produced "für die gegeldeten." Only six hundred copies have been printed, and three hundred of these are for sale in England. Purchasers in this country must take their chances with European competitors on the remaining three hundred. The inherent value of the book, however, is such that our leading libraries should be careful not to be left out.

The Campaign with Kuropatkin. By Douglas Story. Fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author. London: T. Werner Laurie; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1905.

After a flirtation with the Japanese in Japan, where twenty-four hours assured him that their war plans had no place for correspondents, with whom he couples attachés in an equal yoke, Mr. Story entered the Russian lines by way of Niu-Chwang. Following certain compulsory oscillations, he appears to have reached Hoi Yan, a point in front of Liaoyang, late in June, and was present at a night reconnoissance on July 3. At the beginning this was a surprise, "and for a time there was nothing but the sound of great men cursing in their wrath, and of little men sighing as the cold steel found them." However, the Japanese awoke to the situation, and, at the expense of 380 casualties, "the Russians extricated themselves from the trap in which light found them"; but, "as a reconnoissance, the operation was perfectly successful," notwithstanding they had to fight a rear-guard action for eight weary miles, during which, had the Japanese artillery been up, they would have been annihilated.

Mr. Story gives no consistent account of the Russian generalship as a whole, except as a series of efforts to prevent the Japanese advance; and it may be added that the tactical accounts of the battles themselves are unsatisfactory. Instead of military history, we have a book of impressions, individual and general. Naturally, a correspondent speaks, perhaps thinks, of the side he rides with as "ours," and shows the sympathy due to association. But here Mr. Story, whether dealing with Russian history, with the prospects of the future, or with the matters before his eyes, becomes intensely pro-Russian and bitterly anti-Japanese, rating Japan's civilization and progress as "but the lacquer on her barbarism" (p. 43). Perhaps, amid a constant succession of reverses, the sky grows dark, and the moral as well as the physical landscape is tinged accordingly. With her fleet destroyed, Russia could not prevent Japan from landing her armies at will on the Korean or the Mantchurian shore. These having landed, the natural defence lay along the broken ground, rising into mountains—a somewhat remote coast range, that curved southwest from the vicinity of Feng-wang-cheng, northwest of the crossing of the Yalu, down along the Liaotung peninsula, at whose extremity lay Port Arthur. It was the business of the Japanese to penetrate that barrier, and the duty of the Russians, who held interior lines, to prevent them.

There was a curious survival of older tactics in the earlier Russian experience. Indeed, Mr. Story, having domestic examples in mind, calls Gen. Sassulitch "the Gen. Buller of the army." On the other hand, when, in the gradual elimination of "generals of a departed generation," Kuropatkin had "withdrawn efficient men from staff work to place them in actual command in the field" (p. 247), our author finds in Col. Putiloff "the real Baden-Powell of the Russian army." Some of the explanations for the various disappointments that clouded Russian hopes are amusing in their disingenuousness. Thus, with a recognized inferiority in cavalry, the Japanese held to the broken ground until the weather rendered the plains unfit for masses of horse. It is implied, although not directly asked, Was this quite fair? "The Russians had prepared their fortresses, their entrenchments, and their gun emplacements when the level of the surrounding country was twelve feet lower," owing to the plantations of high and well-feathered kiaolang, which "had been foreseen by the Japanese, dimly realized by the Russians," though their railway guard had really been an army of occupation on those very plains. "Positions thoroughly prepared for the defence had become practically useless, and the whole condition of the battleground was changed by three weeks of lashing rain and torrid heat" (pp. 231-2). "Gen. Kuroki, making use of secret passes through the hills, was able to bring his forces to bear upon the Russian right [left]" (p. 203). "Secret passes" is delightful, and reflects upon Wolfe at the Heights of Abraham. It hardly seemed aboveboard for Kuroki to go about his work circuitously, and, trusting to his opponent's blindness, leave a great unadvertised gap while he crossed the unfordable Taitse. Perhaps he merely did not care to revive Colenso and Magersfontein. At all events, at Liaoyang he cut loose on the right, and Japanese audacity and Japanese valor found the way, while for thirty-six hours the lips of the gap might have been curled back before a competent wedge. But the Russian service of information was miserable, and its scouting was poor. When Kuropatkin found the opening, he was too hard pressed to avail himself of it.

Making allowance for its partisanship, this volume grows upon one. At first there is a sense of triviality and of irritation; later, a feeling of interest, if not of sympathy, arrives; there is nothing to arouse sympathy. It engages the attention to read what purports to be the *ipsissima verba* of Admiral Alexieff, speaking as viceroy, in whom, as Mr. Story puts it, "is personified the policy of Russian evolution." "He did not seek the war, he did not expect the war; but the war, once entered upon, must continue until it reached its natural termination in the triumph of Russia." "The Russian occupation of Port Arthur is a *sine qua non* to the discussion of terms of peace" (p. 287). At least it is satisfactory to know what the late imperial lieutenant in the Far East thought.

In many respects it is from the detail rather than grand outline, in all these contemporaneous accounts, that the reader reconstructs the human side of the war, the conditions that are affecting such myriads of our fellow-beings, differing in speech and race but still our fellow-men, whether bearing arms or suffering in their stricken homes. We find the Russian rank and file to be peasants in arms—the private a big, burly, bovine type of fighting man, never absolutely the soldier, slow to anger, simple of faith, docile but dogged, long-suffering but formidable. He is loaded down with accoutrements (infantry and cavalry alike seem to wear heavy boots summer and winter), and extremes of temperature trouble him little. His camps sometimes are distinctly unsanitary. He is drunk when vodka is accessible, which it is not in the field; and always is deeply religious, praying and singing with constant and impulsive zeal (pp. 194-8). Such men are those for whom the shock tactics of the past were adapted; they are not the light troops to dash forward in corporals' squads, every man taking care of himself. The text and the admirable photographs together vividly explain some of the more intimate features of the combatant life. The bayonet appears to be always "fixed," even at night. A reminder of the bakery wagons of the Army of the Potomac is the soup-kitchens, huge

boilers on wheels that can go wherever guns may pass, from which at noon the soldier gets his bucket of beef and vegetable soup, subsisting meantime on black bread, which he carries around in huge loaves on his person, and tea. As may always occur after great battles, sometimes the wounded are transported in springless wagons, causing, unless beds of resilient boughs take up a part of the jar, great suffering. The only ambulances pictured (none are described) are a two-wheeled covered cart, again apparently springless but marked with the official red cross, agents of distress even greater than our own similar ones of 1861, whose "motion was intolerable and excruciating," notwithstanding that they had springs. A delightful touch of humane interest in helpless dependents is seen in the photograph of a mounted regimental medical staff, all of whose horses, one observes, are wearing the equine straw hat now common in our cities in the summer. The merciful man thus merciful to his beast may safely be trusted to care tenderly for his fellow-man.

We get nothing, except objectively, of the views of the soldiery themselves, if they have any; but Mr. Story discusses the personality of General Count Keller, killed on the firing line, where generals rarely have a place, but where his presence seemed necessary to animate his troops; the fascination of a Buddhist temple in Mukden, and of the Dai Lama presiding; Kuropatkin; the important Chinese viceroy; discipline; espionage. Nearly everything observed and not merely speculated upon is well worth reading. Finally, to the transatlantic reader there is an attractive simplicity in certain words that have fallen spontaneously from his pen which mark our writer as a North Briton. He finds "honest Scots bracken," the Narrows of Simonoseki are "the Kyles of Japan," Niu-Chwang is "a town longer than Kirkcaldy," he "climbed to a point higher than the top of Snowdon," "the coom of the coal-waggon" begrimed him, "the hills were as forbidding as those of Glencoe," a "strath" is his unstudied description of a broad valley down which the Japanese fire tore at Tashichao—so that one hardly requires to be told that "the gray metropolis of the North" held his alma mater.

Narratives of the Career of Hernando de Soto. (The Trail-Makers.) A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904, 2 volumes, 8vo, with portrait of De Soto and facsimiles of his signature.

These two little volumes are in perfect keeping with their predecessors in the important series of ancient narratives of the exploration of America, for which so much credit is due to the publishers and initiators. The fact that they are edited by Prof. Edward Gaylord Bourne of Yale University naturally adds to their value. Professor Bourne has been extremely cautious in his work. He has avoided engaging in the labyrinthine discussion of De Soto's route; and, while we can easily understand his reluctance to enter such a difficult and to a certain extent unsatisfactory field, we must regret his decision, as his views would be of particular value on many points. The same spirit of prudent restraint and (in a man of his attainments) of self-denial has kept him from substituting for the Life of De Soto by Buckingham Smith, which closes the second volume, a biography of the discoverer of the Mississippi written by *himself*. It cannot be construed as a reproach to the late Buckingham Smith if we say that the sketch written by him appears, at the present time, very much out of date, and is, for the general reader who has not at his command the means of critical investigation, not a little misleading. At the time that biographical sketch was written, documents on the subject (and on Spanish-American topics in general) were imperfectly known and much more difficult of access than to-day; hence a number of unavoidable misstatements. It is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Smith was one of the "Trail Makers" in the publication of Spanish literature, on Florida and Sonora chiefly.

The present volumes contain four ancient narratives of De Soto's ill-fated expedition, in which he reached the Mississippi at a point considerably above its mouth. He was by no means the "discoverer" of the mighty stream, as is well known, but the first white man who struck its course inland. After his death on the banks of the river, the survivors of his expedition crossed it and penetrated so far to the west that their appearance there became known to Indians from the plains, from whom Coronado gathered some confused indications about the presence of his countrymen on the western confines of the great plains. As the expeditions of De Soto and Coronado were nearly contemporary, not impossibly they might, after the former's death, have joined hands had Moscoso (who succeeded De Soto in command) been able to continue in his westward course and Coronado taken a more southerly route.

The narrative of the "Gentleman from Elvas," originally in Portuguese and presented in its English translation by Buckingham Smith, is generally regarded as reliable. Being from the pen of an eye-witness, it certainly deserves greater confidence than the next, which is the work of the Peruvian mestizo Garcilaso de la Vega. The 'Florida del Inca' is open to several objections, most of which are clearly stated by the editor. Still, it is a source, and evidently based upon oral or written statements of some eye-witness or eye-witnesses of the expedition. But Garcilaso is so inclined to color events and descriptions, as his Peruvian commentaries of the Inca show, that everything from his pen is to be taken very much *cum grano*. At least of equal importance with the "Gentleman from Elvas," if not of greater, is the third narrative, by Hernando de Biedma, given in Buckingham Smith's translation. It is shorter, and a useful check upon the two preceding sources. Lastly, we must congratulate Professor Bourne on having added the report by Rodrigo Rangel preserved by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdez in his voluminous General History. Since Oviedo incorporated it in his book, it must be of positive value and undoubted authenticity. In point of fact, the reports of Rangel and Biedma must rank higher than the "Gentleman from Elvas," for they were both earlier in time, and present, therefore, fresher recollections. Whether they are as impartial, is a different question, since both of the former were superior officials! The report of Rangel is not the only narrative of the kind preserved, almost integrally, by Oviedo, and it is pleasant to notice how that chronicler, most unjustly appreciated by Robertson and Prescott, at last begins to take the rank he deserves.

There still remains untranslated a narrative of De Soto's Journey, of which the critical value would require close investigation before presenting it as a positive source. It is very little known, and not of easy access. We refer to the purported diary contained in the 'Relaciones de todas las Cosas que en el Nuevo Mexico se han uisto y sabido ansi por Mar como por Tierra, desde el Año de 1538 hasta él de 1626,' by Father Gerónimo de Zárate Salmeron. Professor Bourne may have had his reasons for not incorporating it in his collection of documents.

We shall offer one, very insignificant, criticism. Professor Bourne states that the mother of Garcilaso de la Vega was the sister of Huayna Capac. She was his niece, the child of one of his brothers. Still, Peruvian relationships before the Conquest were confusedly known to and understood by the new-comers. Garcilaso, who makes the statement, while very positive, is himself so contradictory in regard to rules of consanguinity among the Incas that Professor Bourne may yet turn out to have been right. All that it is safe to admit is, that she was a woman from the Inca tribe of Cuzco, more or less closely related to its former head-chiefs. In conclusion, we can only hope that the "Trail Makers" may continue in the path they have so far been travelling, and that they will always find editors as competent and judicious as the one to whom the narratives of Soto's Journey have been entrusted.

Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Brander Matthews has a good right to call himself an anthologist. He has already published three anthologies, and promises a fourth, to contain poems that celebrate the beauties of New York. A collector of literature is perhaps the only unselfish member of his tribe, for the hobby of collecting is usually an egoistic, acquisitive pleasure, and the pleasure to be bestowed on the world at large rarely enters into the game; but the anthologist's enjoyment is crowned only when he shares his collection with the public. From the day when Meleager wove his 'Garland' of forty-eight Greek poets, likening each poet to a flower, and so started the fashion of anthologies of lyric poetry, down to the 'Oxford Book of Verse,' every such collector has been a benefactor to his race. In the course of his trade, he has rare opportunities. He must hunt for his specimens in the curiosity-shops of literature, and he has this advantage over other collectors that he need not turn away with a sigh from any rare bit that would be out of place in his collection; the expense is the same; the odds and ends can wait their turn; they are the by-products of collecting, and give a fresh impetus, inspiring one as often as not with the prospect of yet another anthology. When you are collecting *vers de société*, it occurs to you that the epigrams would make a separate anthology, and when you are sorting the epigrams, you realize the variety and value of the quatrain. Hence the minor anthologies, the anthologist's recreations.

The little volume before us, containing some of the by-products of Mr. Matthews's

collecting, is a revelation of the possibilities of the art that will no doubt incite others to collecting on their own account. Not that anthology-making is a mere matter of going out hunting. There is a knack in it, and many a serious reader might range over the same manor as Mr. Matthews, but never put up the same game. In the short essay on "American Epigrams" the author has brought together a number of ingenious couplets and quatrains in which are recorded some of the chief crises of American history. The best are by Lowell, such as this, with a squint at Benjamin F. Butler:

"B——, taught by Pope to do his good by stealth.
'Twixt participle and noun no difference feeling;
In office placed to serve the Commonwealth,
Does himself all the good he can by stealing."

When Sir Frederick Bramwell was called on at a dull dinner in London, after a dozen and a half speakers, to respond to "Applied Science," he said that "at this time of night the only illustration of the toast I can think of would be the application of the domestic safety-match to the bedroom candle." Whereupon Lowell promptly handed him the following, scribbled on a card:

"O brief Sir Frederick, might the others catch
Your happy science—and supply your match!"

Less accessible than Lowell's are the epigrams of John G. Saxe, chiefly directed against feminine weaknesses:

" 'Whenever I marry,' says masculine Ann,
'I must really insist upon wedding a man.'
But what if the man (for men are but human)
Should be equally nice about wedding a woman?"

"The quatrain," says Mr. Matthews, "has never received due recognition." In the use of this form, as in the case of "American Satires in Verse," Lowell carries off the American honors; but H. C. Bunner, commonly known as a humorist, had an almost equal gift for the pathetic quatrain. To the uncollected poems of Bunner, whose early death was a real loss to American literature, one of these essays is devoted. In it Mr. Matthews collects certain "outcast" verses which their author and his executor did not think fit to include in the definitive edition of his poems. They are well worth saving, especially that *tour de force* of wilful mispronunciation entitled "Classic Journalism," which begins with the lines:

"The beautiful garland of justice awaits
The eminent poet and general Socrates,"

and ends with

"And Greek journalism has vanished beneath
The silent oblivious waters of Lethe."

The eleventh and last essay is a recreation apparently unconnected with anthologies. It is an account of a feat of conjuring performed by Robert-Houdin before Louis Philippe and his court in 1846, with an explanation by Mr. Matthews how the thing might have been done. But the anthologist who haunts the by-paths in search of rare specimens may well find himself in the company of prestidigitators when, like Mr. Matthews, he has loitered with plagiarists and gastronomists and the rest of the neglected writers to whom we are introduced in this entertaining little volume.

Industrial Organization in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By George Unwin, Sometime Scholar of Lincoln College. H. Frowde. 1904.

It is not too high praise to say of this volume that it is the most important contribution to English industrial history since Mr. and Mrs. Webb's 'History of Trade Unionism.' It deserves to stand, so far as the subject-matter of the work is concerned, along with Ashley's 'Economic History' and the now famous work of the Webbs as one of the three indispensable special histories of industrial organization in England. It is the more welcome to the student of this subject as it bridges the chronological hiatus between the works of Ashley and the Webbs, and supplies a reliable outline of the period between the Reformation and the Revolution. How little authentic information has hitherto been available upon the industrial evolution of these two centuries one may judge by comparing in Palgrave's 'Dictionary of Political Economy' the two articles upon "Gilds" and "Livery Companies," and the appended list of sources on which the two articles are based. The gild early became something of a fad with the economic historian, while between it and modern industrial organizations, whether of capitalists or employees, there was seemingly fixed a great gulf of ignorance, bridged only here and there by a speculative guess or a superficial crust of conjectural history.

Mr. Unwin begins by pointing out that there are four well-defined types of manufacturing systems: household manufacture, the household consuming its own output; handicraft manufacture, with independent craftsmen each producing a staple article and supplying a narrowly localized market; the commission system of manufacturing, where capitalist-traders supply material to craftsmen at the craftsmen's homes, and market the finished product; and lastly, manufacturing under the present factory system. Corresponding to this series of types is a constantly widening market. Mr. Unwin undertakes to show the historical process by which the second type (that of handicraft manufacture as embodied in the craft gild) was supplanted by the third type (the so-called domestic or commission system) as embodied in the so-called Livery Company. The transformation of the craft gild into the livery company was brought about by three different processes. In the fourteenth century certain closely allied crafts rose to a position of predominance over the other crafts. In the fifteenth century the trading function came to be mainly exercised by a select body within a single craft organization. In the sixteenth century, organizations which had arisen to represent the purely trading class acquired control over the craftsmen proper. Thus, in the Elizabethan century as in the century preceding, we find a bi-cameral trade organization consisting of the Livery with its Court of Assistants as a central body of control, and the Yeomanry, including the smaller masters and the journeymen, who had no prospect before them but that of remaining members of the lower house, and who were "therefore bound together by an increasing consciousness of a class interest which separated them from their employers."

The bulk of the book consists in tracing the three ways in which the transformation of the earlier craft guild was effected. The latter part of the volume is of interest as showing how the industrial corporation of the Stuart century tended to split in two through the efforts of the small masters to assert against the larger masters an independent organization having a local monopoly of trade. The efforts of the smaller masters, though supported by the Crown, were defeated by forces making for a wider internal market and for the development of the export trade. Singularly enough, it was just this class of submerged small masters, reduced, as they commonly were, to the journeyman status, who kept alive the traditions of class solidarity which culminated in the eighteenth-century trade union. As Mr. Unwin puts it, "In tracing backwards the spiritual ancestry of the organized skilled workmen of the present day, the first link is undoubtedly to be found in the small master of the seventeenth century" (p. 200).

The most interesting contribution which this work affords to current economic problems is the theory which Mr. Unwin propounds of the early industrial maturity of Great Britain and the earlier emergence of workmen's free organizations in that country. He rejects *in toto* the view to which even free-traders have sometimes yielded a cursory assent, that the protective or mercantile policy afforded the matrix for the early growth of British manufactures; and contends that it was, on the contrary, "the freedom of internal intercourse" and "the comparative absence of mercantile restrictions" which gave the early impetus to manufacturing industry. As to trades unions he says:

"The passing of the Combination Acts and the early prosecution of trade unionists should not blind us to the fact that it was the comparative freedom of England in the eighteenth century which alone made the combination of wage-earners possible. At the very moment when the workers of England were laying the foundations of a free organization . . . the Governments of France and Prussia were putting a veto on any such spontaneous popular development, by transferring these same institutions into the hands of the police, and utilizing them as a part of the machinery of a more or less benevolent despotism" (p. 227).

The only adverse criticism to be passed on the volume is that the very extensive use of the comparative historical method oftens mars the narration by obscuring under a mass of detail the objective point. If the illustrations of analogous processes of industrial evolution drawn from Continental history had been heroically depressed into footnotes, however bulky, it would be much easier to follow the expository clue. The make-up of the volume is far below the deserts of the subject-matter. It is to be hoped that a later edition may present us the uninterrupted description of the transformation of English craft guilds into Livery companies, with foreign analogues set more in the background. It requires a resolute perusal if the student of the present volume is not to get bogged occasionally in the adventitious illustrative material.

An Introduction to the Theory of Optics. By Prof. Arthur Schuster. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1904.

As the title imports, this text-book, by a physicist of fairly high standing, relates, not to light in general, but only to the *theory*. The student is supposed to be acquainted already with the phenomena of light, so far as they are described in college books of general physics or "natural philosophy." Nor is this a regular *treatise*

on the theory of light, but only an *introduction* to that theory of a peculiar sort. The first two-thirds of the volume are elementary; that is, they explain only polarization, interference, diffraction, the theory of optical instruments, and the peculiarities of the different crystalline media—phenomena that result simply from light's consisting of transverse vibrations. The remaining third of the book contains the deeper theory of light, and is written on a novel plan, the idea being to direct students to the original memoirs without repeating their contents, unless Dr. Schuster has some simplification or amplification of the matter of a memoir to bring forward. This spoils the book as a work of reference, but we think that all good physicists will highly approve of thus forcing upon students the habit of reading original memoirs.

There is another feature that cannot pass unnoticed. Probably a large part of our readers are aware that of late years there has been among physicists a split of no ordinary kind. How many approved writers, metaphysical analysts of high pretensions, have explained to us that there necessarily is a science of physics whose essence consist in its assumption that matter moves according to the principle of inertia, which Hoefding, for example (than whom no philosopher, perhaps, is more in vogue just now), calls, in his 'Outlines of Psychology,' "the fundamental assumption with which natural science comes into existence." Yet at this moment a growing moiety of the world of physics assumes this law to be only approximately true, and even that only for velocities not too great. The physicists of the nineteenth century took for the sole aim of their hypotheses the explanation of phenomena as special cases under the general laws of dynamics. The new school, however, proposes to explain dynamics as a special case under the general laws of electricity. The peculiarity of Schuster's position is that he wishes to treat the matter as a party question, and says that the new opinion must be "strenuously resisted." Such language will tend to make us all hope the new doctrine may turn out true, as scientific propositions that excited "strenuous resistance" usually have turned out in the past. We note, by the way, that Schuster seems to regard the fact that Kirchhoff (in 1857) remarked that the velocity of electricity was about that of light, as in some measure detracting from the merits of Maxwell. Why, then, does he not mention that the electromagnetic theory of light was originally propounded by Faraday in 1846?

The Book of the Iris. By R. Irwin Lynch. (Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Vol. XXI.) John Lane. 1904.

This is a book by a cultivator for cultivators. The author is the curator of the Cambridge (England) Botanic Garden. He deals with his subject in a practical manner worthy of high praise. Of course, his directions as to the management of this attractive group of plants are designed primarily for amateurs in Great Britain, and, within the limits of those islands, will be found wholly safe and useful. The directions have also a good degree of [illegible]cability to these plants under cult[illegible]n in all temperate exposures, and hence can be regarded as trustworthy even in our own climate. Mr. Lynch has arranged the species of this interesting genus in a way to satisfy every purpose of the cultivator.

One of the groups of the more capricious species was entrusted to another hand (now, alas, a vanished hand). This chapter, by the late Rev. Henry Ewbank, formerly Vicar of St. John's, Ryde, Isle of Wight, is full of pleasant reading. Everybody knows with what enthusiasm English clergymen ride their hobbies, taking in them the same keen interest that their hunting parishioners have in the chase. Roses and all sorts of wayward plants have had their devoted clerical friends who have tried to win them from provoking ways, sometimes by coaxing, and more often by heroic measures hardly ventured on by the layman. The Irises known as the Onocyclus class stand rather by themselves in their extreme whims, but the Vicar seems to have induced them to be uncommonly responsive to his skilful management.

Our common blue-flag, and its kindred, delight in the wettest places they can plant their seeds and roots in. They have gone far away in their predilections from their cousins in the same order. These latter are true Xerophytes, plants of dry soil. They have well-marked devices for making the most of what water they can extract from arid ground. Many of them have vertical leaves, obviously an adaptation that greatly reduces the demand for water, which all plants lose by evaporation. Curiously, the species of Iris have retained this ancestral method of checking evaporation, although it is plain that they no longer need it in their chosen marshy homes. The sabre-like leaves of Iris are folded in such a way that they have received the name equitant: near their bases they appear to ride astride, but nearer the top each leaf forms a veritable scimitar. From a cluster of these vertical swords there arise flower-stalks bearing blossoms of great beauty. Three of the divisions in the circles of protection stand as flaring banners, while, between these, three others droop gracefully in irregular and filmy folds, which sway in the lightest breeze. These often have striking contrasts of color, in spots or stripes, and cannot fail to catch the eye of even the most careless passer-by. The colors have been called nectar-spots and nectar-guides, and are interpreted as meaning to every welcome insect that here is plenty of nectar to be had. Allured by this attraction the insect visits the blossom, finding a convenient resting-place, while the head goes down along the nectar-guides into the flower, in search of the promised nectar. There it secures it, and, when the head is withdrawn, there is brought out upon the back of it a small amount of pollen from the anthers which were just behind. Now, flying away to flower number two, the same quest is made, but with this difference: the head just dusted with pollen is thrust down as before, but, in the early part of its descent, it comes in contact with a tiny shelf on which some of the pollen is taken off. This upper part of the sticky shelf is the stigma, the organ receptive of pollen, and from which the pollen tubes can grow down to the ovules, and thus secure the impregnation which brings about the ripening of them into seeds. This is obviously a very good way to prevent the self-impregnation of the blossom, for the stigma cannot be touched by the pollen which lies underneath, except by insect intervention; and this is practically put out of the question by the arrangement of the parts. Although an insect *could* stop on its way out of a blossom after it had taken the sought-for nectar and clumsily turn around on the summit of the stigma and there place some pollen on the sticky surface, he never does any such thing. He deposits the pollen on his way in. It is, therefore, one of the charms which attach to this beautiful alliance of plants to watch the insects in their busy straight-away work.

The genus Iris possesses another charm which cultivators have not been slow in finding out, namely, that, well-used to grow in swamps, it can also patiently adapt itself to the drier places in the garden. Irises are, therefore, capable of wide employment as decorative elements in landscape gardening on the grand as well as on the small scale. Mr. Lynch's book will be of utility to all who wish to use them in this way. It will also be a pleasant companion for that increasing number of sensible people who are cultivating a few plants around which historical and literary associations cling. Among such plants the Iris (the Fleur-de-lis) holds a prominent place.

Eighteenth-Century Essays on Shakspere. By D. Nichol Smith. Macmillan.

Of the nine essays in this volume, five are the prefaces to the chief editions of Shakspere, and all but two (Dennis's, 'On the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare,' and Morgann's, 'Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff') are still fairly accessible in the various editions of Malone's Variorum. It is well, however, to reprint all of these, and to give us Rowe's 'Account of Shakspere's Life' unmutilated. The introduction and notes are accurate and scholarly, but the book is disappointing to one who had hoped to find in it some discussion of the tendency and value of the numerous minor essays, as well as some sort of selection from them.

Mr. Smith does, indeed, mention familiarly over thirty essays by nearly as many authors, but, with very few exceptions, (*e. g.*, Mrs. Montagu's 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspere'), he gives us no estimate of their value, either intrinsic or as illustrating the critical attitude of the century. He has, in short, picked out only those essays which are of most critical value even to this century. Unfortunately, one needs only a little knowledge of the minor writers of a generation to realize that an acquaintance with merely the great names does not give a fair basis for comparison and inference; a study based on the bigger men alone inevitably ignores significant and important substrata of ideas and habits of expression.

Some of the essays which Mr. Smith mentions without estimate or citation have familiar titles, but nearly, if not all of them, are practically inaccessible to the general reader. It would be of great value to have a companion volume which should contain such further reprints as bulk would allow, accompanied by a full bibliographical account of all eighteenth-century essays bearing on the subject. For essays not reprinted in full, this bibliography should

also give summaries of their contents, and the editor's estimate of their relative importance. The following essays are not even mentioned by Mr. Smith: F. Peck: 'New Memoirs of the Life . . . of Mr. John Milton,' 1740. (Has explanatory and critical notes on Shakspere's plays.) K. P.: 'Shakespear,' 1774. W. Kenrick, D. D.: 'Introduction to the School of Shakespeare,' 1774? Mrs. E. Griffith: 'The Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated,' 1775 and 1777. T. Davies: 'Dramatic Miscellanies etc.' 1784. J. M. Mason: 'Comments on the Last Edition of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1785. M. Sherlock: 'A Fragment on Shakespeare, extracted from Advice to a Young Poet,' 1786. Joseph Ritson: 'The Quip Modest,' 1788, and 'Cursory Criticisms on E. Malone's Edition,' 1792. J. Hurdis: 'Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of Shakespeare's Plays,' 1792. W. Whiter: 'A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare,' 1794.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905.

The Week.

Congress at the late session went only so far in the direction of reforming the land laws as to amend the Lien Land law of 1897, which the Public Lands Commission had called "scandalous." Hereafter, the holder of lands which have been included in a forest reserve cannot exchange them for other timbered lands, but must take lands of some other sort. Thus is ended a system under which, in eight years, it is said that two million acres of forest outside the reserves has already come into the hands of the large speculators and land-grant railroads. A recent report from the Commissioner of the General Land Office states that these roads still hold more than two million acres in the reserves, and the amended law comes when just half the possible mischief has already been done. But the Timber and Stone act under which such lands may regularly be acquired, remains on the books, and is as sorely in need of revision. Under it, the purchase of Government land, 160 acres to one person, is authorized at $2.50 per acre, when the applicant swears that the land is worth more for timber or stone than for agriculture. "It is an invitation to steal," said a Western publicist, of this statute. "Unless he can sell it, 160 acres of timber won't do the individual the slightest good. It is not enough to warrant him building sawmills, or transportation facilities to get his lumber or logs to market. Consequently, he sells it at the first opportunity to the corporations who inspired the law." One incentive to fraud arises from the fact that lumbering is an industry which must be conducted on a large scale, while the Government's policy has always been in theory to distribute the land among small holders. The Commission's plan out of the difficulty is to sell merely the standing timber in large tracts and afterwards divide up the land.

The laws under which the Government timber lands have got into the control of speculators were based on wrong principles. Those relating to agricultural lands need merely a thorough stiffening. Thus, the homestead law prescribes a residence of five years, the building of a house, and the cultivation of a certain amount of land before securing a United States patent to 160 acres. This might be an effective provision against the speculator, making his operations too tedious and expensive to be worth while, except for the commutation clause which enables the settler to reduce his necessary residence to fourteen months by a money payment of which $1.50 per acre is the minimum. The Desert Land law is supposed to permit the settler to take up arid lands to the extent of 320 acres for a nominal price if he does the work necessary to reclaim them. The principle of this law is all very well, but the Commission finds that it, too, in practice has been "an instrument of speculation, fraud, and perjury." If Congress neglects the subject for many years longer, the mischief will be past undoing. One difficulty in securing an overhauling of this subject is that, while it is of intense interest to the States directly affected, a great part of the country neither knows nor cares anything at all about it.

A considerable amount of Congressional work is to be done this year after Congress has adjourned. The Senate Finance Committee has been authorized to sit during the summer recess, which is believed to mean that it will take testimony on the tariff question. The Senate also passed Mr. Kean's resolution empowering the Committee on Interstate Commerce to investigate railroad rates and their regulation. This committee is planning to meet on April 10 and hold hearings for a month or six weeks. Last summer, in spite of the campaign, time was found for the Joint Merchant Marine Commission to travel to all the chief shipping centres, and the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections to visit Salt Lake City and make special inquiries as to the eligibility of Senator Smoot. In November most of the members of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, with a few Senators for company, visited the Isthmus of Panama to study the canal work. It is rather curious that none of this overtime work brought any results in the session just closed. The Marine Commission's recommendations went over to next year, the Mormon Senator finished the first third of his term on Saturday week, still unmolested, and the two houses failed to come to an agreement on the canal zone bill.

If the Federal lawmakers have been going slow in the matter of regulating railroad rates, the members of State Legislatures have felt no hesitation in the matter. A half-dozen of the States not already supplied with railroad commissions are providing them as quickly as the legislative machinery will work. Indiana will have a commission of two Republicans and one Democrat appointed by the Governor. Washington has a new law creating a commission of the same size and method of appointment. In Montana a law providing for an elective commission has been passed by a Republican Legislature, but vetoed by the Democratic Governor Toole, out of whose hands the positions would be taken by the bill as passed. Even the Territory of Oklahoma has a new rate bill almost ready for passage. Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin is leaving his seat in the Senate vacant while he sees to the progress through the Legislature of the rate commission bill, the last of his reform measures to be enacted into law. Of course, the laws differ from each other and from the rate commission laws previously in force in some of the States, but the sudden movement to pass such laws is an extraordinary response to the campaign which brought such meagre results from Congress. Many of the State commissions now in office are little more than ornamental, but if, in the recess of Congress, they all try to demonstrate their efficiency, a mass of interesting experimental data may be available by the time our national legislators tackle the job again.

Testimony by the freight auditor of the Santa Fé last week that his road paid more than $1,000,000 in rebates in the year 1902 alone, should be of deep interest to President Roosevelt. His battleship-loving Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Paul Morton, was Vice-President of the Santa Fé at the time. He ought to know all about the details. He ought also to be able to explain why we must pass a new law giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix rates, instead of enforcing the criminal provisions of the old law against rebates. The mere fact that a prosecution of that kind would compel the serving of a summons upon a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet would not, Mr. Morton may be sure, stay the President's hand.

The *Nebraska State Journal* contributes to the discussion of the direct-primary bill before the Legislature a comparison of the cost of the proposed new nominating method with the old convention system. The Republican State Convention last year cost the delegates (or some one else) for carfare alone almost $4,000. Other necessary expenses amounted to some $3,000. Two other State Conventions, the Democratic and Populist, are estimated to have cost another $7,000. But each county had previously held a party convention, the cost of all of which must have mounted to some $18,000; and when the expenses incident to the nomination of six Congressmen are added—$1,500 each, ac-

cording to a low estimate—the total cost of the convention system to the people of the State is shown to be above $40,000. This figure includes only the most necessary charges; the travelling expenses being based on special half-fare rates. In contrast, it is pointed out that there are about 1,600 voting precincts in Nebraska; and in Lincoln, where the Republicans have adopted the direct primary plan, the expense is a little less than $15 for each precinct. For the whole State the cost would, therefore, be approximately $24,000. The figures seem to furnish a sufficient answer to the objections urged against the bill on the ground that it would involve great outlay.

Political corruption in Connecticut is such an old story that the statements which Dr. Newman Smyth made on Thursday before the Judiciary Committee of the General Assembly are likely to fall on indifferent ears. The whole State knew that Bulkeley and Fessenden were making corrupt campaigns for the United States Senatorship. Bulkeley apparently had the longer purse, for he won with flying colors. If one may judge public opinion by utterances of the press, pretty much everybody in Connecticut was satisfied but Dr. Smyth and a few other fussy people who labor under the delusion that the Ten Commandments have a place in politics. Dr. Smyth, with singular persistence, still refuses to acquiesce in the Legislature's covenant with death. He believes that $150,000 was spent in corrupting the voters, and he offers to put prosecuting attorneys on the trail of gross bribery. He wants to enforce the Penal Code. A man of his years ought to know that the district attorneys do not care to be put on the trail of bribery—moreover, that the bare mention of penal codes in the presence of a United States Senator, president of a large life-insurance company, and liberal advertiser, is rank discourtesy, as out of date as John Knox.

Vermont cities and towns voted for the third time on the question of license or no-license on March 7, and nine more communities are added to the territory under voluntary local prohibition. In the first year of the new law, 1903, there were 91 license towns; the next year there were 40, and for the coming year there will be only 31. The Vermont cities seem to be developing habits of discontent with whichever system they happen to have in operation. Barre, which voted for license a year ago by a majority of 78, went the other way this time by 95, while Rutland, which was a license town in 1903, but became "dry" a year ago, has now gone back to license. As the Rutland *Herald* remarked the day before election, referring to the experience with local prohibition, while "things are not as they ought to be, . . . the traffic is neither as extensive nor as offensive as it was in the days of State prohibition."

We have frequently called attention to a growing uneasiness in the South itself at the restriction of the franchise, notably in Virginia, where there is danger of the State's becoming the property of a small white oligarchy. Somewhat the same feeling is apparent in Alabama. The Birmingham *Age-Herald*, commenting on the plan to levy a poll-tax as an inducement to voting in New York, notes that it is an aim directly opposite to that of the Alabama poll-tax. It then adds that the time is fast coming when the Alabama policy will be modified. "The cumulative feature of the Alabama plan," it continues, "must be removed unless the State is willing to be governed by a small and by no means select electorate, and is willing to have a large body of whites who cannot vote and who are therefore indifferent to all public duties." This is precisely the danger which comes from the limitation of the suffrage. Once begun, there is great difficulty in stopping. Rule out negroes first, and you naturally feel like discriminating against the poor whites; then your unscrupulous politicians find an easy excuse for still further limitations which promise to keep themselves in power. The awakening in Alabama is hopeful, but it should include the reënfranchisement of qualified negroes as well.

A foolish strike on the Subway and Elevated Railroad is perishing of its own folly, but certain aspects of it still invite comment. Why did the chiefs of the Locomotive Engineers and the Street Railway Employees wait till the strike was beaten before they denounced it as irregular? If treason to the national organization had been successful, would it have been no longer treason? Chief Stone declared that the strike was "in direct violation of our law"—that is, the law of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. But if that was true on Thursday afternoon, it was true on Tuesday morning; and a prompt and emphatic announcement of it then would have prevented much suffering. However, we must welcome, even if it comes late, Mr. Stone's declaration that "labor organizations must keep their agreements if they expect to succeed." This falls in with the statement of the Interborough Company that the men deliberately broke their word. They have got their punishment; and doubtless their crazy leaders will sink into the obscurity that yawns for the failures of organized labor. As for the management of the company, it deserves the thanks of the community for having withstood a peculiarly mad form of union tyranny with determination, and fought it with skill and vigor. It should firmly adhere to its announced purpose of retaining the employees who came to it in the emergency, and making the men who threw up their jobs insanely eat humble pie and wait their turn.

If James Wilson continues to serve as Secretary of Agriculture through the present Administration, his record of service in any Cabinet office will surpass all others, with but one exception, since the foundation of the Government. Even now, only two men have ever held a portfolio longer than he. Mr. Wilson is the only one of McKinley's original selections who is still in the Cabinet. He was appointed on March 5, 1897, and on March 5 rounded out his eighth year, thus equalling the terms of James Madison, who was Secretary of State from March 5, 1801, to March 4, 1809, when he became President, and Gideon Welles, who was Secretary of the Navy from March 5, 1861, to March 4, 1869. Henry Dearborn, whom Jefferson twice appointed Secretary of State, lacked about a month of completing his eight years. The two Cabinet officers with longer records are William H. Crawford and Albert Gallatin, who share with Mr. Wilson the honor of having been three times appointed. Crawford was made Secretary of the Treasury by Madison on October 22, 1816, and continued through both of Monroe's terms, making his total service about eight years and four months. Gallatin did not take office until two months and a half after Jefferson's inauguration, on May 14, 1801. Madison continued him in office throughout his first term, and did not appoint a successor until February 9, 1814, though during the year 1813, when Gallatin was abroad, the Secretary of the Navy performed his duties. Altogether, he held the office for about twelve years and nine months. Mr. Wilson could only equal that by being continued in the next Cabinet. Combining as he does the qualifications of a farmer and a politician, stranger things than that might happen should the next Administration be Republican.

No one could seriously have expected Mr. Balfour to be beaten on any of the critical votes taken in the debate on the Address. Then is the time of all others when party spirit and Government whips flog reluctant members into attending the House and voting. The majority of 42, in a division upon one of the aspects of the tariff controversy, on March 8, was only half the normal, but it shows that the Ministry cannot yet be turned out on a direct vote of want of confidence. Probably no Liberal expected that it could. The debates and the divisions have aimed, not at immediately defeating the Government, but at fur-

ther discrediting it. This end has been attained: Mr. Balfour emerges distinctly weaker. But the real test will come in the routine work of the session. The Government's strength will be apt to be eaten away piecemeal. Dispirited followers cannot be kept in regular attendance; the Ministry may be outvoted on chance divisions; and although it has announced that it will not resign for that, it may easily find the work of necessary legislation so dragging and finally impossible that it will give up in disgust.

In the Berlin *Nation*, Count Albert Apponyi, the new President of the Hungarian Upper House, analyzes the result of the recent elections. The victory of the united Opposition was most sweeping in districts where intelligence and thrift are greatest. In Budapest itself, and in a few of the larger towns, the Government succeeded in obtaining a bare majority, mainly owing to the large vote of petty officials and their indirect influence. But in the Magyar districts the overwhelming majority (about 90 per cent.) voted for the Opposition, and so did the German peasants, with the exception of the Saxons of Transylvania. Nor were the appeals of the Government to the national sentiments of Slavs and Rumans more successful. The Slovaks of Northern Hungary clung faithfully to the Catholic People's party. The main issue—the integrity of Hungarian institutions—appealed to the "plain people" with irresistible force. "Powerful magnates were defeated in their districts by unknown, petty journalists and lawyers; some constituencies, long notorious for corruption, broke with their unsavory traditions, and penniless candidates triumphed over the heaviest money-bags." Numerically, the united Opposition consists of 166 members of the Independence party, 26 adherents of Andrássy, 23 members of the Catholic People's party, 11 followers of Bánffy, 10 Independents, and 9 Rumano-Serb Nationalists. These 245 votes were increased bby the supplementeary elections to abobut 250, as against the 161 votes for the Government.

Count Apponyi is not disposed to make light of the obstacles which the Opposition is certain to encounter in attempting to form a Cabinet. The majority is composed of fractions, some of which are unquestionably loyal to the *Ausgleich* of 1867, and Count Apponyi concedes to Tisza not a few followers among the Liberal party, in spite of Count Andrássy's nominal leadership. It is doubtless the knowledge of this weakness in the Opposition that has confirmed Francis Joseph in his determination to withstand the demands of the Independence party on the army question. Perhaps he recalls the famous "Wir können warten," which his Premier, Schmerling, opposed to Hungarian demands in the sixties; though Kossuth may retort that Deák, too, could "afford to wait," and that Schmerling was forced to yield in 1865.

It is said that the French Socialists will interpellate the Government concerning its action in permitting the Russian ships to stay so long in Madagascan waters. The occasion will doubtless be seized for a thorough ventilation of the whole question of the Franco-Russian alliance. Even before the last military disasters, influential leaders of public opinion in Paris had made bold to predict its early collapse. Of sympathy with the liberal movement in Russia, there has been no lack. The general protest against the massacres of January 22 led to the formation of a society calling itself "Les Amis du Peuple Russe," among the members of which are Anatole France, Georges Clémenceau, Senator Adolphe Carnot, the historians Seignobos and Langlois, the mathematician Painlevé, the painters J. P. Laurens and Carrière, and others of distinction. One of the objects of this society is "to give precise information as to what is going on in Russia, and to make the Russian people aware of the sympathy felt for it in its struggle for liberty." Great meetings of professors, students, and laboring men have been held, denouncing not only the Czar, but the Russian army for fighting against the people; and the Socialists have called for an alliance between French workingmen and those of all other countries in place of the Franco-Russian alliance. M. Anatole France, in the course of a recent address, said that he had asked M. Combes, the former Prime Minister, whether there really existed a hard-and-fast compact between France and Russia compelling the French Government, in certain eventualities, to aid her ally actively. M. Combes answered evasively, but M. France stated it as his opinion that no French Ministry would be capable of such folly.

The results of higher education in India and in Japan differ widely. The Bishop of Madras has lately called attention to its comparative failure in India. Instruction in Western science and literature is given in the English language, which the average student has only imperfectly mastered. The Indian student has always in mind either a place in the civil service or an opportunity to gain an advantage in the world of commerce and finance. He is satisfied to learn by rote that which his instructors are pleased to impart, for the Indian is capable of extraordinary feats of memory. In Japan, all is different. Though at the Imperial University the curriculum prescribed is in some respects inferior to that of the Indian colleges, instruction is given in the vernacular, and the Japanese graduate is equipped for work in any field to which his taste may direct him. In neither country is the education religious; but while in Japan the student is animated with a patriotic zeal to benefit his nation, in India patriotism is rare. The present condition of affairs in India, in spite of the universities act of 1904, is another of the examples afforded by history of the failure of education when divorced from some living and dominant sentiment. Alexandria, with its cosmopolitan life and interests and its scholarly atmosphere, studied the past, but made no substantial progress. It furnished a museum with literary monuments; its philosophy was eclecticism without originality. And now it is seen that not even the intelligence, wealth, and political power of England have made the Indian colleges successful, while the young men in Japan find in university education an opportunity for the advancement of themselves and their country.

The occupation of Mukden on March 10 was the fruit of the Japanese attack of February 23 on the Russian advanced fortifications, combined with irresistible flanking operations which made Kuropatkin's retreat the most panicky perhaps ever known in Russian military annals. The pursuit, too, did not flag till it was clear that the defeated army was first in the race for Tie Pass. At Tieling a breathing-space has been afforded for bringing order out of chaos, but a further retirement upon Harbin seems inevitable unless the present disaster prove a prelude to peace. The distance which the Russian force has been moved back by the latest Japanese engineering exploit (for we can hardly help likening it to a feat in transportation), is about equal to that which separates Liao-yang from Mukden. If Russia were still practically intact, and had no internal dissensions to menace both the replenishment of the army and the very existence of the Government, we might look upon Oyama's successes as Pyrrhic victories. Just what they have cost him, what Kuropatkin, in lives lost, or what was the respective strength of their two vast armies, no one knows. The talk of cessation of hostilities is, of course, revived, all the more because the Paris bankers are withholding the Russian loan. We place no confidence in reports of the intended exaction of an indemnity, apart from territorial concessions. Indemnity should come from the party which began the war, as in the case of France and Germany. Russia is not yet so impoverished as to pay cash for her folly and bad faith over and above what poetic justice has exacted of her already.

THE SAN DOMINGO INTRIGUE.

From the Senate amendments to the San Domingo treaty, it is evident that the President will scarcely know his own baby when it is returned to him by the Senate nurses. Besides cutting out all of his Monroe metaphysics, the Senators have inserted precautionary clauses directly in the face of some of his proposals. The most important of these safeguards relates to the liquidation of foreign claims against San Domingo. There was undoubted peril in the President's plan to take the whole matter jauntily into his own hands. As the *Economiste Français* pointed out, Mr. Roosevelt was headed straight for embroilment with foreign countries. But the Senate has now checked him. It has practically adopted the scheme of joint action, in this matter of foreign debts, which the President rejected out of hand. To bring out the difference, we put Mr. Roosevelt's statement of his own proposal, in his second and meeker message, alongside the Senate's wise amendment:

THE SAFE PRESIDENT.	THE WARY SENATE.
"Many of the debts alleged to be due from Santo Domingo to outside creditors unquestionably on their face represent far more money than ever was actually given Santo Domingo. The proposed treaty provides for a process by which impartial experts will determine what debts are valid and what are in whole or in part invalid, and will apportion accordingly the surplus revenue available for the payment of the debts. This treaty offers the only method for preventing the collection of fraudulent debts, whether owed to Americans or to citizens of other nations."	"The United States is not bound by this treaty to consider or decide on any claim presented to it for adjudication, adjustment, or settlement until the Government of which the claimant is a citizen or subject has given its consent that the decision thereof by the United States, its agents, or officers thereunto duly empowered shall be accepted as final and conclusive."

These transformations find their counterpart in the relatively sober second thought of the President himself. If his latest message on the San Domingo treaty were to be put in parallel columns with that of February 16, some interesting contrasts would emerge. At the earliest date, he was all adrip with the Monroe Doctrine. What it forbade and what it commanded was the chief burden of his song. He wound up his former message, in fact, with the assertion that the disposition of the treaty would afford "a practical test of the efficiency of the United States Government in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine." Did we or did we not wish to make Monroe turn in his grave? But in the following message, the tomb of Monroe was not once invaded. The Doctrine was left mute and inglorious. All came down to a mere proceeding in bankruptcy. Moreover, the Senate was informed that, if the treaty fails, "foreign nations will be left to collect the debts due their citizens as they see fit, provided, of course, there is no permanent occupancy of Dominican territory." Yet on February 16, such occupancy was "the *only* way in which the Powers in question can collect *any* debts"; and that way the United States "cannot see."

We pass to Secretary Hay's repeated attempts to "set at rest" the "misleading and harmful reports concerning the San Domingo protocol," which betray a Department ill at ease. They do not clear up, but deepen the mystery. The real way to dispel it is to publish all the correspondence—including the orders to Commander Dillingham through the Navy Department, as well as those to Minister Dawson from the Department of State. But this simple step Secretary Hay has not taken. The Department is reported to hold that, "as an invariable rule," it "draws the line against the publication of preliminary correspondence." Waiving for the moment the question what the real precedents are, consider the exact nature of the difficulty which is causing Mr. Hay so much vexation. First is the fact of a protocol actually signed at Santo Domingo on January 20 by our naval and diplomatic representatives, which had nowhere within its four corners a hint that it required ratification by the Senate, and which was to go into effect in ten days—a period obviously shutting out action by the Senate. Nor did this strange proceeding burst upon the country unannounced. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* had fully and, as he alleged both before and after the event, "authoritatively" set forth what was to occur. The "arrangement," he explained, "has none of the attributes of a treaty, and will not require ratification by the Senate." Even on January 21, after the protocol had been signed, this correspondent, speaking in the name of "officials of the State Department," said that when once the document had been received and examined, "Senators may advise the President to put it in treaty form, *but that course is not now contemplated.*" But now the Secretary states that "no purpose of putting the agreement into practical operation without submitting it to the Senate for approval was ever entertained, considered, or discussed." To repeat the question in "Figaro," "Who is deceived here?" It is the Senate's business to find out and let the country know. Unless the matter is probed to the last dispatch, the most damaging suspicions will stay afloat. It will be intimated that the President went ahead with the aid of the Navy Department, possibly assisted by the too effusive "Loomis, Acting" (who, rumor now says, is to be provided for somewhere east of Suez—at any rate, outside the State Department), and got into an indefensible position from which Mr. Hay is doing his best to extricate him.

Precedents can, of course, be quoted on both sides, as relates to the American practice of making diplomatic correspondence public. Washington refused to send to the House the instructions leading up to the Jay treaty of 1795, but this was chiefly because the House had no business in that galley, not being a part of the treaty-making power. Besides, the Jay treaty had already been ratified by the Senate. In later years, certainly, the rule has been to furnish all the correspondence, even of that "preliminary" kind which the Department of State now thinks it would be against tradition to publish. The correspondence going with the Treaty of Paris, for example, made a stout volume. But the case nearest in point is the first San Domingo scandal, when President Grant tried in vain to force through the annexation treaty of 1869. It was precisely the publication of the correspondence, covering Babcock's extraordinary dispatches and the illegal orders of Robeson, the Secretary of the Navy, which then made ratification of the treaty impossible. Senator Sumner had personally had access to the incriminating records before he made his first speech against it, but it was only when, on his motion, the entire correspondence was sent to Congress that the country saw what a lawless course had been pursued by the Administration. Then, as now, there was a Dominican President in straits. Baez appealed to Grant much as Morales has appealed to Roosevelt. He was kept in power a year or more, purely by the assistance of the American navy. How do we know that Morales is not enjoying that favor now? Baez was driven from office soon after the treaty failed. Morales will almost certainly fall in like manner, unless we prop him up on bayonets. The San Domingo affair was one of the worst blunders in all of President Grant's Administration. His predictions of what would occur if we did not take that hornet's nest into our parlor, were almost as sweeping as Roosevelt's, yet have remained ludicrously unfulfilled. But Grant at least let the people see what he was doing. It is reserved for the frankest of all our Presidents to perceive that it would not be good for us to know the whole truth.

It may be said that, the original protocol having been withdrawn in confusion, none of these considerations apply to the pending treaty. But the two are inextricably mixed up. All that throws light on the protocol will also illuminate the treaty. It will show the animus of both parties to the negotiation. What did Morales first ask? What promises did he get? What aid and comfort, beyond the signing of an unauthorized treaty so as to "avert disorder," have our naval officers given him? All these and many more pertinent questions the Senate should insist upon having squarely answered. Until they

are, it should not ratify the treaty, even with some of its fangs drawn by amendment. Moreover, the country is entitled to the information. The treaty has been published. The President's messages about it have been given to the press. Now let us have the whole thing. Give us the orders of Mr. Morton, so as to assure us that the man who, as Vice-President of the Atchison, openly snapped his fingers at the Interstate Commerce law, has not, as Secretary of the Navy, been outdoing his unhappy predecessor, Robeson, in disregard of international law. Having made a beginning of taking the public into its confidence, the Administration should be made to go all the way. The President has put his hand to publicity, and knows what is written of those who look back.

THE HARD ROAD TO ECONOMY.

The late Congress was never out of the shadow of an impending deficit. The Speaker coined homely phrases from time to time to express the fact that revenues and expenditures were not likely to meet, while other sagacious members discoursed in more classic language on the same unfortunate condition. For the current fiscal year, the first for which the Fifty-eighth Congress made provision, the deficiency is now estimated as at least $18,000,000. Every one agreed, when the supply bills for 1906 were taken up, that the alternatives were squarely presented of increasing the revenue or cutting down expenses. The Ways and Means Committee, however, did nothing in the former direction; as for the second, members of both parties on the appropriation committees expressed the view that when they had scaled down every item to the lowest reasonable figure, they had done their duty. However big the deficit might be, the responsibility was on the leaders who refused to provide more revenue.

It is seldom that the tabular history of appropriations printed at the close of a session shows so plainly the effort made to keep down expenditures. The ways of saving money are very simple. Let the departments be instructed to pare down their estimates to the lowest possible figure. Let the House committees cut them still smaller. Let the leaders firmly repress the desire of members to swell the total of the bills after they are reported. Let the Senate use sparingly its power of tacking on new items, and, finally, let the representatives of the House in conference take a firm stand against all Senatorial extravagance.

Every one of these precautions was followed with unusual fidelity this year. The Departmental estimates were kept down so efficiently that they were only about nine million dollars above those of the year before. The House committees took off about fourteen millions more before reporting the bills. Then the House itself, which in the past few years had acquired the dangerous habit of adding to appropriation bills after they were reported, inserting thus $1,270,569 last year, went back to old precedents this time, and even cut out items aggregating $329,937 which its committees were willing to appropriate. Then the Senate committees contented themselves with adding but $10,133,776.89 to the bills—an extremely moderate amount, less than half the corresponding additions a year ago, and many millions less than in the years preceding. More noteworthy still, the Senate, which, as a body, owing to the power which the individual Senator may exercise, is almost always more liberal than its committees, added only $215,803 after the bills were reported. In the corresponding short session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, its additions of this sort were $3,804,025.

Most remarkable of all, when the various bills emerged from conference, more than half of the Senate's additions had been stricken out. For every dollar the Senate added to the appropriations, only a little more than 44 cents was left in the bill as it went to the President for signature. As it is without precedent in recent years for the House to come nearer than the Senate to getting its way as to the total of appropriations, the corresponding figures for other years are worth citing. A year ago, for every dollar the Senate added, 67 cents was in the bill as it became law. In the session of 1902-1903, under Speaker Henderson, the House consented to 72 cents in every dollar of Senate amendments; in 1901-2, it yielded on 86 cents, and in 1899-1900 87 cents. Mr. Cannon may be proud of his success in making the House assert itself in these appropriation conferences. Six of the thirteen supply bills are smaller than those of a year ago.

Thus it seems that Congress did everything that a Congress should do when anxious to economize. The only trouble was that, despite these pains, the total came out $37,306,539.63 larger than it ever was before. Although the regular supply bills are not party measures, it is the custom for the chairmen of the appropriations committees in House and Senate, and the ranking minority members, to present an analysis of the appropriations and their meaning. This year Mr. Livingston of Georgia, subtracting the estimated revenues for next year, $725,590,515; from the total of appropriations, $818,478,914, obtained "a difference of $92,888,399, a broad enough expanse between the buckle of expenditures and the tongue of revenues to startle the plain and common people who bear the burdens of taxation." Chairman Hemenway, more agile in the use of figures, deducted first the deficiency bills and all of the "permanent annual appropriations" except those to be applied to the ordinary expenses of conducting the Government during the fiscal year 1906, and thus obtained a surplus of $28,542,410.

But, for all these differences of interpretation, the figures themselves are for any one to study. They show, at least, of how little avail the ordinary measures of economy are when opposed to projects undertaken on a grand scale. It is almost impossible to abandon a line of policy once entered upon. All the supply bills, as we should naturally expect, are larger than they were ten years ago, but they have not grown at the same rate. In the four years of Mr. Cleveland, the Army, Navy, and Fortification bills included but a little more than 10 per cent. of the total money appropriated; Congress during half of that time being Republican. In the four years 1903 to 1906, with Mr. Roosevelt as President, those three items make up 22 per cent. of the total. That is, of course, at the expense of peaceful and domestic activities. For agriculture 82 per cent. more has been appropriated between 1903 and 1906 than between 1893 and 1896, but this makes a niggardly showing beside the 242 per cent. increase in provision for warlike purposes. And while, in the four years of Roosevelt, 46 per cent. more money has been appropriated for rivers and harbors than in Cleveland's four years, this is not even commensurate with the general increase, which was 56 per cent. It is plain enough that it is the "big stick" policy which is responsible for this abnormal increase of expenses in ten years. And if such a policy is followed out when the Government can hardly make both ends meet, the citizen may well ask what would happen if we had a surplus.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS MEN.

The Japanese have won at Mukden the most important and, in its effect, the most far-reaching of their successive victories by land and sea within the last thirteen months. Whatever else results, Kuropatkin's military reputation is now badly shattered. If we review the development of the land campaign since last May, the conclusion that it has lacked foresight, a vigorous initiative, and a well-thought-out plan, is inevitable. Writing in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, Col. Gädke of the German army, who was with Kuropatkin until December last and enjoyed unusual opportunities for observation, declared early in February that the one hope of Russian success lay in a change of commanders. There is no worse leader, he declared, than the leader who does not dare. Such attempts at assuming the offensive as Kuropatkin made were undertaken so cautiously and hesitantly as to invite defeat, although, according to Col.

Gädke's estimate, the Russians had fully 75,000 more men than their enemy on February 1. It will be remembered that Gen. Gripenberg's charges against Kuropatkin were quite in line with this criticism. At the hour of that officer's success Kuropatkin frustrated his achievement by a failure to forward some promised reserves, because of a groundless fear that to do so might seriously weaken his line at a point which was hardly threatened.

The general who does not risk a complete defeat is little likely to win a complete victory. Kuropatkin seems never to have been able to forget the necessity of protecting the Mantchurian railway. In the battles about Liaoyang and Mukden his soldiers saw him accept battle by preparing to retreat. Construction of fortifications in the rear to serve as havens of safety have busied the General quite as much as plans for the checkmating of his foe. The policy of the Moscow campaign, of falling back before a superior enemy, may have had its justification at the outset of the Mantchurian hostilities. Col. Gädke was one of those who believed so at that time. But, as the summer passed and the Russian army gradually outgrew its adversary, Kuropatkin could not wholly shake off the policy of delay and of striking only when he felt sure that a repulse would not seriously injure the army. Hence the repulse, all but counted on, invariably came. Not once did Kuropatkin attack all along the line. It was always, after October, a steady pounding at the Japanese left wing and never with sufficient numbers, for the reason that Oyama, by repeatedly demonstrating in force on the Russian right and centre, accomplished his object of holding sufficient Russians opposite to him to prevent Kuropatkin's obtaining the desired numerical superiority on his (Oyama's) left. Furthermore, according to Gen. Gripenberg, Kuropatkin made the additional blunder in the battle of Sandipu, at the end of January, of prescribing in advance definite limits for the forward movement, beyond which his subordinate could not go. This was to cripple Gripenberg before he even encountered the enemy.

Observers, alike on the spot and at a distance, are agreed that the Czar's generalissimo has wholly lacked decision and vigor, with the pitiless will to succeed at any cost so characteristic of the Japanese generals. Personally brave and doubtless exceptionally fitted to be the right hand of a Skobeleff, Kuropatkin naturally suggests comparison with McClellan, whose chief concern was always the exact numerical superiority of his foe. Like him, Kuropatkin is a remarkable organizer, a man of talent and industry. But the Russian has never learned to stick to the offensive at all costs, to forget the possibility of a defeat, to get out of his men their last atom of strength. Honest and devoted, he has wasted precious time in striving to oversee the location of every division, every brigade, and even every regiment, in marked contrast to Kuroki and Oyama, who have lived and fought close to field-telegraph instruments, and put the responsibility for details on others. Finally, the successful general must have a certain gift for divining his adversaries' plans, and in this Kuropatkin would appear to be totally deficient.

As for Oyama, he has demonstrated that it is still strategy which counts, even with the vastly increased forces of modern warfare, and with a battlefront of ninety miles. He has achieved success by hazarding defeat. With Eastern stoicism and fatalism, he has thrown away regiment after regiment against the Russian centre entrenched behind barricades and natural obstructions which all the eagerness of his men to die could not reduce by front attack. Putiloff Hill was abandoned only when Nogi and Kuroki scored on the flanks. Not until the former struck home did Kuropatkin realize where the massing of the Japanese forces was, and then it was too late. His counter attacks failed as completely as had his more elaborate assuming of the offensive.

But if Kuropatkin has suffered a terrible defeat, the individual Russian soldier has once more triumphed; has once more shown himself one who cannot be demoralized even when retreating before a victorious foe, under the most trying conditions in warfare. It is to this steadfastness that Kuropatkin owes his escape with the bulk of his army to Tie Pass, quite as much as to the readiness of his massed artillery to sacrifice itself in order that the remainder of the force might make its way northward. What European troops would have achieved this feat after having been steadily beaten back for ten months in every encounter with their enemy? Gen. von Boguslawsky, perhaps the foremost German military writer, answers this question by saying emphatically that no other soldiers could take such a beating and still keep together.

> "Deprived of their officers, a body of Russian soldiers may degenerate into a helpless, inert mass, and be slaughtered by means of their very cohesiveness, but they will never take a panic; their history affords none of those examples in which a mass of crazy fugitives flies with a cry of 'Sauve qui peut' from a danger conjured up by the imagination, and exaggerated and inflamed by the senseless cries of others."

Thus wrote Gen. Francis V. Greene in his 'Army Life in Russia' as a result of his observations as United States military attaché in the Russian winter campaign of 1877-8, against the Turks. He added that the Russian soldier's patience is boundless, his endurance and good humor under hardship phenomenal, and gave his opinion "that he is probably the steadiest of all soldiers under defeat and adversity."

Colonel Gädke in the main confirms General Greene. But whereas the American observer noticed that the Russians went into action enthusiastically, Col. Gädke was astonished to see how unwillingly one battalion of old reserve men gave battle on October 16. After that time he observed a strengthening of the bonds of discipline, and was particularly pleased with the spirit of the artillerymen and pioneers. He, too, was amazed at the power of the Russian soldier in a frontal attack, and his obstinate refusal to retreat from the place assigned to him. For his conduct on the retreat the Prussian critic, like the American, has only the highest praise, and he also attributes it to the Russian's "instinct for masses." The Russian soldier, he finds, is still willing to give everything that there is in him in the way of strength and endurance. But while Skobeleff and his chief subordinate knew how to get the last ounce out of him, the generals of to-day have evidently no such knowledge. To them and to the regimental officers is due the weak character of the offensive movements of the Russians. To Gädke they seemed more like a mere "feeling" of the enemy instead of an attempt to drive an attack home at any cost save defeat.

Unlike Gen. Greene, Col. Gädke noticed a great deal of straggling. It generally took nine men to remove one wounded soldier, and the carriers were exceedingly slow in returning to the firing line. Not more than 50 per cent. of the available rifles were on the firing line in the battles which Gädke witnessed. While at Shipka Pass there were few stragglers and not a single case of insubordination, there seems to be now but little appreciation of the value of a provost guard. As for the work of the commissary department, the *Tageblatt's* correspondent found that the old sins of the Russian administration were less evident in this war than in previous ones. He attributed the constant begging of the stray soldiers he met more to their poor pay than to any other cause. Frederick the Great's soldiers once told him, at the battle of Kolin, that they "had fought enough to-day for seven groschen" (about eighteen cents). The poor Russian victim of the lust for empire receives in 1905 only three kopecks, *or less than two cents a day.* It is for this price that he is asked to sell his life. Is it any wonder that he sells parts of his equipment, begs of every one he meets, and occasionally forgets the difference between mine and thine?

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.

LONDON, February 28, 1905.

The Whistler Memorial Exhibition, organized by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, has

opened at the New Gallery with every appropriate ceremony and distinction. M. Rodin, Whistler's successor as president of the Society, has come specially from Paris to preside on the occasion, and he has been accompanied by M. Armand Dayot, Inspector of the Fine Arts, officially sent by the French Government; M. Bénédite of the Luxembourg, and several eminent French artists. A banquet has been given at which foreign ambassadors—the Ambassador of the United States among them—as well as Englishmen of rank and office and of note in art and science and letters, have listened to or joined in the eulogy of Whistler. The show has been formally declared open by M. Rodin before one of the most distinguished audiences ever assembled in London, and the leading papers have declared in solemn editorials that the opening will be remembered as "one of the most important events in the history of Art." The critics have been as eager to praise as they were once to sneer, and the public has rushed in its thousands—and rushed to admire, not to laugh. In a word, never before has the whirligig of time brought about its revenge more thoroughly. And it is but right that Whistler's greatest triumph as yet should be in the country which, of all others, failed most signally to appreciate and honor him while he lived.

The exhibition is worthy of the attention it is attracting. Under present circumstances, a finer and more representative collection of Whistlers could not be got together. It is true that a few of the masterpieces shown at Boston have not been lent, that a few owners of Whistlers —Mr. Freer, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Canfield in America, Mr. Studd and Whistler's executrix in England—have refused to have anything to do with the exhibition. This means, of course, that the "Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," "The "Thames in Ice," "Bognor," some of the nocturnes, the portraits of Mr. Vanderbilt and of Whistler himself, the "Little White Girl," the "Rosa Corder," are missing. I believe that some of the pictures denied to London are to be in Paris, where, however, even though the coming show (in May) is to be divided between the Luxembourg and the École des Beaux-Arts, there is hardly as much space as at the New Gallery for a fine display. And, after all, if a few things of importance have not been secured for London, a great many more have.

It will give some idea of the size and scope of the exhibition now open if I say that, while in Boston there were catalogued 184 oil paintings, water-colors, pastels and drawings, 234 etchings, and 80 lithographs, in London the catalogue records 192 paintings, water-colors, pastels, and drawings (and this number represents about 250 different works, as in certain cases several are framed together), 292 etchings, and 153 lithographs. In point of quality, I think the mere possession of the "Mother" and the "Carlyle" casts the balance in favor of London. It is the more remarkable that such fine results should have been obtained as the International Society has neither the official standing nor the wealth —indeed it has no money at all—of the Royal Academy. Its artistic influence, however, has been sufficient to induce the King to lend his etchings from Windsor, and collectors far and wide—Mr. Theobald, Mr. Howard Mansfield, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Frederick Keppel—to part with some of their rarest for the time; it has been sufficient to prevail upon the French Government to send the portrait of the "Mother" from the Luxembourg, and to obtain the "Carlyle" from the Glasgow Corporation, the "Sarasate" from the Carnegie gallery in Pittsburgh, the "Little Rose of Lyme Regis" and the "Mastersmith" from the Boston Museum, the "Southampton Water" from the Chicago Art Institute; it has been sufficient to persuade individual owners to contribute pictures as famous as "The Fur Jacket," "Miss Alexander," "The White Girl," "Mrs. Huth," "F. R. Leyland, Esq.," "M. Théodore Duret," "Irving, as Philip of Spain," "At the Piano," "Symphony in White, No. 3," and a beautiful series of nocturnes and marines.

To those whose knowledge of Whistler is slight, nothing in the exhibition will seem so amazing as the proof it gives of his talent for hard work and his great productiveness—a productiveness in which he has been equalled really only by the masters of the Renaissance (who were to him the true masters), and surpassed not even by them. Only a few months ago Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, was publicly sighing over him as the Idle Apprentice, who might have accomplished great things had he but cultivated the virtue of industry. It is extraordinary what this idle weakling managed to accomplish just the same. Had he been an industrious apprentice and a giant of strength, according to his critics' strenuous standards, I do not see how he could have been expected to accomplish much more. At the New Gallery, the central hall, the largest room, and the balcony are filled with his etchings, lithographs, and drawings; the two other rooms are hung with his paintings, though, as I have said, the collection is not complete. Signs of idling or of feebleness it would be hard to discover.

It adds to the interest that the pictures should include some of Whistler's very earliest, painted in his student days, before he had found himself, or while he was finding himself. I pass over the youthful efforts at illustration—one of Dickens, unexpectedly enough—for these are of value chiefly as curiosities. But there is a copy by him of a Boucher at the Louvre, which, though without a trace of the Whistler we know, is important as an example of the careful student work of which he was capable at the time when, we have been assured, he was busy idling. It is a picture, moreover, that will remind those who knew Whistler intimately of his wonderful stories of his own adventures as a copyist in the Louvre. It has been lent by Mr. Winans, so that there can be no question of its genuineness. The first painting he ever exhibited is also here, "La Mère Gérard," presented by him almost half a century ago to Mr. Swinburne, who now lends it. It is a small portrait of the old woman of whom he was making the well-known etchings at this period; and as she sits there, in white cap and sombre black, holding a flower, it is easy to fancy the reproaches it must have met from the fiery young fellow-student filled with disdain for a picture which, in their own words, "sentait du Louvre"—for the influence of days spent among the old masters is unmistakable in it. But there is not the least bit of that sort of suggestion of the Louvre in the works that followed almost at once. "La Mère Gérard" was scarcely finished when Whistler started the "Piano Picture," so beautiful in tone and design; and then, in the early sixties, with "The Blue Wave," "The Coast of Brittany," "Old Westminster Bridge," he was preparing the way for the later nocturnes and marines. These three pictures, which explain so much in the history of Whistler's development, are now in the New Gallery, as they were also in Boston. Probably the only modern artist who at the beginning of his career influenced him was Courbet, and two of the three were painted when he was working with Courbet on the French coast. There is a great deal of Courbet's vigorous handling and unflinching respect for realism in the treatment of the sky, and the rocks along the shore, and the wide stretch of deep blue sea. And the painter's attitude towards Nature and his method were the same when, instead of the French coast, he was studying the Thames as it flows through London. His rendering of Westminster Bridge in the building is full of the infinite detail critics used to say that Whistler shirked simply because he could not draw it. No one can look at this canvas—cracked, I regret to say, and bearing too soon the traces of time—and ever again maintain that Whistler had no powers of observation, no sound draughtsmanship. Beside it, Mathew Maris, greatest realist of the same kind, vanishes, and Pre-Raphaelite niggling is exposed in all its inconsequence.

It was because Whistler could produce pictures like these early performances, that he was able to paint the later masterpieces in which his observation was concerned with more sensitive effects, and the beauty he sought was more elusive. I do not know, really, if, after this first group of pictures, to which "The White Girl" belongs—a disappointment unless its date and its history are recalled—one can speak accurately of development in Whistler. It seems as if, with them, he was testing his knowledge of beauty and of technique both, and, once sure of himself, he emerged the master he remained; as if ever afterwards there was no question of degree in the quality of his work, but only one of difference. There were times when strong color and intricate pattern pleased him most, and the "Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," the "Lange Leizen," the "Golden Screen," and the other Japanese-inspired arrangements were the result; times when he was enthralled by the mystery of night, which, with its splendors of sudden light and deep, impenetrable shadows, can dignify even the vulgarities and tawdriness of town life—and the Cremorne series was created; times when it was the coming of night or day that worked the miracle and held him spellbound, and he revealed to the world the hitherto unseen, undreamed of loveliness of London or of Valparaiso; times when the mystery was in the expression of a human face, the miracle in the grace of a human form, and he gave us the wonderful portraits which I wish were to remain in one collection forever, like the portraits at Madrid—which I should like to see some day added to the gift just made to the nation, which, indeed, without some such addition, will defeat its own object. Whistler's mo-

tives varied, but his end was always the same—always that which he himself has called "the painter's poetry"; and, after his first few preliminary experiments, his methods were always entirely his own. Consistently, he practised the dogma he proclaimed and showed in his own work, that pictures were to be looked at, not through; were to be a pleasure in themselves.

All these phases are represented at the New Gallery except the phase when he was preoccupied with brilliant color and intricate pattern, his Japanese period, as it has been "labelled." A decorative panel done, it is said, for South Kensington Museum, but never finished, is here, and in the grouping of the three nudes—one with a parasol, one bending over a blossoming plant—there is the Japanese feeling that animates the three or four better-known pictures. But the panel is scarcely one of his successes, and it is no doubt because he was unsatisfied with it that he left it as it is. There is, however, a most marvellous series of the nocturnes: both the Valparaisos, which seem still greater marvels of perfect color every time one sees them; the "Battersea—Dawn," the "Southampton Water," the "Blue and Silver" on the Thames near Westminster, and the "Blue and Green" on the Thames near Chelsea; the "Old Battersea Bridge," gray, with the little red roofs that tell so vividly in it; a "Blue and Silver" I never have seen before, the pale-blue haunting vision of night framed in a high pier of the old Battersea Bridge, one of the three pictures jeered at in the memorable trial. No one ever saw the beauty of night until Whistler came, though Japanese artists had already been seeking it, may even have given him the clue they failed to grasp themselves. These few pictures alone would have won for him immortality. And they are supplemented by four or five of the Cremorne subjects—one, "The Falling Rocket," produced in evidence at that same trial which will make Ruskin's name remembered long after the world has ceased to read his books.

The group of portraits is as fine, as representative. It seems unnecessary just now to describe paintings already so often described. A few of the less well known are the strange, Holbein-like "Mrs. Huth," the exquisite rendering of lace at throat and wrists breaking its sombre severity, a picture I remember writing about in the *Nation* when it was at Edinburgh last winter; the no less severe and sombre "F. R. Leyland, Esq.," in evening dress, as romantic a figure as any of Velasquez's courtiers or Van Dyck's; the "M. Théodore Duret," carrying his rose-tinted domino serenely and gaily, lighter in scheme, more robust in handling than most of the others; the "Miss Mary Agnes Alexander," overshadowed by the portrait of her sister; the "Miss Kinsella," which I referred to in writing of last year's Salon, lovely ghost of the lovely creature who passed across the canvas before Whistler (ever seeking greater perfection) scraped it down and then had not time to repaint before death overtook him. But the wonder is to see all these great portraits now together, to have the rare chance for comparison. It was part of Whistler's genius that he could repeat the same color scheme, the same arrangement even, and never incur the charge of monotony. The "Mother" and the "Carlyle" hang opposite each other; and when you turn from one to the other, it is to be struck not by the points of similarity in pose and background, but by the infinite variety in the painter's manner of using practically the same arrangement to express the character of the peaceful old lady, tranquil and at rest, and of the rugged old philosopher, tragic and sad. And what difference in the blacks of the "Mrs. Huth" and the "F. R. Leyland, Esq.," in those of the "Sarasate" and the impressive "Irving," the darks here lightened by the gold trimmings and silver slashings and tights. And how that gold is put in! Take again the contrast between the working-out of the harmony of grays in the "Miss Alexander" and in the treatment of the harmony of brown in "The Fur Jacket." There is no straining here to make every canvas convey a meaning, or preach a sermon, or bear a moral. But you come away from the exhibition with a more vivid impression of variety than you can get from all the labored didacticisms of Watts now at the Academy.

I have said nothing of the "Symphony in White, No. 3"; nothing of the "Little Rose of Lyme Regis," and the "Master-smith," and "Lillie in our Alley"; nothing of the little portraits and the little shops; nothing of the water-colors (among them, the dainty, exquisite "Convalescent"); nothing of the pastels, tender, luminous notes of Venetian palaces and Venetian lagoons, Tanagra-like studies of beautiful women, and graceful draperies. I have not as much as touched upon the prints, which must wait for another article. But where everything is of importance, it is impossible to do more than give a general idea of the collection.

N. N.

A CHAMBERLAIN OF NAPOLEON.—I.

PARIS, February 27, 1905.

The 'Memoirs of the Count de Rambuteau' will rank among the most important contributions to the history of the first half of the nineteenth century. They have just been edited by his grandson, the present Count. I will say at once that they have the great merit of being real personal recollections. The author does not lose himself in generalities, nor indulge in theoretical considerations; he is not a philosopher, but he is an excellent and truthful observer—he speaks only of what he has seen; and this realistic character of the Memoirs, written during the most dramatic periods of French history, gives them real authority.

The Count de Rambuteau was born of an old family of Burgundy. His father, after having served in the army, lived long at the court at Versailles, like his uncle, the Chevalier, who retired in his old age to the convent of La Trappe. The young Philibert de Rambuteau was born in 1781. When the Revolution broke out, his father would not emigrate; he was imprisoned at Mâcon, and owed his life only to the revolution of Thermidor. The son witnessed the many horrors which took place at Lyons during the Terror. He was accepted as a pupil at the Polytechnic School, which had been founded by the Convention, but he never entered it, and his parents preferred that he should lead a civil life. His mother again hindered him from entering the army after Marengo. He married the daughter of the brilliant and charming Louis de Narbonne, one of the last roués of the old régime. Narbonne became one of the favorites of Napoleon, who used him as an able diplomat, accustomed to all the ways of the European courts. He procured for his son-in-law, after Wagram, the place of chamberlain to the Emperor. This court service was an amusement for a young man, and introduced him into Napoleon's familiarity.

The first winter of his employment as chamberlain was very brilliant. Four or five times a week the Emperor spent the evening at the house of the Princess Pauline, his sister. In one of the masked balls given there, "the Emperor was disguised as a negro, and marched before the quadrille blowing a horn. The two queens of the quadrille, Madame de Bassano and Madame de Barrel, shone with diamonds. I was myself the partner of Madame Pellapra, for whom I had ordered a costume of a Mâconnese peasant girl; the Emperor was greatly struck by her extraordinary beauty." Rambuteau had his part in all the ceremonies of the marriage with Marie-Louise.

"I saw," he says, "her reception under the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, represented in wood and hangings as it exists to-day (and by a curious coincidence, thirty years later, in my capacity as Prefect of the Seine, I passed under this same arch, which recalled to me so many memories, when conducting the body of the Emperor from Courbevoie to the Invalides). In the chapel it was my duty to seat the cardinals. Thirty-four chairs had been provided; only twenty-nine cardinals came. I had the empty chairs removed, but the first thing the Emperor did was to count the seats. He called me and asked if nobody was absent; I was obliged to tell him the number. The same day, in the evening, the five absent cardinals received orders to present themselves before him and to bring back their insignia. They were called the black cardinals."

Rambuteau was present at the famous ball of Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador, when the ballroom took fire. The Emperor was able to convey the Empress safely to the garden. The Princess Schwarzenberg was already there, when, thinking of her daughter, she returned to the ballroom and was crushed by the fall of a lustre. Rambuteau attended the Emperor twice a week to the Conseil d'État, and took a lively interest in the sittings, where the new legislation was prepared.

"It was a great school of government, to which I owed all I was to be afterwards. I learned there to enter into the spirit of affairs. . . . M. X., a man of great learning, wanted one day to be eloquent. The Emperor, who did not like phrases, let him speak a little while, and then made a sign to the arch-chancellor. 'Sir,' said Cambacérès, 'we are here, not at the Academy; we are business men; we have not to examine isolated questions. . . . Each of our acts is a link in a great chain; it ought to be united to what precedes and to what follows. The rest is so much lost time.'"

Before entering on the campaign of 1813 Napoleon replaced many old prefects by young ones. He sent Rambuteau, who had a great disposition for administrative functions and did not much like the court service, to the new department of the Simplon, recently annexed, and which was a

part of Valais. The Simplon seemed very distant at that time—Sion, the chief town of the department, was almost a village; but Rambuteau did not hesitate, and entered upon his functions with much ardor. He visited on horseback all the villages of the department. In the autumn of 1813 he found himself isolated by the movements of the troops; after the disaster at Leipzig some Austrian regiments rushed in disorder into the valley of the Rhone. At the head of 300 Frenchmen, custom-house agents, gendarmes, and functionaries, Rambuteau left Martigny on Christmas Day in the direction of Chamonix by the mountain; he entered Savoy, and so presently reached Bourg and Mâcon. He was much disappointed. "I expected," he says, "to find France bristling with bayonets, and I found prefects who were packing their trunks." A decree of January, 1814, made him prefect of the Loire. He made great efforts to help Marshal Augereau, who was charged with the defence of Lyons; and when the marshal evacuated Lyons and plunged into Dauphiny, Rambuteau, who would not yet despair, retired to Roanne, entrenched himself with a few soldiers, and never consented to treat till he received the news of the capitulation of Paris and the abdication of Napoleon.

Louis XVIII. had near him the Abbé de Montesquiou, who had been his correspondent during the whole period of the emigration. Montesquiou was appointed Minister of the Interior. By marriage, Rambuteau was his nephew, and the Abbé de Montesquiou offered him first a place in the Garde-du-Corps, which he refused, and maintained him as prefect. Rambuteau's first interview with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the surviving daughter of Louis XVI. and of Marie-Antoinette, is worth noticing. It is not to be wondered at, if, after all she had gone through, she had many apprehensions, and was not well disposed towards those who had been connected in any way with the Revolutionary or Imperial period. "I started from Roanne," writes Rambuteau, "where I had just received the Dowager Duchess of Orléans [the wife of Philippe Égalité and mother of Louis-Philippe], who had charged me to solicit an audience for herself, without concealing the embarrassment and uneasiness which this interview would cause her." Rambuteau asked at Vichy for a private audience, on the strength of an acquaintance which had existed between the Duchesse d'Angoulême and his own grandmother, the Duchess of Narbonne. He was received by the Princess, whom he found, "if not handsome, noble and imposing." He explained his situation to her:

"For three centuries my ancestors served your family; some of them died on the battlefield. I was imprisoned with my parents. Later, I engaged myself to the chief of my country, in the time of his victories. I was faithful to him in his reverses, and I defended the post confided to me to the last moment. If I did wrong, I am ready to expiate my error in retirement."

The Duchess urged him to remain at his post, and, to put him to the test, asked him to draw up at once a list of all the changes which he had to make in the administration of his department. "I answered in a single word: Madame, I propose no change at all." Then she burst out, and said: "I was well informed; people told me that I should be misunderstood." Rambuteau let her speak, and made her feel that a list of dismissals, if any were made, would have to be headed by his own name.

The interview with the Duchess of Orléans was more dramatic:

"The Duchess was introduced by Mme. du Séran with the same ceremonial as at Versailles. They had not seen each other since 1790. The Duchess trembled greatly, and, after having taken two or three steps, fell on her knees, with arms extended, and screamed 'Pardon, Madame, pardon!'—as if twenty-five years had not elapsed and as if they were both in the hour of their common misfortune. Madame remained motionless, leaving the Duchess dragging herself two or three paces on her knees; then, offering her hand to kiss, she said: 'Rise, Madame.' They sat down, exchanged a few indifferent words, and the audience ended abruptly, without a consoling word having been pronounced. . . . I left in the evening, full of pity for so great misfortunes, full of respect for such a high and firm character, but one in which the woman's heart remained mute and insensible."

The Duchesse d'Angoulême received Mme. de Rambuteau with more amenity, saying to her lady in waiting: "I present to you Mme. de Rambuteau; she is *la petite de Narbonne; une des nôtres.*" "The Duchess," says Rambuteau, "was noble and dignified at all the receptions, accepted my indications for the official answers, accepted everything, ball and banquet, but did not show herself gracious or desirous to please."

The Comte d'Artois afterwards came to Lyons. Rambuteau conversed freely with him, and gave him much information. In their conversations the Prefect sometimes spoke of Napoleon, and called him the Emperor. Fitz-James admonished him *sotto voce:* "Take care, my dear; don't ever use that word before Monseigneur." "I turned quietly towards him and said loudly: 'My dear Edward, there has never been a lackey in my family; therefore I could be a servant of M. Bonaparte.' 'Capital,' said the Prince, to whom I must do justice; 'M. de Rambutau is right, and I honor him the more for his answer."

Rambuteau early perceived that the new Government was making itself very unpopular, especially with the army and the middle classes; that the *émigrés* offended the feelings of the country and irritated its pride; everything announced a crisis. "The Emperor," he says, "placed in the island of Elba as in an observatory, was too intelligent not to have foreseen these errors, and not to try to take advantage of them."

Notes.

We receive from the *Athenæum* the gratifying intelligence that Mr. F. M. Nichols has not stayed his hand with the second volume of his 'Epistles of Erasmus' (Longmans), but is at work on the third, dealing with the year 1517.

The late E. Dannreuther's 'The Romantic Period,' in the "Oxford History of Music" (Clarendon Press), was complete at the time of his death and will be passed rapidly through the press.

Messrs. Putnam have in preparation a translation from the French, 'Metapsychic Phenomena,' "a series of impartial experiments made by the celebrated scientist, M. Joseph Maxwell."

'Japanese for Daily Use,' by E. P. Prentys, assisted by Kametaro Sesamoto, is among the spring announcements of W. R. Jenkins

Harper & Bros. will issue directly Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'The Marriage of William Ashe'; a 'History of the United States,' from the coming of the Norsemen to the present time, by T. W. Higginson and Prof. Wm. MacDonald of Brown University; 'Seléné,' a poem, by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy); and 'Mother and Daughter,' by Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson.

'American Thumb-prints,' essays by Miss Kate Stephens, is ready for publication by J. B. Lippincott Co.

John W. Lane & Co., Boston, are about to bring out 'Epigrams and Aphorisms,' by the late Oscar Wilde.

A 'Lexicon Typographicum Italiæ,' or 'Dictionnaire Géographique d'Italie pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Imprimerie dans ce pays,' by G. Fumagalli, will attract all students of early printing. It has just been issued by Leo S. Olschki, Florence (New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer).

The volume of 'The Hawthorne Centenary Celebration at the Wayside, Concord, Mass., July 4-7, 1904' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), follows close upon the report of the Salem proceedings. Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. F. B. Sanborn gave the principal discourses, the former in his well-known unconventional manner. The illustrations are of Hawthorne, Wayside, the path over the knoll behind the house, the boulder with bronze tablet let in—can anything escape a tablet in Concord?

The Salem Proceedings have, since our notice of them, been put forth by the Essex Institute in a large-paper edition, the rubricated title-page set off by an etched vignette of Hawthorne's birthplace. A splendid collection of twenty-two portraits includes all that are known. Three, taken on the same day in 1860, by a London photographer, show what different aspects one face may wear. The latest and most familiar aspect of Hawthorne is distinctly military, partly owing to the moustache, which appears to have been assumed about 1860, as Miss Lander's bust of 1858 shows none. Of all, we think the daguerreotype of 1848 is most to be prized, though it should have been reversed in photographing; yet how different from Cephas Thompson's oil painting only two years later! There is one profile, of 1862; it might pass for that of a Confederate general of the time. Finally, we will mention the well-known group of Fields, Hawthorne, and Ticknor in the tall stovepipes which were to give way in Hawthorne's case to a slouch hat.

Volumes xi. and xii. of "Early Western Travels" combine unequally the longer 'Memorable Days in America' (1818-20) of William Faux and the shorter Welby's 'Visit to North America' (1819). Both relate to the foregoing English Settlement (or English Prairie) of Birkbecks and Flowers in Illinois. We think Mr. Thwaites both underrates and censures excessively Faux's narrative, which has all the earmarks of honest report. He was a keen and truthful observer, and what he repeats from others seldom lacks verisimilitude. His remarks on slavery are just and forcible. He uttered a cry of humanity against an atrocious case of whipping a negro to death in South Carolina, and made a great sensa-

tion, his signed letter being printed in the Charleston *Courier*. Many respectable citizens expressed their regret at his advertising the crime, and said his account would be "greedily copied and extensively read to our injury, in the Northern and Eastern States, and all over Europe." "Go," said another, "and do justice to injured Carolina." "To do that," rejoins our blunt Englishman, "would be to make negroes and planters, for a few years, exchange places and stations." Faux listened in 1820 to some of the Missouri debates in Congress, and draws elaborate pictures of Clay, Pinkney, Rufus King, Barbour, and other orators and statesmen. Monroe and Aaron Burr are also in his portrait gallery.

Welby called upon Monroe at the White House. His narrative in general cannot be thought more flattering to our civilization than Faux's. He has, too, not a little to say about slavery, and reports a slave burning (for murder) in Georgia, in 1820, and quotes (xii., pp. 309, 310) a newspaper account of two in South Carolina in 1800. The American habit of soda-water drinking was already striking to foreigners. Welby had a pretty gift for sketching, and his lithographed memoranda of American scenery have a real historic value.

Mr. Kenyon Cox's 'Mixed Beasts: Rhymes and Pictures' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) was composed for his children, and pictorially is in the vein of Edward Lear. It shows us the Elephantom, the Walrustic, the Rabbittern, the Indianaconda, the Flamingocart, the Maniteapot, the Cigarctic Fox, the Peacockle, the Tomatocantelope, and many other monstrosities worthy of Mr. Burbank's failures in inventing vegetable species. First of all is the autobiographic Paintermine, with a quatrain that recalls Coleridge's bard without a penny in his pocket and even without a pocket for his penny:

> "Its innocence deserves no jibe—
> Pity the creature, do not mock it.
> 'Tis type of all the artist tribe:
> Its trousers haven't any pocket."

Most artists of distinction have indulged in thumb-nail caricature at least, in private. Mr. Cox evinces the possession of this humor; and older readers may remark that his poetic gift less easily descends to farce than his artistic. Of all these clever designs we fix upon the Bumblebeaver as the happy compromise between the two extremes of his range; it is comical at once and decorative—and perhaps the accompanying doggerel might be cited as the best, or nearly the best, for we will yield something to the claim of

> "At the bottom of the sea
> The Policemanatee,"

who safeguards the crossings for the pretty mermaid against the Triton's too impetuous course.

'Corner-Stones,' by Katharine Burrill (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a book for girls in their teens. The advice is, as it should be, chiefly negative, and assumes that if the young woman addressed will only discard two-thirds of the characteristics that distinguish them from their grandmothers, the British nation will be safe. The book is written by a Scotchwoman and wholly from the British point of view, which regards smoking as a habit that has long, and rightly, lost its sex-distinction, yet still takes the chaperone for granted. Even the young woman who smokes is reminded that she must make allowances for the "old-fashioned nice man" who does not like to see his own women smoking, though he accepts the inevitable for the rest of womankind. The range of admonitions that may be offered to the modern young woman is very wide indeed, but Mrs. Burrill manages to cover a good deal of the ground, and to illustrate her observations with some apt quotations of verse. In her own field she may be taken as a safe guide, but we hope no young woman will turn to her for advice on grammar. On page 27 we read, "She would have been much better to have merely gone for a brisk walk"—a not unfair example of the style which we have observed to be, as a general rule, consecrated to the instruction of young women in manners and etiquette.

Among the publications of the University of Michigan, a "Humanistic Series" has just been launched, beginning with a volume on Roman Historical Sources and Institutions, under the editorial direction of Dr. Henry A. Saunders. The papers in the present volume are all too technical to be of interest to any but specialists; but perhaps the narrowly limited publication funds of the universities ought not to be expected to furnish material for any but the specialist, however desirable it is that the research workers in these institutions should themselves occasionally state their results in readable form to a wider circle. The series is under the joint control of the departments of philology and philosophy, and volumes are in preparation by Professors George Hempl, Francis W. Kelsey, Robert M. Wenley, and others. The Macmillan Co. are the publishers.

A ponderous volume of Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy buries rather than publishes a short paper on recent criticism of American scholarship, which should have seen the light in some of the higher-grade magazines. Dr. Slichter, the writer, admits that, along the leading lines of modern scientific development, American scholarship has not entered as a factor of serious importance into the general result. The successful application of American energy to invention, however, he regards as an offset, to some extent, to our deficiency in pure science. Alleged defects in the management of the Smithsonian Institution are severely criticised as partially responsible for our poor showing. About four-fifths of the income goes for salaries and expenses of administration, with a minimum to show for that "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" which was the aim of the founder. Dr. Slichter quotes with approval a recent French writer, Jean Jussieu, to the effect that worldly success, the money-making ideal, has fettered and will continue to fetter American science, but is not quite ready to grant that the tendencies of democracy are inherently fatal to the highest scientific achievement.

The latest of the Knackfuss monographs on artists (Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) deals with Luca della Robbia and his family, and is written by Paul Schubring. It contains the usual wealth of illustrations which give a special value to this series, enhanced, in the present instance, by the inclusion of a number of illustrations of parallel treatment of subject by other artists, and of eleven plates in colors. These last cannot, of course, give much notion of the beauty of tints and glazes in the originals, but they do give, much more clearly than words could do, an idea of the extent and kind of coloring adopted by different members of the Della Robbia family, and are therefore of very considerable importance. Herr Schubring accepts as by Luca a number of works about which there has been a good deal of doubt and discussion; notably, the puzzling medallions of the Four Evangelists in the Pazzi Chapel, which are as unlike the accepted work of the master in type and form and general conception as they are in this very matter of the use of colored glazes. The theory first put forth by Herr von Liphardt and recently adopted by Maude Crutwell in her book on the Della Robbias, that these medallions are the work of Brunelleschi, the glazing and firing only being done in the Robbia workshop, is, it seems to us, though based on confessedly inadequate knowledge of Brunelleschi's works in sculpture, inherently much more credible than that Luca was ever, either in youth or age, so unlike himself.

The new volume of the Swedish 'Boktryckeri-kalender,' edited and published by Waldemar Zachrisson of Gothenburg, is published for the benefit of a proposed school of printing in that city, and two of the articles deal with trade schools in Copenhagen and London. Two articles are contributed by foreign writers: Mr. H. R. Plomer gives a sketch of the history of the Chiswick Press in London, and the secretary of the book exhibition in the Plantin Museum in Antwerp last summer, Mr. Emmanuel de Boom, describes that show. Baron Per Hierta, a well-known Swedish book collector and bibliophile, continues his series of articles, begun in the previous volume, on "The Invention and the Golden Age of the Art of Printing," and introduces not less than thirty-four facsimiles, reproduced (if we are not mistaken) from books in the author's library. The article is devoted largely to the development of the printing type, and with an eye to this the facsimiles have been selected; they are all finely executed, and show the character of the various types as well as could be expected from facsimiles many times smaller than the original. It would seem, however, that, for a comparative study of the types, a few lines in the actual size of the originals would have been preferable, even at the sacrifice of the artistic quality of the reproductions.

The movement for the erection of a Virchow monument in Berlin has reached the stage of organization of a committee, which has invited competitive sketches, the best three to be awarded sums from one thousand to three thousand marks. The monument is to be erected at the corner of Carl Street and Louisa Street, now generally known as Karlsplatz.

The next International Tuberculosis Congress will be held during the first week in October in Paris under the patronage of President Loubet. The Congress will do its work in two groups, each divided into two sections. The first group will deal with experimental and comparative medico-surgical pathology of tuberculosis, and the second with the prevention and cure of the disease. In connection with the Congress there will be a tuberculosis exhibit with a scientific and a practical division.

Professor Bücher, in retiring from his position as rector of the University of Leip-

zig, gave public warning to the students against the growth of luxury in academic life. He declared that practically a "code of luxury" had been established, under which a student is ranked in accordance with the amount he spends. He holds a return to the simple and inexpensive, not to say more studious, life of former days to be an imperative necessity.

Lord Cromer's earnest invitation to the English Church Missionary Society to establish stations on the Upper Nile is significant testimony to the value of the intelligent missionary in civilizing the savage. He designates in his letter, dated December 23, a definite, unoccupied district on either side of the White Nile, from the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the northern borders of Uganda and the Congo Free State. In addition to the religious work, he hopes that "special attention will be paid to some simple forms of industrial and agricultural instruction." This request, in which the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Reginald Wingate, joins, is regarded as affording the most important opening for the Society's efforts since Mr. Stanley's appeal for Uganda in 1875.

The Damascus-Mecca Railroad has been completed to Ma'an, a town about 60 miles from the Gulf of Akaba, and now there is railway connection between the Mediterranean and the whole Trans-Jordan region and Arabia. The formal opening of the last section was celebrated at the above place on September 1, the anniversary of the accession of the Sultan, who has taken a deep and conspicuous interest in the enterprise. There were present some fifty high officials, besides correspondents of Turkish newspapers; an oration was delivered by the representative of Abdul-Hamid, and medals struck in honor of the occasion were distributed. These bore on one side the Ottoman coat of arms, on the other the inscription: "In commemoration of the opening of the Ma'an section of the Hamidie-Hedjaz Railroad, 1322." The main object of the road, as its name signifies, is to carry pilgrims to Mecca, and so put an end to the perils and sufferings of the caravan life. In 1903 it is estimated that, out of 200,000 pilgrims, 20 per cent. were maltreated, wounded, or killed by the Bedouins, and more than $1,000,000 worth of property was stolen. A branch line to Haifa is open as far as the Jordan and is doing a good business. A fine stone bridge has been built, the first railroad bridge across the historic river.

In judging posthumous portraits of historical personages within the memory of the living, men will always be swayed by considerations of strict likeness to what they have themselves seen. The poetry with which the artist may have invested his subject will be resented, or at least allowed to affect one's interest in the work. One, for example, who saw Lincoln familiarly will thus be apt to want what would be called in prevailing fashion "The True Lincoln." This, certainly, rather than the legendary Lincoln such as Kruell gives us so beautifully, is what has been attained by Mr. Jacques Reich in a large etching, the latest in his series of American statesmen of which we have spoken from time to time. It is "Old Abe," with chin whiskers, in all his uncompromising plainness, and, therefore, all the nearer to the heart of the average American. The original photograph, we are told, is of 1864, one of Brady's, and has the approval of the family. We like best in the etching the treatment of the mouth. Mr. Reich's address is No. 2 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

—A new series, entitled "French Classics for English Readers" (Putnams), purposes giving, in a form both handsome and compact, a set of translations from Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, and others, which may safely lie on any table. In the first instalment, with an introduction by Dr. Curtis Hidden Page, the work of Rabelais, generously truncated with the pruning-knife, is presented through the well-known version of Urquhart and Motteux. It is not specially designed *in usum puellarum*, yet no reader of this volume need feel constrained to follow Trollope's Archdeacon Grantly, and read his Rabelais only on the sly. Apart from passages of doubtful taste, others familiar through long association disappear; but, as the editor declares, the continuity of the story does not suffer seriously. Still, the true Rabelaisian cannot but miss the satirical enumeration of books in the "Librairye de Sainct-Victor" or the humorous episode of Panurge in peril of the deep waters. In the last two books the excisions are extensive. Dr. Page's introduction brings the spirit of Rabelaisian satire into relation with the work of other critics or cavillers from Aristophanes to Sterne, pointing out the extravagances of Rabelais's genius, and avoiding the too common error of the single point of view in attempting the reduction of his colossal complexity of scheme to a fixed unity of design. What, however, seems to distinguish Rabelais from the majority of satirists here mentioned is the undisguised *joviality* of his humor, skilfully combined with a most unmistakable purpose of specific attack on institutions and the rectifying of definite abuses. The notes are chiefly Ozell's, and might easily be enlarged or improved. For instance, the famous definition, "Deus, sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibi," was not original with Rabelais, but is often attributed to Hermes Trismegistus. And why should *Dindenault* ever have been translated "Dingdong"?

—The tour of the Mediterranean is now so much a matter of course and so frequently made that a compact special guide-book for this sole purpose must commend itself to the traveller who wishes to minimize his *impedimenta*. 'The Mediterranean Traveller,' by Dr. E. D. Lorenz (Fleming H. Revell Co.), aims at fulfilling this purpose in a volume of about 350 pages, containing fifteen maps and plans and some pleasing but perhaps superfluous reproductions of photographs. The itinerary extends from Portugal, Madeira, and Spain, on the west, to Turkey, Palestine and Egypt, in the Levant, and includes an excursion to Tangier, Biskra, and Tripoli. No instructions are given as to routes and steamboat lines between the various ports, perhaps because it is assumed that the voyage will be made continuously on an excursion steamer. Obviously, however, this is an omission which should be rectified in future editions, and at the same time more minute information as to hotels might profitably be added. Ample room for such a supplement might be obtained by omitting, here and there, a page or paragraph of moralizings and reflections which the traveller is competent to provide for himself, according to his own mood. The text is in some portions accurate and businesslike, but in others it reveals amateurishness, and some inaccuracies and misprints, *e. g.*, Dionysius (for Dionysus), Sympegades, Delhi (for Delphi), Doge Dondols (Dandolo). The battle of Salamis is dated 430 B. C. (p. 111); page 114, seventeenth chapter of Acts should be read for seventh; on page 130, one lepta and 100 leptas occur (for lepton and lepta). The monuments similar to that of Lysicrates were not erected by winners of Dionysiac "games" (p. 117) but contests. The name of Alexander is not inscribed on the so-called Alexander Sarcophagus, as is stated on page 147. On page 134, the writer has twice confounded the Bosphorus with the Hellespont (Dardanelles): "Across the Bosphorus, Xerxes built his wonderful bridge of boats." The compiler of the description and plan of Pompeii ignores, or is unaware of, Mau's researches and identifications. Such errors will not, of course, prevent the tourist from reaching his destination, but they evidently call for some strenuous and expert revision.

—The Rev. Joel Foote Bingham, D.D., L.H.D., has translated Manzoni's 'Sacred Hymns and Napoleonic Ode' (Henry Frowde), and added so much comment that the result is a book of over 200 pages. His elucidation is so microscopic, indeed, that it may fairly be said that not a comma has escaped him. One cannot help feeling that the "letter killeth" when such obsequious attention is paid to it. For example, in the first two lines of the fourth stanza of "The Passion," which read in Dr. Bingham's version,

> "He is the Just the wicked crew
> In unresisting silence slew,"

is it necessary to quote Isaiah, xliii., 7, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth"? Must nothing be left to the imagination? Must the ignorance of persons likely to use such a book be assumed to be total? Dr. Bingham's translations are painstaking, and, if one knows the original, one can recognize that he has given an equivalent for many of Manzoni's thoughts; but the metrical charm and the poetry have evaporated. Hymns are seldom poetic; it is enough if they are pious and adapted to church singing. For instead of imagination or poetic fancy, they offer Scriptural phrases or liturgical formulas which may have intense associations of worship, but be as unpoetic as a sentry's countersign. As a specimen of Dr. Bingham's skill, we quote stanza 7 of "The Nativity":

> "O Thou begot eternally
> Of the Eternal, one with Thee,
> Which 'mong the endless ages can
> Declare: 'With me Thy race began'?
> Thou art. And of Thy vast command
> The whole contains not Thee. Thy hand
> Has made and makes it stand."

Would anybody suspect that to be poetry? When he comes to Manzoni's stupendous ode on the death of Napoleon, Dr. Bingham falls far short. A hymn will pass, no matter what it says, so long as it is properly cut up into long metre or common metre; not so a magnificent poem, wonderful alike for its imagination, its metrical beauty, and its diction. Of the attempts to render "Il Cinque Maggio" in English, from that of Alexander Everett to this of Dr. Bingham,

the least unsatisfactory is Mr. Howells's. Here is Dr. Bingham's version of the stanza beginning *Tutto ei provò:*

"All he tasted; glory growing
Greater after great embroil;
Flight; and victory bestowing
Palace; and the sad exile;
Twice in the dust a victim razed,
Twice on the altar victim blazed."

Comment is unnecessary. But whoever desires a complete outfit of notes and critical opinions on Manzoni's hymns and ode will find them in this book.

—'From Epicurus to Christ,' by Dr. William De Witte Hyde (Macmillan), is a popular study of four schools of Greek philosophy considered only on their ethical side. In his first four chapters Dr. Hyde sums up the contribution to ethics of Epicurus, the Stoics, Plato, and Aristotle, and in the fifth and last adds to his eclectic system of ethics the final ingredient of the teaching of Christ. Why he should so disregard chronological order as to deal with Epicurus and the Stoics first, he does not explain, nor is it at all apparent. The book is hortatory and not historical. It is an endeavor to apply to modern life the fundamental teaching of the four Greek schools on the art of living. When that is done, and it has been shown that there is something of value for modern life in the pursuit of pleasure with Epicurus, the stern doctrine of self-control, the "Platonic subordination of lower to higher," and the Aristotelian sense of proportion, the exposition becomes a sermon, with its exhortation to temper all these principles by the "Christian spirit of love." "The time is ripe for a Christianity which shall have room for all the innocent joys of sense and flesh, of mind and heart, which Epicurus taught us to prize aright; yet shall have the Stoic strength to make whatever sacrifice of them the universal good requires; which shall purge the heart of pride and pretence by questionings of motives as searching as those of Plato; and at the same time shall hold life to as strict accountability for practical usefulness and social progress as Aristotle's doctrines of the end and the mean require." Dr. Hyde is extremely practical in his application of Greek philosophy to modern life. You can begin your day by consulting page 124, and considering which is the better breakfast, the American or the European, when judged by the Platonic teaching of the inferiority of appetite to reason. On page 127, Dr. Hyde discusses the question of dismissing your cook as Plato might have discussed the question of dismissing his, in a situation where that famous second part of the soul, 'the spirit of anger," seemed about to get the whip-hand of reason. On page 135 he tells us what Plato would have thought of manual training and nature study. Later he carves ten commandments out of Aristotle, and tells us what he would have thought of the clubwoman. Dr. Hyde's literature of Stoicism ranges from Marcus Aurelius to Henley and W. S. Gilbert. The only serious criticism to be made on the book is the order of the chapters. Few readers unacquainted with the classics could escape the impression that the Greek philosophers represent a gradual ascent, in the course of which they lifted themselves above the Epicurean pursuit of pleasure to the heights of Platonism, and so were prepared for the teaching of Christ.

—In the last issue of the *American Journal of Archæology*, Vol. VIII., No. 4, Mr. Clarence S. Fisher, architect of the last expedition sent out to Nippur by the University of Pennsylvania, 1898-1900, presents the first results of his work in that connection under the title, "The Mycenæan Palace at Nippur." The first expedition, 1888-1890, partially excavated a palace built around a colonnaded court, which was reported as a structure of the Kassite period, at or somewhat after 1200 B. C. In his volume entitled 'The Excavations in Assyria and Babylonia,' published in 1904 and carrying the account of the excavations of Nippur down to the year 1900, when this palace was entirely excavated, Professor Hilprecht rejected the above date with some contumely, and assigned the building to the Seleucidan period, in the third or even the second century B. C., largely on the ground that the architecture, and especially the free use of columns, indicated Greek influence. Mr. Fisher shows conclusively, from a study of the overlying strata, that this is impossible, and that the conclusions of the original explorers were correct as regards date. New and startling is the method by which he explains the apparently Greek features in the architecture of this palace, in the very heart of Babylonia, namely, that it is Mycenæan. Its plan is in general the same as that of the palace at Tiryns. It has the same arrangement of *prothyron*, court with colonnades, *aithousa*, *prodomos*, and presumably also *megaron* with hearth, and the same division into two parts for men and women respectively. This argument from the correspondence of building plans Mr. Fisher fortifies by the study of a few small objects found at Nippur, which seem to him to show a Mycenæan workmanship or design, notably, a small terra-cotta stele of a tree, with wild goats rampant on either side, which he compares with a gem from Mycenæ having a similar motive. His theory is that, at the time of the breaking up of the Mycenæan civilization and the migration of the nations, between 1200 and 1000 B. C., Mycenæan fragments were projected as far to the east and south as Babylonia. In view of our present limited information and especially our almost complete ignorance of the early art history of the region lying between Assyria-Babylonia and the Mediterranean, such a conclusion appears premature. The evidence presented certainly suggests some intercourse and relationship between the Greek and Babylonian regions at the end of the second millennium before Christ, possibly not altogether unlike that which existed in the Seleucidan and Parthian periods, a thousand years later. It is also possible that explorations in the intervening region or in Asia Minor may reveal some now unknown common source which affected both Babylonia and the Ægæan coasts and islands.

—A pamphlet recently issued from the Weather Bureau upon "Long-Range Forecasts" opens with the pertinent remark that "the proof of the forecast is in its verification," and continues by saying that meteorologists who have theories of their own, or who have tested those of others by recorded facts, obtain only negative results. Long-range forecasting, subjected to scientific investigation, is found to be curiously unjustified by fact. The popular notion that the moon influences the weather is also treated in this very interesting pamphlet, and is given at least respectful overthrow. As long ago as 1868 the attitude of the scientific world is indicated by the utterance of Alexander Buchan, secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society: "That the moon's changes exercise an influence so strongly marked as to make itself almost immediately felt in bringing about fair or rainy or settled or stormy weather, an examination of meteorological records extending over many years conclusively disproves." On the other hand, it is admitted that sun-spots may be associated with terrestrial phenomena; but planetary meteorology is one of the relics of astrology. The decided influence of ocean currents on climate is treated at length, particularly that of the Gulf Stream and the Japan Current (Kurosiwo); and the opinion is quoted from *Nature* that the next development of weather study will almost certainly be in the direction of international or world meteorology and its relation to the phenomena of sunspots and terrestrial magnetism.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

A Peculiar People: The Doukhobors. By Aylmer Maude. With illustrations. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1904.

At last we have a work from which the student of sociological experiments and systems, as well as the ordinary layman, can obtain a fair, clear, and sufficiently complete conception of the truly "peculiar" Russian sectarians about whom so much that is prejudiced or erroneous has been written. Previous writers have been ill equipped, in one respect or another, to understand the complex problems and situations involved. Mr. Maude has the advantage of having been intimately associated with the emigration to Canada of the Doukhobors; the Russian sources of information are accessible to him; and his admirable frankness in acknowledging his change of views in various directions makes the reader feel from the very first page that facts have been truthfully and impartially presented. He explains, in his preface, that the first chapter is an abbreviated and corrected reprint of a chapter in the first edition of his 'Tolstoy and his Problems,' published three years ago, and that he reissues it because it shows how some of those most closely connected with the immigration viewed the matter at the time. He admits that the famous "pilgrimages" showed him that he had been misinformed about the sect. "That my explanation, after discovering my mistake," he says, "has been so long delayed is due to the intricacy of the problem, to my unwillingness to risk blundering a second time, and to a certain reluctance to challenge opinions more or less vouched for by Tolstoy and strongly advocated by his lieutenant, Tchertkoff." It is precisely these (heretofore) unchallenged opinions which have obtained currency; and Mr. Maude is justified in asserting that his volume contains much that is new to English readers, and provides the first consecutive sketch in the English language of the history of this interesting sect.

The first chapter reads a good deal like an argument in behalf of the defendant in a criminal case. Mr. Maude mentions the

difficulty which arises from the lack of impartiality in what has been written about his protégés. When trying, originally, to state the case fairly, he fell into the error of assuming that the information supplied by the friends of the Doukhobors was more reliable than that emanating from the other camp. He is consequently obliged, from time to time, to add footnotes in which he acknowledges that he is now obliged to modify his favorable impressions. Herein precisely lies one of the merits of his work—the possibility of comparing the views of an enthusiast and a disillusioned convert in one and the same person. He furnishes a valuable history of the sect's beliefs, with ample quotations from Novitzky's book, which the Doukhobors adopted as a correct statement of their faith. He gives Novitzky's unfavorable criticisms frankly: "He [Novitzky] says that superstition, anger, and quarrels were prevalent among them, and the 'distinguishing traits in their character is obstinacy in their doctrine, insubordination to the authorities, insults and slander towards those who differ from them. They are very eager to get money,'" and so forth. "In practice," Mr. Maude continues, "the Doukhobor theocracy became, in course of time, a one-man power, based to some extent on custom, also partly on superstition, and more absolute than most monarchies. The rejection of all Church rites has not prevented the establishment, by custom, of meetings for worship, with forms as definite and as strictly maintained as those of most churches." He admits that there seems to be something mysterious about the laxity in moral matters allowed to the leaders of the Doukhobors, which the latter are reluctant to have investigated even by those who sympathize with them in their general views. He also gives a succinct account of the origin, rise, peregrinations, and leaders of the sect, with a survey of their customs and rules; and he shows how the split occurred which resulted in the appeal of one party against their brethren to the Russian authorities, ending, after many vicissitudes, in the voluntary expatriation of the majority.

Even before Mr. Maude had learned as much concerning the difficulty of dealing with these intractable people—and there are times when one feels that he would like to call them plainly "cantankerous"—he declares that the Russian general who was appointed to hear the Doukhobors' statement of the case and investigate the whole matter, actually went as far as most of the English clergy or officials would be prepared to go. Mr. Maude had not the advantage of having visited these people at their homes in the Caucasus; but Prince D. A. Hilkoff (nephew of the Minister of Ways and Communications) did so live with them, and Mr. Maude got his information from him when these two men and two specimen Doukhobor families travelled to Canada together on a tour of investigation. He also had sufficient personal experience with them to learn that, while they were, "in the eyes of the Tolstoyans, a folk who had well-nigh realized the Christian ideal," and really do possess many fine characteristics, there was reason for skepticism as to the claims for collective saintship set up for the Doukhobors by the Tolstoyans—the claims which are, practically, accepted by the world in general to the present day, with a few apologies thrown in for the temporary aberration of the extraordinary "pilgrimages." Mr. Maude says that his eyes began to be opened during his stay in Canada. They have been fully opened by later events.

Two important chapters on the "Sources of Doukhoborism" and "Doukhobor History" follow the account of the Canadian trip, and prepare the reader to understand many peculiarities which he meets with in the more recent history of this sect. Most curious of all (apart from the claims of various leaders to be God or Christ) is the story of their present leader, Peter Verigin, and the manner in which Count L. N. Tolstoy contributed some points of doctrine to their rather indefinite and fluid creed, and, although misled as to their character in general, nevertheless exerted a powerful influence on their fate. As for the contention that the Doukhobors believe in the divinity of their leaders, Mr. Maude shows that, unless the evidence pointing to that belief be accepted, the most remarkable occurrences in their history become absolutely unintelligible. That the influence of this belief has proved pernicious is demonstrated by the patent fact that it has caused two wholesale removals of the sect, with all the inevitable losses, suffering, and recriminations. In particular, it would appear to have been directly responsible for all the resounding troubles in the Caucasus and the eventual emigration to Canada, including the long exile of the leader Verigin, and the infusion of certain Tolstoyan doctrines which, as Mr. Maude confesses, were productive of many hardships and difficulties. An interesting point in this connection is Verigin's claim that he had no knowledge of Tolstoy's doctrines, while his own letters prove the contrary. The logical deduction would seem to be that he assumes to be the source from which all doctrine must emanate. Yet he borrows whole passages, verbatim, from one of Tolstoy's books, containing, in particular, a long quotation from the Declaration of Sentiments which William Lloyd Garrison drew up in 1838 for a Peace Convention held in Boston! Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance they proceeded to interpret in their own manner, and Mr. Maude remarks: "Verigin's immature assimilation of Tolstoy's not infallible opinions has, I fear, not tended much to enlighten or to clarify the mental perceptions of the sect, which he [Verigin] supplies with beliefs." Moreover, when Verigin reached Canada and saw the mess which his people were in through their interpretation, "he took the task in hand vigorously, and did not hesitate, on occasion, to call in the aid of that physical force which is such a terrible bugbear to Tolstoy." Having gloried in the name of Doukhobors (first conferred on them in reprobation), and asserted that they would die rather than change it, at Verigin's command they promptly and meekly did change it to "The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood"; and Mr. Maude quotes the pithy comment of one who saw much of them in Canada: "They belie every noun and adjective of their cumbrous title."

Mr. Maude has had personal experience in the workings of a Tolstoy colony, at Burleigh, in Essex; for that reason, his thoughtful analysis of the Tolstoy doctrines and mistakes, on pages 164-166 (as well as elsewhere), are deserving of careful attention. He explains, with significant italics, that the Doukhobors won Tolstoy's sympathy "because they professed the very principles of Christian anarchy dear to Tolstoy, and (apparently) put these into actual practice *without that disintegrating result* so painfully evident in the failure of the Tolstoy colonies." In Canada, as the author shows us in detail, the communistic and the individual system prevailed, at different periods and in various degrees, among the several colonies of Doukhobors, until the arrival of Verigin from Siberian exile. Experience proved that the individualist practice was the best. "Generally speaking (with occasional exceptions), where the 'new life' was most strictly carried out, there human relations were most strained, least natural, and least healthy," is the verdict which Mr. Maude quotes from an observer who was long and intimately connected with Doukhobor life in Canada. The writer's general comment, which covers much ground, is: "One cannot follow the perturbed movement of these very sincere and worthy, but very ignorant, folk without being conscious of the responsibility that belongs to those educated men who weave social theories, and by literary skill hypnotize others into staking their lives on the validity of such theories."

After dealing very fully and impartially with the famous "pilgrimages," the author devotes a long chapter to the consideration of "Communism," chiefly, of course, in its bearings upon the Doukhobor theory and practice. His main conclusion is, that, while the sect is now flourishing under that system, under the strongly despotic and extremely able rule of Peter Verigin, yet "it does not at all correspond (as I, agreeing in this respect with the Toystoyans, was at one time inclined to assume) with any *moral* advance. In many cases it seems rather to indicate the reverse."

"The objection to communism as we see it reëstablished among them is really a *moral* objection; though at first it might not appear as weighty as the moral indictment Tolstoy brings against individualism. The fact, I suspect, is that *any* form of human organization that a man of Tolstoy's powerful critical capacity, impulsive temperament, and eagerness for human improvement might live under, would (being an imperfect human contrivance) seem to him abominably wicked; and the form of which he had less personal experience would, by contrast, always appear to him comparatively moral. I feel sure that if he cannot tolerate the yoke of Nicholas II., still less would he tolerate that of Peter Verigin, which certainly comes closer to the actual daily life and thought and occupation of each Doukhobor than the rule of any Emperor or Pope in Christendom comes to his subjects or to the adherents of his Church."

Yet Mr. Maude admits that Verigin's relentless despotism has been good for the sect, and was absolutely needed when first applied, although great dissatisfaction now exists over the enforcement of communism. Much quarrelling and fighting has been the result of this system, according to the testimony of a keen observer in 1903, in places where peace prevailed under the individualistic system; and the testimony of an intelligent Doukhobor, in a letter to Mr. Maude, asserts that the Commune "is nourished by anger, by defrauding one another, by slander and by violence." Meanwhile, as to the great and constantly increasing material welfare of the sect under the present system, there seems to be no doubt.

Mr. Maude has been known as an enthusiastic Tolstoyan and ardent advocate of all Tolstoy's ideas, to an extreme degree. In a

footnote he announces a change of view which may be quoted: "Greatly as I admire Tolstoy, I do not claim to rank as a Tolstoyan, but agree with those who would employ and improve existing institutions rather than abandon them as incurably corrupt." In this spirit of fairness, and guided by a spirit of justice to all parties, and entirely adequate preparation in the past (both of experience and first-class information), he has made a book which should be carefully read and pondered by all students of social topics, as well as by those who have been or are especially interested in the Doukhobors.

HURRELL FROUDE.

Hurrell Froude: Memoranda and Comments. By Louise Imogen Guiney. With seven illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.

Miss Guiney's book is in two parts. First, we have from her hand a biographical study of her subject in 229 pages, into which many letters from and to Froude are taken up; and, second, we have a collection of some thirty comments, covering 176 pages, upon Froude's person, character, and career. These demonstrate that Froude has excited abundant interest among the more or less friendly historians and critics of the Oxford Movement. But all these comments, it should be observed, have an incidental character. None of them are from books devoted exclusively or dominantly to Froude, except those from the 'Remains of Richard Hurrell Froude,' published in 1838. This must be thought strange. Miss Guiney might well address herself to fill so obvious a gap. She has brought to her task abundant sympathy and much careful preparation. If her judgment is at fault, she has furnished us the means of correcting it in no halting fashion. Her collection of comments is no mere device for confirming her own views. Here is the most flattering commendation jostled by strictures that are extremely angular and harsh; on the one hand Newman's exaltation, on the other such mordant depreciation as Mark Pattison's. Many, and indeed most, of these comments are familiar to the coterie to which the Oxford Movement is always an engaging matter, but it was a happy thought to present a conspectus at once so extended and so fair.

Dean Church's nice discrimination, from his 'Oxford Movement,' has deservedly the place of honor, but some of the most notable extracts are from far less accessible sources. A full and trenchant one is that from Sir James Stephen's 'Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.' His son Fitzjames could strike no harder blows than these; his son Leslie pierce the joints of an opponent's armor with no keener thrust. Sir James's anti-slavery associations with Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, and others of "the Clapham sect," made Froude particularly obnoxious to him when, during a period of residence in the Barbadoes, Froude finds in "the niggers" (he has no other name for them) a fresh excitement of his habitually active spleen. The give and take of J. A. Froude and E. A. Freeman over the former's covert reference to his brother in his 'Life and Times of Thomas Becket,' is more damaging to Freeman than his controversies with Froude were for the most part. Froude says:

"I look back upon my brother as, on the whole, the most remarkable man I have ever met in my life. I have never seen any person—not one!—in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure. . . . I consider the publication of the 'Remains' the greatest injury that was ever done to my brother's memory."

Richard Hurrell Froude was the eldest, as James Anthony was the youngest, of eight children of Archdeacon Robert Froude. There was a difference of fifteen years between the two brothers. Miss Guiney's standpoint is that of an ardent Roman Catholic convert who is persuaded that, if Froude had lived a few years longer, he would have made his peace with Rome, not following Newman, but leading him, and shortening his death-bed agony, as Newman regarded his last Anglican years, a good deal. He was certainly, as Charles II. said of himself, "an unconscionably long time a-dying." There has been much difference of opinion as to where Froude would have brought up, but Miss Guiney's judgment seems to be sustained. His hatred of Protestantism was certainly much more acute than Keble's or Newman's, his principal coadjutors in the origination of the Oxford Movement. In 1836 he adjured Newman to stop his "cursing and swearing," meaning his criticisms on the Roman system. Miss Guiney's point of view necessitates her favorable opinion of Froude in proportion to the definiteness of his Roman inclination. She is not novel, and she is undoubtedly sound, in her opinion of Froude's relation to Keble on the one hand and Newman on the other. Keble was his teacher and inspirer; he was Newman's. It is quite possible that, without the action of his energizing disposition upon Newman's mind, the currents of the latter's tendency to Rome would have been turned away and lost the name of action. Newman's intelligence and culture were so much larger than Froude's that his subjection to his friend's influence may appear unwarranted, but the spectacle of a stronger intelligence subject to a weaker is not uncommon, especially where the stronger intelligence is joined with a weaker will. Newman had the Hamlet, Froude the Hotspur disposition. Nor is it likely that Froude's influence upon Newman was diminished by Froude's death. Newman's publication of Froude's 'Remains,' to many so malodorous, goes far to prove that for him his friend's death was an apotheosis, and idealized and consecrated for him even those elements of Froude's character which for more sober minds were limitations and defects.

Miss Guiney has done her best to supplement the more obvious sources at her command, the 'Remains' being preëminent among these, with others more remote; but great gaps in Froude's correspondence have opened with the lapse of time, and some of the deficiencies she has not been able with her utmost diligence to make good. The most interesting letter which she presents is not one of Froude's, nor one of Newman's, but a long one written by Froude's mother, apparently to some imaginary person, but very certainly for his warning and rebuke. Whether he ever saw it and what good it did him are things left untold. We gather that as a boy he was an insufferable little wretch. A spirit of mischief was his dominant trait; this with a spice of cruelty, which did not spare his invalid mother. He was already seventeen when the letter was written, and after a period of improvement he had relapsed into his worse and meaner faults. His "funny tormenting," as he called it, kept a younger brother screaming under the sick mother's window for an hour, his aim being to increase her misery. It is strange that it does not occur to Miss Guiney that something of this worrying temper, this teasing disposition, remained with him through life. After the death of his mother, he worried the Evangelicals, he worried his friends, he worried himself. He cultivated the pleasant art of saying disagreeable things. Miss Guiney admires his "fierce sincerity," but more obvious is a certain histrionic quality. To be astonishing and shocking was his meat and drink. If it be demurred that his most daring flippancies were in his private letters and journals, and only published by his friends, it must be answered that his talk appears to have been even more extravagant and outrageous. What we most miss in him is the ground-tone of reality.

His relations with Keble were the most beneficent of his maturer years. They began in 1821, only a year after the mother's anxious letter, when Froude went to Oxford and had Keble for his Oriel tutor. It was from Keble that he derived the ideas of a High-Church system very different from that type, so comfortable and so little militant, in which he had been reared under his father's arch-diaconate. In 1825, two years before the publication of 'The Christian Year,' we find Froude sending Keble his criticisms of that classic, presumptuous for his years, but wiser than the general acclaim. There was "something Sternhold and Hopkinsy in the diction" which he "began to note down, but, finding it went through, concluded it was done on a theory." He finds it "addressed too exclusively to plain, matter-of-fact, good sort of people," not enough to the "visionary and uncomfortable."

Wide was the range of Froude's abhorrence. It included Hampden, Milton, Wyclif, Luther, Cranmer, Latimer, and the Protestant Reformers generally; the Reform Bill of 1832, and, indeed, everybody and everything that has engaged the sympathy of liberal minds. A sonnet on "The Hateful Party" cannot be fitted confidently to the Reformers of the sixteenth century or to those of 1832. Both were the same to him—

> "Those proud, bad men whose unrelenting sway
> Hath shattered holiest things."

All reformers and reforms were as such distasteful to him. The Oxford Movement attracted him not as a reform, but as a reaction. But, apart from the exigencies of his particular fight, he had some wider sympathies, and wrote of Socrates, and of paganism in general, with no stinted praise. In this connection it may be said that his learning, compared with Newman's, was alphabetical, and yet Newman was remarkable for the immense voids in his reading, confessing, "I never read a word of Coleridge; I never read a word of Kant." The *nil admirari* disposition was as far as possible from Froude. Each repulsion had some equivalent attraction. Sometimes we pass directly from one note to the other. Thus: "I am glad to know something of the Puritans, as it gives me a better right

to hate Milton, and accounts for many of the things which most disgusted me in his not in my sense of the word poetry. Also, I adore King Charles and Bishop Laud!" Froude's own poetry, often very beautiful, consisted mainly in hitching his Romanizing Anglicanism to some star-like Bible incident or phrase.

Miss Guiney follows Newman's lead in taking Froude very seriously in his main effect, but humorously when he comes in a too questionable shape for her ethical requirements. Visiting Rome with Newman and meeting Wiseman (not yet cardinal), he writes:

"We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be taken without our swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole."

Miss Guiney agrees with Newman in treating this as a bit of jesting extravagance, but in its connection it seems to be intended seriously enough. That Newman contemplated at this time (1833) the Roman ending to which he did not arrive till 1845, is tolerably plain. Only two months later he wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," in which hymn

"I do not ask to see the distant scene"

means plainly that he preferred a wilful ignorance of his journey's end to any frank anticipation of his certain goal.

We have Froude saying of Wiseman: "He desired me to apply to him if on any future occasion I had to consult the Vatican Library; and a transaction of that sort would sound well." Here may be, as Miss Guiney thinks, humorously cruel self-depreciation; but the truth appears to be that the man who was a mischievous boy at seventeen, teasing a small brother and sick mother, was at thirty still dreadfully young and remained so till his death, in 1836. It is evident that he made a personal impression to which there was nothing fully corresponding in his journals, letters, and published writings, among which were four of the famous "Tracts against the Times," as George Eliot called them. These had too little of the vivacity of his letters and his talk. It was quite impossible for the more sober critics to find in the 'Remains' the man of Newman's passionate admiration. His little learning was a dangerous thing, unqualified as it was by a due modesty. Whether, had he lived longer, he would have developed a juster tone, with less eagerness to "make a row," no one can now make out. The publication of the 'Remains' was an ecclesiastical scandal of no ordinary celebrity. It put Newman in a very bad light, so glared in it his lack of taste and judgment. It gave the Movement a setback from which it never recovered. And though Froude's function as "Keble's poker" and Newman's spur was undoubtedly of great importance, he remains at the end of Miss Guiney's affectionate rehabilitation preëminently remarkable for the prolonged immaturity of his mind and the wild and whirling rashness of his speech. It is strange that she should think to honor him by predicating of him "an utter disregard of human feeling where the interests of religion were concerned"—the terms of Newman's praise for St. Basil.

TILLEY'S LITERATURE OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

The Literature of the French Renaissance. By Arthur Tilley, M.A. 2 Vols. Cambridge (England): University Press; New York: Macmillan.

There is no more complicated period in French literature than the sixteenth century, and, with some exceptions, such as Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, or Calvin, few of its writers were formerly studied with interest, although, as far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century, Sainte-Beuve rediscovered much of its poetry. But of recent years, as the traditions of historians of the Nisard type, circumscribed in their classicism, have passed away, and the fields for original research become more narrow, the sixteenth century has received much attention. Not only has the favorite study of origins shown the poets of the Renaissance to be in many respects the ancestors of an apparently very different classicism, but other literary genealogies and parallels, such as between Montaigne and Pascal, have been emphasized. Fuller notice is now taken than formerly in the programmes of French *lycées* and colleges of the writers of that time, and a considerable proportion of the theses for the French doctorate are monographs on its less read poets and prose writers. The *Revue des Études Rabelaisiennes* and the spasmodic *Revue de la Renaissance* are two new periodicals devoted to the same age, and even the more general *Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France* gives considerable space to the sixteenth century.

The result is a vast amount of uncorrelated matter, which the student has been obliged to seek in many remote quarters, especially if any question of international influence was involved. In 1898 Heinrich Morf issued his small handbook of facts, and now, by an interesting coincidence, Mr. Arthur Tilley's 'Literature of the French Renaissance' appears soon after the opening *fascicule* of M. Brunetière's history of modern French literature, the first volume of which is to deal with the sixteenth century. The two works (for enough of M. Brunetière's chapters have appeared—some in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—to enable one to discern his treatment), are decidedly different, and, frankly, M. Brunetière's work is going to be infinitely more readable than that of the Cambridge don. M. Brunetière sets forth, with a minimum of notes and with the usual clearness of classification for which French critics are so distinguished, the main ideas exemplified in the Renaissance and its authors. Even for him the first step is no easy one, because, as he has often complained, there is absolutely no history of the important Latin literature of French humanism which had so great an influence on the Humanists of the Pleiad. A large amount of even lyrical poetry was written in Latin in the early sixteenth century, nor was it all in the form of schoolboy exercises. By the side of scholars such as Budé, the Latin poets Salmon Macrin, Nicolas Bourbon, and Jacques Voulté deserve more than the passing mention that Mr. Tilley gives them.

The early first half of the sixteenth century is, indeed, at first sight a chaos, and the reign of Francis I. seems to present an almost inextricable confusion. But a closer examination distinguishes three main tendencies whose conflicting or concurrent action contributes to this confusion, namely, of the Renaissance proper, of Humanism, and of the Reformation. Humanism may be differentiated from the Renaissance feeling as being, not the mere bursting free from the shackles of individual authority, but the return to the authority of a more remote and better known antiquity; just as the Reformation is the acceptance of a new servitude drawn from the tenets of the primitive Church. And it is because so many writers participate in different movements at different periods that the early sixteenth century seems confusing. How far was Marot a Humanist and how far a Reformer? What was the position of Margaret of Navarre? Was Rabelais, the greatest and fullest writer of his age, more a Humanist or a Man of the Renaissance?

Another reason for emphasizing the study of French literature in Latin in a history of the century lies in the fact that not only were Rabelais and Montaigne Humanists in temperament and training, but the whole Pleiad movement is merely an expression of the feeling of Humanism in literature. Ronsard, Du Bellay, and their followers were, in their love for both Greece and Rome, pure Humanists, and the "manifesto" of the school, the 'Défense et Illustration,' was merely the battle-call of writers whose views were precisely those of the learned scholars about them, and who differed from them only in demanding the use of French and in proclaiming its possibilities as a means of expression.

Such are some of the many questions raised by this confusing period, whose solution demands a full exposition of the literature of Humanism, which, though it concerns French so closely, was itself mainly in another language. We should have been glad to see the difficult task undertaken by Mr. Tilley. He clearly possesses all the qualities of painstaking research and of accuracy required for it, and in 1885 he did publish an introductory essay on the Humanistic stage, which, though in many respects immature and superficial, should not have deterred him from more elaborate investigation. The value of the present history is, indeed, precisely in respect of minute research. The work is certainly tedious: it may be doubted whether the most devoted lover of the sixteenth century would have courage to read it through from beginning to end. The author has worked into his text or his notes mention of almost every article, important or unimportant, dealing with sixteenth-century topics, so that one is sometimes tempted to ask if the narrative was not written round the references. Moreover, there are useful appendices to the chapters, giving general bibliographical information; material concerning the older investigators such as Lacroix du Maine, Du Verdier, Colletet, Niceron, Goujet, etc., whose writings are still indispensable to the student of the sixteenth century; and even collations of the early editions of important writers, such as Rabelais. This stamps his work as most useful for reference.

He has divided his study into three parts, beginning with the accession of Francis I. The first has as central figures Marot and Rabelais, and one chapter is assigned to Humanism. The second is devoted to the Pleiad, and the third largely to Montaigne.

In the second and third parts the author's task was more easy. With the advent of the Pleiad the differentiation of literature into *genres* begins to show itself, and it becomes possible to study the poets as composers of sonnets, of odes, of epics, or even to group the drama under one separate head. Mr. Tilley adheres, it is true, as much as possible to the biographical treatment, taking each author separately, but the reader's course is now much smoother, though the new period is not without its complications, and problems such as the relative priority of certain odes of Ronsard and Du Bellay beset the study of the various isms—Pindarism, Petrarchism, Anacreontism—of which the history of the Pleiad is full.

In this second part of the century the influence of Italy becomes prominent. Italianism is significant enough in the age of Francis I., but in the school of Desportes and the later members of the Pleiad group a debased Petrarchism did much to bring upon the literature of the period a discredit which it had to bear from the time of Malherbe to the last century. And yet it was the period of Montaigne, of Ramus, the greatest technical philosopher in France between the days of the schoolmen and Descartes; of D'Aubigné, one of the few successful epic poets since the Middle Ages; and of Du Bartas, who, in the opinion of the English Puritans and of Goethe, was one of the greatest writers of epic.

The critical attitude of our author is judicious and eminently safe. His method is to register all possible conflicting views, and then select the most conservative judgment. Take it all in all, the work will for a term of years undoubtedly be in constant use by students interested in the minutiæ of scholarship, and will be consulted along with the first volume of M. Brunetière's work, when that has finally appeared. On the other hand, as a compilation of detail and piecemeal information it is more likely to be superseded, or to require copious additions, as investigation of the sixteenth century proceeds, than would a work of broader scope.

From Tokio through Manchuria with the Japanese. By Louis L. Seaman, M.D., LL.B. Appleton & Co. 1905.

Commenting on the report of Col. Taylor of the British Army Medical Staff, upon the medical service of the Japanese in their war with China in 1894, where he pointed out that, notwithstanding occasional unavoidable overcrowding, "there were no cases of septicæmia," we said that "that establishes a record, a mark below which military surgery should not fall, but doubtless it will." The United States has since fought in Cuba, with a most commendable advance over the surgery of the civil war. "But during and following that six weeks' campaign the immediate and consecutive mortality from gunshot," says Dr. Seaman (p. 234), "was 268, while that from disease reached the appalling number of 3,862, or about 14 to 1." We have not verified the figures. Of 14,000 men sent by the French to Madagascar in 1894, 29 were killed in action and 7,000 died from preventable causes (p. 235). The Hiroshima hospital in Japan received, prior to August 1, 1904, 6,636 wounded and 3,226 other cases. Of these, 34, and only 34, had died up to that date. In the great base hospitals the wards for communicable diseases were conspicuously empty. There were some disorders of the chest, apparently from exposure to wet and cold, a few typhoid cases, and occasionally one of dysentery, indicating that such causes were active, but were controlled; for among the thousands in those institutions the intestinal conditions that ravage ordinary armies showed "scarcely a baker's dozen" of cases (p. 238). Now except for this voluntary and unofficial observer, these facts and the conditions on which they depend, so important to the world at large, would have been unknown to and unrecognized by that world. Dr. Seaman remarks with commendable severity that the War Department sent a cavalry officer to inspect the operations of the mounted service, which from the nature of its island home could have no very high development; but it could not, or did not, detail a medical officer to observe, in the interest of the fourteen men who may continue to die of disease as compared with the one who falls by the bullet (even if the secondary and pensionable disabilities are ignored), what this new people might have to offer in practical medicine.

The old conception that a military medical officer is a doctor and nothing more than a doctor—a civilian if one chooses—engaged simply to treat invalids, with hands tied for the removal of disease-causes however plainly he may see them, died hard in "civilized" armies. The Japanese, open to progress, realize that everything that tends to military efficiency has a place in the military system, and that it is just as important to maintain by intelligent sanitation the vigor of the troops when not actually in action, as it is to mask impatient batteries and conceal waiting infantry against unnecessary slaughter. In discussing the relative numbers of the combatants, a distinguished Japanese officer is reported as saying that his country proposed to neutralize the odds against it by eliminating disease as a factor, in the expectation that, as usual, four Russians would be disabled by sickness to one by the bullet (p. 240). Dr. Seaman thinks that expectation has been substantially realized, Utopian as it appears. He estimates that the Japanese disability from preventable disease in the first six months will prove to have been a fraction of one per cent., even in notoriously unsanitary Mantchuria. To that end the medical officer is at the front much more than at the rear, incessantly occupied with all those scientific observations and precautions on which in unhealthful regions health depends. And it appears that, such is the deference to official opinion, his directions are respected and complied with by officers and men alike. This, unfortunately at second hand, is the message the author brings, in painful contrast to what might be told from nearer home, were it expedient. He has clearly made known the results of the hospital work in Japan, and we deeply regret that he could not join the armies in the field and narrate from what he might see the exact situation there. For 'Through Manchuria with the Japanese' seems a publisher's title, rather than one strictly descriptive. Dr. Seaman did indeed reach the port of Niu-chwang by way of China proper before the Russians evacuated it, and he was there a little while after the exchange of flags. That brief experience agrees with his opinion expressed elsewhere, for only three cases of typhoid fever fell under his personal notice. But one may hardly suppose that the Japanese retained in camp many of their seriously ill while water communication was open. Still, it would be useful, and not simply the gratification of curiosity, to settle at first hand the exact state of their sick report.

Dr. Seaman's observations were not all professional. He had some amusing and exciting experiences with the Hung-hutzes (Chun-chuzes), ex-bandits, now nominally Chinese soldiery, many of whom were operating as guerillas on the Russian flank and communications under Japanese officers, as is charged (pp. 161-170). These gentry, more disposed to bring in an enemy's head than to trouble themselves with an entire prisoner, have their headquarters, beyond which the author penetrated toward Mukden, at Hsin-Min-Tung. A Cossack advance in force encouraged his departure. For some time he hovered around Chefoo, that centre of international fiction and friction, and four unsuccessful adventurous attempts to reach Port Arthur add interest to the tale. The cutting-out of the torpedo-boat *Reshitelny* was generally regarded by those on the spot as infringing neutrality, as a flagrant violation of international law. But the Russians had already openly and continuously maintained at this neutral city a wireless telegraph station (pictured at p. 178) in direct communication with their besieged fortress. *We* must remember the beam of the *Florida*, and England that of the *General Armstrong*, before too seriously condemning this Japanese mote. The formal *res gestæ* of war as affecting the rights of neutrals receive a valuable record in the note made from personal observation, and in the photograph *in situ*, of a Russian contact mine anchored in the fairway of the Gulf of Pechili, 38° 45′ N., 120° 34½′ E., a menace to neutral commerce, thirty miles from the blockaded port; and it was reported (p. 121) that the Japanese had picked up no less than twenty of these engines of destruction in the open sea, besides extracting numerous observation mines from positions along the coasts.

The farcical feature in this great struggle was the invasion of Japan by an uninvited handful of American female nurses. With no working knowledge of Japanese speech, and no practical familiarity with Japanese ways, they were drops, but incompatible drops, in the great bucket of the perfectly effective native organization. With characteristic courtesy the Government received these unsought guests and quartered them, as it might have sheltered a herd of white elephants, in an establishment at Hiroshima arranged for their foreign needs. There they may have observed others render with extreme skill the service they had in mind. With enviable gallantry the author chiefly dwells on this physical exhibition of international good will, and designates their reception as one of enthusiastic recognition of America's kindly feeling; adding that the limitations of the visitors compelled them "to play a somewhat minor part," but that they were useful in the surgical wards (p. 46). After a pleasant vacation these nurses-errant returned, and it is conceivable that with one party, if not with both, "Sayonara"

may not have been an expression of pure regret.

The text is colloquial in manner. There are about forty illustrations, chiefly from photographs, many instructive.

In the Days of Chaucer.—In the Days of Shakespeare. By Tudor Jenks. With an Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904, 1905.

In the world of book-making, few problems are more rarely successfully solved than that of popularizing the results of research. Of making text-books, indeed, there is no end, and the need of bread and butter forces only too many of the scholars in our higher institutions of learning into this exhausting drudgery. But the presenting to the general reader of the riper fruits of investigation and speculation is too often left to the amateur and the hack, with the most disastrous results to truth and genuine enlightenment. Yet the matter is of great importance. So long as new facts remain buried in technical journals they are but slightly operative, and it is desirable that all attempts to make them accessible to the larger public should be honestly examined and appraised. The aim of the present volumes, and those on Milton and Scott that are planned to follow them, is to provide an introduction to the pleasurable reading of our great poets by a delineation of their personalities. The somewhat meagre biographical outline which is all that is possible in the case of Chaucer and Shakspere, is supplemented by an account of "the manners, customs, institutions, and happenings that made each what he was and are reflected in his poems," and by an appreciative discussion of the outstanding features of some typical works.

To readers who lay stress on accuracy and precision of statement rather than fluency and ease of style, it may seem ominous that the series is introduced by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The Introduction is indeed discouraging. It is a familiar talk about Chaucer, implying a knowledge of that author which shows no sign of the writer's having gone beyond the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. He is properly enthusiastic over that unsurpassed portrait gallery, but seems unaware that Chaucer also tried his hand at story-telling; and his vague generalizations about the "sweet-voiced singer" and "dreamer of fair dreams" will help no one to a truer conception of the poet or his work. On the whole, the books are better than this unfortunate start might lead us to expect. They contain much information, imparted vivaciously and succinctly, and fulfil to a considerable degree their promise of a concrete and vivid picture of the social and material surroundings of their subjects. As to accuracy, the verdict must be slightly less favorable. The mediævalist will be apt to sniff at a writer who undertakes to write on Chaucer and defines a *fabliau* as a fable in rhyme, names Thomas the Rhymer among the Scottish successors of Chaucer, and murders one of the greatest lines of his author by misquoting it, thus:

"The smiler with the knife hid under the cloak."

The Shaksperean will hardly think the book worth reading when he hears that Mr. Jenks considers Scott's sketch of Euphuism in 'The Monastery' lifelike, and still supposes that the "noverint" passage in Greene's "Menaphon" refers undoubtedly to Shakspere. Some compensation, however, may be found in the patriotism that places "the Revolutionary period of our own country" alongside of the age of Pericles as the only possible rival to the age of Elizabeth in the production of a "galaxy of celebrities."

In style the books are for the most part pleasant to read, but too often condescending. Simplicity and explicitness, such as are sufficient to bring writing within the comprehension of even quite young readers, can be attained without childishness; yet at times Mr. Jenks talks down to his audience in a manner that becomes offensive. But this fault is only occasional, and may easily be avoided in the remaining volumes.

From what has been said it will have appeared that Mr. Jenks is not a specialist giving to the public a choice selection from his own ample treasures, but rather a maker of books who can work up a congenial subject in a fairly satisfactory way. With a little more stress on accuracy, a little more manliness of style, and by taking as model (say) M. Jusserand or John Richard Green rather than Dr. Mabie, there is no reason why he should not make the succeeding volumes serviceable additions to the list of popular books about literature.

The United States of America. By Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago. (Story of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904. 2 vols. Pp. xi., 425, viii., 378.

The title of the series of which this book is a part permits a great variety of treatment. Some of the series are stories indeed; some, true history. That of the United States might have been told from many different points of view, but Dr. Sparks has wisely chosen to limit himself to a particular theme, a single point of view; equally wise has he been, we think, in the choice of them.

"An effort is made in this narrative," says the preface, "to trace the gradual evolution of a confederated republic under the laws of necessity; to acknowledge that radical departures have been made from first ideals as a result of progress; to take into constant consideration the underlying forces of heredity and environment; . . . to show how the phrase 'The United States is' has been slowly and unconsciously evolved in the process of time from the early practice of saying 'The United States are.'"

The story being conceived in this light, it is plain that much will be omitted that otherwise might receive consideration. Dr. Sparks has not scrupled to omit whatever, in his judgment, has contributed nothing to the working out of the central theme. It was, nevertheless, still possible to proceed in one of two ways: to exhibit the growth of nationality in terms of concrete events related in some detail, or in terms of a commentary on events that are assumed to be generally known. Dr. Sparks has chosen the latter method. His book is in no sense a narrative of events—even of those events that were vital in the development of national sentiment. The reader will find in it but little of concrete fact; he will find more or less suggestive criticism rather than information set down in order. The work is, indeed, not a history of the United States, but an interpretation of United States' history.

The use of this method is sufficiently obvious throughout, but it may be best perceived, perhaps, in the chapters on the Articles of Confederation and the Louisiana Purchase. It would be difficult to learn the provisions of the Articles from Dr. Sparks's book, however clearly he may have pointed out their defects. It would be quite impossible to work out a connected account of the Louisiana Purchase from the chapter that is here devoted to the subject. That Monroe was appointed to assist Livingston (i., 286) is almost the only concrete fact that the author sets before us. The date of the appointment, the progress of the negotiations, the provisions of the treaty, the progress of the debates in Congress, the organization of the Territory—the facts which go to make up a narrative of the Louisiana Purchase—are alluded to, if at all, only incidentally, as something thoroughly familiar to the reader. On the other hand, the bearing of these events upon party politics, upon sectionalism, upon the theory of strict construction, is discussed at some length, suggestively, if not with originality or great force. So slight has been the effort to construct a narrative or provide orderly information, that to one unfamiliar with the history of the United States in some detail the work must, we should suppose, prove vague in the extreme and largely profitless. To one better instructed, on the other hand, it should prove suggestive and readable.

A book of this kind will, most probably, contain few positive errors, because it deals so slightly with facts that may be established or disproved. On the other hand, a captious critic might find something to cavil at on almost any page of the book. On the whole, Dr. Sparks's interpretation of the subject commends itself to us as sound. Without slavishly copying the ideas of other men, he has mainly given us conclusions justified by the best special studies which have appeared. The author's explanation of the rise of political parties appears to us to be an exception, however. Whether the United States should aid France or not, we are told, "brought about eventually the rise of parties in the United States" (i., 204). Again, the first epoch in the history of parties "turned entirely upon the choice of sides in the war between France and England" (i., 205). Party animosity would have been checked instead of advanced if "John Adams had been sent as Minister to France and Thomas Jefferson to England" (i., 207). The emphasis on this cause of party alignment is difficult to understand precisely because the author is primarily interested in exhibiting the conflict between centralization and localism. For the very same reason, too, we could wish that the importance of Calhoun's letter to Pakenham in "nationalizing" the slavery question had been pointed out. One is left with the impression that the Fugitive Slave Law was the first indication that the Southern leaders were giving up the old "local-institution" theory.

The illustrations which accompany the book are numerous and well chosen. They exhibit the author's familiarity with political caricature, just as the hundreds of incidental facts with which the book is filled exhibit his familiarity with the pamphlet, broadside, and newspaper sources of his subject.

Old Florence and Modern Tuscany. By Janet Ross. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Mrs. Ross's volume on Florentine themes, ancient and modern, is full of varied interest. Some of these essays have seen the light in English magazines, but well deserve being collected into book form on account of their historical research and of their keen observation of actual conditions of peasant life in Tuscany. She begins with the history of the Misericordia, the confraternity of Pity. Visitors at Florence cannot fail to have been impressed by coming across a weird company of black enshrouded forms carrying a catafalque in the streets and in the lanes outside the city, hurrying along on some mission of mercy. There is a tradition that, in 1240, at the time Florence supplied cloth to foreign countries, many porters were employed carrying bales between the weavers and the dyers, and afterwards to the warehouses of the merchants. These porters had a refuge against wind and weather in certain cellars belonging to the Adimari in the Piazza del Duomo. One of their number, Piero Borsi, a devout man, shocked at their constant cursing and swearing, proposed that whoever took the name of God or the Holy Virgin in vain should as penance contribute a small coin to a box kept for the purpose. After a certain time, large sums having accumulated, Piero further suggested that six letters should be made, one for each quarter of the town, and that each porter should devote six days during the year to carrying the sick or those who had been victims of accidents to the hospitals, receiving for each journey a giulio. This origin of the Misericordia brotherhood has been, we are told, set aside by Passerini, the latest authority on the charitable institutions of Florence, who is of opinion that they are an offshoot of the Laudosi confraternity of Or-San-Michele, founded in 1292, who separated in 1326, during the pestilence caused in the city by the unburied corpses of those who fell at the battle of Altopascio.

In 1340 the plague again broke out in Florence, followed by the great plague of 1348, of which Boccaccio writes, when the sound of the brotherhood's measured tread about their work of removing the victims alone broke the silence of the stricken city. The Florentines made a gift of 35,000 golden florins to the confraternity in recognition of their heroism and devotion in burying the dead, taking charge of the orphans, and distributing food and clothes. Again in 1363 they proved their courage in behalf of the suffering during another outbreak of plague, and the large fortune of a Florentine usurer, Neri Boscoli, a banker of Naples of bad reputation, was bequeathed to them. The Misericordia had scruples as to accepting money procured by extortionate usury, and, having applied to the best theologians in Florence to decide this matter, accepted their decision, which was that their captains might receive the legacy; thus giving back to the poor what had been taken from them, after returning to those who could bring proof of exorbitant extortion the money that had been unjustly wrung from them.

Our author tells us that a century and a half before European cities instituted the registration of births, the Misericordia decreed that their notary should keep a book with the record of every child born within the city and of every person baptized in San Giovanni. Till then the priests kept count of the number by dropping black beans in a box for males and white for females. The books of the confraternity were swept away, unfortunately, in the inundation of the Arno, in 1557.

Notwithstanding the great services this institution continued to render to the State, it got into difficulties through the intrigues of the Medici, who induced the Signory to fuse it with the confraternity of S. Maria del Bigallo, which was given sole power to manage the funds. This led to the treasure hitherto entirely dedicated to the uses of the poor being squandered in junketings and festivities, and the brotherhood of Pity ceased to exist for a time. The need of their services was soon very keenly felt in the city, and in 1480 it was decided to reconstitute the confraternity by a fresh code of statutes, which remain unchanged to this day. Seventy-two brothers were ordained to minister to the needy, bury the dead, attend to the sick, and practise other needful charitable work without remuneration. Their privileges seem limited to a small monthly stipend to any of their number fallen into poverty, and the right to be buried in the cemetery of the Misericordia with fifteen masses for the repose of their souls, secured by a small annual payment.

Another chapter on old Florence treats of two Florentine hospitals, that of the Innocenti in the Via de' Servi, so well known through Andrea della Robbia's swaddled babies, which appeal to the public from Brunelleschi's graceful loggia, the asylum for illegitimate children built in 1421 under the auspices of the Guild of Silk Merchants in Por San Maria, and which continues to this day the good work of receiving these unfortunate infants, bringing them up and helping them to earn their living later on and serve their country. The other hospital is that of Santa Maria Nuova, built by Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, in 1288, a year before his death. It began with only twelve beds, but was enlarged in a very few years. Its history is remarkable, for it is said to have owed its origin to Monna Tessa, an old servant of the Portinaris, who devoted her later years to nursing a few sick people in a small house belonging to her master, who built the hospital at her instigation. In later centuries, it was held in such good fame abroad that Leo X. sent his physician from Rome to study its management, and Henry VIII. of England, wishing to establish such an institution in London, requested of Francesco de' Portinari a copy of its rules and regulations, which, needless to say, are not in accordance with the present ideas on hygiene, for it was not till 1650, after various changes in the direction and proprietorship, that each patient had a separate bed. This hospital used to be much visited by travellers on account of the magnificent triptych by Van der Goes, now in the Uffizi Gallery, painted in 1470 for Tommaso Portinari, head of the Medici Bank at Bruges.

Those who are interested in the present conditions of land tenure and agriculture in Tuscany may turn with advantage to the articles on the Mezzeria, Oilmaking, and Vintaging. Mrs. Ross knows the Tuscan people well, having lived for many decades in the country outside Florence in great sympathy with the workers of the soil. The most attractive article of all in this volume is on the popular songs of Tuscany, of which she has made a considerable collection, noting them down from the peasants in the country just as they are sung. Very different they are in form from the sophistications by the well-known composers, Gordigiani, Campani, etc. The illustrations of this instructive book are few and not up to the mark.

Modern Practical Electricity. By R. Mullineux Walmsley. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.

Appearances are against these four thin royal octavo volumes. They display a kind of ornateness by which the stern reviewer, lover of the leaden casket, refuses to be charmed. It is an ill omen, too, that the title-page bears no date and does not testify that this is a second edition, while the worn appearance of a good deal of the type does. Such lack of frankness creates a prejudice, and has caused the book to receive at our hands a more searching examination and comparison with other treatises than would ordinarily be bestowed upon a popular exposition of an established science. However, the final verdict is that an intelligent man of business or profession, who, by way of preparation for twentieth-century contingencies, would like, without too severe study, to understand the scientific basis of the wonderful inventions which have been revolutionizing life, and to learn as much as he easily can of the relation between practice and theory in electrics—so as, for example, to comprehend in some measure why one great company employs continuous current dynamos and others alternators—such a man cannot find a book better suited to his wants than this. That delight with which a work of genius like Maxwell's 'Theory of Heat' thrills him who reads it is not to be looked for from these volumes, but our readers understand what is the sort of cultivation required for the conscious enjoyment of a fine talent well trained; and they will take pleasure in noting the deftness of Dr. Walmsley's expositions. Clearness of statement is a small part of it. There is an accomplishment by which one suggests the right idea at the right moment and in the right form, a finish of expositional tactics, for which the science of electricity affords an interesting field. That art is Dr. Walmsley's; and in sinking those parts of the theory that need not perplex the reader, such as the displacement current, in so arranging the different sections of the book and governing their contents that each difficulty that is to follow shall find the reader in the precise state of preparation needed to meet it, he at one point forced us to exclaim: This is verily the high strategy of perspicuity! Yet it moves so smoothly that the reader will deem it a matter of course unless he goes to the trouble of comparing this work with others.

Extreme devotion to perspicuity has in one place had its inevitable disadvantage —namely, after explaining in considerable detail the arrangement and shape of the lines of force from a charged conductor placed near an uncharged one, and how those lines move when one of the conductors is moved about, until the reader fully possesses it, the author supposes a chain thrown over the uncharged conductor so as to connect it with the earth, and correctly

enough says that the ensuing motion of the ends of the lines of force, during this discharge, is an electric current. To have analyzed the phenomenon into two parts would have been a monstrous blunder of exposition. But the author abstains from pointing out that the so carefully described features of the lines of force, with their perpendicularity to and termination at the surfaces of conductors, refer exclusively to a state of equilibrium, and cannot be expected to persist when the lines move with luminal velocity. Doubtless his reason was that, if he did that, he would have to indicate how these features would necessarily be modified under rapid motion, which would bring complications mountains high. Yet, as he has left the passage, we will venture to predict that no small perplexity will be occasioned for the innocent who is at first led to believe that the displacements of the lines of force in moving an insulated conductor about in an electric field accurately represent an electric current.

The book is undoubtedly a second edition; but it must have been radically remodelled in some parts, for not only are all the latest discoveries treated, but early chapters present features for which there could have been no motive except to prepare the reader for a clear understanding of the new developments.

Indian Basketry: Studies in a Textile Art without Machinery. By Otis Tufton Mason, Curator Division of Ethnology, U. S. National Museum. Doubleday, Page & Co. Two volumes, quarto, with 212 text figures and 248 full-page illustrations.

These two volumes, profusely and exquisitely illustrated, are comparable with the best ever brought out by the ethnologic offices at Washington, and this is certainly saying a great deal. The colored illustrations are nearly all of rare beauty. The work is an ornament as well as a source of very elaborate information on a subject whose importance is very properly indicated by the author in his first chapter: "Basketry is the mother of all loom work and beadwork. . . . It is the alpha of an art in which billions of capital are invested, millions of human beings are employed, whose materials and products are transported to earth's remotest limits, whose textures are sought by every tribe of mankind. It is from this point of view that the present work is written."

Naturally, the overwhelming majority of the material illustrated and discussed is derived from North America, or, rather, from the United States. Mexico, Central America, and South America furnish but little, for the obvious reason that not much from these regions is accessible in this country, or anywhere else as yet. May the exhaustive work of Professor Mason animate collectors to fill up the vacancy. It is true, however, that this city harbors quite a respectable gathering of basketry from the Peruvian coast, which Professor Mason does not seem to have deemed worthy of attention, probably because it contains but a limited number of different shapes. Neither is there any reference to the Calchaqui of the Argentine Republic, or to the basketry of the Amazonian tribes. But so far as our own country is concerned, the work is so elaborate that it might be regarded as exhaustive. Every kind of process is most minutely and accurately described, and, as often as possible, figured. Professor Mason has produced a model monograph.

While not by any means an appendix to Professor Mason's book, but an independent and equally elaborate discussion, also handsomely illustrated, we notice here the 'Basket Designs of the Indians of Northwestern California,' by A. L. Kroeber of the University of California, forming No. 4 of volume ii. of the University Publications on American Archæology and Ethnology. This conscientious and thorough study is a handsome addition to the literature of the subject.

Die Psalmen. Neu übersetzt und erklärt von Arnold B. Ehrlich. Berlin. 1905. 8vo. Pp. 438.

The author or commentator of this work lives in New York and writes English very well; he evidently thought that Bible students generally can read German, and that more of his books would be sold on the Continent of Europe than in England and America. As a Jew, and a thoroughly modern one, he does not, like many Christian divines, hunt in the Psalms for Messianic predictions; nor, like the Talmudic sages, for incidents in King David's life. Though he disclaims all sympathy with the "higher critics" in their efforts to fix late dates for the origin of Biblical books, and decries their habit of emendation whenever the Masoretic text offers difficulty, he is almost unwilling to place the composition of any Psalms earlier than the Maccabean age, and he "reads" something easy out of almost every outlandish word found in the Psalter. The headings of the Psalms, such as the third, which refer the composition to some event in David's life, he very properly rejects as unhistorical, and, moreover, as inappropriate. The musical terms, like "Lamnasseah" ("to the chief musician" of the English Bible), he does not translate, but marks their places with asterisks.

The author's interpretation of the poems fits the times in which he places their composition. Thus, he points out that the sinners in Ps. I., 1, are habitual sinners (such is the grammatical meaning of *ḥattaïm*), men who have given up the observance of the Mosaic law; and in the same verse he puts the "sitting" (the Arabic *mejlis*) for the "seat" of the scornful, who are not jolly fellows in the tavern, but educated disbelievers, talking seriously of their disbelief. The *holelim* of Psalm V. are to him *Griechler* (Hellenists), not fools, nor the arrogant; the Hebrew verbal root being coined from *Hellen*. Yet the materialism which the Psalmist combats is that of life rather than of the school; it is the hunt after wealth and pleasure.

Mr. Ehrlich is not satisfied with any vague, cloudy renderings; to him the poet always meant something definite. Thus, in dealing with that hard nut, Ps. IV., 4 (5 in the Hebrew), he turns it thus into German:

> Gönnt euch keine Ruhe, nur sündigt nicht!
> Zermartert euer Hirn auf eurem Lager, aber schweiget. Sela."

—and says that the poet thus addresses the fretful hunters after gain: Go on with your fretting, only stop short of actual sin; let your business cares trouble you even in bed; but keep your low sentiments to yourselves. And in the closing verse, the poet glories in his own freedom from cares and in his peaceful slumber; for he trusts himself to the Lord. But here, as elsewhere, the poet, when speaking in the first person, does not mean himself alone, but the whole patriotic class, party or sect for whom he speaks, and who are to sing his poems. In short, the Psalms are to Mr. Ehrlich a set of party campaign songs, as they are to most of the higher critics.

Our author finds a specific meaning also for the first half of the twenty-fourth psalm. It answers the problem of proselytes; any Gentile may "ascend the mount of the Lord" (enter the Temple yard as an Israelite) who is "clean of hands and pure of heart," etc., without assuming the yoke of the ceremonial law. In the second half of this psalm, which he considers a separate song, he falls into a grave anachronism. "The King of Glory enters" in the form of the Ark of the Covenant on its return from battle. But as all the psalms were, in our author's opinion, written long after the Babylonian exile, when the Ark of the Covenant was only a dim recollection, the poet could not have harbored such a thought, nor would the singers and hearers have caught the implication. The King mentioned as "His Anointed" in the second psalm, and the King of the 45th and 110th, were for our author post-exilic high priests, wielding, with or without the title, the royal power.

In Psalm CL. 1, the "expansion of his strength" is to our author not the sky, but the roof of the Temple; in parallelism to the first line, "Praise ye God in His Sanctuary." For this rendering of *raqia'* he brings some strong but not convincing proofs from later Hebrew writings.

Psalm CL. 6 is commonly rendered: "Every soul shall praise the Lord, Halleluiah." (The new version makes it, "Every breath, etc.") The Hebrew *neshamah*, as denoting a living creature, says our author, is, in the Bible, always used in a contemptuous sense; hence the old rendering makes an anti-climax. But as the praise of the Lord is to be sung, and to be intoned on horns and flutes, it is only fitting to wind up: "Jeder Atemzug sei ein Hallelujah!"

Our author shows, rather unjustly, but little faith in the authority of the Septuagint, for this version, if he is right as to the age of the psalms, was made so soon after their composition that the translators must have been in full touch with the poets. They certainly were in touch with Palestinian custom by denoting, in harmony with the Mishnah, the psalms for the days of the week.

Mr. Ehrlich, in his commentary, lays bare the ponderous apparatus with which he has done his work. There are the Septuagint, Vulgate, and Peshitto, the Talmud and the Midrashim, the mediæval Jewish and modern Christian and "critical" commentators, to cull from; though very often he cuts loose from them all. He calls in the help of Aramaic, Syriac, and Arabic; but never a word of Assyrian, now so popular among Bible students. He seems never to have looked into Assyrian grammar; for, in commenting upon *yeshuatah* in Psalm III., he claims that Hebrew shows two case endings only, the independent and dependent case; and in note (4) in the appendix of outlying erudition he tells his readers that Arabic also had only two cases, till, after the invention of the vowel points, three end vow-

els for three cases were introduced. Declensions in a language are never gotten up by its grammarians; and the least acquaintance with the best-known Assyro-Babylonian book, Hammurabi's Code, convinces any one that the three case vowels belong to the oldest form of all Semitic languages.

Mr. Ehrlich's version, though often couched in strong idiomatic German, is written for the needs of the earnest student, not for the devotee or the lover of poetry. The stress laid in the notes on the historic background and on the standpoint of the writers must necessarily repel the reader from making the Psalms an expression of his own religious, ethical, or patriotic feeling.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Forman, Justus Miles. Tommy Carteret. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905.

The Week.

The President spoke smooth things in this city on Friday night about our now ranking as "one of the big naval powers of the earth," but it was left for Admiral Coghlan to state the rough truth. He explained, as he has done before, from the strictly naval standpoint, that our fleet is not what it is popularly supposed to be; that eleven of our "first-class battleships" are far from being first-class; and that we are, or soon shall be, 50,000 short of sailors to man the ships we have. The Admiral, as in professional duty bound, said that we must keep on building warships "rapidly," and "get more men." That is the old naval game, as worked so successfully in this country, year after year. First inform Congress that added men-of-war are an absolute necessity, and then turn around and ask, with fine indignation, if it is going to be so foolish as to spend millions on ships and then refuse to vote the millions more necessary to man them? President Roosevelt's complacency over the state of our navy is not at all shared by the real experts. There is no end to their demands. And the pity of it is that Mr. Roosevelt's words lend themselves to the policy of extravagance, at the very moment when a truly far-sighted statesmanship would be preaching peace and economy as the urgent needs of this country.

It is disquieting to note the accumulation of evidence that the President is not as careful as he ought to be in appointing Federal judges. The Chicago scandal is only the latest instance of a laxness in this respect on Mr. Roosevelt's part. His course in allowing Senators to dictate judicial nominations is in unpleasant contrast with President Harrison's sturdy insistence upon the Presidential prerogative in that matter. By personal inquiry and acquaintance, and by consulting more with members of the bar than with politicians, Mr. Harrison succeeded in doing much to raise the standard of judicial appointment. President Roosevelt has, unhappily, fallen away from that example. He has too often himself treated judgeships, and allowed spoils-hunting Congressmen to treat them, simply as so many "places" to be divided up among friends and the faithful. In Chicago, the promotion of District Judge Kohlsaat to be a Circuit Judge has made a very bad impression. It was formally protested against in advance by leading lawyers, including Mr. Charles H. Aldrich, formerly Solicitor-General of the United States, and the grounds of objection which they urged were solid, and should have been conclusive. The original appointment of Judge Kohlsaat was an impropriety. As the Chicago *Law Register* says, it was simply "a personal favor and gift from one friend to another." This means that President McKinley, who was obtuse in such things, named Christian C. Kohlsaat a judge mainly because he was the brother of his friend and benefactor, H. H. Kohlsaat. But there were in addition serious charges against Judge Kohlsaat. He had appointed two of his private secretaries as receivers. He had appointed his brother-in-law appraiser of an estate. He had appointed his own son as his private secretary. All these acts were grossly improper; at least one of them is admitted by the Attorney-General to have been in violation of the law. Yet, strangely argues Mr. Moody in his report to the President, "to deny the promotion . . . would impair, if not destroy, his usefulness as a district judge." That is, having been proved unfaithful over a few things, make him ruler over many!

The President has ordered each of the Executive departments to consult in all building matters the special commission composed of artists and architects, and to choose no site or erect no building except with its sanction. The occasion of this decision was undoubtedly the proposal of the Secretary of Agriculture to place his building athwart the Mall. This action is sure to give prestige to the commission, and reinforces handsomely the campaign of æsthetic education which for some years has been quietly conducted at Washington. It still remains possible that Congress may prescribe sites at random and without regard to the general plan of the capital; but the President's order at least points out the desirable procedure, and puts those who would develop Washington on the easy lines of a mining camp very clearly in the position of sinning against light. Congress, however, is gradually coming to have a proper pride in the beautiful city under its charge, and doubtless it will soon be realized that to develop a national capital without expert advice would be as foolish as to man the National Observatory by casual protégés of the Senators and Representatives. For this change of temper much credit is due the President, who has upheld every effort toward putting the development of Washington in skilled hands.

Ten days after the inauguration of a Republican President, at least three Republican Presidential "booms" are clearly defined. Mr. Fairbanks admits that he is a candidate; Senator Foraker leaves it to his friends to do the admitting; Secretary Shaw "refuses to discuss the matter at all"—which is his coy way of consenting. This prompt entering of a field from which Mr. Roosevelt has withdrawn himself has its amusing aspects, but, politically, it is no joke. It portends manœuvring and realignments within the party which are sure to have a great effect upon public measures. In a considerable degree, it tends to diminish President Roosevelt's weight in party councils. It will be all very fine for him to desire to have this or that project made a party measure, but the partisans of the various active candidates will be apt to consult the wishes of the man who, they think, is going to be President, rather than of the one who is President, and who, under our party system, may come to be looked upon during the next four years merely as a "public functionary." In any case, the changing situation, both in the Republican party and in Congress, will furnish future Bryces with a great deal of interesting material bearing on American party politics.

As an avowed candidate for the Presidency, Vice-President Fairbanks spoke on international relations, at the Ohio Society dinner on Saturday night, and made the huge blunder of talking like a civilized man. He praised arbitration, and prated about a "just sense of decency and honor" as being "a more powerful influence in the preservation of the world's peace than any manifestation of physical force." As if to pile mistake upon mistake, he added that an international peace due to "moral forces" is much more desirable than one "predicated upon mere might." This will never do, Mr. Fairbanks. In all truly statesmanlike speeches, the word "mere" is applied to morality, or benevolence, or friendship. To say "mere might"—meaning the precious guns and the men behind them, and the shots that hit and never hit soft—is sheer political ineptitude. Does Vice-President Fairbanks think that nominations for the Presidency are made by college professors and clergymen and philanthropists?

Secretary Taft's latest definition of our Philippine policy has some charmingly innocent features. He makes it in order to allay "timidity about investments in the Philippines." We thus see that the security of foreign investors, not the consent of the people, is the true test. To encourage exploiters

of the islands, Mr. Taft assures them that "indefinite retention" is what the Administration intends. But is any Administration certain of indefinite retention itself? May not a new one come in after four years to inaugurate an entirely different policy, which then, according to the Secretary's reasoning, would be the policy of the nation? He concedes that the "question of the future" is one "wholly of conjecture," yet he would erect his own conjecture into a fixed policy for at least a generation. Mr. Taft ought to take down the 'Sherman Letters' and read what Gen. Sherman said when told that it was his duty to let the Republicans nominate him for the Presidency, since it was a "call from the country." The General wrote crisply, "I am ready to answer a call from my country, but the Republican Convention is not this country." So the policy of "the Administration" is not necessarily the policy of this country.

If nothing else, Pennsylvania's representatives in Congress are hard to beat. This year they were after an appropriation for dredging a thirty-foot channel in the Delaware River, and another appropriation to pay for a survey on a thirty-five foot channel. The House made the first of these sums contingent on the expenditure of a certain amount by the local authorities, but Senator Penrose offered a gallant fight and secured the money unconditionally. Against the thirty-five-foot survey, however, the House stood firm; so the bill became law without it. But that a Pennsylvania politician would be discouraged by such a defeat as that was not to be expected. At 11:15 o'clock on the last night of the session, Mr. Penrose offered a harmless-looking little resolution, "directing" the Secretary of War to communicate to the Senate "at the earliest possible date" an estimate of the cost of deepening the river to thirty-five feet. This was passed without objection. Obviously, the Secretary of War cannot find out how much the new channel will cost without a survey, and, if he answers the Senate's question at all, he must accordingly make one. The Washington *Post* declares flatly that the Secretary will not be able to give an answer at all until a special appropriation is made, though the point is rather a nice one. At all events, it shows how quietly an important enactment may sometimes slip through if offered in a strange guise. William V. Allen of Nebraska once, when most of his colleagues were either absent or nodding, offered and had passed without a dissenting vote a set of resolutions committing the Senate to the most radical doctrines, which he recalled, after waking up the members and telling them what they had done.

It is not at all remarkable that the choice of a Republican Senator in Missouri on Saturday was attended by "riotous scenes." The Legislature could not, as in the case of an ordinary deadlock, adjourn to take up the fight at the next meeting where it was dropped. Both Democrats and Republicans knew that if a Republican Senator was not chosen before adjournment, Cockrell's reëlection would be made the issue in the next campaign, and the State would go Democratic. The agreement which was reached in the last fifteen minutes of the session, after sixty-six ineffectual ballots, was on a candidate who had several obvious qualifications for the office. He is a man of education, an old soldier, has had four years of Congressional service, a term as Mayor of Kansas City, and was once the candidate of his party for Governor. While no one ever supposed the long deadlock to be due to high or disinterested motives, it seems to have resulted in a decidedly better choice than either the Republican caucus or the Kerens bolters would have made. The chief regret will be that President Roosevelt's premature telegram congratulating the State on choosing a man of "the German stock which, in 1861, saved Missouri to the Union," is robbed of its significance. But the greeting may easily now be marked "misdirected," and sent on to Senator Warner.

The seating of Peabody as Governor in Colorado on the understanding that he would resign as soon as possible—as he did—had the one merit of admitting that neither side in this remarkable contest came into court with even approximately clean hands. The proceedings before the legislative committee amounted merely to the piling up of evidence regarding fraud, each side trying by a little to overbalance the other. The moral victory, if there can be said to be one, is with Adams, for, if the Republicans had believed that the evidence disposed of his apparent plurality of 9,874 beyond a reasonable doubt, there was no reason why they should not have seated Peabody unconditionally. A few Republican papers from the first opposed the plan for throwing out entire Democratic precincts until a Peabody plurality appeared. One of them, the Pueblo *Chieftain*, presented an analysis of the vote, showing that for Peabody to win, even by a single vote, he needed to have 87.75 per cent. of the vote for the highest Roosevelt elector, and that in only 11 of the 59 counties did he receive the requisite proportion. This paper further declared that any one familiar with the political geography of Colorado could see that Peabody was fairly defeated by looking at the returns of any group of counties in the State. The Supreme Court decided a fortnight ago that it was illegal to install the Lieutenant-Governor in place of Adams, but that result is now secured in a round-about way. As in the Goebel case in Kentucky, the Legislature seems to have the legal right to decide between the two aspirants, even if it goes contrary to the evidence in doing so.

The excommunication of ex-Senator Cannon for editorial utterances against the policy of the Church leaders, without opportunity to prove the truth of his assertions, and the filing of charges against an influential citizen for "rebellious" utterances relative to free speech and political independence, hardly confirm President Smith's assertion last year that the Mormons are "the freest people in the world." Nor does the attitude of the Canadian authorities bear out the "prophet, seer, and revelator's" statement regarding the prevalence of polygamy. Prosecutions in large numbers are being begun against polygamous Mormons, of whom, as the reports state, there are "thousands" in the Northwest provinces alone. But, according to the statement of President Smith last March, there were in 1902 only 847 polygamous families in his Church, and this number had since been decreased by deaths. Items of this sort are in some ways considerably more telling than the bulk of the testimony taken in the still unsettled Smoot case. Senator Dubois, speaking before the Mothers' Congress last week, urged the amendment of the Constitution so as "to place plural marriage and political control by the Church entirely out of the realm of possibility." Few things, however, are more unlikely at present than such an amendment.

Judge Hooker and his lawyers made a most unhappy impression on Thursday at the first hearing of his case by the Judiciary Committee of the New York Assembly. In his letter courting and even demanding investigation, he had assumed the rôle of an outraged judge, stung to the quick of honor by the charges against him, and anxious to have the whole truth brought to light. But now, when the actual inquiry begins, we see him falling back on one nice technicality after another, and trying to hamper the investigation by every *nisi prius* trick known to clever counsel. This procedure can only deepen suspicion. Judge Hooker must be obtuse indeed if he does not perceive that his only hope of moral rehabilitation (to say nothing of his judicial) is to fling wide the doors and justify himself, if he can, by letting all the facts be seen. To fence and dodge and delay and resort to legal subterfuges is the last course on earth for him to elect. He is not on trial for crime. The only question is whether the allegations against him, if not disproved, do not render him unfit to be on the bench. Hence the vehement insistence of his counsel

upon the strict rules of evidence; and their attempts to narrow the investigation make it seem as if the free and full eliciting of the facts was the thing of which he has most reason to be afraid.

The settlement of the controversy in the Equitable Assurance Society has been hailed as a wise and generous compromise, the results of which will be lasting and salutary. In short, the vocabulary of courtesy and even of enthusiasm is exhausted in honor of President James W. Alexander, Vice-President James Hazen Hyde, and the committee which patched up the wretched truce between them. It is impossible, however, to see how, on any theory of sound finance or morals, Mr. Alexander could accept Mr. Hyde's plan of surrendering to the policyholders the right to elect seven directors each year until they have chosen twenty-eight of the fifty-two. The struggle has been as to whether the Alexander or the Hyde faction should control the Equitable, with its vast funds, upon which financiers of all grades have looked with eager eyes. Mr. Hyde, who inherited a majority of the stock, has the whip hand, but Mr. Alexander has publicly declared that the interests of the policyholders are not safe when entrusted to a man of Mr. Hyde's intelligence and character. Mr. Hyde's friends have retorted that Mr. Alexander has his own selfish aims in view in the effort to break the power of Mr. Hyde. Whatever Mr. Alexander's motive, the fact is indisputable that a company like the Equitable should be "mutualized," so that in an emergency, in default of honest and able management, the policyholders can rally and protect their rights.

The compromise adopted is not a redress of grievances. Mr. Hyde will still remain entrenched for three or four years; and at the end of that period, if he can win over but three of the directors elected by the policyholders, he will be exactly as well off as he is now. In fine, nothing short of a general and persistent revolt of the policyholders can overthrow him. Such unlimited power should not—for practical purposes—be irrevocably lodged in one man, were he the greatest of living financiers—to say nothing of a person who is chiefly noted for social exploits. If Mr. Alexander's charges against Mr. Hyde be well grounded, Mr. Hyde is unfit to fill any important office in the Equitable; and Mr. Alexander's present acquiescence is either an admission that he is ready to eat his words and hail Mr. Hyde as a man of judgment and experience, or it is a surrender and betrayal of those policyholders for whose welfare Mr. Alexander professed such solicitude. After all these accusations and recriminations, the friends of the Equitable cannot do less than insist on an honest and thoroughgoing mutualization.

The sudden panic of the Maine liquor dealers, with its picturesque incidents of departing steamers overloaded with bar fixtures and cases of whiskey, does not mean that the penalties of liquor-selling have been made any more drastic or the law any more inclusive. All that the Legislature has done is to make impossible, for the present at least, the "gentlemen's agreements" under which saloons have been kept open in most of the cities. Hitherto it was a common thing for a Democratic chief of police, say, to raid and close all saloons kept by Republicans, while a Republican sheriff revenged himself by descending on all the Democratic publicans. The condition of affairs thus created would be obviously intolerable, and some compromise would be reached. The new law enables a State commission, appointed by the Governor, to go over the heads of the local officers to suppress illicit liquor-selling. It thus destroys an exquisitely balanced system of practical local option. The enforcement of the Maine law has always been spasmodic, and it is fair to assume that some way will be found to mitigate the rigors of this new provision.

Venezuela is pretty obviously the sister republic next on the programme of making our neighbors "decent." With France said to be offering to join us in the disciplinary work, an effusive and glorious time is in prospect. It was, of course, a disgusting thing in Germany to send warships to coerce navyless Venezuela; but a new Franco-American alliance engaged in that grand enterprise would be a noble and inspiring spectacle. Precisely what is proposed, however, it is just as well to fix in mind, before we forget, in the excitement, the gist of the matter. In a word, the suggestion is that our squadron go and overrule the highest legal tribunals of Venezuela. It is not denied that the Asphalt Company (in whose behalf all these flourishes are made) violated the law; not denied that it was duly summoned to court and found guilty according to established legal forms—that competent judges passed upon the matter. But, it is hotly said, the Venezuelan courts are corrupt; the judges decide under orders from President Castro; hence we will go and set aside their decision. This, it is admitted, is a novelty in international law; but Americans long since made up their minds to rival the Athenians in fondness for "some new thing."

Nobody can blame Mr. Balfour for applying the closure to debates on supply when he finds himself with the estimates to be voted and within two weeks of the close of the fiscal year. Criticism falls rather upon the bad management which, session by session, leaves important routine business to hasty and inconsiderate action in the last days. When the closure was similarly voted last fall, it naturally offended the Liberals, but it did even more to demoralize the majority. Debate became perfunctory, and attendance merely for the purpose of being counted on division became irksome to the Government members. Discreditably small majorities were soon the rule, and defeat was avoided on many occasions by time-wasting expedients that still further increased the general boredom. All these symptoms are likely to reappear in the remainder of the session, and there can hardly fail to be a notable increase of that staleness which is evidently more lethal to the Ministry than any direct attacks of the Opposition.

The indifference with which the world has received the news of the completion of the Simplon tunnel, as compared with the excitement over the finishing of the Hoosac tunnel and the piercing of the St. Gotthard, is an excellent proof of the vast progress made by engineering science. The Simplon is by nearly three miles the longest tunnel in the world, and its construction, even in the face of extraordinary difficulties, took but six and one-half years. Yet it is accepted in Europe much as was in this city the opening of the second bridge to Brooklyn. The first was something to marvel at and boast of; the second, merely an incident in the growth of the metropolis. So, to the general public, the Simplon tunnel is scarce a nine days' wonder; but, to the engineer, it is a shining milestone on the road of his profession. Tunnelling under a great mountain is still hazardous, because of the difficulty in foretelling the geological conditions to be encountered. There is already in progress a lively debate as to the part played by the geologists in the Simplon work. So far as the temperature was concerned, both scientists and engineers were quite misled.

The Russian retreat continues, but Kuropatkin is no longer at the head of it. The Mukden disaster was too overwhelming to leave anything of his prestige as commander-in-chief, whatever excuses might be made for his series of defeats. His disgrace, however, is not ignominious, and if he gives way to Gen. Linevitch, commanding the First Mantchurian Army, he succeeds that officer and will serve his rival in a subordinate position. We know little more of the progress of the flight towards Harbin and Kirin than that no fresh panic has arisen. In Russia, public opinion is more openly for peace; but what *is* public opinion?

THE SAN DOMINGO FIASCO.

From being the President who "does things," Mr. Roosevelt is rapidly becoming the President to whom things are done. Wound after wound has been inflicted upon him in the house of his friends; and the Senate's latest stroke cuts deepest of all. By hanging up his pet Dominican treaty, it has openly humiliated him and impaired his prestige, both at home and abroad. Those facile European commentators who have seen the United States, under the masterful lead of Theodore Roosevelt, taking charge of the finances of all the Americas, must be rubbing their eyes to-day and admitting that they have much to learn about American public policy. So has the President, and a succession of most wholesome lessons—not the last—has been set him.

His rebuff by the Senate has every mark of deliberate intent. His appeals were disregarded; his statements doubted; his policy sneered at; his predictions flouted. Seldom has a President with nearly a two-thirds majority in the Senate been so cruelly treated. On February 15 Mr. Roosevelt sent in his treaty and called attention to "the urgent need of prompt action on this matter." Again, on March 6, in a second special message, he said that "action on the treaty should be had at as early a moment as the Senate may find practicable." This was the President's finest "now or never" manner. But the Senate's response was a flat refusal to hurry, a formal notice to the President that the treaty would be defeated if now put to vote, and a vague promise to take the matter up again and dawdle over it further next October—or never. On Saturday the Senate adjourned without action.

Herein first of all was a rebuke to President Roosevelt's precipitate ways. He thinks to solve the most intricate questions at the drop of the handkerchief. To dictate a momentous departure in our foreign policy is as easy as to dictate three great speeches in three hours. "Details?" These are not for the President to bother about. The maxim of statecraft which says that the details are everything, was never meant for a man of his lightning-like methods. Vast general decisions in haste, and repentance concerning misapprehended facts at leisure, seem to be more to Mr. Roosevelt's mind. Just now he is said to be "deeply impressed" with the evidence laid before him respecting the muddle of fraudulent claims against San Domingo which he was jauntily proposing to liquidate out of his abundant wisdom. One would think that it might have occurred to him to glance over the precipice before leaping. It is better to be slow than to be sorry.

The President is himself to blame if the Senate's cold shoulder is taken to imply that his course in the whole affair has not been straightforward. The mystery of the original protocol has not been cleared up. The more it is explained, the more inexplicable it appears. One cannot get over the early inspired statements that the Administration's plan was to forget that there was such a thing as the Senate or a Constitution. The belated and fantastic reasons given for signing a protocol that was obviously a treaty, yet which just as obviously was never intended to be laid before the Senate, have convinced nobody. Even the loyal *Tribune* reports that, "despite the reiterated declarations," "prominent Republican Senators have asserted their conviction that the Dillingham-Sanchez 'memorandum of agreement' was primarily intended to be put into effect without the approval of the Senate." This is most damaging to the President. That he should first have been audacious and then tortuous, is a suspicion which it must be terribly galling to him to perceive is fixed in the public mind.

The result gives an emphatic negative to President Roosevelt's idea that he was ordained to be the Policeman of this hemisphere. He enunciated it most plainly in his letter read at the Cuban banquet last year. Therein he distinctly threatened "interference from the United States" in any neighboring republic that did not "know how to act with decency," or to "keep order and pay its obligations." San Domingo was the first field chosen for the application of this Roosevelt Doctrine (artfully placed in the shadow of the mighty name of Monroe), and we now see what a complete fiasco has followed. That entire novelty in international law, with its cavalier disregard of the sovereign rights of an independent nation, must hereafter be regarded as a Presidential whimsey, not at all as a settled policy—or a policy which could do aught but unsettle everything. In a word, the first swing of the Big Stick has simply barked the shins of its rash wielder.

What the Senate, with the general acquiescence of the country, has given Mr. Roosevelt to understand is that his rash ventures in the rôle of self-appointed policeman are not wanted; that a popular majority of even 1,500,000 votes is not a charter for a President to do whatever comes into his head; that laws and precedents cannot be set aside in a day, nor the millennium be created out of an Executive happy thought; that not even the youngest President is necessarily infallible. If Mr. Roosevelt takes these hard truths to heart, as all his friends hope he will, he may not have so much delicious excitement, and his Administration may be less spectacular, but it should be far steadier, saner, and more fruitful.

For the moment, this most optimistic of Administrations has been soured into pessimism as respects San Domingo. It now officially announces that it fears the worst. Already it sees foreign navies swooping upon the defenceless isle, with no corollary of the Monroe Doctrine to protect it. What is most to be dreaded, it seems, is an "ebullition of feeling" in this country when the process of debt-collecting begins. But that largely depends upon who gives the signal for public feeling to become ebullient. There are, of course, some alert patriots who keep their feelings always on the simmer, ready to boil over at a moment's notice and on the slightest provocation. But most of the honest and dull folk among us do not know whether they ought to be internationally indignant or outraged until some one tells them. Here is where the function of the Administration comes in. By keeping its own emotions well under control, it can act as a kind of public generator of calmness. There will be no general ebullition of feeling if the authorities at Washington do not first ebulliate.

IN DARKEST NEW ENGLAND.

"Political Corruption in Connecticut" is the title of an article by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth in the last issue of the *Outlook*. "In one hill town," says Dr. Smyth, by way of illustration, "the amount of purchasable votes became so large that the town committees of both parties made a mutual bargain that year not to buy any votes." The moral condition of this community is evident from the fact that "the compact resulted in a popular outcry, and the keeper of the country store protested 'against any movement which cut down the revenues.'" This sample of New England intelligence and virtue can, as the *Evening Post*, the Springfield *Republican*, and more recently *McClure's Magazine* have shown, be exactly matched across the border in Rhode Island. Not by accident is it that public spirit has gone to seed, so to speak, in these adjoining commonwealths. In each of them similar causes have produced similar effects.

Both States suffer from antiquated Constitutions. In Rhode Island, under the Constitution of 1842, each town and city has one Senator. Three-quarters of the population, in eight large cities and towns, elect only eight of the thirty-eight members of the Upper House. About one-tenth of the population, in the small towns, elects twenty Senators, and thus controls all legislation. These towns, which hold the key to the treasury, have been flooded with money for a generation or two, and have become incredibly corrupt. Their representatives refuse to commit political suicide, and therefore block every movement for revision of the Constitution. In much the same way the rural towns of Connecticut have a great preponderance in the Legislature, have become a political pig-stye, and answer the de-

mands for reform by nothing but a display of brute force.

This intolerable situation could not continue were not each State infested by corporations whose managers have the consciences of pirates. In Rhode Island the Aldrich-Perry-Brayton gang, with its extended investments in street railways, electric and gas-lighting plants, and other public utilities, finds its traffic in franchises and privileges relatively cheap and simple while it can make its bargains with the rotten boroughs. The looters of the public can send Nelson W. Aldrich to the United States Senate, where his commercial instincts are fully gratified; they can, unless a man of ex-Gov. Garvin's capacity oppose them, name all the State officers from Governor down; they can fill vacancies on the bench; they can manipulate municipal administrations; they muzzle the press; they do as they like with their own. But vulgar plunder is not their only resource. They make and unmake the careers of lawyers and other professional men; through their trust companies and banks they lay a heavy hand on merchant and manufacturer; by their generosity to churches, hospitals, and other philanthropic enterprises, they win, if not the approval, at least the kindly tolerance, of clergymen and educators, and establish strong and useful social connections.

Connecticut tells the same shameful story. The Consolidated Railroad, as Dr. Smyth remarks, adopts the plan of "opening the bag"; and the alliance between corporations and politics has many ramifications. As a fit colleague of Aldrich, Connecticut has just sent to the Federal Senate Morgan G. Bulkeley, an avowed corruptionist. Since he is president of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, his favor is courted by men of all ranks and occupations, from heads of railways to bartenders. The newspapers of Connecticut have, like those of Rhode Island, been chloroformed. "One paper," writes Dr. Smyth, "is editorially in favor of all the virtues in general, but rarely against any political corruptionist of its party in particular." Another "was independent once—long ago, in the Blaine campaign." And still a third, "formerly with independent proclivities, has become too commercialized to count." Thus the vicious circle is completed; thus Connecticut and Rhode Island pose as "Laocoön" brought up to date.

As a remedy for the demoralization Dr. Smyth proposes two things: outspoken protest and organized work. His exhortation should lead to a searching of hearts in every State of the Union. In New York and Massachusetts, however, a roused majority can at any election turn the rascals out, while the peculiar Constitutions of Rhode Island and Connecticut make such a happy deliverance impossible except by something resembling a miracle. The agitation may go on for years, but so long as an Aldrich or a Bulkeley thinks it worth while to debauch a majority of the country towns, the reformers are confronted by arguments which they cannot answer in kind. They are dumb and helpless before a farmer who prefers a ten-dollar bill to civic decency. Good men in Rhode Island assert that the only resource yet untried is to fight the devil with fire—to raise a huge fund, outbid Aldrich, Perry, and Brayton once and for all, and buy the voters over to a revision of the Constitution.

This plan for restoring democratic government is obviously a counsel of despair. The problem is to get at the conscience of the individual voter. If his soul is to remain forever wrapped up in a greenback, no appeal from earth or heaven can reach it. But the general forces of religion and education have not yet ceased to operate. The Episcopal clergymen of Rhode Island, under the leadership of Bishop McVickar, have boldly denounced political corruption as a matter of morals, and therefore within their own jurisdiction. Some of the professors at Brown are also active in the agitation. True, no one who is familiar with the Episcopal Church in Connecticut now looks to it for any display of courage. Dr. Newman Smyth is the only clergyman who has openly dared to speak out. But continued agitation by him may ultimately stir the consciences of other ministers of the gospel, and perhaps even of bishops. No man should be rash enough to assume from past silence that every pulpit in Connecticut is filled by a poltroon, and that a white tie is invariably a badge of cowardice. The State in which Yale, Wesleyan, and Trinity set the intellectual standards must contain many college graduates who can be neither bullied nor bought.

THE LOST HANDY MAN.

That the present excessive division of labor is gradually abolishing that peculiarly American character, the handy man, can be verified in the experience of every householder. Within the memory of most of us every community had its quota of Jacks-of-all-trades—and very useful fellow-citizens they were, clever with all manner of tools, and resourceful before novel and difficult jobs. The temper that went to make these excellent workmen is illustrated in the proverbial young man who didn't know whether or not he could play the piano, because he had never tried. To-day that young man would resentfully refer the inquirer to the Brotherhood of Instrumental Soloists. Unionism unquestionably has done more than any one thing to cramp the artisan within the narrow round of minute employment.

Only the other day the case was illustrated at Toronto in a protest of the painters, plumbers, and carpenters against the practice of having minor repairs to the buildings of the fire department done by the force. Firemen, it was maintained, should do nothing but put out fires. Very graciously the carpenters' union conceded the right to do such incidental hewing and hammering as may be necessary to save a burning building, but beyond that no concession was possible. For a fireman to lay a board or drive a spike in his own loft would be "unfair." To be sure, the pleaders of this strait doctrine got little comfort from the city authorities of Toronto, showing that unionism sometimes fares rather ill even when it deals with a government; witness the railway employees of Holland and Italy.

We laugh at the lawsuits between the painters and gilders of Venice, in the fifteenth century, over the respective functions of artist and framemaker, but we constantly suffer annoyances quite as grotesque. The carpenter who sets a rung in a chair or puts up a few bookshelves cannot apply the necessary stain; that is a varnisher's business. Nor can a plasterer who displaces a hearth tile reset it; that is a mason's or tilelayer's job. In short, the simplest chore about the average house may involve a conference almost as formidable as that of physicians in council, and sometimes almost as expensive. Meantime, this specialization, which theoretically ought to carry the highly divided handicrafts to the point of perfection, practically does nothing of the kind. It is harder than ever to get a workman who can saw to a line, unless it be some German lately arrived, or other untutored foreigner.

In a measure, the passing of the handy man is merely an indication that our youth as a nation is behind us. There comes a time when a mature organism hardens with some loss of flexibility; but it is an uncomfortable fact to face. Nobody enjoys the first time he sticks at a leap he has always made with ease. And chagrin in such a matter is particularly justified in a nation because versatility in its workmen is a recognized aid to national efficiency. Our histories celebrate with pride those volunteers of the civil war who turned their hand to everything, from cobbling a boot to reassembling the parts of a wrecked locomotive; and recently the British journals have plausibly ascribed the calamitous beginnings of the Boer war to the general unreadiness of the average British soldier. Evidently, Great Britain produces in small supply those handy men whom Mr. Kipling celebrates in "Soldier and sailor, too;" and in case this nation again entered upon a great conflict, there would be found in the ranks too few of the Jacks-of-all-trades who rebuilt the

Southern bridges and railways in the '60s; too many

"Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet."

Yet, waning as the honorable profession undoubtedly is, one cannot believe that it will be allowed to perish. The Jack-of-all-trades is by far too useful a person to follow the five-toed horse and the flying lizard. Something is to be hoped from the gradual infusion of common sense into unionism. In the long run, it will be seen that to leave the workman only one string to his bow is to place him equally under the tyranny of his employer and his walking delegate. And even if labor should be slow to perceive the advantage of versatility, the increasing demand for the handy man is likely to replenish the supply. Never was the need greater. Large office and business buildings, apartment houses and spacious residences all require men who can promptly turn their hand to all sorts of repairs, and such men will receive pay as high as the union scale with far steadier employment. While the handy man is in abeyance, it is probable that he is fomenting a rather formidable competition from the downtrodden householder. Exhausted by the expense and delay of consulting several artisans about every small job, he replaces instead of repairing, whenever practicable, and for the irreducible minimum becomes, perforce, a handy man himself. We see already clergymen who not only preach the word, but, at a pinch, stop a leak, set a pane of glass, or erect a kitchen shelf; jurists who dabble in plain plastering; and physicians who set a washer as deftly as they straighten a fractured tibia. Yet most of these amateurs are handy men more or less under compulsion, and none would more heartily welcome the rehabilitation of a craft short-sightedly crippled by the mandarinism of the labor unions.

THE WHALE FISHERIES OF TO-DAY.

This is the season for the floating paragraph about a forthcoming great revival in the old-time whaling industry, and almost every year some facts can be pointed to in support of such prophecies. At the close of 1903, for instance, it was announced with entire accuracy that no vessels in the whole history of whaling had ever taken so many whales in one season as the four steamers then engaged on the Labrador and Newfoundland coasts. In connection with well-authenticated reports of sales of whalebone at prices beyond all precedent, a pretty general impression got about that great things were being accomplished.

The fallacy of such assumptions lies in the fact that there is not one whale fishery, but many; and some go up while others go down. The whales caught in such abundance off Newfoundland, for instance, were not of the kind which yielded the $7.50 whalebone. In the Arctic Ocean, this same season was the worst known in the fifty-five years since those waters were first entered by whaling ships. In 1904 the conditions were reversed: the Newfoundland fishery was in straits, while the vessels in the Arctic had a reasonably good year. It can hardly be said, as a general proposition, that whaling is either dying or reviving, but it has gone through a remarkable evolutionary process, some stages of which have been noted within a very few years.

There are few industries which have had to withstand more severe blows. In the great days of Nantucket and New Bedford the captains cruised primarily for oil. The introduction of mineral oils for illuminating purposes destroyed in a few years the most important demand for this commodity. For other purposes it has had also to meet the competition of a large variety of fish and other oils. This year's average price for sperm oil, as given by the *Whalemen's Shipping List*, is less than one-fourth what it was forty years ago, while that of whale oil is about a third of what it then was. As a result of these conditions, the pursuit of the sperm whale somewhat slackened, and the Fish Commission's experts believe that its numbers are now actually increasing. But the price of whalebone meanwhile continued to mount. Thus, though the bowhead and right-whales which yield the bone have steadily thinned in numbers, the price to be obtained from the products of one carcass is larger than ever. While the whalebone of a right-whale might be worth $1,200 or so in 1860, it is worth nearer $8,000 to-day. For all the decline, there are still great prizes for a successful cruise.

This last year the fleets of New Bedford, Provincetown, and San Francisco killed, between them, 52 bowheads and 15 right-whales, as against 21 bowheads and 5 right-whales in 1903. The vessels in the Atlantic averaged 700 barrels of sperm oil, as against 620 barrels last year. One bark, the first in many years to cruise in the Indian Ocean, secured a thousand barrels in six months. As an index of the status of the industry at these three ports, it may stated that the tonnage to-day—25 ships and barks, 1 brig, and 16 schooners—is about one twenty-fifth what is was in 1846, the highest year; the imports of whale oil are about one-eleventh what they were then, those of sperm oil one-seventh, and of bone one-twenty-eighth.

But within the past five years the law of diminishing returns has operated in the development of an entirely new branch of the industry. The rorquals or furrowed whales, which are comparatively abundant off Labrador and Newfoundland, were formerly despised by the whaling captains as they yield only short whalebone of inferior quality. But now, instead of trying out the oil on shipboard after the old fashion, and throwing away everything else, the Newfoundland whalemen tow each carcass ashore to factories, where it is utilized almost as completely as that of a steer at the stockyards. Not merely the oil, but quantities of valuable fertilizer are obtained, and in the last year or two a process has even been invented for using the choicer parts of the flesh for human consumption. Whale meat in this form does not pretend to be a rival of fresh meat, but it is hoped that a market can be found for it in some of the South American countries, where it competes with jerked beef.

The pioneer whale factories were immensely profitable, but last year the development seems to have been abnormal, In 1903, there were only four steamers employed in this fishery, and they made the unprecedented catch already referred to of 859 whales, or an average of 215 apiece. Last year, seven steamers were added to the fleet, and while they increased the catch to 1,270, the average was only 115 per vessel. This fact, combined with unfavorable market conditions, made the year such a bad one that, according to the *Fishing Gazette*, only three of the fourteen factories have paid dividends.

So long as whaling was carried on in remote seas, it affected other industries as little as any business possibly could, but its development on the coast has brought up some curious new questions. The fishermen believe and are vehement in asserting that the slaughter of the whales will result in destroying the supply of bait for the cod fisheries. The whales, they say, drive the schools of caplin and herring, which would otherwise be out of reach in the open sea, into waters where they can be caught. Scientists have given little credit to this theory; but in Norway the influence of the fishermen has been powerful enough to secure the prohibition of similar whale fisheries for a period of ten years. In Canada, Sir Robert Thoburn is one of the most recent converts to the view that whales are essential to the success of the cod fisheries. Thus the whale, remorselessly pursued for centuries, has at last lobbyists working in his behalf.

A CHAMBERLAIN OF NAPOLEON.—II.

PARIS, March 2, 1905.

The memoirs of Count de Rambuteau are very rich in personal details concerning the Emperor Napoleon. They must have been recorded at random, and make us enter into his daily life, as will appear from a few extracts:

"Napoleon," he says, "lived very retired. Except on Thursdays and Sundays, when there were reunions, he worked the whole day. At five o'clock he regularly took a drive in an open coach. From time to time he would scream, 'To the right, to the left,' and the postillions turned immediately, often in very impracticable roads. . . .

It frequently happened that he worked ten, twelve, fifteen days in succession without interruption; he would then say to me, 'My legs are swollen; you see, I need exercise; write to Berthier.' He fatigued seven or eight horses, took a bath on his return, dined in it, went to bed, slept seven hours, and recovered strength for a week. . . . The Emperor breakfasted on a simple loo-table. They brought him habitually mutton, chicken, sometimes fish, a dish of vegetables, fruit and cheese—always Burgundy. . . . He spent only about 20,000 francs a year on his wardrobe, and he got angry when this figure was exceeded. He always wore silk stockings, even with his boots, which were on this account richly lined."

"It was impossible," continues Rambuteau, "to keep a great house with more order than it was kept by the Grand Marshal. Our valets received new candles only upon showing the ends of the old ones. No fire was lighted in the rooms before the 1st of November." These particulars are adduced merely in proof of Napoleon's strong sense of order. Rambuteau has passages which are of much greater importance. Young as he was, he was impressed by them and made notes of them. Here is a very striking passage describing a *sortie* which Napoleon made when Chateaubriand's speech was read before the Academic committee which always thus passes on the speech before it is delivered at the formal reception of a new member of the Academy. Chateaubriand alluded to the Revolutionary period, and spoke several times of liberty and of tyranny. Napoleon was advised of it by Daru, and in the evening he said to M. de Ségur, grand master of ceremonies and a member of the Academy:

"You men of letters and authors look everywhere for dramatic subjects; it is quite indifferent to you whether you disturb a country and revive discord if you procure yourselves success and fame. As for myself, I am charged with a heavy responsibility. I try to calm hatreds, to attract all the talents to the service of the country. I lead them between two walls of granite, offering them great rewards in front and punishment for those who run away; you think I am going to allow you to ruin my work, to foster divisions, to recommence civil wars, and all this for literary effect! You are mistaken. You speak of the death of Louis XVI. Who can be more moved by it than the Empress, whose aunt these people killed? And while, surmounting her very legitimate repugnance, I prevailed upon her to be silent on the subject when the first persons who were admitted to play with her were Fouché and Cambacérès—while I give such pledges towards the pacification of the country, you would resuscitate the past and place yourselves athwart my efforts. Monsieur de Ségur, you ought to have warned me. I must know everything. If this speech had been delivered, I should have manifested the greatest severity. Either it will be modified or M. de Chateaubriand will not be received."

Chateaubriand would not modify his speech, and had to wait for the fall of the Empire before he was formally received into the Academy.

Napoleon, when he became Emperor, when he divorced Josephine and took a wife from one of the old dynasties, when he surrounded himself with kings chosen in his own family, conceived the most gigantic plans that could have entered the mind of a successful general; but he had a very clear perception of the character and the dangers of his task. "'I have achieved,' he told us one evening, 'the greatest fortune that history can report. Well, in order to leave the throne to my children, it was necessary that I should be the master of all the capitals of Europe.'" He did not, however, add London and St. Petersburg to the list, and he destroyed himself in the struggle against England and Russia.

As soon as Rambuteau heard the news of Napoleon's return from the island of Elba, and of his landing on the French coast, from M. de Bouthillier, prefect of Var, a near relation of his sister, he wrote to the Abbé de Montesquiou: "There is not a moment to lose. You will not find in the whole French army a single soldier capable of firing on Napoleon; he knows it, and draws from this knowledge his hope and confidence. Don't send a regiment against him; it would be furnishing recruits to his cause." He advised sending only national guards, who, from fear of a new invasion, might oppose Napoleon's progress. Napoleon made his triumphal march through France; on his way he ordered General Bertrand to write to Rambuteau, who replied that he would be faithful to the established Government, as he had been to the Emperor's Government. He changed his mind when Louis XVIII. left France, and set out for Paris. He was summoned to the Élysée by the Emperor.

"'If you had joined me at Lyons,' were Napoleon's words, 'you would be Prefect of the Seine.' 'Sire,' said I, 'I was the last to leave you; and, your Majesty having yourself given me liberty, I was bound to do for the King what I had done for you. I know that your Majesty has justified me.' 'It is true: if I had had twenty-five prefects like you I would not have abdicated.' 'Well, Sire, your Majesty can dispose of my life; I am paid beforehand by this declaration.'"

The account of the intrigues which took place, almost under the eyes of the Emperor, is very interesting. Many were doubtful of the result of Napoleon's efforts against the coalition which was preparing its armies; a new invasion was imminent; Fouché was almost openly preparing his treason. One evening Caulaincourt said to Rambuteau: "'I know very well that he is betraying us, but we are not strong enough to turn him out.' 'Then, my dear duke,' said I, 'you may as well say that the Emperor, and we with him, are in a very bad way, and that France is in the hands of Providence.'"

Rambuteau consented to go to the south as prefect. He found the population extremely divided. At Montauban he received news of the battle of Waterloo and of the Emperor's abdication.

"I was," he writes, "profoundly afflicted, but not surprised. Persuaded that there was for France no solution but a return to the legitimate monarchy, more or less quickly accepted, on the best possible conditions, I had only to terminate my task without any other ambition than to retire afterwards with the esteem of all parties. . . . The seventeen days which followed were, I believe, among the most painful and the most honorable of my life. Placed between adversaries whom it was necessary to conciliate, moderating the impatient ardor of some, calming the irritation of others, who were all the more animated because they still had the armed force in their hands and disposed of 4,000 men, I went from one camp to the other to prevent a collision. I constantly heard threatening screams in the squares and in the streets. I answered the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' by saying, 'There is no longer any Emperor; he has abdicated'; and the cry of 'Vive le Roi!' by saying, 'There is no King yet'; and I had but one word for those who asked me, 'Then, what ought we to cry?' I said, 'Cry, "Vive la France!" France is for all time.'"

This passage recalled to me a very striking scene in the trial of Marshal Bazaine at the Trianon. The Marshal, having to explain his attitude at Metz, his withdrawing the troops behind the walls of the town after the bloody battle of Saint Privat, his negotiations with the Germans, excused himself by saying that he had heard the news of the September revolution in Paris; he had been told that there was no legal government left in France, that everything was in a state of disorder and anarchy. "In fact," he said, at the end, "il n'y avait plus rien"—when suddenly the voice of the Duke d'Aumale was heard, saying simply, "Il y avait la France!" These words expressed the feelings which moved Rambuteau, at a moment when France, after Waterloo, was placed, as it were, between the government of the eve and the government of to-morrow.

During the second Restoration, Rambuteau remained unoccupied and in private life for twelve years. He was elected Deputy in 1827, and took his seat in the ranks of the Liberals, with Royer-Collard and General Foy. His detailed account of the efforts of the Liberal nucleus of the Chamber is not without interest. When the Revolution of 1830 took place, Rambuteau found himself among the defenders of the Constitution and the supporters of the new Constitutional monarchy. He gives a very graphic account of his interview with the Duke d'Orléans at the Palais-Royal, offering him his services. "Sir," said he to him, "you may be sure that if there was any hope for the son of the Emperor, I would not be here; but I have learned in the school of his father that France takes precedence over everything. You alone can save the monarchy and prevent the worst evils, the Republic and civil war." The Duke said: "But I cannot accept the crown as long as the King is in France." And the Duchess, who was present and who had so far been silent, said: "No, M. de Rambuteau, it is impossible." "Her emotion and her tears moved me much. 'Madame,' said I, 'revolutions do not go backwards, they do not wait. You will be Queen before Sunday, or never. To return to the shades of Neuilly is no longer possible; you must choose between the throne or exile for yourself and your eight children.' She sighed, without answering."

This very interesting volume ends with a minute account of fifteen years' administration of the prefecture of the Seine. M. Rambuteau was a model prefect, and his name is still popular in the capital of France; he remained prefect till the Revolution of 1848, of which he gives a most painful account—a revolution which had for its consequences the restoration of the Empire, in the person of Napoleon III., and, after some years of deceptive military greatness, the terrible calamities of the years 1870-1871.

Correspondence.

A FAULTY ASCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In volume ii. of James Grant Wilson's 'Memorial History of the City of New York,' there is, between pages 484 and 485, a facsimile of a recruiting poster. This is called a recruiting poster of the Revolu-

tion, and as such has been widely copied into other books. Woodrow Wilson, in volume ii. of his 'History of the American People,' gives it to illustrate the text for the year 1777.

I find in Heitman's 'Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army' that Lieutenant-Colonel Aaron Ogden and Major Shute, the two officers of the "11th Regiment of Infantry" referred to in the poster, were appointed January 8, 1799. This poster, therefore, refers to the year 1799, when the United States had trouble with France, and not to the Revolutionary war. CHARLES K. BOLTON.

LIBRARY OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM,
BOSTON, MASS., March 16, 1905.

THE SORROWS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the subject of healing diseases by mental suggestion is being so much discussed, readers may be interested in a fragment of parallelism connected with the early history of the subject.

James Hinton's philosophy of the Art of Thinking was analogous to the special kind of mathematical philosophy of which a writer in the *Nation* (January 5 of this year) says that "English mathematicians generally" have shown "a marked aversion" to it, and that Babbage, Herschel, and Boole were "much addicted" to it. In consists, as the writer says, in treating mental "operations as if they were things." In the "fifties" of the last century, Hinton carried on a series of experiments suggested by Hahnemann, with a view to testing the truth of the homœopathic system of medicine. Results followed as predicted by Hahnemann. It occurred to Hinton to repeat the same series of experiments with plain sugar-of-milk; fixing his mind, when administering the pillules, on the symptoms which, according to Hahnemann, should have followed from the administration of a special drug. The new set of experiments proved as successful as the old. Hinton came to the conclusion that the results were due to the imagination of the patient, acted upon by silent suggestion from the doctor. The story, so far, is told in his biography. The sequel, I believe, has never, till now, been alluded to in print.

If we examine the literature of Christian Science, or any other variety of "mental healing," we find the authors, for the most part, expending their energy on proving the one point, that disease is the product of false thinking, and can be cured by true thinking. They hardly touch on the inquiry, What is the normal order of the process of thinking? It is here that Hinton showed his peculiar genius for treating mental operations "as if they were things." Having come to the conclusion that the action of the doctor's mind on the patient's could affect the health and sensations of the latter as a drug does, he proceeded to deal with the newly discovered remedy, in all simplicity and good faith, on the same principles as an honorable physician deals with a new drug. A physician does not bind himself down beforehand to use one set of remedies exclusively and abjure others; he deals with each case as it arises, according to the best of his present judgment enlightened by past experience. James Hinton would never have consented to commit himself to use, in all cases, imagination and suggestion rather than iodine or sulphur.

He laid great stress on the principle that all remedial agents have reactions as well as direct actions. When a new drug is found capable of allaying unpleasant symptoms, the good physician does not therefore immediately feel himself justified in using it freely to get rid of those symptoms; he uses it with great reserve, in cases of illness, until every effort has been made to find out as much as possible about its nature and properties, and about its effects *and after-effects*, when taken by persons in ordinary health. Having discovered that the operation of framing mental postulates, hypotheses, opinions, imaginations, etc., can induce or can cure disease, Hinton devoted himself to the study of that operation as an entity in itself, on the same principles as he would have studied any anodyne or alterative drug.

The consequences much resembled those which followed my husband's mathematical analysis of the Laws of Thought. By the mere fact of analyzing the process of forming hypotheses, Hinton shed light on many departments of science of which he had only quite ordinary medical knowledge, such as morphology, embryology, physiology, and sociology; and even on mathematics, of which he knew hardly anything at all till he studied it as a branch of the Art of Thinking; much as George Boole, by his analysis of the Laws of Thought, shed light on obscure questions of mathematics, probabilities, electricity, chemistry, and economics. In each case, some section of the public welcomed enthusiastically such results of the investigation as proved directly useful or attractive (Hinton's little object-lessons on Morphology, published under the title, 'Life in Nature,' are exquisitely graceful and fascinating). But, in each case, the readers missed the true purpose of the writer, which was to present the process of thinking and show its normal course.

As it was my father, Thomas Everest, who had induced Hinton to try Hahnemann's experiments, I was naturally interested in just that part of Hinton's work which to most of his friends seemed uninteresting and unimportant. I sometimes felt that his most fervent disciples hated his philosophy "with the hate of hell," though they "loved passing well" the "beauty" of its results! His fate, in this respect, resembled that of my husband. Both were at times crushed by their failure as regards the main object of their life-work. In my husband's case, the disappointment showed itself in fits of remorse about accepting medals and degrees granted for the external results of his thinking, by authorities who, he said, would shun him if they realized what his books were really about. In Hinton's case, the grief was more profound and continuous. It overshadowed all his later years and hastened his end. It made him, in a certain sense, *ashamed* of the artistic beauty and intellectual charm of his work, and at times, even of its very moral excellence, because all these things attracted attention away from the study of the Art of Thinking itself, which he, as well as George Boole, believed to be the true key to the physical and moral regeneration of mankind. MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

LONDON, March 3, 1905

Notes.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce 'Impressions of Ukio-Ye,' the school of Japanese print artists, by Dora Amsden, illustrated with reproductions of typical prints from color tint blocks.

Prof. Otto Heller's 'Studies in Modern German Literature,' to be published shortly by Ginn & Co., will give considerable space to the women writers of the past century.

John Lane's spring list includes an abridged translation of the 'Life of Peter Ilitch Tchaikovsky' (by his brother), by Rosa Newmarch, with numerous illustrations; a Life of Cervantes, by Albert F. Calvert; 'Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain [Edmund Pyle, D.D.], 1729-1763,' edited with notes by Albert Hartshorn; 'Napoleon: The First Phase [1769-1793],' by Oscar Browning; and 'The Duke of Reichstadt,' by Edward von Wertheimer.

McClure, Phillips & Co. are on the point of bringing out Prince Kropotkin's 'Russian Literature,' and 'The Yellow War,' by "O."

Forthcoming publications of the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde) are Canon Bigg's 'The Church's Task under the Roman Empire,' 'The Masai: Their Language and Folklore,' by A. C. Hollis, and 'Author and Printer,' "a guide for authors, editors, printers, correctors of the press, compositors, and typists," by F. Howard Collins. This last title moves us to mention a little brochure, No. 5 of the Publications of the Clark University Library at Worcester, Mass., on "Preparing Manuscript for the Press," whose instructions are clear, succinct, and sensible.

We omitted to mention, in our recent review of Dr. Osler's 'Aequanimitas,' the name of the American publishers, Messrs. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia.

We can also state that Mr. Baillie-Grohmann's edition of 'The Master of the Game,' recently reviewed in these columns, is now to be had of the American agents, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

From Messrs. Scribner we receive the fourteenth edition of Baedeker's 'London and its Environs,' fortified with four maps and twenty-four plans, its list of the principal streets, public buildings, etc. The total bulk has been but slightly increased. It is almost a pity that these successive editions could not graphically record the chief changes in the general aspect of the metropolis, which of late have been as imposing as they are extensive.

The latest issues in George Newnes's companionable Thin Paper Editions, with their flexible covers in orange and gold, and etched frontispieces and title-pages, are Chapman's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey (two volumes), Ben Jonson's Plays and Poems, Coleridge's Poems, and the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (Scribners). The Coleridge has been edited for this series by Prof. William Knight. It embraces all the poetical and dramatic works published in Coleridge's lifetime, and Professor Knight arranges them in approximately chronological order, reducing the inconsistencies of spelling and punctuation, and adding a few notes to Coleridge's. Most welcome is the prefixed chronology of the poet's literary life. The 792 pages

of this collection are still compact enough for the pocket or hand.

Three years ago we noticed with approval the second edition of Banister F. Fletcher's 'History of Architecture on the Comparative Method' (London: Batsford; New York: Scribner). The peculiar excellence and convenience of this work, whether for reference or as a text-book, are proved by its now appearing in a fifth edition, both enlarged (by more than 200 pages in the interval) and extensively revised and rewritten, as befits any self-respecting standard work. The author is prepared to furnish lantern slides of all the plates for lecture purposes, and large diagrams of the 168 plates of architecture and decoration.

Two years ago we had to speak of Mr. John Holland Rose's annotated edition of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' in three volumes (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan). A popular impression has just been made in cheaper but still presentable attire, and with the retention of the many valuable contemporary illustrations. The portraits of Mirabeau, Louis XVI., and Robespierre constitute the frontispieces.

An interesting reprint is that of Samuel Rowland's 'The Bride,' edited by Mr. Alfred Claghorn Potter, and printed for C. E. Goodspeed at the Merrymount Press, Boston. Save for an entry in the Stationers' Register under date of 1617, this work has hitherto been unknown to bibliography. Last spring an unique copy was purchased from a German bookseller for the Library of Harvard University, and this is now reprinted in partial facsimile, with a brief introductory note. The poem turns out to be pretty much what might have been expected by a student of Rowland's work—a conversation between a bride and her attendant maidens concerning the respective advantages of the married and single estates. It is written in Rowland's habitual cleanly-turned six-line stanza, and is freighted with the bourgeois wisdom and sentiment which gave him so wide but so transient a vogue. There is nothing in the poem either to add to the poetic treasures of our literature or to furnish any new footnotes to literary history. It is, however, not insignificant as illustrating again the taste of the average reader in Elizabethan days. As a piece of book-making, this edition is particularly good. It is a typographic rather than photographic facsimile, but in arrangement, choice of type, and even in the selection of paper, the look of an old page has been very happily caught.

A protest is surely in place as to Prof. G. A. Barton's 'Year's Wandering in Bible Lands' (Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach). When an archæologist of repute undertakes such a book, the reader has a right to expect some material of archæological value, and other than personal or family interest. What, in fact, we have here is simply Prof. Barton's home letters, apparently without any editing or abbreviation whatever. Undoubtedly, their gentle, sunny spirit and mild didacticness gave them a charm for their first audience, but a charm too evanescent to endure print, and in perpetual danger of becoming ridiculous.

M. Hippolyte Dreyfus, with his Persian collaborator, Mirza Habib-Ullah Shirazi, has already done good work in expounding, to the West, Babism and Behaism, those two very queer developments of Islam and Persian mysticism which threaten to push even Christian Science hard. His last little brochure, 'Les Paroles Cachées' (Paris: Ernest Leroux), is a rendering into very charming French, but with some regrettable misprints, especially in stray Arabic phrases, of four of Beha-Ullah's flying leaflets—three tracts addressed to different classes of the unconverted, a Sufi Sheykh, a Christian priest, and a skeptical philosopher, and a fourth, a series of precepts and exhortations on spiritual things, not without likeness to the 'Imitatio' of Thomas à Kempis. The first three illustrate excellently the "all things to all men" which characterizes a certain group of Muslim sects; and the fourth raises anew the question, ever present to the student of the East, How can such beautiful thoughts and emotions coexist with the lack of veracity and morals which accompanies them?

That the mediæval Arabic translations of both the Old and New Testaments are of great value as clues to the more or less popular Arabic of the times when they were made, may be taken as certain. They, with the different recensions of the 'Arabian Nights' and such tales, are almost our only materials for the history of the development of spoken Arabic for several centuries. Further, such versions can mostly be dated, while the varying MSS. of the 'Nights,' almost without exception, are undated, and undatable with any precision. Every contribution, therefore, to our knowledge of these versions is to be welcomed. When it comes, however, as in the case of Dr. Paul Kahle's 'Arabische Bibelübersetzungen' (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), to incorporating in its scanty bulk several pages from the modern Smith-van Dyke translation and thirty pages of an elementary vocabulary, the welcome will be dubiously expressed. The scientific publication of mediæval popular texts and the providing of an elementary reading-book for tyros in Arabic have absolutely nothing in common. It is an attempt at two publics which will repel one and be very bad for the other. Dr. Kahle's editing seems careful, but his *Literaturübersicht* is irritatingly incomplete. The investigations in his subject of neither Guidi nor Burkitt appear to have come to his knowledge.

A few American libraries are going in thoroughly, if somewhat late in the day and therefore compelled to be content with gleanings, for the building up of their MS. collections. Notably, Mr. Robert Garrett enriched Princeton with a large Oriental collection. To it he has now made an addition of over four hundred volumes, and Dr. Littmann, the curator, has published a hand-list of 355 of these, or the Arabic portion. As a temporary clue, the list will be very useful; the only pity is that the collection itself is not more interesting.

The initial article in the *Library* for January is an account, by the associate editor, Mr. A. W. Pollard, of certain rarities among "Recent Purchases at the British Museum." These have been mostly books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not so many from the fifteenth, but among them at least one of particular interest, namely, a hitherto unknown edition of Tindale's New Testament, a reissue of George Joye's surreptitious edition, with an interesting preface, "Unto the Reader," in which Joye seeks to justify his reprinting Tindale's translation. The present edition is earlier than Joye's "Apology," and casts an interesting light on that production.

Mr. L. Stanley Jast, who represented the Library Association of the United Kingdom at the St. Louis Conference of Librarians, gives in the February *Library Association Record* his Impressions of American Libraries. "The American library," he says, "is an inspiring example of what the public library is capable of being in the life of a town, when efficiently administered on the most free and democratic lines, and adequately supported by a community which thoroughly believes in library work and the library idea." What struck him particularly was the freedom with which readers are admitted to the shelves in many of the libraries which he visited; he puts it down as an instance of our desire for absolute freedom, and mentions as another instance Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, which "has no rails, nor hedges, nor partitions between the separate gardens or the road, so that the road seems to run through a park, with handsome villas dotting the greensward, a most effective *tout-ensemble*. It is perfectly obvious," Mr. Jast remarks, "that the library must lose books, and that people must trespass over the gardens, but it is all very democratic, and that is sufficient for the United States." He mentions, further, the ample resources of American libraries, which make it possible for them to provide many accommodations for which as yet the demand seems slight, *e. g.*, lecture-rooms. The staffs are larger than in English libraries, and more highly specialized, but he thinks there are too many women workers.

Mr. William Abbatt of this city has revived under a slightly different name the old *Magazine of American History*, which was founded in 1877 and ceased to appear in 1893, not long after the death of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who had been its editor for nearly ten years. The new publication, a monthly, bears the title of the *Magazine of History, with Notes and Queries*. A genealogical department is added.

The two leading obituaries, with portraits, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March, are of the late William H. Baldwin, jr., and George F. Hoar—promise and fruition. Of Senator Hoar not much that was new could be said; but the younger Puritan's simple record exhibits an extraordinary capacity for civic activity, rare independence, and that ardent interest in the spiritual elevation of the South which glows in the annals of Tuskegee and the General Education Board. The memorial fund now being raised in his name for the further support of the great work of Booker Washington deserved to be mentioned by his biographer if the exigencies of the press permitted. More exclusively Harvard topics are discussed under the captions "The Social Question" and "The Winter Quarter." The one article exposes the dissatisfaction with club and preparatory-school control of undergraduate affairs, leading to successful revolt at recent Freshman elections for class president, and to the *Crimson's* refusing to print the list of society elections except when made wholly on a basis of merit (*e. g.*, the Phi Beta Kappa). The other tells of 61 college rooms untenanted, partly because of location on the wrong side, socially speaking, of Massachusetts Avenue; and of the decrease in active membership of the Harvard Union.

Attention should be called to the article

in the current issue of *Charities* by Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, on a rescue plan for those much-to-be-pitied young women who, after leaving college or school, find no means of carrying on such a life of happy activity as they have for years been accustomed to. The plan involves systematic training at the Teachers' College in scientific ways of bringing up children (both rich and poor), to be followed by the putting in practice of their knowledge in the management of children's hospitals, reformatories, and day nurseries, and in other as yet undeveloped means of ameliorating poverty through work with the children of the poor.

In the scientific *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 24, the German archæologist, R. Engelmann, of Rome, discusses at considerable length the new Italian law in reference to archæological researches and investigations in that country. He deplores it, not only because it practically excludes the foreign savant from engaging in such work, but to a great extent also hampers the Italian scholar. He discusses in particular the enactment with reference to the making of plaster of Paris casts and photographic reproductions, declaring that it will on the one hand ruin a flourishing business, and on the other make almost impossible the preparation and sending out even of photographs of archæological material. It virtually puts a stop to excavations, except in the case of native scholars. Engelmann further reports that the Government seems to be convinced that the statute is too stringent. The Italian savants themselves are calling for a modification of it. In No. 28 of the same journal is found an interesting correspondence between Professor Waldstein and Minister Orlando, with reference to the proposed excavation of Herculaneum under international auspices. This correspondence took place in April of last year, in connection with audiences given to Dr. Waldstein by the King and by Minister Orlando, and makes it quite evident that the Italian Government originally favored the project of the Cambridge professor. The new and stringent archæological code was published more than six months after the Waldstein episode. Was it a case of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc?*

Professor Doerpfeld, the distinguished head of the Athenian branch of the German Archæological Institute, has not been converted by the objections raised to his theory that the classical and modern Leucas was the Homeric Ithaca, but is more confident than ever that he is right. He has been accustomed in other matters to see former objectors range themselves later on his side, for no one else has brought forward so many new views with regard to Greek topography and architecture which at last have become generally accepted. Several wealthy Germans have supplied him with funds for the continuance of his excavations on Leucas (his Homeric Ithaca), and the German Emperor has detailed two Prussian officers for the survey of the island and the preparation of a better map than now exists. Dr. Doerpfeld probably expects to find no demonstrative evidence for the truth of his theory, such as would convince Von Wilamowitz of Berlin, the most pronounced critic of his view; but he hopes to find the remains of a great Mycenæan palace, less magnificent than those in Argolis, but of the same age. That the classical Ithaca fails to satisfy the requirements of the Homeric Ithaca is generally conceded by those who have visited it. In opposition to those who explain this lack of agreement by supposing the Homeric poet to have lived exclusively in Asia Minor and to have had no personal knowledge of Western Greece, Dr. Doerpfeld urges that, so far as the Homeric poems have been tested by the results of archæological excavations, the Homeric descriptions have been found to be based on fact to an extent hitherto supposed impossible. He believes in the essential original unity of the poems, and would assign the poet to an earlier date than scholars generally accept—to the twelfth century B. C., before the Dorian migration.

The establishment of a Danish experiment station in Greenland seems to be at last assured by a private gift of the required amount, $10,000, and it now only remains for the authorities to furnish the necessary funds for its support. As this annual expense is estimated at less than $3,000, there can be little doubt that the amount will be appropriated. The plan, which has received enthusiastic approval at home and abroad, was first proposed in the fall of 1903 by a young Danish scientist, Morten Porsild, who is willing to move to Greenland with his family to act as first director. The advantages of the station are twofold: first, as contributing to the world's knowledge of plant and animal life in the Arctic regions, and second, as developing the natural resources of the country by tree-culture, scientific breeding, etc., and thus improving the condition of the people.

A Joint Announcement of nineteen field courses in geology offered by eleven institutions in different parts of the country—from Harvard to Stanford—for the coming summer has lately been issued, and twenty-eight of the larger colleges and universities will, under certain conditions, give credit to such of their students as take any of these courses. The Intercollegiate Appalachian Course promises to be especially attractive, as it will be given in successive weeks, beginning July 3, by Profs. Clark of Johns Hopkins, Davis of Harvard, Hopkins of Syracuse, Cushing of Western Reserve, and Barrell of Yale, on the coastal plain of Maryland, the Susquehanna-Juniata district of Pennsylvania, the Syracuse district and the border of the Adirondacks in New York, and the hill country of crystalline rocks in western Connecticut. A circular giving details of the course can be had of Prof. W. B. Clark, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The general Joint Announcement can be had of the professors of geology in Wisconsin, Stanford, Ohio, North Carolina, Minnesota, Kansas, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Columbia, or Chicago University.

—We are glad to receive from Messrs. Longman a new edition of Sir George Trevelyan's 'American Revolution.' It appears now as in three volumes, instead of two parts, the second in two volumes. Volume i., the former part i., we are told, has been largely rearranged, carefully revised, and in part rewritten. We have not collated the two editions in detail, with a view to finding out exactly the limits of rearrangement and rewriting, but it is certain that, as far as revision goes, the author has left uncorrected several mistakes of which he had been duly apprised, in all three volumes. Volumes ii. and iii. (part ii.) are not said to have undergone revision, yet some of the errors were too bad, and too easily corrected, to stay as they were. Foremost is that amazing blunder of calling Camden Rockingham's Lord Chancellor (ii., 52). Sir George Trevelyan well knows who Lord Rockingham's Lord Chancellor was. Long since he described him and his treachery in a scathing manner ('Early Life of Fox,' p. 128). The Bishop of Derry was never *Lord* Frederick Hervey (iii., 325), and one would like to know when the Hon. Augustus Keppel received knighthood (iii., vii.). Batterymarch Street, a name known to Boston for two centuries, still appears as Battery "Marsh" (i., 57), apparently from dogged following of a misprint in the ancient map of Boston; a like cause is responsible for "McKenkey's" ferry (iii., 99) for Meconkey's, and perhaps for "Gowan's" Creek (ii., 281), instead of Gowanus Creek. Amherst is Sir Geoffrey (iii., vii.) and Sir Jeffrey (iii., 207). "The Chapel of their connexion" (i., 86), however familiar to English Nonconformists, is simply meaningless to an American; and the Old North "Chapel" (i., 331), instead of either Church or Meeting-house, is equally fantastic. If we are always to have "Bunker's" Hill, why say "Governor" Island (ii., 286)? The proof-reader must be held to account for "*rovus homo*" (i. 215), "caldrons" of coal (for chaldrons) (i., 343), and "Massachussetts" (ii., 307, note). It may be said that most of these slips are trifles. So they are in a first edition; but they are inexcusable in a second, purporting to have been revised.

—The second volume of Prof. Edward Arber's reprint of the "Term Catalogues" is now ready, and covers the period 1683-1696. He records the discovery by Mr. Falconer Madan of five hitherto unknown numbers of the abridged issue of the fourth series of these catalogues, but has been unable to discover any copy of No. 59 [58] of the same series. He hints that it may never have been issued. It is needless to emphasize the importance of this unselfish labor of Professor Arber. These catalogues offer the nearest possible approach to a bibliography of the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688. Due allowance must be made for the political troubles that interfered with the original compilation; the censorship of the press, too, prevented the recording of many important issues. Newton's 'Principia' does not appear, nor is there any trace of the lost first book of Defoe. But Milton appears as a lexicographer, and Mr. Arber believes that his three manuscript volumes which were incorporated in the Cambridge Latin and English Dictionary of 1693, may still be in existence. Books on America are to be found in the list. Jamaica was the cause of controversy; and Esquemeling's 'Bucaniers' twice appeared in 1684. Two years later was printed a translation from the Portuguese of 'A Relation of the Invasion and Conquest of Florida,' and in 1690 John Palmer's 'Impartial Account of the State of New England' was announced. Not a few sermons delivered in the colonies were reprinted in London. The great interest of the catalogues lies in the English books they announced, and their usefulness has been much increased by Professor Arber's indices supplying titles, names, and initials omit-

ted by the original compilers. The printing leaves little to be desired, and Professor Arber inserts the following characteristic note announcing a change of printer: "The new Types are all of the same series; and are certainly among the most beautiful founts to be found anywhere in the world. The new Paper has been made under the advice, and subject to the constant tests, of most eminent London Paper Experts and Chemical Analysts; and will last till the Day of Doom. The new Ink will keep its intense blackness as long as the Paper will last." This reprint is a necessity for every library of any size.

—Coöperative cataloguing is coming to the front in England, as well as in Germany. Some time ago Mr. L. Stanley Jast outlined in an article contributed to the *Library* a plan for a Cataloguing Bureau for Public Libraries, and the January number contains a symposium of opinions on the subject by several librarians. All the writers are favorably disposed towards the scheme, though not many have any new suggestions to advance; to one writer, however, it has occurred "that the British Museum authorities might possibly be induced to issue catalogue slips by arrangement with libraries willing to subscribe towards the cost of such an undertaking"—a timely suggestion. It remains to be seen whether or not the Museum authorities are as ready to take the lead in this matter as the Librarian of Congress was when the project for a central cataloguing bureau was discussed by the American Library Association. Thanks to his leadership, cooperative cataloguing has in this country passed the experimental stage. The success of the undertaking here makes it reasonable to hope for success of similar plans in England and Germany, and we might yet behold international coöperation. Mr. Jast's proposition in St. Louis, that a common cataloguing code be prepared for English and American libraries, will now have to be carefully considered by the Advisory Committee on Cataloguing which was appointed some years ago by the Publishing Board of the American Library Association, and will necessitate a careful reconsideration of the advance edition of the new "A. L. A. Rules" which that committee issued two years ago. This has caused the chairman of that committee, Mr. J. C. M. Hanson, chief of the Catalogue Division of the Library of Congress, to contribute to the February *Library Journal* a careful and scholarly article on "Rules for Corporate Entry." Previous discussions on this particular topic have been concerned with the question of right of existence of the corporate entry. The problem before Mr. Hanson's committee is whether corporate bodies should be entered under their names or under the place where they have their headquarters. Mr. Hanson's article ends with a plea for exceptions. "The real test," he says, "is not the ability to follow a given set of rules, but to know when and how to make exceptions to them"—which is true enough, though something should be said in favor of the ability to know when *not* to make exceptions.

—In 'Les Grands Écrivains Scientifiques' of Gaston Laurent (Armand Colin & Cie.), along with much that is familiar to all, everybody will find something new to him with which he will be glad to become acquainted, while some extracts there are which will be known to nobody, unless by accident. Notes accompanying the text, along with judicious geographical notices, go to compose a decidedly entertaining volume. We cannot make out exactly why these particular passages from these particular writers should have been selected, but it is easy to see that the reasons have been of the kind that usually prevail in France, where it never would do to allow the youth to suspect that any German could combine the characters of a man of science and a writer of distinction. So that accounts for the omission of Goethe. Nor will a strictly defined patriotism accord any hearing to Belgians, Swiss, Lombards, or Catalans. After appropriating a portion of the volume to foreigners—the English Harvey, Newton, and Darwin, the Italian Galileo, the Dutch Huygens, the German Kepler, and Leibniz (Copernicus being treated as a Pole, and Leibniz being chiefly a writer of French)—the rest is given over to eighteen authors pretty fairly distributed among the different provinces of France; but a volume at least as good as this might have been made up of extracts from strictly French scientific wits not here represented. We note an anecdote or two of Sainte-Beuve. The mathematician Bertrand reports that he always used to insist that the expression "Il est de nos amis" was bad grammar. Again: "Sainte-Beuve repoussait avec indignation cette maxime cynique que beaucoup d'honnêtes gens, comme s'ils se vantaient d'un devoir accompli, se disent fiers de pratiquer: 'Il faut toujours défendre ses amis.' Aimons nos amis, partageons leurs chagrins, réjouissons-nous de leurs succès, mais ne les défendons que quand ils ont raison, ne leur accordons, même en public, que les louanges qu'ils ont méritées. La vérité est, comme la justice, le droit et le profit de tous: à qui, dans certains cas, se vante de l'oublier, il serait bien sévère de ne pas pardonner, il n'est pas tolérable qu'on en fasse un mérite." That is a morality which needs to be combined with delicate judgment.

—History repeats itself. In volume xix. of the series 'The Philippine Islands—1493-1898' (Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.) there is reproduced in translation a "Memorial and Relation" about the Philippines, prepared for Philip III. by Hernando de los Rios Coronel, long procurator-general of the Philippine Islands, and published at Madrid in 1621. The second part of the memorial "treats of the importance of the Philippines and of the means for preserving them." The summary by the author of his various theses is worth quoting, both because it gives a fair idea of Spain's various aims in conquest, and because it has been parodied—quite unconsciously—many times since 1898. The reasons assigned for "the preservation and increase" of the islands in 1621 were:

"The first is the increase and extension of the holy gospel and the glory and honor of God, which is so incumbent upon your Majesty in the first place, because your Majesty has inherited from your blessed father and glorious ancestors this pious and holy seal for spreading and extending the holy Catholic faith, by reason of which your Majesty enjoys the wealth of the Indies; in the second place, because it is so suitable to the greatness of your Majesty's sovereignty and your reputation. For to leave this work when begun would be a great scandal before the world, and the occasion of much comment to all its nations—and especially to the heretics, who would say that your Majesty was influenced not by the glory of God, nor the preservation of the Indies, but by private interest, since where you had not that you allowed Christianity to perish.

"The second concerns the peace of your royal conscience, if you should not preserve those islands while possible.

"The third is for causes of state; for it would amount to giving your enemies arms and forces against your Majesty, and would encourage to the same enmity others who are envious of your Majesty's greatness. . . . [They] clearly recognize that, if they could possess that archipelago without opposition, it would be worth more to them than eight millions clear (as I will demonstrate to whosoever may be curious or may desire to know it), through the profit which they can make on spices, drugs, and the trade with Great China, Japan, and the neighboring countries.

"The fourth is, because straightway the whole of Portuguese India would be lost. . . .

"The fifth is the knowledge (which is evident) of the immense wealth which lies in the Philippines, as I shall explain further in this treatise, and which hitherto has been unrecognized.

"The sixth would be the loss of the most convenient and important post which your Majesty holds in all his kingdoms, not only for the extension of the holy gospel in so many kingdoms of idol-worshippers who are capable of receiving it, but, as these are in the neighborhood of the Philippines, the hope, consequently, of enjoying the immense wealth which they possess through their trade and commerce."

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Oxford. Chronologically arranged, and edited with notes and indices by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. IX.-XII. 1774-1783. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

There is an historical, almost a dramatic, unity in volumes IX.-XII. of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of Walpole's letters, which, extending from May, 1774, to May, 1783, just overlap at the beginning and end what every contemporary must have considered one of the most calamitous, as it certainly was one of the most inglorious, periods of English history. Though too fond of his ease to be an active patriot, Walpole was not indifferent to the misfortunes of his country, and the depression occasioned by the national reverses conspires with kindred motives to tinge this section of the correspondence with a melancholy not altogether unwelcome, as it reveals the heart within the apparently frivolous man of fashion and connoisseur in elegant trifles. Among contributory private circumstances may be enumerated advancing years, declining health, deaths of friends, constant worry from the affairs of his lunatic nephew, and criticism and self-criticism for having allowed Chatterton to perish. He admits no fault on this score, yet evidently wishes that it had been otherwise. In fact, he had no reason for serious self-reproach—he had acted according to the best light he had; but if the light within a man be darkness, how great is that darkness! The fault, however, was Chatterton's, whose deception recoiled upon himself. Had he presented himself as the author of the Rowley poems, he would have had a strong case against his age if it had refused him recognition, but

as their mere discoverer he had *prima facie* no more claim than any other lucky young man.

Walpole's perspicacity showed him that the Rowley poems could not be genuine; and this was the real head and front of his offending with the numerous party who, extraordinary as this now appears, believed in their authenticity. He was one of those interesting persons who move in the van of one epoch while they bring up the rear of another. It is remarkable that the strongest epistolary indication Walpole ever gave of his part as a harbinger of modern criticism has never appeared in his letters until the publication of this edition, having hitherto been printed only in *Notes and Queries* for August 6, 1870. It is in a letter, dated November 8, 1777, to Robert Jephson, a witty satirist and now forgotten dramatist, who had consulted Walpole upon one of his plays, and to whom Walpole addressed his "Three Letters on Tragedy." He here says of Shakspere:

"Dr. Johnson goes much farther, far beyond truth, and says that that most sublime genius never attempted to be sublime without being bombast,—but indubitably Shakespeare is never so superior to all mankind as when he is most simple and natural. Recollect Constance, Arthur, Juliet, Desdemona, or Hotspur's mockeries of Glendower. . . . Henry IV.'s image of the cabin-boy *in a night so rude*, and Richard II.'s sensibility to his favourite horse being pleased with the load of Bolingbroke—are texts out of the book of nature, in comparison of which the works of all other writers in every language that I understand are to me apocryphal."

After this, he may be forgiven for thinking that "there are parts of 'Oroonoko' and 'The Fatal Marriage' worthy a disciple of Shakespeare," and for questioning whether Drayton produced five guineas' worth of poetry in the whole of his life. Perhaps his appreciation of Shakspere may have been stimulated by his dislike of Johnson, who appears in the correspondence as "Demogorgon" and "Caliban," and is declared to possess neither taste nor ear, nor any criterion of judgment but his old woman's prejudices, and is most unjustly accused of "crying up" Blackmore, which he never did, and Thomson, which he did to his honor. Boswell attributes this enmity to Johnson's having, by his own acknowledgment, deliberately misreported Sir Robert Walpole's speeches; but no two men could have had less in common. It is interesting to find him a better judge than Johnson, not only of Shakspere, but of a great author infinitely removed from Shakspere:

"Lo!" he writes on February 18, 1776, immediately after the publication of the first volumes of 'The Decline and Fall,' "There is just appeared a truly classic work: a history, not majestic like Livy, nor compressed like Tacitus; not stamped with character like Clarendon; perhaps not so deep as Robertson's *Scotland*, but a thousand degrees above his *Charles;* not pointed like Voltaire, but as accurate as he is inexact; modest as he is *tranchant*, and sly as Montesquieu without being so *recherché*."

The other great publication of 1776, 'The Wealth of Nations,' is not mentioned, but the author is disrespectfully termed "a wight." He was probably obnoxious as the friend of Hume, antipathy to whom was perhaps the only feeling that Walpole shared with Johnson. Walpole's preference of Robertson's 'Scotland' to his 'Charles V.' will not command general assent. He seems, indeed, to have underrated Robertson, and to have discouraged the latter's design of writing the history of William III. and Anne, which he thought a subject for Watson, the now forgotten historian of Philip the Second.

Admiration for William the Third is an excellent token of a good English patriot, and should have appeased Macaulay, who has painted Walpole, as was his wont with striking characters, as a painter paints a dragon, with more regard for effect than for veracity. Walpole's observations on the ambiguous conduct of Marlborough and Godolphin display much good sense, but he seems to be under the impression that James the Second lived till after the accession of Anne. His enthusiasm for William, whose history even so eminent an historian as Robertson was not, in his view, eminent enough to write, reveals the apparent fop and curiosity hunter in the else unsuspected character of a hero-worshipper; and prominent amid the incessant complaints of his own country is one of her inability to produce a hero, which, indeed, she shares with the rest of the civilized world.

"Though we have parts, we have no wisdom. Orators we have, I believe, superior to the most boasted of antiquity, but we have no politician. Can either the Government or the Opposition boast of a single man who is fit to govern a whole country, much less to restore one? It is my opinion that Europe itself is worn out. Has one great general or admiral risen out of this extensive war?"

Rodney, it must be remembered, had not then (1780) been revealed as the conqueror of De Grasse, nor had Heathfield defended Gibraltar. The attitude of England on the latter occasion extorts a burst of admiration from the veteran *frondeur:* "There is something sublime in this little island, beset with foes, calmly dispatching its own safeguard to maintain such a distant possession." Nothing is more remarkable throughout the whole current of Walpole's criticism than its restriction to a purely aristocratic circle, whether as regards its objects or its audience. King and Commons are equally out of it. Though it must have been well known that George the Third's obstinacy was at the bottom of the whole calamity, he is seldom mentioned and never attacked; nor is there any hint of an appeal from the representatives of the pocket boroughs to the general sense of the people. There can be no doubt that if there had been a fair representation of public feeling in Parliament, the war would have been stopped upon the first appearance of a hostile foreign coalition.

Twenty-three of the letters now published are entirely new, including five in French to Madame du Deffand—poor salvage from a much more extensive collection. The others were recovered and destroyed by Walpole himself, whose conscience probably smote him for his bad French. We hear from himself of an equally regrettable loss: "On Mr. Chute's death his executor sent me a bundle of letters he had kept of mine for above thirty years. I took the trouble to read them over, and I bless my stars that they were as silly insipid things as ever I don't desire to see again." He must have destroyed them, for the two or three letters to Chute that exist in his correspondence belong to a much later period. The loss of both the Du Deffand and the Chute letters is deplorable for his own sake, since his sincere affection for both correspondents would have aided to redeem him from the imputation of heartlessness. His letter to Mann of May 27, 1776, on the death of Chute, is a model of expression of manly sorrow, and one sentence perhaps suggests why we have no more like it: "Don't wonder I pour out my heart to you; you knew him, and know how faithfully true all I say of him."

It is superfluous to repeat how eminently Mrs. Toynbee's edition of Walpole overtops all others. To render it supremely enduring it needs but one addition, which we trust may be supplied—a companion volume of annotations, not bulky, but sufficiently copious to preclude the necessity for exploring recondite regions of literature in quest of information which ought to be at hand, and to entitle the possessor to proclaim *Omnia mea mecum porto.* We should gladly learn, for instance, without a hunt in the biographical dictionary, what caused serious and, as it would appear, groundless charges of embezzlement against Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House; and what Governor of Barbados got into what scrape, and whether he got out of it. Much piquancy would be added to the mention of "the Archbishopen of Canterbury" playing whist with Walpole and Gibbon, were we reminded of the disgrace into which this lady's Sunday card parties brought her amiable husband with George the Third. In a postscript to the letter of April 8, 1776, Walpole confesses an error which, so far as can be judged from the letter itself, he does not seem to have committed. The error, nevertheless, is there, conveyed in the words "as if to avenge his namesake," for the interpretation of which the modern reader must resort to Gray's correspondence, if only he knows the way. One assertion of Walpole's invites inquiry, his claim to be able to fix the date of the first cultivation of the pineapple in England by his possession of a picture representing the royal gardener, Rose, presenting one to Charles the Second. This is particularly interesting, for Beckmann, in his 'History of Inventions,' produces no authentic instance till near the end of the century. But is the precise date of the picture known? And how is the priority of this pineapple above all other pineapples established? There is a curious testimony that the pineapple, if not grown, was known in England as early as 1663 in an epitaph of that date upon a young lady in the parish church of Fowey, Cornwall, where the perfume of her virtues is alleged to have fully rivalled the fragrance of a pineapple.

Mrs. Toynbee's too chary annotation is always pertinent. We have noticed but one apparent, and, perhaps, only apparent, error, the seeming implication (on p. 344 of Vol. IX.) that John Townley translated but one canto of Hudibras into French, whereas, in fact, he translated the entire poem.

These volumes are as interesting as their predecessors in point of illustration. Wide, indeed, is the interval between Angelica Kauffmann's propriety and Dance's eccentricity in their representations of Walpole, though evidently depicting the same person. Lawrence's sketch is interesting as an early example of his manner, but shows, we fear, that flattery was innate in him. Of the other portraits the most striking are the resolute though not highly intellectual coun-

tenance of Clive, and the uncomplimentary delineation of Lord North, which illustrates the truth and fallacy of painting, allowing him no vestige of the statesman, which he was not, but not any, either, of the man of wit and sense, which he was.

HARVARD LECTURES ON GREEK SUBJECTS.

Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects. By S. H. Butcher. The Macmillan Co.

The late Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh has published little. He is known to every schoolboy as the collaborator of Mr. Lang in the best English prose translation of the 'Odyssey,' and no student of the 'Poetics' is unfamiliar with his translation and interpretation of Aristotle's critical principles. But his best-known work is probably a volume of essays on 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius.' The six lectures before us, delivered at Harvard last April as the Lane Lectures, are very similar in their tone and general tendency to those earlier essays.

The first is devoted to a comparison of the political and religious ideals of Greece and Israel, a study of the profoundly different temperaments and points of view of the Hellene and the Hebrew, about which there is always something more to be said.

"'He hath set Eternity in their hearts: so we might sum up the spirit of Israel. But the Jewish ideal simplified life by leaving half of it untouched. It remained for Greece to make the earth a home, ordered and well equipped for the race, if not indeed for the individual. . . . Hebraism and Hellenism stand out distinct, the one in all the intensity of its religious life, the other in the wealth and diversity of its secular gifts and graces.

> Thus the sharp contrasts of the sculptor's plan
> Showed the two primal paths our race has trod;
> Hellas the nurse of man complete as man,
> Judæa pregnant with the living God."

Professor Butcher makes a detailed comparison of Prometheus and Job, not so much in the spirit of the literary critic as with the aim of setting forth clearly the problems that confronted these two revolted beings. The essential difference lay, of course, in the Greek and Hebrew conception of the two deities whom their subjects had defied. The Hebrew God is both strong and good. Zeus is only strong. One could wish that the purely literary parallels of Greek and Hebrew literature had been more interesting to Mr. Butcher. We have often wondered why some classical scholar has not taken up the challenge that was offered by Chateaubriand in 'Le Génie du Christianisme.' He devoted some pages of this work to a comparison of Homer and the Bible, which he regarded as typifying the opposed endowments of the two races. The parallel was by no means to the advantage of Homer, as was, of course, to be expected from one who wrote with the definite aim of proving the inferiority of all things pagan. Chateaubriand compares the sinister omens seen by the second sight of Theoclymenus among the suitors of Penelope—the shroud of mist that rose about them and the walls that dripped with blood—with the vision of Eliphaz in Job, "when deep sleep falleth on men. . . . Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof, . . . and I heard a still voice." He thinks this unknown face, this whisper, far more terrible than the blood and darkness and hurrying ghosts of the 'Odyssey.' Nothing in Homer can match the terror of the prophecy of Ezekiel: "Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall . . . when I shall make thee a desolate city"—Tyre, that busy city of traders, with her streets made empty and no figure of man passing through her gates. One may not always agree with Chateaubriand, and these are in the end matters of individual taste, like all questions of literary æsthetics; but few will disagree with his judgment that Homer must yield to the Bible in certain parallel passages. For instance, who can deny that the tears of Joseph at the sight of Benjamin, and his words, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" are more effective than the tears of Odysseus when he hears the minstrel sing of Troy, or his recognition by Telemachus, whom he first dazzles with the help of a goddess?

The second lecture, on "Greece and Phœnicia," contrasts the "inhuman and unlovable race" of the Phœnicians, who have been called by a French writer "those English of antiquity," with the wider and nobler aims of Greek civilization. They lived to satisfy a single passion, the greed of gain. "Theirs was, in Bacon's phrase, 'the sabbathless pursuit of fortune.' . . . To the past and the future they were alike indifferent." They had no literature, their art was mere imitation; and though they supplied Greece with an alphabet, they used writing merely for keeping their accounts. Never was such a nation of shopkeepers. And so they passed away, and, as Ezekiel foretold, their cities were made desolate, "like the top of a rock, . . . a place to spread nets upon." In the third lecture, on "The Greek Love of Knowledge," Mr. Butcher hints at the power of a Greek poet to transform into a masterpiece of literature what to the Phœnician had served a wholly utilitarian purpose. He accepts with some reserve the theory of M. Bérard, reviewed in our columns two years ago, that the poet of the 'Odyssey' shows a remarkably close acquaintance with the navigation of the Mediterranean, that his storms are not the storms of literature, but can be paralleled in the modern French "Instructions Nautiques," and that the poem is really a sort of mirror of the sea, as the mariner knows it on those coasts to-day. But he is careful not to touch on the theory which was the basis of M. Bérard's book, that this expert knowledge was derived from a Phœnician "periplus," or chart of the Mediterranean, which must have been in the poet's hands. Perhaps M. Bérard would think that it was not necessary to quote him or the French Admiralty instructions to prove that a careful observer such as the poet of the 'Odyssey' knew the best hour for setting sail from a neighboring island, and had even had some experience of rough weather at sea. Such expert knowledge really demands no more intelligence than has been displayed by a Henty or a Conrad; and if that were all, we certainly do not need M. Bérard's two elaborate volumes to convince us. The whole question is whether we can trace a Phœnician canvas behind the embroidery of Homer; if we accept less than that, why drag in M. Bérard?

The last two lectures are on "Greek Literary Criticism." To begin with, we reject Mr. Butcher's footnote (p. 169), in which he seems to think that Mr. Saintsbury's 'History of Criticism,' volume i., has made it superfluous for English scholars to sketch the development of Greek literary criticism. English readers on such a subject will probably have a reading knowledge of French, and Mr. Saintsbury has not by any means superseded Egger's 'Histoire de la Critique chez les Grecques.' He has merely compiled a very creditable handbook, which can be used as a book of reference as one uses an encyclopædia, and the literary treatment of Greek criticism is still a comparatively untrodden field for the feet of such genuine scholars and humanists as Mr. Butcher. There will indeed be nothing new to Greek scholars in his pages on some absurdities of Greek criticism of Homer—for instance, the efforts of some of Homer's interpreters to explain away his outworn theology by taking his stories as symbolical of moral truths. "Homer," said a Stoic philosopher, "would certainly be impious if he were not allegorical." Then there were certain Alexandrian grammarians who tested Homer by the rules of Alexandrian etiquette, and expelled those lines in the 'Odyssey' in which Odysseus seemed to them to do the work of a hall-porter (which was "unseemly") when he took charge of the opening and shutting of the door of the Wooden Horse. Fortunately these comments are not really typical of Greek criticism. They may be paralleled, however, by the judgments of certain distinguished German critics of our day, who tell us solemnly that at this point we must reflect that our Homeric hero receives a Mycenæan wound though he is wearing Ionian armor of a later period, and that at that point only an inferior and therefore later poet would have shown such "lack of proper feeling" as to make Penelope sit waiting for Odysseus while he took a bath.

On page 229 Mr. Butcher seems to accept the theory of Norden, though he does not mention him, that it was not till late in the Græco-Roman period that men fell into the habit of reading to themselves and not aloud, and quotes the *locus classicus* on this—a passage on which too much stress has probably been placed. It is from the 'Confessions' of Augustine, who tells us how his master Ambrose used to read and understand as he read, though he uttered no word aloud. On page 236 he amazes us by saying that a certain essay of Dionysius of Halicarnassus is "little read even by scholars." Can this be true in England? Many students of Greek literature must have noticed how persistent has been the quotation by English-speaking scholars of the tract 'On the Sublime' since the appearance of the very handy edition of Professor Rhys Roberts; Demetrius 'On Style' has lately secured a vogue for the same reason. If only some scholar high up in one of the English universities would bring out just such an edition of Dionysius 'On the Arrangements of Words,' we should shortly find a marked familiarity among English-speaking scholars with this essay by a most intelligent Greek on his own language, with its careful analyses showing how the finest effects in Greek prose and verse have been secured.

Mr. Butcher's own style is admirably suited to such essays as these. No one can read them without recognizing how desirable it

is that a synthetic mind like his should handle these larger questions of classical scholarship. He proves not only that one can be extremely accurate and scholarly without being minute, but also that the minute scholars whom only specialists read are justified of their existence, and brought into touch with a larger world of readers, when a humanist gathers up the finespun disconnected threads of their theories and weaves them into a texture that will wash and wear, and is yet decorative enough.

TWO NOVELS.

Dear Fatherland. By Ex-Lieut. Bilse. John Lane.

Walter Pieterse: A Story of Holland. By Multatuli (Edward Douwes Dekker); Translated by Hubert Evans, Ph.D. Friderici & Gareis.

'Dear Fatherland' attracts attention first of all because the author was court-martialled and imprisoned for his former novel, 'Life in a Garrison Town.' Its revelations of army matters were too much for the German authorities. The present book is also a story of the army, and we should suppose might have secured for its author a court-martial, had the earlier one failed to do so. It pictures unmercifully a world of iniquity. Cruelty, dissipation, immorality, and flagrant injustice are the rule of German military life, as the author shows it. The difficulty of living within his means is the beginning of Benno Koehler's troubles, and his way descends through darkness and degradation to a bitter end. The only officers who are actuated by either reason or principle are Preusse, who falls a victim to the anger of a drunken dragoon, and Schill, who, although he is on the eve of promotion, sends in his papers, and retires in deep disgust to a civilian career. The conversations of these men, their views on military matters, and their real love of the Fatherland supply the meat of the matter—the actual argument, which is perhaps made more effective by putting it into an utterly depressing story. But it is a hideous picture, and it must be admitted, even by the author, that many of the predicaments of his characters are such as befall all who are weak or worse, and that they need not be foisted upon their profession, be that what it may. Patriotism, from a point of wide vision, has no doubt inspired the book. Room has been found in it for all opinions, from bitter and justified hate to a shadowy hopefulness. In fact, this is a novel in which the chief interest and the strongest conviction are found less in the story than in the talk. From Schill and Preusse one may learn. From others we hear this: Grube, about to destroy in his wrath the portrait of the Emperor, says gloomily: "I wrote to him just what had happened to us from prison, and also begged for a reduction of the sentence, and do you know what they answered me? That he would not." To him in reply says his comrade Weidner: "Don't believe it, Ernst. I tell you again he knows nothing about it—they tell him nothing; they tell him what is nice and pretty, but what is bad they keep to themselves, because it is their own fault that it is so. . . . He means to be good to all of us, and therefore I hold him dear—Hang up the picture!"

'Walter Pieterse,' according to its author, is "the story of one who in his youth was in love with a sawmill, and had to endure this torture for a long time." Mr. Chesterton has observed that if a poet "suddenly fell in love with the buffers of a railway train, it would take him considerably more time than his allotted threescore years and ten to communicate his feelings." No one need be surprised, then, to find that this Dutch story was originally published in a seven-volume work, "sandwiched in between miscellaneous sketches, essays, and treatises." It has been sifted out from its surroundings, and its first part is given in the present volume, bringing the young hero up into his teens. Dekker, the author, was born in 1820, and died in 1887. His first work, written under the signature of "Multatuli" (in reference to his Government's ill-treatment of him), brought him instant fame. It was an appeal to the people from the Government which flouted him and thwarted his plans for improving the condition of the Javanese, made familiar to him by his position in the colonial service. By an English critic Dekker has been called the Heine of Holland, and by Anatole France the Voltaire of the Netherlands.

Walter Pieterse is a little boy of a poetic temperament, born into a family unspeakably dense and vulgar—into a community hardly less so. His story is immensely detailed and told in a bygone style of confidentialness, but a style highly animated and frequently witty. It is easy to see how the book might have appealed to Dutch contemporary readers as a protest against Philistinism and stupidity of all sorts in matters social, educational, and religious. It is a lively satire on a very dull state of things, and must have been as sensational to the society it caricatured as 'Nicholas Nickleby' was to the English schoolmaster. The public has become so accustomed to diatribes on the narrowness of the social system as seen through childish eyes that there is little now to impress one as original in the scheme. A raw, coarse world, made up of the middle and lower classes in Amsterdam a few generations ago, supplies a strong color for background to the small boy's romance reading and domestic knight-errantry. But Dekker's medium, for all its brilliancy, is farce, and farces are poor travellers. If the story possesses a profound interest to-day it must be for Holland, hardly for a public which requires a translator. Its visible contortions over conditions either bygone or incredibly crude we should expect to have slender hold on English readers, as slender as have at present the Charlotte and Werther style of love story or the Byronic hero. The translator, though a Ph.D., affronts style and even grammar at moments. Dekker's own manner is colloquial and keen, the Heine quality coming out in sentences like this: "After the houses had been covered with slate, it was thought that there was too much danger of fire in firecrackers, but on that evening, when the houses still had thatch roofs, the dangerous pleasure of Amsterdam youth was unrestrained."

The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce. New edition. Macmillan. 1904.

It is doubtless true, as the late Professor Freeman remarked, that "the greatest of all witnesses to the unity of history is the long-abiding drama of the Eastern power of Rome." The history of that Eastern empire is, indeed, a drama, and a prodigiously effective one—a drama which goes far toward helping the student to realize that essential kinship between history and poetry which the ancients were fond of pointing out. Above all things, it is a drama of vital existence. The Holy Roman Empire of the West is, on the other hand, no really tragic figure, but rather an elusive wraith that seems to belong in a world of romance, far distant from the actual abodes of men; and yet she drifts alluringly through the complex of hard knocks and soiled politics, tangling the threads of diplomacy, casting a glamour over the rude and solid outlines of national movements, and helping to make poetry (though it be not tragic) also out of this history of the growth of the Germanic power in Europe. How could she be anything but a ghost? What possible reality of imperial existence was left in the ancient city when a King of the Franks assumed the Roman diadem, and Italy, so far as it was imperial, became a mere appendix to a German realm? So the shade plays Una; and Charlemagne—that other creature of romance who supplants in our imagination the plain Charles of the historian—takes the part of Tristram. And for centuries after Charlemagne fell into dust, sitting there in his chair of empire in the deep vault of Aachen, the wan Una, ever frailer and more ethereal as time grew old, played her elfin part in the life of growing and decaying nations, till, almost a full century ago, the sceptre-wand of another would-be Charlemagne contemptuously dissolved the spell, and the feeble ghost paled away into nothingness.

The Holy Roman Empire, said Voltaire, is neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. But ghosts walk, for all Voltaire's skepticism, and to some people it is given to see them, even in the full daylight of Mr. Bryce's famous and brilliant sketch. His story of that shadowy power was first published forty years ago *(eheu fugaces!)*, and now appears, after various intermediate editions, in a revised form that scorns numerical sequence. The identity of the book is by no means lost in the revision, for the changes have not been such as to alter the general mode of treatment, nor to increase the size of the work beyond the limits of a single volume. A full and very useful chronological table of important events, together with three maps, makes the tale easier to follow. Two new chapters have been added, one on the Eastern Empire, and another on "the constitution of the new German Empire, and the forces which have given it strength and cohesion." Certain other important events have been more fully or precisely described, and a comparison of several chapters in their revised form with the same passages in the latest edition other than this which we have at hand (the eighth), shows a very considerable number of small but significant changes in phraseology, mainly in the interests of accuracy and of accord with the recent progress of the study of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Bryce's history has now lived long enough to delight and instruct three generations of speaking men, and there seems to be no reason for supposing that that number may not be many times multiplied.

Introductory History of England. By C. R. L. Fletcher. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Mr. Fletcher's point of departure is the complaint made by "certain uncomplimentary young gentlemen" that history is intolerably dull. This view recalls, of course, the saying of the mouse who, during the adventures of Alice in Wonderland, alludes to the history of the Norman Conquest as the driest thing *he* knows. Mr. Fletcher's opinion is "that English History should be an inheritance of childhood; that its legends and its romance should grow into our thoughts from very early years, and should expand themselves with the expansion of our minds; that we should see History and dream of it rather than learn it as a lesson." Following this profession of faith, there is a bit of pedagogical theory regarding the place of history in the school curriculum which we shall not stop to discuss. Mr. Fletcher's avowed object is to avoid intolerable dulness, even when discoursing of the Norman Conquest; and without further delay we may as well state that he has succeeded. "The Celt seems always quite ready to mingle with inferior races; it is only with superior races that he entertains even occasionally at the present day an objection to amalgamate; and yet this cannot be attributed to his humility, which is by no means his strong point." A writer who is willing to adopt this strain cannot fail to catch the attention of his readers. Whether he always gives them sound doctrine is another question.

Mr. Fletcher's book is "introductory" in a double sense. Besides being intended for boys, it stops at the beginning of the Tudor period. In style, it is explanatory, and the author is enabled, by excising a large number of subjects, to treat those that remain with tolerable fulness of detail. The nature of the protest here made against dulness can be appreciated only by those who have examined with some care the text-books used in English schools. Mr. Fletcher is a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and most of his readers will have been nurtured on the works of Ransome, Oman, and Airy. These books are all written by scholars, and have merits of a certain kind; but how the fourth, fifth, or sixth-form boy can wade through such a mass of facts as is presented in them, we have long been at a loss to understand. Mr. Fletcher has a facile pen, and infuses much ozone into his pages. Without professing to be a deep student of records, he has been a pupil of Bishop Stubbs, and learned from Professor Maitland the superior claims of the large-hide theory. The dry-as-dust critic might pick holes in some of his statements, but, where the aim is more to enliven than to record, one must not be too exacting. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" could hardly have been written by a poet "who wished to pay a compliment to the United States of America," since Berkeley died in 1753. Constantine was not born at York, as is stated on page 22 and reiterated on page 24. Theodore of Tarsus was not Archbishop of Canterbury from 669 to 700. Philip the Fair did not "terrify the cardinals into electing one of his own creatures as Pope." These will serve as typical slips, though a good many might be cited. But Mr. Fletcher has a grasp of essentials, and some lapses may well be condoned in the case of one whose light touch really does lend interest to the mediæval history of England.

The Principles of Relief. By Edward T. Devine. Macmillan. 1904.

The title of this book is ambiguous. Relief is a word of many meanings. It perhaps includes the idea of humanity in its connotation; but until we know what men are to be relieved, and who are to receive relief, we cannot formulate its principles. The author occasionally uses the term "charitable relief," but it is with reluctance. Charity is obsolete. "The idea of charity, attractive and inspiring at one stage of social development, becomes in time obnoxious, and, as a permanent element in the relation between classes, it becomes an anomaly." Apparently Mr. Devine has chiefly in mind relief by the community, or society; which implies governmental agency. Yet he has little to say of this method of relief, and his maxims usually imply that aid is to be given systematically to the needy through organized charity. From this it would seem that charity is, after all, not superseded, and that it is the poor who are to be relieved, although paupers are not reckoned among the poor, nor is alms-giving considered as relief. On the whole, it seems correct to say that only those temporarily and not chronically unable to support themselves come within the purview of this treatise.

To discover the principles of relief in this sense, we must assume a "standard of living." In the city of New York this standard corresponds roughly with an income of $600 a year for a family of five persons. Under normal conditions, this income may be regarded as steady; but when men are thrown out of work, or lose their health, or die, the family may find itself unable to maintain the standard. In many cases there are savings or insurance funds to fall back on; but when these are exhausted, relief from some quarter must come. Neighbors, friends, relatives, and employers do much, and often all that is required. There is a remnant, however, consisting of really deserving people, widows and orphans largely, who can often be brought to a self-supporting condition by a little judicious aid. Unfortunately, the fact that the aid must be judicious in order not to be mischievous, renders it almost hopeless to try to formulate principles of relief. Every case must be carefully studied, and dealt with according to its own circumstances. The quantity of relief to be given, its quality, and its duration, can be determined only by experts. The amateur philanthropist may be as destructive of character as the amateur physician is of health. Yet many persons who would not venture to dose the rich with drugs of the effect of which they are ignorant, will give money to the poor without regard to consequences.

The difficulty of establishing principles of action when action must be largely discretionary, is illustrated by Mr. Devine's attempts to show that charitable relief does not affect the rate of wages. We must not, he tells us, adopt the practice of the old English poor law and allow employers to get the benefit of underpaid labor. "We are not to encourage, directly or indirectly, the payment of wages below the normal or self-supporting standard." This is well-meant advice, but it does not enlarge our wisdom. Assuming, as we must, that there will always be many persons whose income is not equal to the standard, we wish to know how we can increase this income by donations without drawing on the fund from which any increase in wages must be provided. In other words, if the vast sums now expended in relief of many kinds were paid out as increased wages, would there be fewer poor and less suffering, or more?

This book does not throw much light on these fundamental problems, but it contains many practical maxims. Disease should be prevented by the coöperation of the medical profession with social workers, and tenement houses should be improved. Four of the most important causes of need are family desertion, intemperance, industrial displacement, and immigration; and the most approved methods of action in these cases are described. The examples of the treatment of specific instances are very interesting, showing what long and complicated problems are implied in the short and simple annals of the poor. Under the title "Relief in Disasters," we have brief accounts of what was done at the time of the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, the Baltimore fire, the *Slocum* disaster, etc. While Mr. Devine's statement of principles is not very lucid, his practical suggestions are instructive, and his book will interest every one who is concerned to lessen that great mass of suffering which exists only because the wisdom of men is not equal to their benevolence.

The True Henry Clay. By Joseph M. Rogers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904. Pp. 388.

Mr. Rogers gives us a very lifelike picture of Henry Clay the man. Here is properly neither history nor biography, but a series of essays, sketches for the most part, in which snapshots are taken of Clay from different points of view. In separate chapters we are invited to look at Clay the speaker, Clay the duellist, Clay the compromiser. Again, it is as a member of the "triumvirate," or as engaged in Senatorial colloquies, that he is held up for our inspection. Back and forth from youth to old age, from old age to youth, we are taken repeatedly, until all sense of chronology, of history, of growth and development is utterly lost. Nevertheless, out of this confusion—seemingly worse confounded by irrelevant anecdote, questionable jest, unprofitable analogy—there does somehow emerge a live man. Mr. Rogers is fair-minded in that he does not scruple to lay bare the weaknesses as well as the strength of his hero. Nor has he any race or sectional prejudices to air. But excessive preoccupation with the one figure makes the author unheedful of the importance of others. Lack of a sense of proportion, a feeble grasp of the subject as a whole, constitute, indeed, his chief faults. The man Clay he sees and comprehends.

Of positive errors there are, so far as we have noticed, comparatively few. Clay's influence at Ghent is clearly overestimated. Mr. Rogers maintains that Clay was not a "trimmer," but has considerable difficulty in explaining the Texas letters

and some other things; and we may readily surmise what the "Puritan Adams" would have thought of the statement that, after the compensation bill, Clay was "obliged to make personal appeals for votes in a manner that he would *at all other times* have considered undignified" (p. 96).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Altsheler, Joseph A. The Candidate. Harpers. $1.50.
Anecdota Oxoniensia: Cáin Adamnáin. Henry Frowde.
Archives and History of Mississippi, Third Annual Report. Nashville, Tenn.
Baldwin, Charles Sears. How to Write. Macmillan Co.
Berton, Guy. Art Thou the Man? Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Brunot, Ferdinand. Histoire de la Langue Française. Vol. I. Paris: Armand Colin.
Burden of Armaments. London: The Cobden Club. 3s. 6d.
Call, Annie Payson. The Freedom of Life. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.
Capen, Edward Warren. The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut. Macmillan Co.
Cheney, Warren. The Way of the North. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Chesnut, Mary Boykin. A Diary from Dixie. Appleton. $2.50 net.
Fischer, George Alexander. Beethoven. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.
Gautier, Théophile. Voyage en Espagne. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.
Ghosh, Sarath Kumar. The Verdict of the Gods. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hakluyt Society. Series II., Vol. XI. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Hussey, George B. A Handbook of Latin Homonyms. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Mother and Daughter. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Tor, A Street Boy of Jerusalem. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Knox, George H. Ready Money. Des Moines: Personal Help Publishing Co. $1.68 net.
Ledoux, Louis Vernon. Songs from the Silent. Brentano's.
Lewis and Clark Expedition, Original Journals. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. III. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Maartens, Maarten. My Poor Relations. Appleton. $1.50.
Macdonald, Duncan B. Prolegomena of Ibn Khaldun. Leyden.
Massinger's Der Herzog von Mailand. Frei bearbeitet von Hermann Conrad. Imported by Putnams.
McCarthy, Justin Huntly. The Dryad. Harpers. $1.50.
McCleary, G. F. Infantile Mortality and Infants' Milk Depots. London: P. S. King & Son. 6s. net.
McClain, Emlin. Constitutional Law in the United States. Longmans. $2.
Mendeléeff, D. The Principles of Chemistry. Translated by George Kamensky. 2 vols. Longmans. $10 net.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Constance Trescott. Century Co. $1.50.
Mormon Menace. The: Being the Confession of John Doyle Lee. Home Protection Publishing Co.
Mormon Menace: Being the Confession of John Doyle Lee. Home Protection Publishing Co.
Norris, W. E. Barham of Beltana. Longmans. $1.50.
O'Connor, Rev. James A. The Converted Catholic. J. A. O'Connor. $1.50.
Phillpotts, Eden. The Secret Woman. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Pidgin, Charles Felton. Little Burr. Boston: The Robinson Luce Co.
Plato's Euthydemus. Edited by Edwin H. Gifford. Henry Frowde.
Porter, Frank Chamberlin. The Messages of the Apocalyptical Writers. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Potter, Henry C. The Drink Problem in Modern Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 30 cents net.
Reinach, Théodore, and others. Religions et Sociétés. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Rives, Amélie. Selené. Harpers.
Robinson, Albert G. Cuba and the Intervention. Longmans.
Rowlands, Samuel. The Bride. Boston: Charles G. Goodspeed. $3.50.
Shaw, G. Bernard. On Going to Church. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Sheard, Virna. By the Queen's Grace. F. A. Stokes Co.
Sheppard, Alfred Tresidder. The Red Cravat. Macmillan. $1.50.
Spalding, J. L. Religion and Art. Henry Frowde. $1.
Tappan, Eva March. A Short History of England's Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Venice. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Wagner, Charles. On Life's Threshold. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Lightning Conductor. New ed. Holt. $1.50.
Willmore, J. Selden. The Spoken Arabic of Egypt. 2d ed. London: David Nutt.
Zunser, Eliakum. A Jewish Bard. Zunser Jubilee Committee.

Henry Holt and Company's Spring Books

(PUBLISHED AT 29 W. 23RD ST., NEW YORK.)

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK **Deledda's AFTER THE DIVORCE** $1.50

A translation by MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE of probably the best story of a noteworthy Sardinian authoress, whose work is esteemed both in Italian and French, and who has been the subject of laudatory articles in the *Critic*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Revue Bleu* and other distinguished periodicals. It is a highly dramatic and picturesque tale, turning on a law that permits the wife of a convict to divorce him and remarry.

Colton's BELTED SEAS $1.50

The *Bookman* has called Mr. Colton "an author who recalls the old tradition that there were once such things as good writing and good story telling," and his work has been highly praised by other high authorities. In the "Belted Seas" he strikes out into a new vein. His irrepressible Captain Buckingham, and the amusing verses with which the captain constantly interlards his yarns, will linger in the memory. Mr. Colton has never shown more humor nor more imagination than in this story of the captain's wild adventures in Southern Seas.

Pattee's HOUSE OF THE BLACK RING $1.50

A humorous and dramatic story of a community of Pennsylvania Dutch in a little valley in the Seven Mountains. It tells of the squire, a sort of feudal lord, his enemies, his fate, and of his daughter and how she would have her way in love. The weird influence of the House of the Black Ring is ever present.

Owen Seaman's HARVEST OF CHAFF $1.25 net (by mail $1.31)

Parodies in verse by one who probably has no superior among living parodists. Among his victims are Kipling, Richard Wagner, Austin, Wordsworth, Browning, Byron, Morris, and others. The author's prose burlesques BORROWED PLUMES ($1.25) are already in their third edition.

TO APPEAR IN APRIL Jordan's GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF FISHES 2 Vols. Over 800 Illustrations. Kellogg's AMERICAN INSECTS With over 800 Illustrations. $5.00 net. Postage additional.

Champlin's YOUNG FOLKS CYCLOPAEDIA OF NATURAL HISTORY Illustrated.

Edward Everett Hale's DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY, being an informal discussion of the principal plays of ROSTAND, HAUPTMANN, SUDERMANN, PINERO, PHILLIPS, SHAW and MAETERLINCK.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED THE POINCESS PASSES By the authors of "The Lightning Conductor." $1.50
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The Week.

For the first time since his rebuff by the Senate, the President is betrayed into a petulant tone. He tells Congressman Babcock that the Senate's refusal to act on the Dominican treaty has reduced him to "impotence," and exposed him to the insults of Castro and every other South American upstart. We do not think, however, that this will help Mr. Roosevelt with either the Senate or the country. An intensely practical statesman such as he is should have reckoned in advance upon the stupidities and jealousies of the Senate. He now bitterly resents the "drawing of party lines" in dealing with a treaty. It has been remarked that when a politician exclaims against party politics, it means that he wants all hands to turn in and pull him out of a hole. We do not remember any loud protest from Mr. Roosevelt when his own party drew "lines" against the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty, and killed it. And as for "impotence," the failure of the Dominican treaty leaves this Government with all the power it ever had. It can protect its citizens abroad in every lawful way, just as before. The President's Constitutional prerogatives remain in full vigor. He has simply been given to understand that a policy is not necessarily wise simply because it falls in with his whim, and that he is not infallible as a Monroe Doctor.

The cooling down of the Administration as regards Venezuela is gratifying, if somewhat amusing. On Saturday, we were grossly "insulted" by Castro; on Sunday, we were not so sure of it; and by Monday we were instructing Minister Bowen to take his time about it and let us know by the slowest mail whether we really had been insulted or not. To have the insults forwarded by cable would be, of course, a sheer waste of the public money. Going back to the cause of the alleged insult, we are now informed that the Administration quite gratuitously offered its nose to be tweaked by Castro. It is at present "the consensus of opinion" in the White House, so the *Tribune* gravely announces, that the United States cannot forcibly collect claims still pending in the Venezuelan courts. The President is also advised by Senator Spooner, and eke by Senator Lodge, that "the principles of international law require the recognition of Venezuela as an equal." Restraining our impulse to say that then international law is an ass, we merely congratulate the country on the growing frequency of Presidential second thoughts. Of how many of them the Senate became the only begetter in refusing to ratify the Dominican treaty, we are just beginning to see.

Kansas is proving hard to satisfy in the various Trust investigations now in progress. Commissioner Garfield's Beef Trust report aroused the State to the necessity of making sure in advance that the Standard Oil Company should not get off so easily. Hence came the resolutions and telegrams denouncing Mr. Garfield, and demanding that some more energetic "Trust buster" be put in charge of the coming investigations. Now comes the report of another wrangle in the Kansas oil fields. The County Attorney of Chautauqua County has discharged Frank J. Monett as counsel in the inquiry relative to the Santa Fé Railroad, and the oil producers are swearing that this is a tame surrender to Standard Oil. The elimination of Mr. Monett, a man of reputation in hunts of this kind, is due to the charge that he came into the case without an invitation, having "newspaper connections," and with his mind already made up as to what he should find. It is puzzling that under those circumstances the Kansas authorities should have rejected him. If the conditions are as stated, his report ought to have had all the qualities that Garfield's lacked. In his capacity as a journalist, his first consideration must have been to write something interesting and striking. Kansas must learn that the qualities of "Frenzied Finance" and Poor's Manual are not to be combined in one investigator.

Of the five Democratic Governors who were elected last November in States which gave their electoral votes to Roosevelt and chose Republican Legislatures, Governor Folk of Missouri had the most comprehensive programme of reforms to carry through. Besides home rule for the large cities of the State, an anti-pass law, and the abolition of licensed race-track gambling, his important recommendations related to the "boodle" issue on which he made his campaign. He proposed to have all franchises disposed of by public auction, to make such privileges voidable when secured through corruption, to extend the statute of limitations in cases of bribery, and finally to compel the testimony of witnesses to bribery transactions, while giving them immunity from prosecution. This last was by far the most important. The House of Representatives, though it had a Republican majority of 22, followed the Democratic governor's lead and passed the bill unanimously. When it came up in the Democratic Senate, however, the Republicans divided evenly, while the Democratic members stood 10 to 9 against the bill, with 3 not voting, and defeated it. Throughout the session, in fact, the Republican House gave more assistance to the Governor's reform programme than the Senate of his own party.

The case of Governor Toole in Montana is somewhat different. He had already served two terms with a Legislature and State officers of his own party. Nor did he come into power on an issue which would induce the Republicans to make common cause with him against any element among the Democrats. Yet he fared reasonably well in legislative matters. A direct-nomination bill which he recommended was passed by the late Legislature. He also wanted a railroad-commission bill, and the House passed one substantially as he desired, but the Senate inserted a clause naming the commissioners in advance, and the Governor finally vetoed it. On other matters, especially on appropriations, Governor Toole had occasion to use the veto power with some freedom.

Delaware has again chosen to go unrepresented in the Senate of the United States rather than place credentials in the soiled hands of Addicks. For this we should all be profoundly thankful. But we ought also to do everything possible to nerve the indomitable band of anti-Addicks Republicans in Delaware for the fight that is still before them. They will have to encounter impatience in high quarters because they are not able to "do things"—as if preventing the rape of the State by Addicks were not of itself a magnificent achievement! They will be subjected to party pressure. It will be said that every Republican vote will be needed in the Senate to "save the Monroe Doctrine," or prevent the wicked Democrats from thwarting a benevolent Administration, and that it is no time to be squeamish about electing a briber if only he will promise to "uphold the President's hands." But against all such appeals we hope to see the Delaware opponents of Addicks remain firm as a rock. They have one business in hand—to beat an unspeakable corruptionist. If that injures their party or hampers their President, let party and President see to that; their skirts are clean.

The legal questions preliminary to Senator Gorman's negro disfranchising amendment having been disposed of in the Maryland courts, that measure is now to be taken up on its merits. The

Democratic State Committee proposes to make acceptance of the amendment a condition of its endorsement of any candidate, State or local, next fall. At the same time a considerable body of Democrats, including the Governor of the State, are strongly opposed to the amendment as it stands. It contains, in fact, nearly all the objectionable features ever devised for such a law. The "grandfather clause," which, in Alabama, for instance, was made to apply to only the first few years of registration under the new law, is inserted in the Maryland amendment without limitation. The test of literacy, moreover, requires the voter to read "*and* to give a reasonable explanation" of a section of the Constitution, his judges being the registration officers. Letting off the white men from any requirement at all, it would impose only a travesty of a test on the negroes. According to the last census, there were 24,676 illiterate negro males of voting age in Maryland. They are to be deprived of the ballot, while the illiterate white men, who numbered 15,678 according to the same enumeration, are to be unmolested.

The decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals that the "Jim Crow" law passed by the last Legislature does not apply to interstate traffic, shows that the passage of any train or steamboat south of certain State lines will not be marked by an immediate rearrangement of passengers. The court at Annapolis was called upon to consider the case of a colored school teacher who was arrested while on his way from New York to Washington because he refused to move into the "Jim Crow" section as the train entered Maryland. Its decision only followed the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court in a Louisiana case, setting the Legislature right as to the extent of its powers. The court points out that the segregation order can be of no effect when the passenger on a train or boat or other public conveyance crosses the Maryland line, but admits the right of the Legislature to prescribe separate compartments for traffic wholly within the State. In practice it is hard to see just how this limited application of the law can avail to save the sensitive Marylanders from the shock they dread.

Governor Higgins is finding out the truth of the old saying that to tax and to please is as impossible for man as to love and be wise. He discovers a great willingness that "the other fellow" be taxed, but stout objection by every one to letting taxation begin at home. All the plans for increasing the State's revenue by further indirect taxes are meeting with strong opposition. It appears extremely probable now that the proposed tax on stock transfers will not be made law. The mortgage tax is again in troubled waters. Meanwhile, the appropriations continue to pile up. Governor Higgins will detect no reluctance to let the other fellow get his little bill through, provided the amenities of logrolling be strictly observed. The Governor, however, has taken the correct position. He declares that he will not sign the supply bills until the revenue bills are either passed or definitively abandoned. In the latter case, he will be bound to thrust in his pruning pen, as he fortunately is able to do, and cut out enough superfluities to keep outlay down to income. Direct taxes may be too dire an alternative to face just yet; but the budget must be balanced though the "deestricts" fall.

D. Cady Herrick and Perry Belmont were among those who appeared at the legislative hearing on March 21, on the Brackett and Palmer bills to prevent corrupt practices in elections. Both gentlemen have had experience which qualifies them to speak as experts. Indeed, Mr. Herrick frankly declared: "I am no reformer, nor am I a hypocrite. I have used money. Both political parties do." The bill which these two eminent students of practical politics are urging, is admittedly drastic. It prohibits corporations from contributing campaign funds, provides for the publication of all contributions and expenditures, and permits legal action—accompanied, of course, by investigation—by any citizen who believes an election has been conducted unfairly. That our present laws are too lax, too full of loopholes, is the conviction of reformers as well as of Messrs. Herrick and Belmont. The general principles of the measures proposed by Senator Brackett and Assemblyman Palmer are so excellent as to command the approval of all good citizens. Yet there is room for doubt as to the great efficacy of legislation in the present state of public opinion. The Democrats knew what Judge Herrick's political methods had been; nevertheless, they nominated him for Governor last autumn. A reputation for unscrupulousness is too often a valuable asset for a party leader.

By the new copyright law, the burdensome requirement of simultaneous publication here and in the country of origin is relaxed in the case of writers in foreign languages. The act applies to residents of the thirteen countries included in the international copyright agreement, and allows the taking out of an option for a year before the copyright is completed by manufacture and publication in the United States. It is a welcome if a small concession, for it gives the European publisher a breathing space to study our market before making his ventures. Books in foreign languages are seldom sought after by our publishing houses, and the principal benefit that will accrue under the new law will be to the few foreign authors who attain great vogue among us. From now on, the Sienkiewiczes and Pastor Wagners will get proper royalties. So far as English books are concerned, the case stands just as it did before. The burdensome and ridiculous requirement of a second printing here still holds for all copyright works. This is on the theory of making work for our compositors and pressmen, who are also protected by a rattling duty on the finished product. If Congress cannot make up its mind to revoke this wasteful rule, at least it may be hoped that the one year's option of copyright granted to foreign authors and publishers may be extended to our kinsmen across the sea.

An American Academy of Fine Arts at Rome has existed for several years on a provisional and somewhat precarious basis. Last Saturday it was announced that more than half of an endowment of a million dollars had been already raised and that Villa Mirafiori, beyond the Porta Pia, had been purchased. With this step is permanently founded a very interesting auxiliary to the American art schools. Instruction will be given not in the theory and history of art, but in its practice; and the general conduct of the school will be modelled on that of the historic École de Rome. Presumably only a few students of proved competence will be accepted. This élite will naturally fall under the most persistent and persuasive classical influences, and to some extent their work should tend to offset among us both the authority of the academic and the allurement of the eccentric schools of Paris. The success of this attempt to set the current Romewards—a movement foreshadowed by the Powerses, Storys, and Crawfords half a century ago—will depend upon the material the school attracts. It requires a certain hardihood to promote neo-classicism in a time given over to excessive individualism and romanticism at bottom. But our architects, chiefly under the discipline of the École des Beaux-Arts, are already becoming classicists, and doubtless the founders of the school at Rome believe that the painters and sculptors will follow that lead.

An export tax on Newfoundland herring would squeeze Senator Lodge's Gloucester fishermen more sharply than any possible competition under a reciprocity treaty. Moreover, if the insular government actually declares the cargoes of the herring freighters to be a Newfoundland export, it will be very difficult to maintain the convenient pretext that they are the "product of American fisheries," and hence exempt from

duty. Notoriously, the herring from the Bay of Islands are bought from the Newfoundlanders and fraudulently certificated as American-caught. The local authorities wink at the practice, because our shippers pay a substantial license fee. Evidently, the proposed export tax will make a continuance of the subterfuge more difficult, and the fish merchants in whose behalf chiefly the Hay-Bond convention was amended to death are likely to learn that Newfoundland possesses very substantial powers of retaliation. On all fishing matters Newfoundland holds the whip-hand, a fact strangely forgotten by those who were chiefly intent on keeping foreign fish out except when it was Senator Lodge's protégés who smuggled them in.

The Russian Finance Minister's invitation to the London *Times* to come over to St. Petersburg and count the gold reserve, if the editor really doubts its existence, throws a gleam of humor on a sombre subject. The *Times* has been publishing conspicuously a series of articles to prove the insolvency of Russia. The argument did not, as might have been supposed, concern itself with the question whether the Russian Government is provided with resources for enduring the strain of war, but undertook to show that Russia as a community is "marching direct to insolvency." The main ground for this conclusion was that, although Russia's exports of merchandise exceed her imports, nevertheless that excess cannot provide for such other dues to outside markets as interest on the public debt, profits of foreign capital invested in Russia, money spent by Russians living outside of Russia, and so on. These additional debits, so contends the *Times's* article, force us to the inference that "the Russian Empire, as a trading concern, is carrying on its great business at an annual loss of at least 250,000,000 rubles."

So far the *Times* threads the maze of the "national balance of trade," in which investigators are usually either lost in the bewildering contradictions of their own statistics, or buried hopelessly under a mass of figures. Mr. Lucien Wolf, however, the author of the articles in the *Times*, makes a bold dash for daylight. How was this "annual deficit" met? Not by commercial gold exports, for gold imports have been the rule. "All we can say with certainty is, that it is paid out of the gold reserve of some 1,900,000,000 rubles," belonging to the Russian Government in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Mr. Wolf admits that he has no proof of such use of the gold reserve; but, cheerfully assuming it to be true, he concludes that Russia's "gold reserve is a colossal Humbert safe." It will be observed that this line of argument rather closely resembles that employed on the stump by Mr. McKinley during 1892, when he demonstrated conclusively that the United States could not be "losing gold on balance," because the year's "merchandise export balance" was $200,000,000. Mr. McKinley was invited to inspect the custom-house returns, showing a heavy gold export movement, but he declined to do so.

The notable fact about the new Japanese loan for $150,000,000, announced at the end of last week in London and New York, is the rise in the public credit of Japan which its terms reflect. The special security is apparently quite as good as that pledged to secure the $60,000,000 loan of last November—a lien on the highly productive Japanese tobacco monopoly—while that of five months ago was a second lien on the customs revenue. The market price of the two loans is also nearly identical; last autumn's figure being 90½, while the pending issue brings 90. But where an annual interest rate of 6 per cent. was exacted in 1904, the Government this year borrows at 4½—a very substantial concession by the bankers, and one almost if not quite unparalleled for a third large loan while war was actually going on.

No doubt, belief in an early peace has something to do with this rise in Japanese credit; the sentimental influence of the Japanese victories possibly has still more. But it is also possible that the financial world has learned something during the year as to the real resources of Japan. A letter from the Tokio correspondent of the *Evening Post* throws interesting light upon the much-mooted question whether Japan was at any time really in danger of being crushed by the burden of carrying on the war. Not only is testimony borne to the fact that Japanese industry has prospered, in the face of this enormous drain of men and treasure, but the tests by which we are wont to measure our own prosperity are applied with encouraging results. The December exchange of bank checks at the principal Japanese clearing-houses, for instance, footed up $182,000,000, against $144,900,000 in 1903 and $124,700,000 in 1902. The volume of business at last year's close on Japanese stock exchanges, though smaller than at the similar period a year before, was larger than in 1902. Still more striking is the report of post-office savings-bank deposits, which in December reached some $18,600,000, comparing with $15,600,000 one year before, and $14,400,000 two years back. These results are achieved at the end of a year in which Japan's own people have subscribed to $140,000,000 war bonds of the Government. London newspapers, taking some other figures, are calling attention to the striking fact that Japan's export trade, in 1904, increased $15,000,000, or 10 per cent., over 1903; Japan's export trade, in 1904, increased ably silk, having risen nearly $19,000,000.

To judge by the debate last week in the House of Lords, recent arbitration treaties have not affected competitive naval schedules. So sound and conservative a statesman as Viscount Goschen said explicitly that to the old two-Power standard—which meant specifically France and Russia—must now be added Germany, with her twelve battleships. The first lord of the Admiralty, in the same tenor, declared that no retrenchment of the programme should be made in view of the great losses to the Russian fleet, but that an approach should be made to a three-Power standard. For many years England ran under the two-Power doctrine, with an additional provision of cruisers justified by the extensiveness of her dispatch service. Now, apparently, the scale is to be raised a point, not in view of possible or probable hostile alliances, but simply with regard to the gross number of fighting machines possessed by any three nations. Thus, Lord Selborne used the remarkable growth of the Japanese navy, that of an allied Power, as an argument for pushing the construction of battleships, while Goschen counted up the German and French navy as if it were likely to make a joint descent upon the English dockyards. Obviously, the naval rule of three, however computed, must in the long run spell ruin. Indeed, many of us may live to see England staggering under an immutable four-Power doctrine.

M. Paul Deschanel, former president of the Chamber of Deputies, cites America as the ideal instance of separation of Church and State. This is a virtual repudiation of Combes, whom Deschanel served for a time, and indicates that the plan of separation now under debate will be conducted in the spirit of progress, not of persecution. M. Rouvier seeks not to punish the Church, but to secure a permanent and satisfactory relation between it and the nation. Many of the Catholics will assent freely to this policy, stipulating only for sufficient notification of the withdrawal of the stipends to the clergy, and for continued tenure of ecclesiastical buildings on easy terms. This the Government project concedes, and it looks now as if separation might be brought about without any great immediate strain. M. Rouvier's apparent success in smoothing down the gravely ruffled sensibilities of all parties concerned shows that there are many ways of killing your political cat short of killing her with kindness. The removal of M. Combes's bristling personality has had the almost unexampled effect of bringing something like calm into the most troubled of political controversies.

SHOWING MR. CHAMBERLAIN OUT.

On March 22 a resolution condemning in precise terms Mr. Chamberlain's proposals of a 10 per cent. duty on manufactures found only two dissenting votes in Parliament. Mr. Balfour and his followers, excepting twenty-two Unionist Free Traders who welcomed the chance to vote against Chamberlainism, walked out and left the motion to its fate. The resolution, which Mr. Balfour had explained was non-contentious, was passed by a majority of 254 to 2. Mr. Chamberlain could not desire a more positive vote of no confidence. Lord Hugh Cecil did not fail to point out that those who feared to defend Imperial reciprocity in Parliament could be but craven advocates before the nation. He also scored severely a Government so uncertain of its own mind as to fight anti-Chamberlain resolutions for two years, and then desert the cause completely. In fact, this heroic method of lightening ship, while primarily disastrous to Mr. Chamberlain, may prove almost equally damaging to Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Chamberlain it put in the novel position of a man who blows hot and cold while his dearest principles are kicked about scornfully. For look how little is left of the great programme launched nearly two years ago in the historic Birmingham speech. Food taxes are necessary to attract the colonies to any reciprocity scheme; Mr. Balfour has consistently opposed food taxes. Duties on manufactures are indispensable both to the reciprocity scheme and to an anti-dumping campaign; but Parliament has declared against such a tariff, practically *nem, con.* There remains the scheme for colonial conferences. This Mr. Balfour has made his own, stipulating simply that the conferences should be uninstructed and unauthoritative. Meanwhile, wherever organized labor has found a voice, its verdict has been hostile to a change of fiscal policy, and the bye-elections have returned Free Trade members with significant regularity. All signs point to a crumbling of the propaganda of which Joseph is the prophet.

Of course, he consciously faced the chances of defeat. That he should appear to be going down not as the fighter he has always been, but with some ignominy, like an importunate book agent finally shown the door, is contrary to all expectations. Yet it is evident that he must defend his cause or see perish with it his own prestige. Mr. Chamberlain is not a man to ride two horses. He is on record for a prompt appeal to the electorate. Only the other day he rebuked in unmistakable set terms the "unnecessary timidity" of those who failed to declare their allegiance. It is plain that he cannot safely put off this aggressiveness and devote himself to the gentler service of prolonging Mr. Balfour's official existence. For the day of pretences is over Mr. Balfour's professions of open-mindedness and neutrality mean nothing in view of last week's desertion. Whatever he may have intended by running away, the fact remained that when a shaft was aimed at Mr. Chamberlain's heart, Mr. Balfour stepped aside and said: "That's nothing to me." How long under these circumstances can Mr. Chamberlain affect to support Mr. Balfour? Not long, unless he surrenders his case. When the Free Trade Unionists are voting gladly with the Opposition, the so-called Fiscal Reformers cannot maintain indefinitely their loyalty to a leader who, declining to defend his own cause in Parliament, bids them support a Premier who ignores both cause and leader. To rehabilitate himself and his policy, Mr. Chamberlain will have to turn upon those who have shown him the door, and put them out.

To follow the Parliamentary tangle resulting from Mr. Balfour's policy of abstention would defy ingenuity itself. Technically and numerically, Mr. Balfour may gain strength from the decline of Chamberlainism; but it seems also as if the late "walk-out" could not fail to be viewed in a sense unfavorable to the Premier. Such an expedient is usually that of an abused minority; for a leader with a strong majority it bears the look of playing the baby. Moreover, it casts a sinister light upon all Mr. Balfour's relations with Mr. Chamberlain. Of the latter's loyalty there can be no doubt; he has proved it to his own hurt. Can as much be said for Mr. Balfour? Was he really taking time to make up his mind, or was he merely waiting until it was safe to snub his troublesome friend?

Mr. Chamberlain's *riposte* came with characteristic swiftness. On Thursday he authorized a protectionist candidacy at Greenwich against Mr. Balfour's candidate and kinsman, Lord Hugh Cecil. Thus ends the unnatural alliance between Chamberlain and Balfour, and not without grave impeachment of the Premier's clear good faith. It was palpably absurd to profess friendship for Mr. Chamberlain, yet allow his bitterest opponents, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles and Lord Hugh Cecil, to preach free trade in their constituencies. It required a peculiar casuistry to praise Mr. Chamberlain on his resignation for doing bravely outside the Cabinet what, with reluctance, those inside must do more cautiously, and then to condemn essential parts of the Chamberlain programme. Indeed, nothing is stranger than the fact that a gentleman of chivalrous and idealistic bent, as Mr. Balfour unquestionably is, should have been caught in so many equivocal dealings. From the time when he managed to let two Free Trade Ministers resign, and yet keep the Duke of Devonshire, whom they confidently expected to go out with them, Mr. Balfour has frequently profited by misunderstandings which in another man would roundly be called tricks. His nursing of Chamberlainism until the protest of the bye-elections had proved its vast unpopularity, is characteristic. England will put up with a good deal of casuistry when, as in Gladstone's case, it is of a robust sort; such vacillation as Mr. Balfour has shown, runs counter to British notions of fair play. The breach with Chamberlain comes too late to bring him either personal credit or political advantage. As for Mr. Chamberlain, when he is fighting Mr. Balfour's candidates in the constituencies, how long can he refrain from opposing him in the House of Commons?

HANDING ON THE TORCH.

With the opening of spring, the sporting columns of the daily press are peppered with announcements of "interscholastic meets." The intercollegiate athletic contests are imitated with admirable seriousness by the boys of our high schools and academies; the fashion is forcing its way into the grammar grades; and soon we may be chronicling the muscular prowess of four-year-old Tommy and Jimmy, the heroes of an interkindergarten meet. Fond parents who attend the interscholastic contests glow with pride as they note the interest which the greatest living Americans, our college champions, take in the performances of darling Harold and Reginald. Smith, the famous senior whose skill in putting the shot has made Harvard the foremost university in the country, pats the lad of sixteen on the back and assures him that a career of great glory will be his at Cambridge. Jones, whose speed in the quarter-mile is the boast of all loyal Yale men, is convinced, on the other hand, that New Haven is the place to get a start in the grave business of life. Surely, the labor of committees on endowment is superfluous when the flower of our undergraduates will spend their days and nights in persuading high-school boys to go where culture waits them.

We are pained, therefore, to note the pessimism of the *Harvard Bulletin.* We trust this paper merely expresses the superciliousness of Harvard, and does not speak for the athletes of other institutions. "One of the worst concomitants of intercollegiate sport," says the bilious *Bulletin*, "is the solicitation of athletes in the secondary schools." While admitting that to try to capture for your own college an athlete of ability is not a crime, the *Bulletin* yet holds—inconsistently, of course—that "the way in which these so-called inducements are urged upon the young men shows how far the desire to win has outstripped everything else"; and that "the methods now in vogue have become a menace to the preparatory schools." Then follow specifications. The principal of a large New England academy complains

that the hallways of his buildings are sometimes almost crowded with representatives of different colleges who are "special ambassadors" to a good football or baseball player. The principal, whose prosaic mind is obviously fixed on his wretched little text-books, fears that the boys in his charge may get a wrong idea of the real importance of athletics. He worries because his pupils scarcely pretend to study, but play baseball or football, and "then wait for an offer from some college." Furthermore, at a recent contest of athletes of New England preparatory schools, the conduct of some of the college men and coaches who were after swift runners and good jumpers was, in the opinion of the *Bulletin*, disgusting. "Their attempts were open and flagrant." The athletic trainer of a college not in New England —this the height of offending—had the impudence to be on hand; and one of the Boston papers gave the names of men to whom he had offered inducements.

Such are the facts which disturb the soul of the *Bulletin* and lead it to say in its haste that the motto of politics and business, "Anything to succeed," should not govern intercollegiate athletics, and that Harvard graduates should not take part in "the scramble which is now going on in the schools and academies of New England, and probably elsewhere." This advice may be followed in the conduct of a Sunday-school, but not, we are confident, in the management of a college. Unless the sons of Harvard get out and hustle, there will be more tears for the crimson and cheers for the blue. Take an example from a kindred enterprise. Were the proprietors of our large racing stables—say, Keene, Belmont, and H. P. Whitney—to maintain a dignified indifference, and run only such horses as were bred in their own paddocks, their turf winnings would simply dwindle to nothing. But they know their business. They have experts watching all the tracks for "promising youngsters." The competition is keen—sometimes, perhaps, unscrupulous; but need we affirm that it is wholesome? The analogy holds precisely; it is not in the least vitiated by the argument that horse-racing is a more thoroughly organized, better paid, and highly esteemed profession than college teaching.

There is nothing new in the essence of college rivalry; the change is in the outward form. A generation or two ago it was the lad of intellectual parts and attractive character who had to endure the ordeal now reserved for athletes. "Harvard has the finest college library in America," would be the plea of one advocate. "Yale has Professor Whitney," would be the answer. "You can study under Harkness at Brown." "Yes, but under Hopkins at Williams." This kind of talk, we submit to anybody but the prejudiced principal mentioned above, was sure to give a boy a wrong idea of the real importance of study. Old men can recall those days of darkness. Fathers had not begun to understand that athletics were the chief thing, and studies a mere elegant diversion; professors were often steeped in the same ignorance; and even undergraduates, in order to humor the powers that be, pretended to be busy with their books. But, thank Heaven! we no longer compel ingenuous youth to sear their consciences with hypocrisy. We have discovered the true function of the college in modern civilization, and we avow our convictions frankly.

We do not assert that there will never come a reaction in favor of books and laboratories; the brilliant civilization of Greece and Rome was followed by stagnation and mediæval superstition. But while the present age of enlightenment lasts, we must make the most of it. If our colleges are to fulfil their high destiny of developing muscle and figuring in "scare-head" stories in the newspapers, we must spare neither time, effort, nor money to bring in the best athletes. President Eliot and other mossbacks may prate about "the difference between practising generously a liberal art, and driving a trade or winning a fight, no matter how"; but Wall Street, Washington, and the prize-ring are teaching us the invaluable lesson that the end will justify any means.

THE NEW CREDULITY.

Prof. S. W. Williston of the University of Chicago was reported a week ago as having expressed some fantastic views in a lecture on palæontology. Among the least of the absurdities attributed to him was the prediction that, after a trifle of a million or two years more, birds would be the dominant animal type on the earth. But now the learned and apparently somewhat mortified professor writes to the *Sun* protesting against being written down an ass. He never held the language fathered upon him. Categorically and in detail, he denies having ever uttered a single one of the opinions tied to his name. But they have flown the country over. They have got the proverbial start which the lie has over handicapped truth, and the latter will doubtless struggle in vain to catch up.

Professor Williston is only the latest victim of the great modern art of mishearing, misunderstanding, and misapplying. It has had an enormous development. Two agencies have nourished it—a sensationalized press and a boundless popular credulity. The latter seems to fasten itself especially upon "science." This it regards as a kind of thaumaturgy. A scientific professor is thought as *capable de tout* as Habbakuk himself. Any extravagance, any wild nonsensicality, any sheer impossibility, is accepted as coming from him with the easy good faith of a child or a savage. "I see that Professor Exray says that when the oxygen of the universe is all used up, people will have to maintain combustion in their lungs by carbon inhalations ignited by an electric spark." This is hardly an exaggeration of the monstrosities of belief that gravely pass current.

Every honest newspaper writer must admit that inaccurate and sensational press reporting is mainly to be blamed for this topsy-turvydom of the public mind in many of these matters. Distortion and misconception of a speech or a lecture are discreditably common in the slap-dash journalism of the day. The trouble lies, however, more in haste and ignorance than in malice. The reporter does not deliberately set out to misrepresent. He is ever on the watch for something "spicy," something that will make the jaded newspaper reader "sit up," and his temptation constantly is to wrest some half-understood sentence from its context, and send it out reverberating as if it were the whole, or the most important part, of what was said. Not long ago, for example, a New York newspaper gave an account of a lecture at the Museum of Natural History, which, it was said, was "a complete refutation of Darwinism." The lecturer was even represented as saying that if Darwin were alive and had the information possessed by the speaker, he would confess on the spot with shame that all his theories were wrong. Of course, every instructed man would know instantly that this was a "howler." He would know that every scientific worker is to-day a Darwinist *malgré lui;* that all science thinks in terms of evolution; and that the alleged statement could have been made only by an escaped lunatic. Investigation naturally discovered the blunder. The lecturer had, in fact, said that certain classes of facts which had come to light since Darwin's day tended to modify, in unimportant particulars, one of his unimportant theories of descent. That was all; but the hurried and ignorant reporter had the whole Darwinian theory done to death, and the doctrine of special creation triumphantly reëstablished. As we say, this was not so much dishonesty as incompetence. It was merely a proof of the danger of careless and untrained reporting, over which self-respecting newspaper men have so often occasion to grieve.

We would not by a hair diminish the responsibility of the press for disseminating sensational misinformation, but we can but marvel at the ease with which the public allows itself to be blown about by every wind of doctrine —particularly scientific doctrine. What is all our diffused education for if not to steady us against such gusty onsets

of ignorance? It seems as if our grasp on general principles were relaxing. We stand ready to throw over any of them at the first rumor of their being attacked. Scientific notions, in particular, we seem to hold at the beck and call of the first whimsey that gets itself into print. This is largely because we have gone over nowadays to the spectacular conception of science. Its favorite devotees and expounders are "wizards" or "magicians"; and the gaping crowd stands about waiting for them to come out of their laboratories or workshops with a miracle in either hand. From the definition of science as simply "organized and trained common sense," we appear to be drifting away; as from the conviction that the great lines of scientific attainment and future progress are pretty definitely marked out, and that any man who strays widely from them—especially if he is plainly suffering from the itch of publicity—is either a weak-minded enthusiast or a charlatan.

Against the credulous acceptance of malformed newspaper "science," it is the duty of every thinking man to brace himself. Unless we are to slip back into universal superstition, we must refuse to abandon fixed ideas at the demand of floating speculations; we must be stoutly skeptical when asked to believe that a university professor has suddenly been made mad by much learning; we must, in a word, preach more urgently than ever that chief tenet of the scientific faith—salvation by verification alone.

GUARANTEEING OLD MASTERS.

Mr. Louis Ehrich, whose collection of old masters was sold at auction on Friday night, has come in for varied comment for guaranteeing the genuineness and authenticity of every example. The critics of two leading papers have indulged in mock admiration of the guarantor's hardihood. But, generally, Mr. Ehrich's action has been praised as suggesting a needed reform in the picture market. Evidently, the merits of the case depend neither upon the authenticity of the pictures just sold nor upon the verbal form of the guarantee. If the seller has taken an over-hopeful view of certain old canvases, he at least offers complete protection to those who have bought upon the strength of his judgment. Ten years ago he sold a collection of Flemish and Dutch masters under identical conditions. Since then the example has been imitated only once, to our knowledge—in the case of the collection of the late Brazilian Minister Mendonça, whose estate took back some disputed pictures under the guarantee. This would seem to show either that the average amateur is well content to buy his objects of art "as is," or that our dealers and auctioneers, counting upon the ignorance or indifference of the salesroom public, are neglecting a desirable reform.

There is much to be said for the absolute irresponsibility that prevails in the greatest art centre of the world, London. Your true connoisseur is not only willing, but delighted, to buy his objects of virtue "subject to all errors of description." It is the prevalence of the dubious or worse in the auction-room that affords him precious opportunities. His peculiar triumph is to cut out a treasure from its unworthy surroundings, and do it cheaply. Certainly, the critic who picked up a fine Domenico Veneziano in a Fifth Avenue auction-room, for a song, too, had no reason to regret the absence of a guarantee. And if all of our collectors were connoisseurs, or even bought frankly what pleased them regardless of attributions, the matter of description would be of minor interest. Indeed, the game, as a free-for-all, would become intolerably dull if the rules were made by the dry-as-dusts. But, as a matter of fact, real amateurs are rare among us. Most buyers follow, sheeplike, the fashions set by the dealers, and, beyond a narrow round of French and early English painters, regard all art with the distrustfulness bred of ignorance. It may fairly be said that the cavalier treatment Mr. Ehrich's old masters have had in certain quarters, while in part justified, evinces rather the uneasiness of the critics before unfamiliar material than any serious attempt at appraisal. His guarantee sets, we believe, a valuable example; and until it is generally followed, New York will hardly take its proper place as a market for objects of art.

After the Marquand sale it was freely said that New York must be ranked with London and Paris. Nothing could be further from the truth. Where great prices are attained, it is usually the result of puffery. Even at our best salesrooms the fluctuations in the prices of similar objects shows that in the main the bidding is not by persons who know, but by ill-instructed enthusiasts or timid bargain-hunters. The same public that absorbed many of Mr. Marquand's rugs at about four to five times their value, let some of the best of Mr. Benguiat's go at base prices. But the eagerness with which objects associated with a great collector are disputed, shows that our public welcomes any sort of authority, and, if there were any reasonable assurance that it was getting money's worth, would constitute itself a real market for art. To ascertain values, we should then turn to our own sales prices as we do now to those at Christie's or the Hôtel Drouot.

Before that can be, somebody must be made responsible for the motley objects that fill our auction rooms; and in the absence of *expertise* among our dealers and collectors, that somebody must obviously be the vendor, or his agent, the auctioneer. And no form of partial guarantee is of value. Occasionally, the seller admits dispute *before* the sale, holding the dissenter from the catalogue financially responsible for any loss his opinion may cause. Such a stipulation is clearly unfair. A critic must pass upon pictures quite apart from money considerations; to implicate him in any fashion in the sale is to reduce him to silence or platitudes. If he abuses his privilege of criticism, his rashness will soon discredit him. Evidently, some form of professional guarantee is desirable, and one that fairly divides the inevitable risk of false judgment equitably between buyer and vendor. Such, in theory at least, is the practice of the Paris sales. Every collection is catalogued and appraised by a *commissionnaire priseur*, generally a dealer. For the attributions he is responsible, and—in case of error and substantiated protest—financially also, up to the sum set by himself before the sale. This fixed guarantee does the double service of limiting the expert's liability and of expressing his valuation of the picture apart from its attribution. Thus, if we found an apparently important Rembrandt priced at, say, 25,000 francs, we might fairly assume the expert thought it a genuine but inferior example. Should the appraisal run as low as 5,000 francs, we might assume that he had his doubts.

We believe that the art auction companies, at least one of which undoubtedly makes an honest attempt to accept only well-accredited collections, would do well to go a step further and offer no important collection except under some such guarantee. With a public in which sporting spirit abounds, there is little danger that such a sponsorship would be taxed vexatiously. As for occasional ignorant or bumptious criticism in the press, there would actually be less of it if the really admirable collections were authoritatively distinguished from the ruck of the fraudulent and worthless. But it is to be feared that criticism is about the last thing many of the interested parties desire. The other day a well-known dealer whose old masters are generally old, occasionally important, exceptionally what they purport to be, and always expensive, begged not to be "sandbagged" by a certain art editor. Sandbagging meant saying unfavorable things about pictures for sale. Until our dealers learn to welcome as free a discussion as prevails, say, in London, the claim of New York to be an enlightened art market will be most contestable, and the need of certified old masters fairly a crying one.

JULES VERNE.

The death of Jules Verne should strike with a sense of personal bereavement all boys who read and all men

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in whom the romantic imagination of boyhood has not yet perished. He was a prophet with honor in his own country, for he and the famous Cathedral of Amiens were the twin marvels of the provincial city. Their two pictures, in all sizes and styles, stare from hundreds of shop windows. But this tribute is only a faint echo of that which came to him from every corner of the globe. Wherever love of adventure, coupled with curiosity as to the mechanism of the universe, exists, there Jules Verne finds his disciples. 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' 'The Mysterious Island,' 'A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth,' 'From the Earth to the Moon'—here is a rollcall that should stir the pulses of graybeards, and almost summon back their irrevocable youth.

Verne's novels lack, we must admit, the great and enduring excellences of 'Robinson Crusoe,' yet to fall short of that matchless tale is far from failure. Many have tried to shoot with the bow of Defoe, have come cheerfully near to the target, and have still missed the bull's-eye. Paltock's 'Peter Wilkins' is, in spite of Lamb's generous praise, thin tissue in comparison with 'Crusoe.' Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' is the product of extraordinary intelligence and dexterity, but it wants bulk and depth. We lay down our 'Crusoe,' notwithstanding all its prolixities, with the conviction that we know the man. Whether wearing his skin cap and attended by Friday, or dressed as a sailor or a merchant, that heroic embodiment of ingenuity, piety, and fortitude could not escape our instant recognition. Captain Nemo, on the other hand, would be unrecognizable off the *Nautilus* and with his clothes changed; Cyrus Harding is a mere walking handbook of 'Facts Every Boy Should Know'; and even Phileas Fogg is not a convincing personality. In the art of characterization Verne is feeble. His creatures have certain tricks of dress or speech; they have specialties in knowledge, but no blood and vitality. They are hollow inside. Each, notwithstanding a fairly elaborate make-up, is, as Jean Passepartout described the redoubtable Phileas Fogg, "a genuine automaton."

Fortunately, boys are not contemplative philosophers. They will tolerate skilful character-drawing in a story that is crammed with incident; but, given the incident, they are entirely happy with characters which are differentiated in the most rudimentary fashion. "We read story-books in childhood," says Stevenson, "not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident." Nothing is better in its kind than the 'Arabian Nights'; nothing was ever written in which the caliphs, beggars, and robbers are more palpably wood and pasteboard. The fascination of the tales lies in the enchantment and the astounding adventures which vivify every page. 'Sindbad' thrusts upon us "brute incident," stripped of all the accessories which appeal to sophisticated taste, and captivates instantly the savage and the child.

The books of Jules Verne are the 'Arabian Nights' elaborately fitted with all modern improvements. The genii and the sorcerers of a few centuries ago have their lineal descendants in the accomplished gentlemen who are sometimes described as "the wizards of science." A submarine boat, a fast express, an automobile, a dirigible balloon, or a hollow shell shot at the moon, is a comfortable and highly plausible substitute for a travelling carpet or a roc. Given the problem of annihilating space and time, the unknown authors of the 'Arabian Nights' and Jules Verne both solve it according to formulas popular in their own day.

The charm of mystery is evident in the very title of Verne's works. No lad of twelve can resist the challenge of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' 'Voyage to the Centre of the Earth,' and 'The Mysterious Island.' Had the subject-matter belied the captions, many eager readers would still have pegged away, lured by the mere magic of the words stamped on the binding. But the stories are worthy of their delicious names. The island *is* mysterious. Once you learn that the dog Top has been snuffing about the well in the Granite House, you and Cyrus Harding will never rest satisfied till you have discovered what it is that the sagacious animal hears and smells, till you have penetrated to that secret cavern where the *Nautilus* lies with the dying Captain Nemo.

On the scientific side of Verne's writing one may easily lay undue stress. He is not the first to embed scientific knowledge in stories for boys, though he is uncommonly successful in sugar-coating the pill. The method of Abbott and his imitators is to let Rollo draw Uncle George into endless and often futile discussion of the wonders of earth and sky. There is too much talk and too little action. Verne, on the contrary—and he has had many followers, notably H. G. Wells—vitalizes the dead fact by employing it in some striking feat in mastery of man or nature. The discourse on air pressure, water pressure, and hydraulics in 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea' is not knowledge for its own sake, but for the sake of managing the first and greatest of submarines in the delightful business of exploring the depths of the ocean. Nevertheless, as we have said, these contributions to science are not to be taken too seriously. The average boy can shed information as a duck sheds water. Who ever followed through those complicated calculations for constructing the great cannon and aiming it at the moon? If parents are severe-minded and doubtful about the propriety of the novel, the young reader can protest, "See, father, it tells us that, at 32,000 feet below the surface of the ocean, pressure on the human body would be 97,500,000 pounds"—an unanswerable argument. But the science, after all, is a mere husk. The kernel is of such stuff as dreams are made of.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.—II.

LONDON, March 15, 1905.

Had Whistler never painted a picture, his fame would still rest as securely on his etchings and his lithographs, and it happens that at the Memorial Exhibition in London the collection of his prints is more complete than the collection of his paintings. There are fewer gaps in the series of etchings. There are hardly any gaps at all in the series of lithographs. Step by step, his progress in these arts may be followed, from the moment he set out on the roads of France, a student laden with copper-plates; from the moment when, in the fulness of his powers, he made his first experiment on the stone, down to the last plate he bit and printed, the last lithograph he issued. It seems scarcely possible that any museum, any national or municipal gallery, will ever be able to give the chance to study his black-and-white work which has been provided by a private society in a show destined now to close in a very few weeks.

The members of the committee in charge have realized to the full—at any rate, one of them has—the importance of this chance, and have done everything they could, by judicious hanging and arrangement, to help the student and the collector to make the most of it. Though the question of space has been a serious one, the prints are never crowded; on the contrary, they are hung so as to produce a decorative effect on the wall which alone is restful to the eye, while they are arranged in chronological order. The greatest difficulty of all has been presented by the loan of the etchings from the Royal Library at Windsor, a splendid contribution numerically; but when royalty "graciously condescends" to contribute to an exhibition, a due appreciation of the condescension must be shown in the treatment of the royal contribution, no matter what its merit. The King's collection has been hung apart, in the central hall, on the white walls that not long ago were the background to Rodin's "Main de Dieu," and up in the balcony, where the wonderful Venetian set can be seen better than it ever was seen before. This, necessarily, interrupts the chronological sequence; the rest of the fine series, lent by the several collectors whom I mentioned in my last letter, having a place in the largest of the three rooms. But, by a careful system of cross-references in the catalogue, this difficulty is disposed of. It is the student's own fault if his study of the series is less systematic; and, in studying Whistler's etchings, it is worth while being systematic in order to understand his wonderful command of the art from the beginning, and also the changes in his technical method of expression.

I do not say development, for, after the first experiments, there was, in a sense, no development. He revealed himself at once the master, even in the prints of what is known as the French set—the greater number in the present exhibition coming from Windsor. They are amazing as the performance of the mere student which Whistler was when he produced them, and this not simply because of their promise as the work of one so young and inexperienced, but for their actual accomplishment. Still, it was really in the London etchings, "the Sixteen," and the others, that he may be said to have found himself. Already, in the late fifties, when he came over from Paris, he was creating the masterpieces that surpass the best etchings of Rembrandt, and, of course, are far above those of any other artist who had at that date worked upon copper. The recent outburst of praise from the critics in London was bound to bring about a reaction, and I notice that in some quarters the old familiar charge of his technical feebleness—his impotence they appear almost to think it—is being revived. "Because achievement to him was so difficult, he had to pose as impeccable," we are assured; and again, that "to realize what he wanted was so intolerable a strain that every scrap of paper his hand had touched, every plate his needle had scratched, had to be inspired"; and so on, and so on. But who can look at these London plates and discover in them any sign of strain, intolerable or otherwise, any trace of difficulties in achievement? They are the work of a man sure of himself, to whom the realization of what he wanted was such a pleasure that, so far from evading difficulties, he might seem to be seeking them. He saw, as no one yet had seen, the beauty of the old tumbled-down Thames warehouse and the picturesqueness of the riverside, with its grime and glitter and toil, and he spared himself not a detail in giving it expression. He who was popularly supposed never to have learned how to draw—though one has only to turn to the two Coast Survey plates here exhibited to know what he could do technically—elaborated these London plates with the skill and knowledge of the accomplished draughtsman; never, however, forgetting the value of line in an etching, never sacrificing the spontaneity and freshness of his impression, never vying, like some etchers who came after him, with the detail of the steel-engraver, never losing sight of the well-balanced design in over-attention to its parts.

The London series in etching, like the "Blue Wave" and the pictures of the so-called Japanese period in painting, show upon what a solid foundation of knowledge and technique his later, broader style was based. As time went on, one can see in the London plates (in the "Adam and Eve," for instance) the approaching change. Detail is less elaborately worked out, more is left to suggestion, there is greater breadth in the handling. And then we come to the Venice sets, in which he seemed almost to paint on the plate with his needle as no artist ever had done or attempted to do, in which he appeared the master-printer as well as the master-draughtsman. The Venice prints from Windsor are extremely beautiful, fine examples of the color Whistler got in the printing, the quality he obtained by this painter-like method of expression—and indeed this and the Naval Review set are the only things of importance, as far as the prints go, from Windsor. The Amsterdam, the Brussels plates have much the same characteristics as the Venice work. And so one reaches at last the marvellous Naval Review or Jubilee set, the merest notes, they might be thought, on copper—water, sky, ships, all rendered with the greatest economy of line, the least possible detail, and yet as expressive in their way as the early Thames plates in all their beautiful minuteness.

Of course, the collection is not limited to the prints that were published in sets or that belong to groups. There are many of Whistler's portraits, strong in character as Rembrandt's, and full of a grace—as in the lovely "Jo's Bent Head" and so many more—never found in the Dutch master. There are the studies of models, the little shops the artist loved, the notes of streets in London, Paris, and the French towns, he knew so well. In fact, the omissions are comparatively rare down to the latest Paris series, which he never finished. And if there are even prints from plates he destroyed because he was not satisfied with them, it is a good thing that they should be exhibited, if only to silence the British critics who declare, in their ignorance, that he would have preserved and passed off as inspired every scratch of his needle, and who, in their hearts, continue to hate him. One of their number has gone so far as to revive the old Ruskin description, and to proclaim him anew the coxcomb. But writers who pass for prophets in the United Kingdom need not be accepted implicitly in the United States, and Americans must always remember that one reason why Whistler was never taken seriously as an artist in England, is because he was an American—an unpardonable crime in English eyes.

The lithographs are arranged with equal care in chronological order, and, as with the etchings, there is hardly a suggestion of a tentative or experimental stage. It was not until the end of the seventies that Whistler tried working on stone and lithographic paper, but at the first trial he evidently understood just what he could do, just what he should want to do, with this new medium—new, that is, to him. He never emulated the elaboration, the strong color—the "velvety blacks" that became so hackneyed in the writings of certain English critics a few years since—the greater finish and minuteness, the more deliberate picture-making, found in the prints of the French lithographers of an older generation, who had worked for publication in the weekly or monthly press, or of the English lithographers who had drawn on the stone for the illustration of large and imposing, but forgotten, gift-books. It happened that some of his lithographs were published in papers—for instance, in the *Whirlwind*, when they were to be had for the rare price of a penny apiece. But this may be said to have been an accident; certainly, he never used lithography for illustration as Daumier and Gavarni, or Prout and Lane did. He used it for no more definite end than to note for his own pleasure the beauty or character of the person or scene before him, and to note it in such a way that it could be multiplied for the pleasure of others. He never asked more than this of the lithographic chalk; and his wonderful little portraits, his churches, his sweep of the Thames with its bridges, his smithies and laundries and shops, his gardens and streets, are as complete and perfect, if in another fashion, as the bull-fights of Goya or the landscapes and marines of Isabey. If he exchanged chalk for wash on the stone, it was to obtain the same perfection in the result; his Thames "Nocturne" in lithotint is as lovely, as charged with mystery and poetry, as any he ever painted on canvas. If he introduced color, it was, again, only to achieve perfection; his old houses, with just the right touch of warm red or brown, of green or yellow, in the right place; his little draped models, tinted as delicately and daintily as the little figures of Tanagra, are as reticent as most modern lithographs in color are exaggerated, and they have the charm of his own pastels without ever losing the true lithographic quality.

But I think the great interest of seeing so many of Whistler's etchings and lithographs together is that it helps one to realize all the more fully how entirely Whistler, like every great artist of any age or race, lived in the present and relied upon what was about him for his subjects and motives. He did not have to borrow the habits and climate of others, to wander in groves, to be roasted out of broadcloth, in order to open his eyes to truth, to beauty. He found it in his own world, as Rembrandt had seen picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam, or as Tintoret and Paul Veronese had in Venice, making no attempt to change its brocaded silks for the classic draperies of Athens, or as Velasquez in Spain, painting the Infantas, who, clad in unæsthetic hoops, are, as works of art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles.

No matter where he was, where he went, beauty was ever with him. It was in his studio, in his models and sitters, as they were, in the costume of the day, with never a lament on his part that they were not Greeks. If he crossed the threshold of his studio, beauty was still everywhere—in the old shops and smoky streets of London as in the palaces and canals of Venice, in the churches of Wren as in the castles of the Loire, at the country blacksmith's as in the "fairyland" of the Thames at night; everywhere he found beauty, everywhere he recorded it, either on his copper-plate or lithographic paper, according to the need of the moment. And so it has come about that the artist who concerned himself least with "subject," who never designed his work to tell anything but the artistic facts he entrusted to it, has left in the series of his prints as complete a record of his life as if he had set out deliberately to etch and draw his autobiography. To go round the walls of the New Gallery, where these prints now hang, is to know where he lived, how he lived, what he cared for. You see him the student, wandering and working through the little towns of France; you see him settled down to work in London; you accompany him on his rare journeys to Venice, to Holland, to Belgium, and again through France. You even live his life with him, on terms of intimacy, I might almost say, with his sister, Lady Seymour Haden, whose home was his, and her daughter, "Annie Haden," who has come to be as historic a figure as the little Infantas of

Spain or the royal children of Stuart England. You are even admitted into the privacy of the apartment in the Rue du Bac, and watch with Whistler "The Sisters" at the piano, or his wife, now sleeping, now watering the flowers, now deep in "Confidences"; you breakfast with him in the garden there. And then you return with him to London, rambling in his company to the little out-of-the way churches of Soho, or the theatres of the Strand, past the old sweetshops and ragshops, to which few but he would give as much as a glance. You look with him from the windows of the Savoy to the Thames flowing under Waterloo Bridge, past the warehouses—the Thames that for him never lost its enchantment to the very end. You even have glimpses into the tragedy, the sorrow, of these later years. In a word, the life of Whistler is unfolded before you because art was his life, and art, as he believed, was concerned with the beauty that he himself saw and knew and felt until it became his own; not the beauty that had been seen by other men, living in other days, under other conditions. There was no artist who respected and reverenced the great traditions of the past more deeply and sincerely than Whistler, and this was why he understood, as so few modern artists do, that it was his business to carry on these great traditions by using his own eyes and giving to the world, not somebody else's impressions, but his own record of what he saw for himself.

To add to the completeness of the exhibition, the wood-engravings of the few illustrations Whistler made in the sixties for *Good Words* and *Once a Week* are included. There are also some of the originals of his series of drawings for Sir Henry Thompson's catalogue of his Collection of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain, and these are as extraordinary as Jacquemart's etchings of similar subjects. It is curious to find some comparatively recent designs on the wood—one or two quite elaborate—evidently intended for illustrations; one or two but slight sketches of heads. For some reason, they were never engraved, and, as they are now seen on the block, they give an idea of what the originals of the *Good Words* and *Once a Week* series may have been like. There are many other drawings in different mediums; one, with a peculiarly personal interest, being a pen-and-ink study of Whistler himself, done for the large full-length portrait he sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

I must say at least a word in praise of the catalogue, which has been most carefully prepared and revised in the various editions, it now having reached the fifth. The pictures are accurately described, and this is most important for the purpose of identification in the case of Whistler, who sometimes changed their titles. Between twenty and thirty new etchings have been catalogued, Wedmorian blunders corrected, and the excellent supplement to the Wedmore catalogue, published in New York, supplemented. All the lithographs in Way's catalogue except two are entered, and twenty hitherto never described have been added. The type, spacing, and cover used are Whistler's. And altogether it is a catalogue to be bought even by those who are not fortunate enough to see the show.

It is a pleasure to be able to state that the Memorial Exhibition has proved a success, a tremendous success. It has been visited by the King and Queen, which means much in England; and in three weeks twenty-five thousand people have rushed to the New Gallery to applaud the artist they were as eager to despise during his lifetime.

N. N.

Correspondence.

FITNESS FOR THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If those good men, doubtless now in heaven, who laid the foundations of this Government, could know the provisions of the new Constitution of Alabama, they would, I imagine, heave a long-sigh of relief that we in this country are gradually recovering our political sanity. The candidate for suffrage must show some fitness for that privilege beyond the fact that he wears breeches and has survived twenty-one winters. Incredible as it may seem, some of our countrymen have recognized the fact that physical qualifications are not sufficient—that there must be some proof of mentality in the voter. To my thinking, this and similar movements, coupled with the Australian ballot, constitute the most important political development of recent years in America. The reaction against mob-democracy has undoubtedly set in, and there can be little doubt that the next generation will see the finish of its pestiferous reign.

Imagine the effect of a Constitution similar to that of Alabama, if applied to Illinois, or especially to Chicago, where we are now in the throes of a municipal election. Aside from the absolute silliness of electing a city clerk—a survival of the old hurrah-boys days of prairie-village democracy—interest is concentrated on the mayoralty. One of the candidates, himself a man of unimpeachable personal honesty, has endorsed in a public speech the notorious "Hinky-Dink." The lodging-house district is jammed full of tramps and vagabonds ready (and under our laws qualified) to vote. These "critters," and thousands like them, equally well qualified under our laws to vote, have no understanding whatever of the duties and obligations of citizenship; have not within the last twelve months been engaged in any lawful occupation, cannot read and write any article of the Constitution of the United States in the English language, have paid no taxes, and have nothing to pay taxes on, and probably never will have; a large part of them have been in jail, and undoubtedly more of them would be there now if they had their just deserts. They are the lads that swing elections.

Truly, American optimism is a fearful and wonderful thing! E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, March 25, 1905.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The publication, on Saturday, of the plan of merger between Harvard and the Institute of Technology—the plan, it should be understood, is not that proposed by Harvard nor accepted by her conferees, but that of President Pritchett—will at last cause Harvard men to speak out. They have held their peace for a year while the Technology alumni have vehemently expressed their opinion—not complimentary—of Harvard; but the body of Harvard alumni will be, in the last resort, the constituency whose opinion will decide this question; and already, in the past two days, one hears only condemnation of the scheme as set forth in President Pritchett's manifesto.

For a year Harvard has been made to seem the suppliant in this transaction, and her Scientific School has been unsparingly defamed by the men of the Institute. And yet Harvard men have not forgotten that it was covetousness for the millions left to Harvard by Gordon McKay which suddenly quickened the zeal of President Pritchett for an alliance. Nor are Harvard men blind to the fact that President Pritchett's plan stipulates that three-fifths of the income from the McKay fund shall go to the Institute. In return, what does Harvard get? The more President Pritchett's plan of merger is pondered, the more clearly will it be seen that Harvard gets nothing.

The plea that the merger will prevent duplication of plant and competition in education becomes more and more specious the closer it is analyzed. Stripped of verbiage, President Pritchett's plan will have this result: It will wipe out at Harvard the Scientific School—that department of the University which has made the greatest progress in relative numbers and efficiency during the past ten years. It will turn over to a board of which President Pritchett is the head, the men who have brought about this great change in the Scientific School, and who are opposed to him personally and to the merger. It will deprive Harvard of the opportunity which the McKay fortune has brought of developing a great School of Science, a school which in a comparatively short time may well attain to the eminence of Harvard's schools of law and medicine.

But for Harvard, and, indeed, every endowed institution in the land, the consummation of this merger may have the gravest consequences, if it shall happen—which seems incredible—that the Harvard Corporation and Overseers, against the known wish of Gordon McKay, shall practically hand over the spending of his money to the Institute of Technology. For years he was solicited by the friends of the Institute to leave his fortune to it; he looked over the ground deliberately, compared both institutions, and most deliberately decided that Harvard should administer his benefaction. No one denies these facts; but the advocates of the merger hope that, by getting the Supreme Judicial Court to support a legal quibble, they can really contravene Mr. McKay's wishes. But legal sanction is not moral sanction; and if the Harvard authorities shall so disregard the moral obligations of a great trust, it is certain that future benefactors of colleges will be careful how their draw their wills.

It is noteworthy that the School of Architecture is not included in this scheme. The inference is plain. Mr. Nelson Robinson, the munificent founder of that school, is still alive, and the advocates of the merger are too wary even to suggest laying their hands on it. Will they be equally mindful of his wishes after his death? Or, if Mr. McKay were living, and had given five millions to Harvard, does anybody suppose that either corporation would have the audacity to turn that money over to an-

other institution? Is it any more honorable to do so when he is dead?

If the plan which President Pritchett has published were really President Eliot's plan, then might Harvard men and the world sorrowfully accept it as an indication that President Eliot had reached the limit of his strength, and welcome the possibility of throwing part of the burden of governing Harvard on the shoulders of an alien institution. But, even if the calamity of old age should fall upon him, the governing boards of the University ought never to acquiesce in a project to give to a foreign body the control of a flourishing member of the University, and thereby to restrict Harvard's usefulness and prestige. If the task has become too heavy for President Eliot, then, with regret, must a younger man be found—one who will not think of surrendering one inch of Harvard's domain. We do not hear that Yale is trying to bribe some other institution to relieve her of the management of the Sheffield Scientific School, or that Columbia finds her School of Mines so burdensome that she would be glad to have the Stevens Institute run it for her.

Harvard men, when they understand the situation, and learn the methods by which this merger has been promoted, may be counted on to veto any proposal to cut off one of the vital organs of the University, to alienate the income of a fortune which will amount to $20,000,000 by the middle of the century, and to disregard, under any pretext, the wishes of the most liberal of Harvard's benefactors. HARVARD, A.B.

BOSTON, March 27, 1905.

GREEK AND HEBREW GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we say a word concerning the criticism in your last number on S. H. Butcher's 'Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects'? The writer of the criticism suggests a comparison of Greek and Hebrew writings. Now we should very much like to see such a comparison, but we cannot feel that a good one is near at hand, for nothing amazes us more than the want of accurate knowledge that the classical scholar has of the Hebrew world, and vice versa. For example, in this criticism the writer speaks of Chateaubriand's comparison of Homer and the Bible, without, to our minds, quite holding up his hands enough in horror at the gross injustice of the comparison, for in Chateaubriand's work Homer, who sang somewhere near the beginning of Greek writings, is compared with the entire Bible. A bit is compared with a whole—and that whole, late as well as early. Or, to be more explicit, bits in the Odyssey are put beside bits in Job—that is, early Greek work beside late, full-blown Hebrew work. That really is not fair. If comparisons are to be made, let them be made between narratives of corresponding ages of culture. Let Homer be put beside the old Yahvistic narrative of Genesis (*c.* 800), let Abraham, as he appears in Y (not in P), be put beside Hector, let the craft-hero Odysseus be put beside the craft-hero Jacob; but do not put Odysseus's contemporaries beside Job. Really, somebody should write for scholars and clergymen a little book of dates, Greek and Hebrew, putting parallel writings opposite.

Again, may we enter a plea that writers should read the whole of the chapters from which they take their quotations, as Mr. Butcher, delicate Greek scholar that he is, certainly did not? For example, in his Harvard lecture, he quoted as an example of the more tender, evolved Hebrew spirit the first verse of Isaiah lxi.:

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Where in Greece could we find such a sentiment? cried Mr. Butcher—meaning, apparently, such warm, tender, universal, brotherly-love ideals. Now, could Mr. Butcher have read that chapter as a whole, could any one read that chapter to its end, and find in it universal brotherhood? Plainly it has no thought beyond the Jews. They, not the world, are the broken-hearted. Certainly, it bears all the marks of having been written when the Jews were captive, probably in Babylon, waiting for a conqueror who, conquering Babylon, should allow the captive Jews to go home. He will come—Cyrus perhaps—and bring the year of Yahveh for which the Jews have so long been waiting, the year when Yahveh forgives, binds up the broken-hearted, looses the captives—but only the broken-hearted and captive Jews; for the very next verse says that the day of the vengeance of our God is at hand, and goes on to speak of the happiness in Zion (not in the world), when the Jews shall rebuild the waste cities, and in that day the Jew will no longer tend the stranger's flocks, but the stranger will have to tend his flocks.

"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion. . . .

"And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

"And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers."

It is a chapter of the tables turned; it never dreams of binding up the whole world, only of binding up its own wounds, for it goes on to tell of how the Jews shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, "and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves."

Certainly, it is a mistake to cite that chapter as an example of a superior and universal tenderness on the part of Israel for the sufferings of the whole world. Whether Israel had that tenderness, whether her God was a patriot or a universal lover of mankind, is another question; all we wish to enforce here is a plea that classical scholars will make a better study of the Hebrew world, and Hebrew scholars of the Greek world; that both will be more careful of the dates of the writings of those worlds, and certainly more careful to sense the chapters as a whole before drawing general conclusions from separate verses. Given these conditions, we should await with eagerness the suggestion of your excellent critic for a comparison between the Greek and Hebrew genius.

I am, sir, yours, etc., E. F. H.

CAMBRIDGE, March 26, 1905.

A LETTER OF JOHN BRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find among my papers a private letter written to me while in London by the late Right Hon. John Bright, which, with the consent of his daughter, Mrs. Clark, and his sister, Mrs. Duncan Maclaren, I conclude to publish. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NEW YORK, 22 EAST 10TH ST. March 24, 1905.

ONE ASH, ROCHDALE, April 9, '85.

MY DEAR MR. CONWAY:

I am very sensible of the kindness of your letter. It is not likely that I shall visit your country—I am too far on in life for such an adventure.

As to the main purport of your letter I could write much, but shall only write little. I left the Government nearly three years ago, giving up what men prize greatly, and separating myself from Mr. Gladstone with whom I had acted for many years. This was my protest against the bombardment of Alexandria. I retired from the Government, and abstained from any further open condemnation of my late colleagues. The outrage at Alexandria has been followed by other blunders and other crimes. I have looked on with grief and shame—but in public I have said nothing or almost nothing.

When war is on, there is little use in protesting or condemning—I discovered that thirty years ago, during the Crimean war. If I could have done anything, it could only have been done by the overthrow of the Government—and their successors must have been those whose policy was and is worse than that of those they followed—a policy which, if insisted upon, would probably have involved a war with France. Viewing all the circumstances of the case, I have thought it was right for me to be silent. My position in regard to this unhappy business is peculiar, and I must follow such light as I have. I could not speak upon it without the use of language such as I am not willing to utter when dealing with the mistakes of my late colleagues, and of my personal friends. My language and purpose would be misunderstood, and wrong motives would be attributed to me. One member of the Government is my colleague in the representation of Birmingham; it would be painful for me to discuss the question before our Constituency, and I have spoken on other topics—partly on Foreign policy, but without direct reference to the Egyptian muddle.

You speak of the good people you know who ask why I am silent. I cannot now give them an answer—if they could trust me in so great a question, perhaps they will trust me even though I am silent when they would expect me to speak. If I have any influence with the Government it has not been withheld, but I have not appeared in public as their accuser. I believe, looking to the home interests of the Country, and to its foreign interests also, I have done what was my duty in this difficult case. We want a thorough change in our notions of foreign policy—when it will come I know not—perhaps some great catastrophe is approaching. I sometimes suspect it. Earthquakes come without noise of footstep. Europe is nearly ready for one, and its nations, we amongst them, may need a lesson.

Forgive this unsatisfactory reply to your very friendly letter. I feel sure you will not misunderstand me.

I am, very respectfully yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

MISS GUINEY'S FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to correct a slight error in your excellent review of Miss Guiney's book on Hurrell Froude? Miss Guiney is "an ardent Roman Catholic," but not a convert. She is of Irish descent on

both sides; her parents were both Catholic; she was educated at a Sacred Heart convent, and has known no other faith.

Yours truly, M. G. M.

SCITUATE, MASS., March 22, 1905.

Notes.

The publication for the current year of the Selden Society will be the third volume of the 'Year-Books of Edward II.,' edited by Professor Maitland. The next in this series will be issued in 1906 as a bonus volume, or in 1907 in due course. The second volume of 'Borough Custumals' is set down for 1906. The Society's secretary and treasurer in this country is Mr. Richard W. Hale, No. 60 State Street, Boston.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in April 'The Trial of Jesus,' by Giovanni Rosadi, and a biography of Browning by Charles Harold Herford.

An ambitious collection of proverbs of all nations — 'Spruchwörterbuch: Sammlung Deutscher und Fremden Sinnsprüche,' etc. —is in process of publication in Berlin in twenty monthly parts (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Its arrangement is alphabetical according to the leading word (German), and chronological as regards the examples, and classified when the material is superabundant. All foreign proverbs are both given textually and translated into German, and their source, when literary, indicated with as much precision as possible—even to the refinement, in the case of dramas, of mentioning the character in whose mouth the saying is placed.

The monumental critical reprint of Muratori's 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,' undertaken five years ago by the house of S. Lapi, Città di Castello (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), under the direction of G. Carducci and Vittorio Forini, is making steady progress. To the twenty-nine volumes projected will be added a series, beginning with volume xxx., of historical sources unknown to Muratori or which he was unable to include in his collection. What gives the edition a special superiority, apart from the improved texts, is the indexes supplied to every volume. No library can err in subscribing to this enterprise, which cannot, by the way, be shared piecemeal.

The fifth edition of Oscar Fay Adams's 'Dictionary of American Authors' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is extended by a supplement more than equal to a quarter of the main work. So far as this portion embraces the names of living authors, it invites comparison with 'Who's Who in America.' We have examined the letter A, and find nine entries in Adams not in the other directory, but they are mainly unimportant. Prof. W. J. Ashley is no longer constructively an American author, having gone back to England for good. Slight differences of spelling occur under Albee (Mrs. Helen Ricker [Rickey]) and Alexander (James Waddel [Waddell]), Mr. Adams being certainly right in the latter case. For the rest, he does not pretend to such bibliographical fulness as 'Who's Who,' nor to indicate date of publication, at least regularly.

There are no more beautiful villages in England than those which nestle in the Cotswolds. Whether in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, or Worcestershire, it is among the low hills and fertile valleys of the Cotswolds that one finds the most picturesque farmhouses, of gray stone, mainly in the Jacobean style, the prettiest gardens, the greatest variety of wild flowers. Tourist-ridden Devonshire cannot compete with this region. In his 'Broadway' (E. P. Dutton), Mr. Algernon Gissing, brother of the novelist, undertakes to write a description of one of the finest of the Cotswolds villages. Since Mr. Abbey, the painter, had his studio there, and especially since Miss Mary Anderson, after she became Madame Navarro, settled in its main street, Broadway has been much frequented by Americans. For some weeks of the summer it has its American season, when the prices of lodgings and of old furniture in the small curiosity shops soar to giddy heights. But nothing can spoil Broadway. It is too far from a station to be known to the mere tripper, and the natives are fully conscious that to modernize its picturesqueness would be to ruin their market. Of this modern vogue of Broadway, of the literary and artistic celebrities who have transformed it into a sort of English Barbizon, Mr. Gissing gives not the slightest hint. His little book is strictly topographical, and he is plainly more interested in the setting of the village, the neighboring roads and the rolling country, the flowers, and birds, than in the actual houses which mark its history. The illustrations, by Mr. New, are of the decorative kind; that is to say, they are severe in outline, scorn detail, and make one wonder whether a good photograph would not be more effective and more generous to Broadway.

'Evesham' (E. P. Dutton), written as well as illustrated by Mr. E. H. New, belongs to the same series of Temple topographies. In this volume thorough justice is done to the buildings of a charming little Worcestershire town, with its two parish churches elbowing one another in the same yard, the single long thoroughfare, the river that encloses the town on three sides, the beautiful houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Vale of Evesham is one of the most fertile in England, a great market garden full of fruit trees, but saved from monotony by its setting of hills. King Charles shed tears over the loss of "strong-garrisoned Evesham," and the battle that was fought there was the single adventure of this quiet little country town, which is happy in escaping the railway, and thus preserving to a great extent its picturesque character.

Apropos of our recent notice of Creswell's 'Quantock Hills,' we may call attention to an interesting article on 'Wordsworth in Somerset,' in the February *Temple Bar*. Wholly in accord with our note, the writer, Ellen Hallam Moorhouse, emphasizes the need of considering Wordsworth's development more narrowly during his stay at Alfoxen, and his earlier, unclouded friendship with Coleridge. Her treatment is naturally somewhat popular; there is room for a searching dissertation on the subject. Perhaps M. Joseph Aynard, who has a doctoral thesis on Coleridge under way at Paris, will have something original to tell about the relations of the two poets in the first days of the 'Lyrical Ballads.' At present the bibliography on this part of their lives is not extensive. For those who may be interested, we add references to *Macmillan's Magazine* (vol. 46, p. 413), *Athenæum* (1893, I., p. 765, and 1896, I., p. 413). Nichol's 'The Quantocks and their Associations,' better known, perhaps, is not very satisfactory. Of course the main authorities are Mrs. Henry Sanford's 'Thomas Poole and his Friends' and Professor Legouis's 'Early Life of William Wordsworth.'

The quality of the reproductions in "Newnes's Art Library" (New York: Frederick Warne & Co.) is improving, to judge by the two latest issues, devoted to Van Dyck and G. F. Watts, though it has not yet attained a very high standard. As drawings are easier to reproduce properly than paintings, the result achieved in two books from the same publisher, but imported by the Scribners, is more satisfactory. They are similar in scope and manner to the "Art Library," but have a larger page and give us a number of the drawings of Dürer and of Burne-Jones in acceptable shape. A volume of Holbein's drawings is announced, and the field is so large and so fascinating that many more volumes of 'Drawings of the Great Masters' should follow these, and be sure of a welcome. What would not Dürer himself have given for such collections of the work of the masters as modern reproductions can place, for a few dollars, in the hands of every student?

The Langham Series of Art Monographs has already received notice in these columns in connection with the little book on Nuremberg. We have now the volume, by Selwyn Brinton, M.A., on 'The Eighteenth Century in English Caricature.' A most inadequate little colored print serves as frontispiece, and two, no better, are in the volume, but the dozen of black-and-white reproductions are sufficiently successful. These are taken from Hogarth, Bunbury, Gillray, and Rowlandson; much the greater part from the last named. It seems like an odd straining of a well-understood term to apply "caricature" to such pieces as Hogarth's "Distrest Poet" or the famous morning scene from "*Mariage à la Mode.*" That is not caricature; and yet there is no other title ready for the treatise which Mr. Brinton had in hand. Satirical and humorous representation and artistic record come to be classed under caricature, ill as that expression fits them. Rowlandson's drawings are caricatures—there is no doubt about that; and the selection here given will be thought sufficiently wide in its scope, unless, indeed, the student were to ask for some slight reminder that Rowlandson's work was not always hideous in its result. The text is very intelligent, showing much insight and a large sympathy with humorous design in all its forms. The chapter entitled "The Comedy of Vice" is very delicately touched, and that devoted to politics, being rather historical than critical, still tells the reader what he wants to know. The author pretends to no very elaborate range or minute study of the costume or surroundings of any particular epoch, but what is evident in the illustrations is intelligently discussed.

'Golden Chopsticks, and Other Japanese Children's Songs,' by Mrs. Maude Madden, an American lady in Sendai, Japan, is a praiseworthy attempt to render a few of the hundreds of known lullaby songs of mothers and nurses in "the Paradise of Babies" into English rhyme. Mr. Watanabe, an artist in this northern Nippon city, has illustrated

the attractive book of thirty pages, which contains musical scores in our notation, Japanese text, and a page or two of notes in English. Mr. Manjiro Takeda of Sendai is the publisher (price, postpaid, one dollar). It is a courageous attempt to put into so alien a speech as ours these nursery rhymes and delightful nonsense, both in many cases centuries old, though a few are modern kindergarten ditties. We recognize "The Song of the Nightingale," "The Monkey and the Moon," and "Urashima" as long-time favorites. The "Buddhist Children's Chant" recalls the priests and images of Jizo and Kuanon, which incarnate the ideas of pity and mercy. The onomatopoetic element is large, and the practical experience of a mother in the nursery has combined with the resources of the *ama's* memory in this creditable piece of work. From experience with the piano, we can declare most of the melodies reproducible with our own young folks.

The significant features of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1903-04, as displayed in its eighteenth volume, have been already commented on for our readers. We need only recall President Adams's paper on Queen Victoria and the Civil War, Mr. Worthington Ford's editing of Hamilton's Notes of Debates in the Federal Convention, and Col. Livermore on the Numbers in the Confederate Army. The memorial sketches embrace a number of useful, some eminent, citizens, and among these we remark one as admirable as it is belated of Edmund Quincy, by his kinsman, Josiah Phillips Quincy. Portraits accompany each sketch, and there is another—the frontispiece—of the youthful Edward Everett, in virtue of his autobiography in two fragments pieced together and eked out by his son, Dr. William Everett. The future editor of the *North American Review*, President of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, and Minister to St. James's, going abroad in 1815 to prepare himself for his Greek professorship at his alma mater, was in London when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and in the winter of 1818 visited the mother of Napoleon and others of the family resident in Rome. Lafayette, Byron, Scott, and Humboldt were also seen familiarly, and, strangest of all, he carried a letter of introduction from Byron to Ali Pasha at Yanina.

Of the forthcoming Proceedings we have an agreeable foretaste in some remarks by Dr. Samuel A. Green made last January concerning John Foster, the earliest engraver in New England. Foster was a native of Dorchester and a Harvard graduate, and passed from engraving to printing as his craft. His cut of Richard Mather in 1669 heads the list, and he probably engraved the first map published in America—of New England namely. He also executed something like an Indian horn-book for the Apostle Eliot. His gravestones are still standing, and his will, preserved in his own hand, refers to "carueing tools," no doubt his gravers.

The earliest painter and organ-builder in America was, according to the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for April, a Swede, Gustavus Hesselius, who accompanied an elder brother to this country in 1711, landing in Wilmington, and living first in Maryland and afterwards in Philadelphia. His portrait and his wife's are now owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and are reproduced in the magazine.

Worthy of mention is a Bibliography of the Massachusetts House Journals, 1715-1776, compiled by Mr. W. C. Ford for the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Mr. Ford has pieced together a complete file, and indicates the several libraries where the component parts may be found.

We have received from the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh parts 2, 3, 4, of its Classified Catalogue, part 1 being reserved for issue in a complete volume. These are issued at a very moderate price—15, 25, and 50 cents postpaid—and deal with Philosophy. Religion, Social Science and Philology, and Natural Science and Useful Arts respectively. Search for any particular work is facilitated by author-indexes.

We welcome the up-to-date Poole, issued monthly at 298 Broadway, the so-called *Library Index*, for the first quarter of the present year. It is a key to periodicals, of course, with author and subject titles, and distinction of current fiction by the use of italic type; but, furthermore, there is an index to dates of the principal events in the next preceding month, which will be of great service, and a list of leading publications of the month suggested for library purchase (with brief appreciations). Finally, many of the periodicals indexed advertise regularly their table of contents. This enterprise will be summed up in an annual supplement to the "Abridged Poole."

The Announcements of the Western Reserve University Library School for 1905-1906 contain for the first time detailed statements of the senior-year courses. While the studies of the junior year for the most part are of a practical nature, planned to lay a solid foundation of technical knowledge, either for immediate work of a subordinate character or as a basis for further study, those of the second year are more theoretical, and, as far as one may judge from the outline, advanced in reality as well as in name. The courses are presented in a more systematic form than in last year's Announcement, being arranged under the heads of Bibliographic Courses, Technical Courses, Administration, and Miscellaneous. The classification is on the whole satisfactory from a scientific as well as from a scholastic point of view, though it might be remarked that History of the Transmission of Learning, History of the Printed Book, and History of Education are not Library History; nor does the historical group fit in well under Administration, between the general subject of Library Organization and Administration and the minor one of Work with Children; it would seem that the Historical courses might deserve a more independent place in the curriculum.

The opening article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for March is upon the characteristics of the Japanese people, by Baron Kaneko, in which he maintains that his countrymen are not simply a race of imitators. Their faculty for imitation first, then of adaptation, and finally of origination he illustrates in their language, literature, religion, and government. He closes with the statement "that our national ambition is, by engrafting the Western culture and science upon our own institutions, to blend together and assimilate the two types of civilization—Oriental and Occidental—and by doing so to bring forth a new type of civilization, in which the culture and science of the two hemispheres will meet, not in conflict, but in harmony, so as to enable us to share the inheritance of Christian religion, Oriental philosophy, Greek art, Roman law, and modern science." The relation of the geographic names to the history of our country is shown by Mr. R. H. Whitbeck, in which he calls attention to the widespread preservation of the Indian names for lakes and streams, but not for mountains, bays, or islands. Mr. S. Paige describes life at Fairbanks, the centre of the Tanana gold fields, Alaska, and there is an illustrated sketch of the Government irrigation work in the West. A fund of $30,000,000 from the sale of public lands has accumulated during the last three and a half years, and work has begun in eight States which will result in making gardens of nearly one million acres. Dr. E. E. Hale contributes a characteristic note on his story 'The Man without a Country,' saying that he intended in his opening paragraph to place the wreck of the *Levant* on a spot high on the Andes. A proof-reader, probably thinking it an inaccuracy, changed the longitude to nearly that of the Marquesas Islands.

On February 4 the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Edward William West, died at Watford, England, in the eighty-first year of his age. He completed his studies nearly half a century ago in India under the direction of Martin Haug, then superintendent of the Sanskrit Department in the Government College at Puna, and afterwards lived several years in Munich, Bavaria, where, in recognition of his scholarly achievements, the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Ph.D. He was especially eminent for his thorough knowledge of the Pahlavi language and literature, from which he translated the 'Bundahish,' 'Bahman-Yasht,' and other important Parsi scriptures for Max Müller's 'Sacred Books of the East.' After the death in 1876 of Martin Haug, who had been called to the newly established professorship of Sanskrit and comparative philology in the University of Munich in 1868, Dr. West brought out a third, greatly enlarged and thoroughly revised, edition of his 'Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsis' (London: Trübner, 1884), with a biographical memoir of the author by Prof. E. P. Evans, also a pupil of Haug. On the first appearance of this work at Bombay in 1862, Max Müller wrote: "It is a volume of only three hundred and sixty-eight pages, and sells in England for one guinea. Nevertheless, to the student of Zend it is one of the cheapest books ever published." Dr. West possessed a frank and kindly nature, and was as remarkable for his modesty as for his learning.

A correspondent raises a question regarding the omission of John Quincy Adams, Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward from the list of Cabinet officers whose services equalled that of the present Secretary Wilson, published in the *Nation* of March 16. Seward did serve as long as Gideon Welles, whose case we cited. But Hamilton Fish, who was appointed Secretary of State on March 11, 1869, lacked just a week of eight years. As for Mr. Adams, who was Monroe's Secretary of State, the Biographical

Congressional Directory shows an entry, "Richard Rush of Pennsylvania (Attorney-General) *ad interim*, March 10, 1817," thus interrupting his service. Our correspondent cites Daniel Webster as another example of a Cabinet officer three times appointed, yet if his retention by President Tyler is counted as one, President Roosevelt's similar action should also be counted, thus giving Mr. Wilson the unique honor of having been four times appointed to the same Cabinet office.

—The hundredth number, completing the twenty-fifth volume, of the *American Journal of Philology*, has just appeared. In a retrospect the distinguished editor, Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University, talks frankly to his hearers, "closing the twenty-fifth volume," as he says, "in cheerier mood" than he opened the first. In the conduct of the *Journal* he has had no associate, and every number has received his personal care. The project of such a periodical was indeed in the air a quarter of a century ago, and others might have undertaken the work if Dr. Gildersleeve had not, but now all scholars agree that under no other editor would the *Journal* have been so creditable to America. To say that he is beyond the ordinary philologist's praise for breadth and accuracy of scholarship, is to state only a part of his qualifications for editorial work. His watchfulness and critical acumen have made him dreaded as well as admired. At times he smiles at his oversights in proofreading, but he has detected far more slips in the work of others than any have found in his publications. It is curious that his chief reputation and so much of his work should be in the field of syntax, while his essays, and little touches on every page in his most technical publications, show him to have a very marked and picturesque style of his own. But indeed no other scholar has done so much to show the necessity of a careful study of syntax for the proper understanding of a classical writer's style.

—The *American Journal of Philology* has had more rivals than it expected. Dr. Gildersleeve enumerates the *American Journal of Archæology, Modern Language Notes, Hebraica*, the *Classical Review*, and the "long line of Studies and Bulletins, stretching now from Massachusetts Bay to the Golden Gate," as having entered the field for which the Transactions of the Oriental Society and of the Philological Association were the sole publications before the founding of the *American Journal of Philology*. Naturally, contributors as well as subscribers have been drawn from the more general to the more special publications. The philologists of the leading universities have not made to the *Journal* as many contributions as might have been expected. But it has not suffered for lack of good material, and it continues to be the one national periodical which covers the whole field of philology. While it is devoted principally to classical philology, it has enough papers on themes connected with work in Sanskrit, linguistics, and all modern languages and literatures, to stimulate the reader who is laboring in a neighboring department, and to acquaint him with the trend of modern discussions. The book-reviews and reports of periodicals, and the bibliography, are useful, and often excellent. Every reader turns first to the "Brief Mention," in which the editor speaks familiarly and entertainingly on philological topics. The chief complaint that American scholars bring against the *Journal* is that its care has kept its editor from publishing work of his own, which has been indefinitely postponed, but which we still hope may be given to the world. Dr. Gildersleeve, however, says that as to this he has no regrets. "I should doubtless have had more books to my credit or discredit, as the case may be, and I have had to renounce a number of projects that were near to my heart. But I do not know that I could have employed my time better."

—Dr. Josiah Strong introduces to the readers of the *Century* the Prince of the Veis, Momolu Massaquoi, of Ghendimah, West Africa, who makes a strong plea to Christendom to be let alone in the attempt to develop an independent African civilization among his people, on a Christian basis. The Prince was for a time a student in an American college, but returned to Africa to take the throne upon the death of his mother. A few years later he represented his people as a member of the Parliament of Religions and the Ethnological Congress during the Chicago Exposition. His plea, in brief, is simply to have a free hand to introduce among his people such of the blessings of civilization as they can assimilate without having its vices forced upon them by outside pressure at the same time. His country comes within the British protectorate of Sierra Leone. Such an appeal forms an excellent test of the sincerity of the claim that the Anglo-Saxon race enters such lands primarily on a benevolent mission. Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press tells of the reorganization which has been effected since the Spanish-American war in the method of securing and transmitting news from France, Germany, and Italy—not very successfully for the peninsula, we must remark. Other articles by Mr. Stone are to follow, the next on abolition of the Russian censorship on foreign news. The experiences of the American nurses who went to Japan are related by their leader, Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee. In her opinion the recent rapid advance in Japanese civilization resembles an attempt to walk vigorously with one foot while the opposite limb is heavily bandaged. The men are trying to get forward, while the women are lagging behind.

—The great variety of country life in England is admirably set forth in 'Pages from a Country Diary,' by Percival Somers (London: Edwin Arnold; New York: Longmans). It is the journal, for a year, of an English country gentleman who does a little of everything that one can do in the charming counties and shires which lie to the south of London, even though one is not the owner of a great estate. A mere record of hunting, shooting, and fishing can be made interesting enough even when it appeals chiefly to the sportsman. Mr. Somers, however, pursues his sports not without philosophy; and the pages of his diary reflect the life of the country people and the eccentricities of his friends more often than the excitements of the chase. Still, there is hardly an English sport in which, in the course of the year, he does not take part. He has a good deal to say about the various sorts of rough shooting that he enjoys in all parts of England, but his heart is in fishing. He tells amusing tales of sundry country-house visits paid with his wife, Belinda, and there is a verisimilitude about these descriptions which the modern novelist of Mrs. Humphry Ward's pattern usually fails to achieve. His indictment of the food offered to the traveller in the hotels of English country-towns will be echoed by many an American who has explored cathedrals and made pilgrimages to the homes of authors on the most shocking diet that was ever devised, and at the most ruinous prices. One would think that the "motor-car" which you may now meet in every English lane would have introduced some improvements in provincial English food; but one has only to remember the stale and chilly provender that one has to face at every English railway "refreshment room" to realize that the Englishman travelling in England cares not what else he eats if only he can secure cold beef and mustard. One little touch we cannot omit. Once Mr. Somers encounters an American of what we may call the travelling class. This was a lady bicyclist, "a professor or teacher at a great American scholastic establishment for women. She was about twenty-three, had for years cast off parental control; and her curiously fashioned bicycling costume, the blue veil that protected her complexion, her nickel-plated courier's wallet, and her absurdly pointed shoes, sufficiently marked her nationality." She remarked, "through her charming little nose," "Waal, ef you caynt mend your machine, I guess I'll hev to mend it for you," which we are proud to say she did. When they parted, she electrified Mr. Somers by producing her card; on which he remarks: "Fancy an English school-teacher with a visiting-card!" In that ejaculation you may measure the Englishman's view of the dignity of the educational profession. There are a few excellent illustrations of English scenery in the book, and it can be confidently recommended to all who care for records of outdoor life flavored with the philosophy of a genial observer of men and animals.

—A useful book that seems to have escaped due notice as yet in this country is Mr. Basil Worsfold's edition of 'The Prelude,' in the King's Poets series (London: The De La More Press, 1904). Though the definitive edition of this poem has still to appear, Mr. Worsfold's is altogether the best thus far, since it brings together in compressed form practically all that is worth while in previous annotations, and also adds new material of considerable interest, such as the indications (pp. 381-383) of Wordsworth's familiarity with the writings of Gibbon. Nevertheless, it is observable that the editor has not followed his poet to any great depth in reading either the history or the geography current about the year 1800 or earlier. Wordsworth's serious study of travel literature and the like is, indeed, a matter that has not been fully grasped by his editors hitherto, though it bears directly on the composition of his *magnum opus*. Mr. Nowell Smith, who belongs to the future, being now engaged in tracing unidentified allusions throughout the poet's entire works, should not blink a large number of direct and indirect references to the travels of Hearne, Bartram, Carver, Bruce, and others, many of which

are to be found in 'The Prelude' and 'The Excursion.' In the way of more positive criticism, we may question the advantage of quoting (p. 387) from the French of M. Legouis's 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' when Mr. Worsfold knows (p. 421) of an excellent translation in English. Objection may be raised also to the opinion (p. 392) that the poet's "mental development on the lines of creative literature would have been stunted [at Cambridge] by close study in a branch of human knowledge so rigid in its processes of thought as mathematics." Mr. Worsfold is seemingly unaware of Wordsworth's later application to mathematics, about the time when 'The Prelude' was incipient. He should bethink himself of the rigorous processes of thought hinted at in the 'Ode to Duty' and the sonnet commencing "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room." He should also reflect on the nature of some of the studies of Plato, Dante, and Milton, before cherishing too warmly any belief so foreign to the genius of Wordsworth as that the imagination of pure science, however "rigid," is at all inimical to poetry.

—A rather laborious piece of archæological work in a small field has been well performed by Miss Caroline Ransom in her 'Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans' (University of Chicago Press). Her investigation, in so far as it is original, depends upon an examination of monumental sources; from the literary she draws little, and that out of the usual handbooks. The volume, a fine quarto, is beautifully illustrated by many full-page plates and cuts, and the text shows evidence of a scholarly study of them, and, what is almost better, the application of much common sense. It is, for instance, laudable that Miss Ransom recognizes what so many have ignored, that wall paintings of Roman times cannot be taken as evidence for contemporary things, and that the shortness of the beds on Greek vases and in other forms of art is apt to be a mere arbitrary convention. Her enterprise in causing a furniture factory in Chicago to make a large working drawing from the odd-looking couch on a certain Greek vase is likewise commendable. The drawing clearly shows that the design on the vase is no mere artist's dream, but structurally practicable. We miss, however, any distinct statement of what Miss Ransom considers to have been the usual width of the dining couches on which the ancients reclined at meals, and this indeed is a common defect in the handbooks. The only instance in which Miss Ransom seems to have noted this point is in the case of a couch (wrongly restored as a seat), at Lyons, the width of which she gives as .98 cm. This seems almost impossibly narrow. The Boscoreale couch is 1.2 m. wide, and small enough at that. In any event, we may be thankful that the promiscuous custom of reclining at table, three on a couch, is a thing of the past. Modern dinner-parties are crowded enough, in all conscience. But the greater part of this book is devoted to considerations of materials, technique, and ornamentation, and here we have only to suggest that, on the necks of horses and mules which serve to support the couch head cushions, the collar which puzzles Miss Ransom seems to be about the same as that which appears on the mill-horses and mules in the two well-known Vatican reliefs.

A GERMAN VIEW OF ITALY.

Italy: A Popular Account of the Country, its People and its Institutions (including Malta and Sardinia). By Professor W. Deecke. With numerous maps and illustrations. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M. A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This handsome volume contains an elaborate account of Italy, worked out with true German thoroughness by a German professor. It contains many illustrations, the subjects of which have been judiciously selected. It covers pretty nearly every aspect in which the land and its inhabitants can be regarded. Beginning with the boundaries of the country and the ancient attempts at geographical description, it proceeds to treat of the orography and general features of the surface, goes on to the geology and the climate, giving incidentally an account of the volcanic phenomena, and touching briefly on the animals and plants. The various elements of the population are then described, with a short sketch of the history, and a fuller account of products, trade and manufactures. Fifty pages are devoted to political institutions, including finance, internal communications, and education; fourteen pages to the Church, twenty-eight pages to art, language, and science. The rest of the book, about one hundred pages, is occupied by a topographical description of various parts of the peninsula and the adjoining isles. Sardinia comes properly into this description, as it belongs to Italy, both ethnologically, linguistically and politically. Corsica does not come in, though it is Italian in respect of history, and to a large extent of speech also, being no doubt omitted because it has for more than a century been attached to France. But with some inconsistency the isles of Malta and Gozo are included, though they have not had any political connection with Italy since the days of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who granted them to the Knights of St. John. From the latter, as every one knows, they passed to the English, who still hold this little group. Italian is no doubt largely spoken by the educated class in Malta, but the native Maltese tongue is a corrupt dialect of Arabic, and the people are in no sense Italians, whereas the Corsicans are much more Italian than French.

Taking the book as a whole, it is a careful and intelligent piece of work, clearly and simply written, and generally accurate. We have noted a certain number of errors in fact, but none of great importance, though there are some errors in nomenclature, and some mistakes in the accounts given of particular places. The translator has now and then used German forms of expression which surprise us. For instance, he calls Styria "Styria mark," an odd way of rendering into English the German "Steyermark"; he speaks of the "Ligurian-Celtish" language; he refers to the Terglou as "Triglaue," a name under which American readers will hardly recognize the striking peak which they see from Venice on a clear morning in the far northeastern horizon. "Triglav" is no doubt the local Slavonic word, but it would have been better to use the well-established name. (Apropos of mountains, we should like to know what authority the author has for repeatedly referring to Monte Amiata in Tuscany as a volcano. Its summit is a mass of conglomerate rock). Among other mistakes in nomenclature (some, no doubt, due to the printer) we may note "Trepani" for Trapani (on p. 71), "Molye" for Motye (p. 443), "Stymæan" for Elymæan (p.444). The renderings of German terms do not always convey the true meaning in English; *e. g.*, the reference to the "precipice" of Achradina on page 438, where "plateau" would have better described the nature of the ground; the term "pedestal" applied to the steep ridge on which Girgenti stands, and "cone" for the rocky hill of Enna, also a ridge, with precipitous sides and a flat tabular top, but by no means a cone.

A book which amounts to an encyclopædic description of Italy from so many points of view cannot easily be dealt with from all or even most of those points, so we must be content to refer to a few only. The topographical part is really something between a gazetteer and a guide-book, fit to be used for reference rather than to be read continuously. The descriptions it contains are generally correct—we have noted a few inaccuracies, but of no great moment, in the historical references; and the summary accounts of Sardinia and Malta are well done, dwelling upon the points of most importance. On the other hand, the sketch of Italian history is somewhat superficial and meagre, nor is it always correct in details. To talk of "the pretended Donation of Pepin" is to dismiss a difficult question in a cavalier and misleading way. The Emperor Conrad III. did not "abandon" Italy; the expression "Romisher [*sic*] Kaiser der Deutschen Nation" is a great deal later than the Emperor Otto I., to whom it is attributed; the Emperor Frederick II. obtained the crown with the aid and not (as stated in the text) against the opposition of the Pope. The municipal republics of the Middle Ages are dealt with in a cursory and unsatisfactory way, nor is the brief narrative of the movement for unity and independence since the Napoleonic domination of Italy at all adequate. Cavour is barely referred to; Mazzini is not even mentioned; nothing is said of the Roman Republic of 1849 and its suppression by the French.

The account of the natural resources and products of Italy, her manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, is, on the other hand, very well executed, bringing together in a compact form a great deal of useful information. Dr. Deecke's figures are often very instructive as regards the effects upon trade and upon the condition of the people of a protective tariff, for they show how much industry, including agriculture, suffers by the imposition of duties which impoverish the masses and check the introduction of improvements. But he does not seem himself to draw the appropriate conclusions, being apparently, though extremely intelligent and well informed, himself under the dominion of protectionist notions, like so many of his German countrymen. He passes a rather too unqualified censure upon the scheme of *mezzeria*, or, as it is called in France, the *métayer* system—

that system in which there is a kind of partnership between landlord and tenant; the former giving the land, and the latter paying his rent in a share of the produce. The plan has its faults, but in some regions of Italy (as, for instance, in Romagna) we have seen it work in a fairly satisfactory way. And throughout this chapter the differences between the various parts of Italy are perhaps not quite sufficiently emphasized. As the historical antecedents of the provinces which belonged to the kingdom of Naples were more unfavorable even than those of the States of the Church, and the latter again worse than those of Tuscany or Lombardy or Piedmont, so both the economic and the moral conditions of Southern Italy and Sicily stand to-day far behind those of the northern half of the peninsula.

In the description of the government and politics of the country, our author, fond as he is of Italy, cannot conceal his Germanic distaste for forms which democracy has taken. His strictures on the selfishness and place-hunting and inconstancy and not infrequent corruption among the politicians are warranted by much that has happened during the last thirty years; but he scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the difficulties which the nation has had to encounter in the absence of all political experience and in the ignorance and superstition of the bulk of the population. He pronounces local government to be everywhere, except in some of the north Italian towns, tainted by intrigue and jobbery. It is, he declares, run by small cliques in their own interest, with no sense of responsibility to the community. The poor especially suffer, and to the discontent thus caused are due the occasional outbreaks of disorder in the southern provinces and Romagna. For this view there is too much foundation.

The chapter on Art, Language, and Science tells the ordinary reader pretty much what he will find in one of our popular cyclopædias, but very little more. As an historical review, it is superficial; as a presentation of recent achievements or present tendencies, it is incomplete. The survey of Italian philosophic literature does not mention Giambattista Vico; and, in reviewing the Italian science of to-day, nothing is said of the vigorous school of political economists which has recently arisen and which holds a respectable place among European students of this subject. Dr. Deecke's criticisms of modern Italian architecture, with its dull and yet pretentious monotony; of modern Italian sculpture, with its want of repose and dignity; of modern Italian painting, with its garish color and tendency towards sensationalism, are all of them justified. They are indeed quite familiar to those who know the streets, the interiors of public buildings, and the exhibitions of the country. He does not, however, although his work is historical as well as descriptive, attempt to account for these faults. To some extent, faults, similar if not quite the same, appear in the recent art of Germany and of England. But the phenomenon strikes one more in Italy, because the nation is one which has received from nature, as its achievements in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries prove, an exceptionally strong taste and talent for artistic production; and because the old susceptibility to sense impressions and to beauty is still evident, and indeed active, in the people. No peasantry in Europe makes upon the traveller who wanders alone among them the impression of so quick and so fine an intelligence as the Italian villagers possess. With all their slovenliness and the dirt they are willing to live in, they have a feeling for beauty and elegance. Why, then, is creative artistic talent at so low an ebb? This is a question which Dr. Deecke does not attempt to answer. Perhaps we ought not to expect an answer from him, for his treatise does not profess to be a philosophical inquiry, but only a description of actual facts; and, though he indicates the sources of political weakness in Italy, he is not bound to attempt the more difficult task of social and moral analysis.

Italy remains the most interesting of all European countries, not only by her art, but by her history and by her scenery. Nowhere else is there either so much natural beauty, or so many associations of nature with great events and remarkable persons. There is hardly a city (especially, of course, in Northern and Middle Italy and in Sicily) which has not got something of interest to show, be it a church or a castle or a palace or a picture or the arch of a Roman bridge. So much has happened in the long ages since history began to trace the struggles of Greeks and Latins, of Etruscans and Oscans and Gauls, that every few miles one passes a spot whose name suggests some well-remembered incident. Hence perhaps the interest which all civilized nations are obliged to take in the fortunes of Italy. She is a sort of second fatherland to every educated mind. It is the more natural that we should desire to see her free, prosperous, and happy because she excites no alarm in any other nation, having still so much leeway to make up that she cannot be formidable even to her nearest neighbors, much less to nations lying far away. Forty-five years have now passed since she became one State under the House of Savoy, and thirty-five since her capital was planted at Rome. The progress made in those years has been less than her friends in other countries had hoped for, and certainly less than her people themselves expected. There is still great economic depression in many rural districts, still great poverty and some discontent among the industrial workers. Politics are not on a high plane, and the generation to which Cavour, Mazzini, Manin, D'Azeglio, Aurelio Saffi, and Garibaldi belonged, or even that somewhat later generation which included Ricasoli and Minghetti and Terenzio Mamiani, is remembered as a race of heroes to whom no equals are found in the public life of to-day. Nevertheless, the prospects are on the whole encouraging. The finances of the country are better than they were some years ago, and taxation, though very heavy, does not threaten a further rise. Order has been established almost everywhere; it is only in Sicily and Sardinia that acts of brigandage, now quite exceptional, occur. Education makes rapid progress Moreover, the population has three remarkable elements of strength. It is prolific, showing an increase which enables it to send out a vast body of emigrants, many of whom might no doubt, under better administration, be kept in the country to develop the thinly peopled districts. It is industrious, for though one sees many lazy folk in the streets of Naples or Palermo, one sees also abundant proof of strenuous toil among the rural peasantry and among the operatives of the North. And, thirdly, it is (as already observed) highly intelligent, capable of excelling in all occupations that need skill and taste. There is therefore no reason to be despondent about the future of Italy; nor can she be fairly judged by some of the immigrants whom she sends to the United States. When one considers how serious and long-continued was the misgovernment from which two-thirds of the peninsula suffered down till 1859, and what economic and moral evils that misgovernment left behind it, one feels that the right way to judge her is not by a comparison with Germany, France, and England, but by noting how much better things are now than they were a century ago, when the dawn of a freer life was just beginning to break.

The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer and Others: Being a Reproduction in Facsimile of the First Collected Edition (1532) from the Copy in the British Museum. With an Introduction by Walter W. Skeat, [etc.]. Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

It is a far cry from Dryden's modernizations of Chaucer to the text now before us, but the process of restitution has been gradual and regular. In the seventeenth century, Chaucer's language was regarded as obsolete, his narrative as archaic, his verse as crippled, his reputation as departing. Kinaston, turning the "Troilus" into Latin in 1635, was praised for his "noble adventure" in translating a book "not tractable to every hand"; Waller deplored the lost glory of Chaucer's numbers, of which the sense alone remained; and Dryden, with genuine interest and affection prompting his efforts, won his contemporaries to approve of the substance of Chaucer only by spicing and dressing it to their taste. The eighteenth century goes two steps further: Urry's edition of 1721, barbarous as it is, starts from the assumption that Chaucer's verse was good if freed from the errors of the manuscripts; and the editions of Morell and of Tyrwhitt bring scholarship to the stage of endeavoring to find, by comparison of the manuscripts, what Chaucer actually wrote. Looking back at Tyrwhitt through the perspective of a century and a quarter, we recognize, whatever quarrel we have with his patchwork textual methods, that no saner or sounder scholar has yet essayed to interpret Chaucer to us, and, moreover, that no edition of the poet has since been offered us which marks an advance beyond Tyrwhitt's text so great that we can afford to disregard him. Materials for such an edition the nineteenth century accumulated in masses after the founding of the Chaucer Society by Furnivall in 1868. The text of Chaucer had been modernized to save it from oblivion; it had been respelled and revised to rescue it from undeserved censure; it had been edited from the manuscripts to demonstrate to the ear what it really was; and it was now printed diplomatically to prove to the eye how far all editions departed from the manuscripts. One more step remained, and we are taking it. A facsimile of the 1532 Chaucer lies before us; a facsimile of Caxton's print of Chaucer's "Anelida" is in

press; and a movement is on foot to reproduce in photogravure more of the manuscripts and early or scarce prints lying in foreign libraries beyond the reach of that increasing number of students whom no edition, however painstaking, can satisfy. This movement may or may not include further Chauceriana, but it is a reflection of the new spirit abroad, which Furnivall aroused—the desire for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The scholarly may indeed ask, while looking at the noble facsimile before us, Why have the Delegates of the Oxford University Press thought it necessary to send out this work with so detailed and academic an introduction? What occasion is there for forcing into the same cover with the photographed pages a large-type reiteration of what we can all read in the notes and introductions to Professor Skeat's various textbooks and in his 'Chaucer Canon'? Without imitating the seventeenth-century lexicographers who always quoted Chaucer in blackletter, one may still prefer, when buying such a facsimile as this, to draw his profit and pleasure from pages undisturbed by echoes of the classroom, by that note of jocularity with which the way is beguiled for the drowsy or indifferent student, or by the exclamation-points, the "startling," "absurd," "comic," etc., with which Professor Skeat is wont, Prospero-like, to stimulate inattentive Mirandas.

Another and a less debatable supplement to Chaucer within these covers is the list of subscribers. One thousand copies of the facsimile have been printed, while the subscription-list comprises two hundred and fifty names or more. Some thirty-five of these are bookdealers, American and foreign, to whom the work is doubtless an investment. About twenty copies, judging from this list alone, come to America; and of these, two go to Boston, one to New York, three to Chicago, one to the Congressional Library, to Cornell, to Harvard, to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, to Williams College, to Syracuse University, and to the State Universities of Iowa, Kansas, and Michigan. The positive evidence of this list and the negative are almost equally interesting—more interesting in the case of a Chaucer reprint than in that of the Shakspere First Folio—for a purchase of the Chaucer probably bespeaks an actual desire, while the Shakspere might be bought in folio on a principle similar to that which sometimes prompts the purchase in octavo, viz., that no gentlemanly University should be without it. Were it not that nothing can lie like figures, we should be tempted to infer that the Chaucerian interests of the Mississippi Valley were quite as keen as those of the New England States, and that the course of Chaucerian empire had not yet crossed the Rocky Mountains.

Upon the text itself no comment is necessary. The choice of this particular Chaucer, however, is a matter upon which some remark does not come amiss. Previous to 1532 there had been issues of various portions of Chaucer's works. Caxton printed the "Canterbury Tales" twice, and printed also, separately, several of the shorter poems, the translation of "Boethius," and the "Troilus and Cressida." His successors printed the "Canterbury Tales" a number of times, and in 1526 Richard Pynson issued a three-part work which included the "Canterbury Tales," the "Troilus," the "Parlement of Foules," the "House of Fame," and some poems not by Chaucer. The folio of 1532, compiled by William Thynne, clerk of the kitchen to Henry VIII., a man of means and an ardent admirer of Chaucer, was the first collection which claimed on its title-page to be the Works of Geoffrey Chaucer; and this it is which is here reproduced. As the First Folio, it possesses great bibliographical interest for us; as the fountain-head of the long current of corruption, textual, canonical, and biographical, which meandered through the two following centuries, it is also of moment. Five of its Chaucerian poems have been printed by the Chaucer Society; and of the many non-Chaucerian texts which Thynne included in the collection, some twelve have been used by Professor Skeat as basis for editing. It may be suggestive to advocates of facsimiles to learn that a comparison of this "Legend of Good Women" text with the Chaucer Society's diplomatic print shows, in the Prologue, five slight errors.

The work is much less expensive than was the Shakspere First Folio. With the duty, the volume costs the American subscriber about thirty-two dollars; the non-subscriber may procure it at the Oxford Press's New York branch by paying the fifty dollars at which the facsimile is priced in their circular. It is to be hoped that this publication marks a beginning, and that, along with the thoroughgoing revision of the chronology of Chaucer's works now approaching, the next generation of scholars will see their duty in the accumulation of such evidence as this, rather than in editing. The enormous labors of Dr. Furnivall have offered to every worker who can reach the Parallel-Texts the chance of assisting in uncovering the real Chaucer; but we have as yet in print only about one-eighth of the material for the "Canterbury Tales," to leave other needs unmentioned.

The Tragedies of Seneca. Rendered into English Verse by Ella Isabel Harris, Ph.D., Yale. H. Frowde. 1904.

As dramatic literature, these tragedies are by many competent judges deemed little better than rhetorical trash. They are perhaps the worst extant specimen of ancient belles-lettres, and probably owe their survival solely to Seneca's great reputation as a philosopher. He must be indeed an incorrigible lover of fustian who would wish to make, or read, a translation of them for their own sake; but Miss Harris justifies her work by the "constant allusion to the influence of Seneca upon the development of English tragedy." This seems a sufficient reason, and also justifies the acceptance of the certainly unauthentic "Octavia" and of the dubious "Hercules Œtæus" as part of Seneca's work, since they were doubtless so regarded by our early tragics. If the translator has chosen to put these plays into English blank verse, no one has a right to complain; though we can see no very good reason for attempting to adumbrate their ancient metrical form. If, however, we grant that it may be useful to clothe these poor plays in the robes of their betters, in order to make their influence seem more plausible, we must differ from Miss Harris as to the use of the same verse in the choruses. If anything pertaining to form needs to be preserved in translating the ancient drama, it is the distinction between the lyrical parts and the dialogue. What would become of the lyrics interspersed in Shakspere's plays if they were reduced to the metre of the dialogue? Nor can we believe Miss Harris's poetic powers unequal, as she declares, to the task, had she rightly conceived it. It was not necessary to attempt any close imitation of the metres: any unrhymed metre longer or shorter than her blank verse would have sufficed to distinguish them. Her easy blank verse shows that she could have handled unrhymed lyrics of the Spanish type sufficiently well.

We must also differ from her judgment in the matter of annotation. She writes for those who have "inadequate command of Latin," and presumably of Greek. It seems unreasonable to expect such readers to understand the endless multitude of far-fetched, pretentious, and too often fatuous allusions to mythology with which these plays are crammed; and it is clear that without this understanding such a reader must fail to grasp at least one important feature of their influence.

The translation is very unequal. That it fails in its purpose we certainly should not say; but, while many long passages may bravely challenge any fair and generous criticism, there are others in which the translator has not attained her usual level. It has seemed fairer to comment on a few such connected passages than to take up scattered errors. We number the verses doubly, the second number always that of the translation.

In the "Mad Hercules," v. 6 (7), the original mentions Arctos (Ursa Major); the translation gives us Arcturus, quite another constellation (Bootes). In v. 8 (8), speaking of Taurus, *laxatur dies recenti vere* is rendered "the day grows long"; but *laxo* here more probably means "to open," for the ancient vernal equinox lay between Aries and Taurus, and there the sun rose at the beginning of spring. The ancients certainly knew that the days begin to lengthen several months earlier. In v. 9 (10) *per undas* is a pro-adjective qualifying *vector*. The bull that shines in heaven as the constellation Taurus was the carrier of Europa "through the waves." The translator gives this qualification to the verb "shines." In vv. 14, 15 (15, 16), *hinc Tyndaridæ micant, quibusque natis mobilis tellus stetit*, the translation refers *quibus* to the Tyndaridæ—"for birth of these the floating land stood still"—which the added *que* forbids. Moreover, there is no such myth about the birth of Castor and Pollux; the reference is to that of Apollo and Diana, for whose sake the floating island Ortygia was finally anchored. In v. 25 (29), when, for the begetting of Hercules, the night was prolonged, Phœbus delayed to shine on the Eastern sea (*Eoo mari*). This is rendered "lit the Western sky," though *Eous*, from the Greek name of the dawn, never could mean "western." The sun was late, but certainly did not rise in the west. In v. 48 (55) the word *opima* is translated "wealth," as if it were *opes*. *Opima* stands, of course, for *spolia opima*, the spoils taken by a commander in single combat from the leader of the enemy. In v. 70 (84) *mundus* is translated "world"; but Hercules never bore the world on his shoulders, which, indeed, the laws of mechanics would seem to forbid. When he relieved Atlas, it was the vault of heaven

that he bore up. In v. 79 (95), if Miss Harris had remembered her Horace (Od. I., xv., 7, 8), she would not have translated *rumpere imperium Jovis* by "storm Jove's realm." The true meaning here is "dethrone." In v. 81 (97) Sicily is called *Doris tellus*, "that Dorian land," because it was colonized by Dorians; but from this to calling it "Doria," which is a part of Hellas, is a far cry.

Turning now to the "Medea," we find Medea in v. 3 invoking "Pallas, who taught the tamer of the seas [meaning Tiphys] to steer the *Argo*." This is based on the inferior reading *domitorem* in codex A. Now Tiphys was not yet the tamer of the sea, if he ever could be called so who did not live to complete the voyage. The better reading adopted by Leo, whose text is the basis of this version, is *domituram*, and applies to the ship, and not the pilot. In v. 12 (13) we read, "Persephone by better faith betrayed." How can one be *betrayed* by better faith, or by merely good faith? The original has *raptam*, "stolen" or "ravished." Pluto was faithful to her after he carried her off, while Jason, in like circumstances, betrayed Medea. In v. 40 (47, 48) "seek to find revenge through thine own bowels" (*viscera*) might, indeed, refer to Medea's murder of her own children; but *ipsa* does not mean "thy own," nor has Medea yet formed any purpose against her children. Not until verses 924, 925 (898, 899) does she decide on such a plan. The reference here is to the poisoned robe with which Jason's bride was to be destroyed when "the seeds of flame" were to "penetrate her very heart and veins." In v. 48 (54) *memoravi*, "I have rehearsed," is rendered, "I remember." What Medea really says is that her early crimes, which she has just *mentioned*, are mild in comparison with what she is about to do.

Again, in the "Phædra," v. 1156 (1212), "What fury animated thee and with what grief?" is a question not over-pregnant with meaning. The original has, "What madness incites thee moved with passion"? In v. 1158 (1214) the original pictures Phædra leaning over the corpse of Hippolytus and beating her breast (*planctus supra corpus invisum*). This picture is wholly lost in the translation, "Why beat thy bosom for such hated dead?" In v. 1161 (1217, 1218) the sea is called Tethys, the name of a marine goddess. After this it seems hardly the right thing to speak of "*its*" bosom. In v. 1164, 1165 (1221, 1222) the original makes Phædra address Theseus as "thou who didst never return, with safety to thine own," *i. e.*, "without peril or damage to thy kin," in allusion to the death of Ægeus and of Hippolytus. This is tamely and ambiguously turned into the statement "thou ne'er returnedst safely to thy home," which most readers would certainly take to mean that Theseus never got home safe. In verses 1166, 1167 (1224, 1225) the all-important word *coniugum*, which shows that Theseus brought death to his own through his love, or hatred, *of his wives* (love for Phædra and hatred of Ariadne), is entirely omitted, leaving the bare statement "through love or hate" which would naturally mean love or hate of his kindred. In v. 1169 (1227) the translation, "Did Sinis or Procrustes scatter thus thy members?" is an inept question from any point of view. The original has, "What Sinis or Procrustes, etc.," which is a not unnatural rhetorical question. In v. 1191 (1254) Phædra addresses Athens (Athenæ). The translation makes her address the goddess Athena. Lastly, in v. 1195 (1260), the powerful word *iacet*, "lies dead," is lost in the translation, "The youth is pure," though the idea might so easily have been at least suggested by saying, "This youth was pure."

Slips like these, even were they far more numerous than they are, would not seriously impair the usefulness of this work for those for whose benefit it was undertaken. It is no small affair to translate in verse some twelve thousand lines of such unnatural and stilted Latin as these plays are written in. We cannot wonder if the translator has sometimes nodded over her herculean task.

Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Mr. John Morley's series continues to outgrow its title. It has already admitted three women and an American, and more than one Irishman besides Moore. But, in spite of his "Irish Melodies," and a sentimental interest in the fortunes of Ireland, Tom Moore was not a typical Irish poet. He was not one of those whom we picture setting their faces towards the west, turning their backs on the English oppressors, like Kathaleen Ny-Houlihan, the spirit of Ireland. One has only to remember Mangan, that despairing dreamer, the poet of "Dark Rosaleen," to realize that poets with the true Irish note wrote in Moore's own day the poetry of sorrow, haunted and grief-stricken:

> "In alien paths their tired feet bled;
> The laurel crowns that decked the head
> Were thorn-set underneath."

Irish poetry, even when written in English, expressed inevitably the griefs of exile, of famine, of oppression. We are not forgetting the inspiration that produced the "Wearin' of the Green" and the "Shan Van Vocht," which express the pride of the defeated and have more defiance in them than despair. They were born of the reaction, like the poetry of wild and reckless gaiety which for so long was regarded in England as typical of the Celtic temperament. But the truth is, that the Irish Celt is deeply serious and deeply melancholy. When he can no longer with justice express only the woes and the resentment of Ireland, he turns naturally to mysticism, like Mr. Yeats or Lionel Johnson, and fixes his eyes on interests remote from the material world. Now, Moore had no spark of Celtic magic or mystery, and his patriotism is always a little sentimental and unimpassioned:

> "Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
> Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
> While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
> Tells to the night-star her tale of woes."

That is how an Anglicized Irishman writes of scenes which he has found decidedly less comfortable and less amusing than London. For true Irish pathos one must turn to another poet:

> "Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
> Since I was near ye what have I seen?
> Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
> Night and day where the waves are green.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
> Clearer for half o' the world between.
> Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin',
> Whiles ye are nearer than snowtops keen;
> Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
> What is the half o' the world between?"

On the desolateness of Ireland, on her waste of waters, on the green bogs and "the same soft rain," Moore frankly turned his back. He loved the noise and lights and wealth of London, and there is hardly more poignancy of feeling in his Irish melodies than in the Persian ditties of "Lalla Rookh."

Not long after his death, Moore's 'Life' was written by his friend Lord John Russell, and to that biography in eight volumes there is little to add. Wherever one catches a glimpse of Moore, whether in Lord Byron's letters or in his own diary and correspondence, he shows no trace of what is often euphemistically called the artistic temperament. There is no complexity about his character, nothing to soften or explain away. Those who think, as a few thought in his own day, that a good deal of his poetry is too sensuous ("licentious" was the old-fashioned epithet used by his contemporaries), may take comfort from the fact that of all literary lives his was the most correct. He was a devoted son and brother, and was never ashamed of the small grocer's shop in Dublin which was his Irish home. When he could not induce his mother to receive Lord Lansdowne, who was with him in Dublin, he walked his distinguished friend past her window so that she might see and be seen. He married, young, a pretty actress, who was not, like himself, at home in every society; but he was a model husband and father. There is no opening for gossip in all his long intercourse with the rich and idle women who adored him and his poetry, and in his business relations he was honorable to the point of Quixotism. The biographer of this blameless, though worldly, poet is therefore reduced to writing a panegyric, but Mr. Gwynn has made his brief sketch interesting enough.

Moore's lyrics were written to be sung, and in such songs ideas are out of place. A succession of charming sentiments that will catch the attention easily, a smooth flow of simple words, he could turn off with a lightness and spirit that lifted even the British drawing-room song above itself. It would not be fair to compare such compositions with the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley. They wrote for a later generation of readers. Moore wrote for the evening parties of his friends. It is hard for the reader of to-day, whose ear has been trained by the lyric metres of a virtuoso like Swinburne or Tennyson, to realize how original and varied were, for his generation, the metres of Moore. It was partly because he wrote for music that he had to range wider than the few hackneyed types of couplet and quatrain then in general use. Mr. Gwynn quotes

> "The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,"

as a metrical effect wholly new in English. "The peculiarity of these metres—the dragging, wavering cadence that half balks the ear—is the distinctive characteristic of Irish verse. No English poet, so far as I know, has caught it" (p. 179). Surely, Swinburne caught it in

> "Who is this that sits by the way, the wild wayside?"

Moore did not know any Irish, and shared

the wish of O'Connell that it might die out, but he reproduced in English the rhythms of Irish folk-song, basing his work "on Irish tunes, composed in the primitive manner before music was divorced from poetry." Mr. Gwynn's last chapter of "General Appreciation" is well worth reading by students of English poetry, however little they may care for Tom Moore. An appendix contains a full bibliography of Moore's compositions.

Illustrations of Irish History and Topography. Mainly of the Seventeenth Century. By C. Litton Falkiner. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Falkiner is well known as an industrious student of the history of Ireland from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. The present volume consists of two separate parts, the first being a collection of original papers by the author previously published; the second containing contemporary accounts or descriptions of Ireland by travellers in the seventeenth century, some of which have not been hitherto printed, and others which do not exist in prints accessible to the general reader.

Mr. Falkiner, in his preface, disclaims any intention of discussing vexed questions connected with Irish economic, religious, and political problems, all of which, he says, date from the seventeenth century, when the battle between English and Irish ideas was decided, the tenure of land was established on a feudal basis, with the supremacy of English Protestantism, and a dependent Parliament modelled on that of England. His disclaimer was necessary, for he is not only an historian but a conservative pamphleteer, and contributor to the Tory press of articles on political and social questions. Continual references, however, to the uninterruptedly disturbed condition of Ireland cannot but make the reader ask why disturbance and discontent have been for eight hundred years the permanent condition of the unfortunate island. Evidently not because of a double dose of original sin in the "wild Irish," for the "English-Irish" were just as discontented and troublesome.

Part i. contains papers of no great interest except to persons in the locality of Dublin. The history of "his Majesty's Castle of Dublin," constructed in 1171 as a "Palace roofed with wattles, after the manner of the country," then fortified, rebuilt in stone, the royal seat of Government, containing the Record House, the courts of justice, the Parliament House, Treasury, Mint, and State prison, and now a gloomy structure of limestone and granite, the present seat of Irish misgovernment, is followed by a similar account of the gradual formation and enclosure of Phœnix Park. These and the stories of the origins of the Port and Docks Board, the Chambers of Commerce and other civic institutions, can hardly fix the attention of the general reader.

Part ii. will be more interesting to him. It contains extracts from Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, most of which was first published nearly three hundred years ago. A portion of the chapter on the Manners and Customs of Ireland, Mr. Falkiner says, has not been printed before. Moryson saw much of Ireland, but adds much that he only heard by report. At the date of his journey the country had become less populous, "after much blood spilt in the civil wars." The country he describes as

"uneven, mountainous, soft, watery, woody, open to winds and floods of rain, so fenny that it hath bogs on the very tops of the mountains; the coast covered with mists, the air unapt to ripen seeds, yet luxurious in yielding fair and sweet herbs, little troubled with thunderings, lightnings, or earthquakes; oft troubled with rebellions."

The great woods were full of deer, wolves, and "such plenty of pheasants that I have known 60 served at one feast." The cattle were small, "only the men and greyhounds of great stature." Fish were so plentiful in the lakes that "fishermen fear the breaking of their nets rather than want of fish." The great woods were destroyed, partly to clear the refuges of the "wild Irish," partly for use in smelting iron brought from England, partly for export of timber, mainly "pipestaves," to England. Arthur Young found the work of destruction completed. "The greatest part of the country," he says, "continues to exhibit a naked, bleak, dreary view for want of wood destroyed with the most thoughtless prodigality"; and Swift, one hundred years before Young, said: "There is not another example in Europe of such a prodigious quantity of excellent timber cut down in so short a time with so little advantage to the country either in shipping or building." The reason of this prodigality seems clear enough now. Many of the land owners were absentees, the tenure of others was uncertain in that age of confiscations. Every one made what he could out of his estate while he had it or could keep it.

Moryson's Itinerary is followed by a humorous account by Sir Josias Bodley of a Christmas week spent at Downpatrick with Sir Richard Morrison, governor of the district. This is translated from the quaint Latin in which Bodley wrote, the opening paragraphs of which are given in a note. Luke Gunn's 'Discourse of Ireland' has not hitherto been printed. Its probable date is 1620, when the author held the office of Second Justice of the Province of Munster, and resided at Limerick. The desolate condition of his district made it look, he says, "like the later end of a feast. Here lyeth an old ruyned castle like the remaynder of a venyson pasty, there a broken fort like a minced py half subiccted, and in another place an old abbey wth some turrets standing like the carcase of a goose broken up."

Of the people he says:

"The man of Ireland is of strong constitution, tall and bigg limbed, but seldome fatt, patiente of heate and colde, but impatient of labour. The women of Ireland are very comely creatures, tall slender and upright. Of complexion very fayre and cleare skinnd (but frecled), with tresses of bright yellow hayre. . . . They are not strait laced or plated in their youth, but suffred to grow at liberty so that you shall hardely see one crooked or deformed."

The dress of the women, the fare, and customs of entertainment at country houses, are minutely and graphically depicted.

"At Kilkenny," we are told, "they weare broad beaver hatts coloured, edged wth a gold lace, and faced wth velvett, wth a broad gould hatt band. At Waterford they weare cappes turned up wth furre and laced wth gold lace. At Lymericke they weare rolles of lynnen, each roll contayning twenty bandles of fyne lynnen cloth and made up in forme of a myter. In Connaught they weare rolles in forme of a cheese. In Thomond they weare kerchiefs hanging downe to the middle of theyr backe."

The travels of Sir William Brereton in Ireland in 1635 (reproduced from the Chetham Society's papers) were not printed until 1844. From Portpatrick in Scotland he arrived at Island Magee in Antrim, and thence travelled south to Waterford, but he does not appear to have visited either the middle or west of the island. Being a person of importance, he had the opportunity of meeting many notable men, among others Archbishop Usher, "a tall proper comely man who spends the whole day at his study except meal time." The country travelled through was then comparatively quiet, and, except a few "rebels" lurking in the woods, no mention is made of any disturbed condition of the country. The concluding paper is a description of Ireland after the Restoration by Jorevin de Rochefort, a Frenchman, who travelled for pleasure and instruction. He found Ireland "the richest of all Europe in things necessary for human life, but the poorest in money; in fine, a land of plenty." One is inclined to doubt the accuracy of his judgment when he describes Dublin as "one of the greatest and best-peopled towns in Europe," and estimates the Catholics as being only one-third of the Irish. The fifteen pages given by Mr. Falkiner are taken from De Rochefort's travels, which extended over most of Europe. They were printed at Paris, in three volumes, in 1672, and are now very rare. Mr. Falkiner has been successful in his choice of descriptions, determined by their rarity, representative character, and difficulty of procurement by the ordinary reader.

Democracy and Reaction. By L. T. Hobhouse. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. 1904.

This book deals with a number of related topics bearing on the questions underlying democratic government, liberalism, the reaction against liberalism which has been gathering headway for a generation, and Socialism. The author is one of those Liberals who hope to see a new development of free government through Socialism, or radicalism; the field covered by his nine chapters is so wide that we can only select one or two points for criticism.

All the first part of the book, giving an account of the Reaction and its causes, is excellent. We do not remember to have seen anywhere, in so small a compass, a better analysis of the extraordinary changes in sentiment and opinion produced in the last thirty years. It contains, too, several original observations, as, for instance, the suggestion, confessedly paradoxical on its face, but nevertheless true, that the Imperial idea in England (the book deals almost wholly with English affairs) has roots, politically speaking, in the older Liberalism. The British empire as developed in the Victorian period meant, for the most part, the expansion of freedom of trade, of justice, of honest administration, of rigid impartiality as between religions and races, and semi-independent, self-governing colonies. Consequently, when the first appeal was made to Imperialism, Liberals felt it as an appeal to the highest aims in government, and were easily persuaded by Mr. Chamberlain (himself originally a Liberal and Radical) that an Imperial policy was the true source and spring of all these great political boons. It has really cost a consider-

able struggle and long debate to reawaken Liberals to the fact that Imperialism in itself is the eternal and deadly foe of all freedom, of all honest and responsible government, and of that very progress which had been forced upon it by the great reforms of the nineteenth century.

The author's chapters on "The Intellectual Reaction" and "Evolution and Sociology" deserve close attention. He brings out very clearly the fact that the political reaction (what he says here is equally true of this country and of all countries) is the expression of a far-reaching change in the temper of the time. Summed up in a word, he calls it a reaction against humanitarianism; but it has been curiously reinforced by an extraordinary misconception as to the bearing of the discoveries of modern science on political problems. Darwin's law of the "survival of the fittest" has borne fruit of which he never dreamed. It is used every day now, apparently with great success, as an argument in favor of the use of violence. In the animal kingdom, superior breeds are produced by natural selection working through a fierce struggle for existence. Consequently, any race or nation which can overcome any other, take away its freedom, and appropriate its property, is the fittest to enjoy the fruits of the struggle, and selected by the laws of nature to do so. It is not to Darwin or Huxley that we owe this wonderful misapplication of scientific method; it is to the Imperialist and Jingo, who thought they found in the phrase "survival of the fittest" and "struggle for existence" a justification for wars of expansion. The author points out very neatly that you cannot argue from biology to politics. What is "fittest" to survive in biology is merely that which does as a matter of fact survive; what is fittest to survive in the world of conscious political and social effort is that which we decide it is desirable should survive. Biologically, the germ of consumption is admirably fitted to struggle for existence in and survive the consumptive patient. But we try to preserve the patient.

As to the great body of Liberal doctrine, the author is on firm ground. Liberal principles must involve opposition to a policy of protection, of war, of great armaments, of restriction of the press and public meetings; there has been no change in these respects since Cobden's, or indeed since Jefferson's, time. But the rock ahead for Liberals is Socialism. There is a widespread belief in Socialism in the newly enfranchised electorate, and the question of the day is whether Liberals can, by adopting Socialism in whole or in part, overcome the force of the Reaction, and again make Liberalism a dominating force in the government of the world. Here the author does not strike us as clear. He seems to be of opinion that some such development is possible, but his discussion is to a considerable extent beside the point. Socialism, or Collectivism, or Populism, is bound up with the idea that the machinery of government may be used for the purpose of effecting an equitable distribution of wealth. "Aggregations of wealth *not acquired by labor service* are," he says, "regarded by the Collectivist as a kind of surplus from which the funds necessary to meet public responsibilities should in the first instance be drawn." Now the belief of conservative Liberals, in fact of every Liberal who adheres to the fundamental principles of political economy and individual freedom, is that this idea represents a monstrous delusion, and is, moreover, closely connected with the rankest paternalism. Without a system of espionage and confiscation for the like of which we should have to go back to the Rome of Nero, no inquiry into what wealth is acquired by "labor service," and no redistribution fit to "meet public responsibilities," is possible; and, if so, Liberals and Socialists will never long be found in the same boat. If this conservative economic view is correct, the Socialist is the real friend of the Imperialists, and has been such from the beginning of time.

Mr. Hobhouse gives a long array of radical measures which have been carried with the approval of Liberals—the Irish Land laws, the restriction of hours of labor, the municipalization of industries, factory inspection, etc.—and seems to infer from all this that, by adopting the rest of the Socialist programme, the Liberals may return to and develop new power. But if the old view is correct, the rest of the Socialist programme will mean the death of the Liberal principles which brought it about, and in the end an iron paternalism; at any rate, radicalism, or the use of the State machinery to cure specific evils by inspection, or revision and restriction of contracts, is no true Socialism, and to argue from Irish land reform to Collectivism is unpermissible. Here Mr. Hobhouse, we think, begs the question.

The Phase Rule and its Application. By Alex. Findlay. With an Introduction on the Study of Physical Chemistry, by Sir William Ramsay. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

There are numbers of highly successful men who have never been able to master elementary geometry or algebra. In the case of many of them, the defect is undoubtedly merely due to bad teaching. For others, there may be some peculiarity of metrical ideas which prevents these men from mastering them. But, with a third class, the truth probably is that there is a weakness of the understanding which causes all conceptions of the slightest intricacy to become confused. Now every man ought to endeavor to understand his own capacities; and the subject of the Phase Rule may serve as a touchstone to show him whether he belongs to the third class or not.

But what is this phase rule that has for so long set all the chemists agog? Take a number of materials, each either a pure chemical substance or a homogeneous mixture, but none of them such that any chemical reaction that could take place could produce it from the others, and (calling these the *components* of your system) put them into a tight cylinder in which a piston works, so that the aggregate can be subjected to varying pressure and temperature. Further, let there be some means of varying the proportions of the components present in the cylinder. Then, since the total quantity is a matter of indifference, there will be, as independently variable conditions, one for each of the components *minus* one, *plus* the pressure and the temperature; that is, on the whole, one more than the number of components. Now give your system time to come to a settled state of equilibrium while there is no change of the above conditions. This equilibrium must be *stable;* that is, if you vary those conditions a little and restore them, the state of the system must be restored. Now count the number of *phases,* that is, the number of substances or homogeneous mixtures separated from one another by surfaces like the surface between water and air. Then it will be found that the degrees of freedom—that is, the number of conditions (pressure, temperature, and the proportions of components) that can be independently varied *without altering the number of phases or destroying the equilibrium*—are equal to two more than the number of components less the number of phases. For example, can water, ice, and aqueous vapor exist together? Here there is only one component, and we suppose three phases separated by surfaces. By the rule, the degrees of freedom amount to zero. That is, if the temperature and pressure are both fixed right, such a state of things is possible. But when it exists, neither pressure nor temperature can possibly be varied, the equilibrium being preserved, for the least change will cause either the vapor, the water, or the ice to pass away entirely. Suppose, however, that air be added, so that now there are two components, and, for phases, first, air mixed with a little vapor; second, water containing a little air in solution; third, pure ice. There will now, according to the rule, be one degree of freedom, and the pressure may be changed so long as the temperature is correspondingly changed. Suppose we let the ice melt. There will then be two components and two phases, and consequently by the rule two degrees of freedom. That is, both pressure and temperature may be varied, but only on condition that the proportions of water to air in the vapor and in the solution are correspondingly changed at the same time.

Such is the phase rule. Its mathematical form is identical with that of Euler's topical theorem that the combined number of faces and summits of any polyhedron is two more than the number of its edges; and, like topical geometry, the phase rule has nothing to do with *measurement,* but only with *counting* three sets of things—components, phases, and degrees of freedom. Nor do the experiments for verifying it require any measures to be made, but only that more and less should be discriminated. Beyond that, there is no mathematics in the subject; but the chemical applications of the rule have a certain moderate degree of intricacy, not much less than that of elementary geometry and algebra. They will be beyond the powers of those who are unable to master those mathematical subjects owing to general weakness of the understanding, but will presumably (not certainly) be found to be just complicated enough to afford entertainment for other men.

The phase rule was discovered not by a chemist, but by Willard Gibbs, a mathematician, the ablest, in his particular line, of his day; the most unaffectedly modest man (for his strength) that search could find; the sort of man who is sure to be depreciated until, by the action of a sort of phase rule, the ice breaks up and men suddenly discover that it is best to laud him. For ten years and more the phase rule slumbered peacefully

in the Proceedings of the Connecticut Academy of Sciences until the chemists had grown up to it, till Roosebaum and others brushed the dust off the volumes and carried them into their laboratories. But Maxwell fully appreciated Gibbs long before the phase rule was discovered.

Dr. Findlay's illustrations from chemistry are as replete with interest as they are abundant, and each one detailed. Upon all that side the work is simply splendid. Its weakness is that the abstract definitions, and the possibilities which the phase rule leaves open, but which have not yet been met with in nature, are not forced upon the reader's attention in all their definiteness sufficiently to enable him to comprehend exactly what the phase rule does for him in each case. In short, the work presents a picture admirably rich in its coloring, but whose outlines are too soft for a scientific purpose—on rare occasions, quite indefinite or even wavering. The practicable remedy for this in a new edition would be an appendix to which the reader could always turn to find there the abstract parts of the subject defined with abstract precision. The reviewer must confess that, though the subject is not new to him, he has here and there in the perusal of the work found his ideas losing their definiteness; and this state of things was not remedied until he had drawn up for himself the sort of appendix that was needed. However, taking the book as it is, anybody who adds to a turn for the mode of thought a fondness for chemistry, will find the volume replete with matters of singular interest.

Sir William Ramsay's introduction contains a very good sketch of the history of physical chemistry without any such high merit as one would have expected. The language is that of a man who, when he thinks, imagines apparatus and experiments, and who has little training in the use of words. Thus, on page lxi, he finds fault with Julius Thomsen because, in 1854, he believed it possible to measure the force of chemical affinity by measuring the heat evolved in reactions; and his objection is simply that heat is not force, but energy, a quantity of different dimensionality. Now this is hypercritical in the extreme; for though the word *energy* had been proposed by Young, it was not at all in use, even in England, before Rankine's paper of 1853, and in Denmark was quite unheard of; the word "force" being much more loosely used than it now is.

The Lure of the Labrador Wild: The Story of the Exploring Expedition conducted by Leonidas Hubbard, jr. By Dillon Wallace. F. H. Revell Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. 339, ills, and maps.

Leonidas Hubbard, a Michigan farmer's son, become a newspaper reporter and later an editor of a magazine devoted to out-of-door life, at the age of twenty-nine had the ambition to explore unknown regions. Though obviously no expert woodcraftsman, he had made journeys in the Hudson Bay region and in southern Labrador. The project he finally decided on was to start from the Northwest River post of the Hudson Bay Company, ascend this stream to Lake Michikamau, the largest lake in eastern Labrador, where the Nascaupee Indians were said to meet in September the herds of caribou migrating from the interior to the coast, killing great numbers. Hubbard wished not only to report the features of the annual battue, but also to spend some time studying the very primitive natives, who are little known. From the northern end of the lake he then proposed to work across the country to the George River, which falls into Ungava Bay. The route he proposed to take was practically unexplored by white men, and the country was well known to afford comparatively little fish or game for sustenance, and to be terribly infested by black-flies and mosquitoes.

For the journey the services of George Elson, a half-breed Cree Indian from James Bay, were engaged, and the leader associated with himself his friend the author of this volume. Elson proved to be an excellent woodsman, faithful, able, and indefatigable, and to him the survivor of the party undoubtedly owes his life; but, like others of his kind, he was diffident in insisting on his own better judgment in cases where the leader of the party, though less competent, seemed to favor other counsels. The party in the main was well supplied with stores and an excellent canvas canoe, though some necessaries, like extra footgear, a gill net, and shotgun, were omitted, with disastrous results as the event proved. After various trying delays, the party arrived at the Northwest River post, and naturally found it difficult to get reliable geographical information about an unexplored district. On July 15, 1903, the party started from the post for the mouth of Nascaupee River, one of several streams emptying into the upper end of Hamilton Inlet, but neglected the precaution of taking a guide, passed the entrance without seeing it, and started up a smaller river, the Susan, which flows in the same general direction. This river soon gave out, and the party continued to make portages, struggling through the swamps, tormented by pestiferous insects, their single pairs of moccasins and much of their clothing reduced to rags, and their food rapidly dwindling. They had unusual luck in fishing, and made good use of their rifles and pistols, so that it was possible to continue in the direction of their goal until, from the top of a high peak, the waters of Michikamau were actually discerned by Hubbard, across miles of woodland—alas, too late!

Nearly out of food, it seemed impossible to go on, and the fact that the leader's health gave out, in spite of his marvellous courage and energy, settled the matter. They were obliged to return over the dreary road by which they had come, and even then might all have pulled through alive had it not been for a fatal error of judgment on Hubbard's part in electing, against the deferential advice of his companions, to leave a navigable stream, the Beaver, which they had reached, for the vastly more difficult route by which they originally came. After that the record is one of slow starvation and misery. With the advent of cold weather the fish ceased to bite, and the party had no net; their feet were bare, and they had no footgear. Struggle as they might, in spite of really heroic endurance, Hubbard at last gave out, on October 18, and was made as comfortable as possible in a tent, while his companions pushed on in search of food and help. A little further, Wallace, too, succumbed to the inevitable, and all hope depended upon Elson, who pushed on courageously and finally reached help. Kindly settlers found Wallace in time to save his life, but Hubbard's note-book showed that he had perished probably within twenty-four hours of the departure of his companions. Wallace's convalescence from starvation and frost-bite was slow, pathetically aided by, if not wholly due to, the ministrations of a young medical man, himself dying of consumption. Finally, the remains of the leader were rescued, and the journey toward home carried out against great difficulties by the devotion of Wallace and the kindly aid of the Labrador people.

It would be wrong to obscure the fact that the sufferings so well borne and the death so bravely met were largely due to insufficient knowledge both of how to conduct such an expedition and of his physical fitness for it on the part of the leader. But which of our failures and sufferings in this vale of tears may not be ascribed to analogous ignorance or weakness? It is certain that all three of the party met their calamities like men—as we love to say, however boastfully, like good Americans; and the lesson of their travail is twofold: first, know what is to be done and how to do it, if you would explore the wild; second, if misfortune comes upon you, face it without fear and with a manly heart, leaving the outcome with confidence to a higher power. In the second of these matters Hubbard and his comrades did not fail, and that is surely no meagre praise.

The Shu King, or, The Chinese Historical Classic: Being an Authentic Record of the Religion, Philosophy, Customs, and Government of the Chinese from the Earliest Times. Translated from the Ancient Text, with a Commentary, by Walter Gorn Old, M.R.A.S. 12mo. John Lane. 1904.

If a man sets to work to publish a book like this one, the preparation of which must cost him a good deal of time and labor, the first thing he has to do is to find out what work has been done before him in the same line. To all who intend to take in hand Chinese research of any kind or the compilation of books and papers on China, let it be said that there is no better method of being posted on this point than to glance at that excellent guide, Prof. Henri Cordier's 'Bibliotheca Sinica, Dictionnaire Bibliographique des Ouvrages relatifs à l'Empire Chinois,' the first edition of which, with its supplement (Paris: Leroux, 1881-1895), acquaints intending writers with every important book or paper published on Chinese and Central Asiatic subjects under the several classified heads. A new edition of this most useful work is just forthcoming (Paris: E. Guilmoto). The titles of papers and books which have appeared since the close of Cordier's bibliography, can be ascertained from Prof. Lucian Scherman's 'Orientalische Bibliographie,' published periodically (Berlin: Reuther & Reichard) in three or four instalments per annum. By referring to these indispensable helps, an author cannot easily fall into the trap in which the author of the above work was caught by neglecting to make inquiries about the existing literature before setting to work.

A book like the 'Shu King,' the oldest

historical classic of the Chinese, has, of course, received the attention of Chinese scholars ever since Chinese literature was studied in Europe. Mr. Old, in his introduction, duly quotes the labors of Gaubil, De Guignes, and W. H. Medhurst, and acknowledges his indebtedness to Medhurst's translation, which was published in 1846. Since then the venerable professor of Chinese at Oxford, Dr. James Legge, who died in 1897, has invested a lifetime in elucidating that vast field of Chinese classical literature. The eight stout volumes called 'The Chinese Classics,' which he published while a missionary in Hong Kong, might be called the alpha and omega of everything an author would say on the 'Shu King.' Legge not only furnishes a translation of standard value, but exhausts his subject by quoting and translating all the essential notes made by Chinese commentators; and his Prolegomena are the best introduction to the philological study of this remarkable work the reader could possibly lay his hands upon. A revised edition of Legge's translation appeared among Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East," the volume containing the 'Shu King' being issued at the Clarendon Press in 1879 under the title, 'The Sacred Books of China, Part I.' It is matter of regret that the author of this new translation was not aware of the existence of Legge's exhaustive labors, which, he says in his preface, he has "unfortunately not had an opportunity of consulting before the present work was completed and in the hands of his publishers." "By this circumstance," he candidly confesses, "I fear the reader may be in advance of me," and he adds: "At all events, the reader will considerably improve his opportunities and simultaneously pay me a great compliment, if he will take the Doctor's translation in hand and make a cross-reading from the present version."

We readily fall in with this suggestion. Mr. Old's 'Shu King' is a handy little volume, and the translation as well as the notes reads well. Many a student who finds it too cumbersome to invest in the larger work, may wish to have this on the shelves of his library and gather a general idea of the contents of the book, reserving special inquiries for the comparative study of Legge's works, which ought to be found in every great public library.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Newspaper Annual. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son.
Bahnsen, Julius. Wie Ich Wurde, Was Ich Ward. Munich: Georg Müller.
Bates, Oric. A Madcap Cruise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
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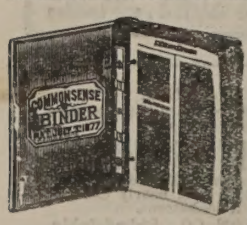

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1905.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's latest header into Dominican troubled waters will not strengthen confidence in either his steadiness or his prudence. He is trying to do by indirection, and in a way doubtfully legal, what he endeavored in vain to persuade the Senate to give him power to do lawfully and directly. As in his seizure of Panama, he seems to aim at "creating a situation," during the recess of Congress, which Congress, when it meets, will have to accept even if it makes wry faces. His course will heighten the apprehensions which Secretary Hay's poor health and absence had already roused. The haste with which the President closed with the suspicious offer of Morales is not creditable to his caution. No inquiry into motives and conditions; no time (before going on a hunt) to await Minister Dawson's proposed coming to Washington, keeping the question "open" meanwhile, as that diplomat suggested, but a hurried decision on what is confessedly half-information. Not in such precipitate fashion should the foreign policy of a great nation be conducted. And where does Mr. Roosevelt find his authority for permitting "no change" in the situation in San Domingo? Acting Secretary of State Adee explains this to mean that the President of the United States will maintain the *status quo* in San Domingo. That is, he will put our ships and marines at the disposal of President Morales. He will allow no revolution to overthrow the Dominican President, even if it be supported by a majority of the people. For that, President Roosevelt has no more warrant in law than he would have to prevent the Czar of Russia from being dethroned by an uprising of the Russian nation.

President Morales is reported to be "greatly pleased," but at what? Not that the tangle of his country's finances is to be cut through, but that he himself is now, as he thinks, beyond danger of being turned out by a revolution. He will cheerfully turn all his revolutionists over to Uncle Sam. This his been his obvious aim throughout. He ardently desires to appoint Americans as collectors of Dominican customs, not because he knows or cares anything about their administrative ability, but because he firmly believes that they will be backed up by American guns. Nominally Dominican officials, Morales will regard them as Americans whom their Government is bound to protect at all hazards. Of course, it is highly probable, as it is highly desirable, that no revolutionists will try to oust them; but the risk is there, and it is one of the chances of trouble which Mr. Roosevelt is so fond of taking with a light heart. Doubtful of his legal warrant for what he may have to do, he simply clings to the larger hope that he will not have to do it. But he is evidently storing up new difficulties against the day when the Senate shall take up the Dominican treaty on its own merits.

If the French Government had appointed a Panama Commission with a great flourish of trumpets, and then cut their heads off a year later as a set of incompetents, scornful things would have been said by the American press. But when an American Administration does this, we know that it is proof of rare foresight, energy, and efficiency. In so far as the President's removal of the commissioners is based upon their bad organization as a working body, that is something which should have been perceived from the beginning. It appears, however, that his impatience with them is largely due to the fact that they have insisted upon making plans before executing them. This difficulty will persist, however, no matter what the reorganization or what the new personnel. An immense amount of preliminary study must yet be done on the canal if the whole project is not to be botched. So far as we know, no published report deals at all adequately with the changes in marine architecture as affecting the whole question of the depth of the canal and navigation through it. Yet that is a subject requiring the nicest attention. It would be a reproach to us to build a canal with a hurrah, only to find, as the Suez does to-day, that the latest types of steamer could not use it.

In selecting the new Panama Commission, the President has radically departed from the theory which guided him in choosing the first. For engineering experts, it is evident that he has determined to substitute driving men of business, yet the expert knowledge is to be supplied through a board of consulting engineers. Their first duty, as Secretary Taft states in his letter of instruction, will be to fix upon the true plan to be followed in building the canal. Then the executive Commission, with the army and navy to help, will be counted upon to put through the work. But the main thing is to elect the wisest plan. In spite of all the studies and projects already put forward, no satisfactory solution of all the problems involved has yet been hit upon. Another question carefully to be considered is whether the work shall be done by the Government itself, or by contract. If the former, every safeguard against jobbery that can be devised will be needed.

To those who recall the excited reception of the Government's estimate last December that the cotton crop would be 12,400,000 bales—exceeding by a million any previous record—a little surprise may be pardoned at the tame greeting given to the "ginning report" of the Census Bureau, on March 28, which marks up the December figure to 13,500,000 bales. It should be observed that the former estimate, prepared when the cotton harvest had hardly begun, was general, whereas the "ginning returns," giving the amount actually passed through the gin in preparation for market, are reasonably close to accuracy. It might have been supposed, therefore, that the dismay of the cotton community last December would now be redoubled—more particularly so since the price of cotton stands to-day exactly where it did on the eve of the earlier estimate. The fact is, however, that the cotton producer has now discovered certain compensating advantages in a "bumper" crop. A year ago, the entire South seemed to have made up its mind that its prosperity was pinned to cotton at 15 cents a pound. That such a prize was driving away consumers and killing the spinning industry at Manchester and Fall River, did not affect this sentiment in the least. The popular attitude resembled that of Wall Street in April, 1901, when skeptics who whispered that stocks were pretty high were angrily asked if they had lost faith in the United States.

This feeling expressed itself in the case of cotton somewhat amusingly. The experts of the Department of Agriculture, whose 9,900,000-bale estimate of a year before had been most kindly greeted, were denounced as jugglers and frauds, hauled before a special committee of Congress, and there publicly accused of manipulating the returns. Public-spirited planters emerged into view, at various Southern points, with eloquent appeals to burn up part of the "bumper" crop. Meanwhile, a community which had been foolishly speculating for the rise in cotton, had to sell its "options" for the best price obtainable. As with the Wall Street of 1901, completion of this unpleasant process left people with a clarified view of the situation, and the first thing that they saw was an instant revival in the world's cotton-goods trade at the lower prices. This is the secret both of the recovery in cotton prices to a remunerative though not

extravagant figure, in the face of the much higher "ginning estimate" of last week, and of its complacent reception. The outcome is highly satisfactory; not least so because it disposes, for a good while to come, of the profound distress of the "worrying" school of economists as to whether the world would hereafter grow enough cotton to clothe itself.

The plan for building a great modern immigrant station at New Orleans and attempting to divert part of the emigration from the countries of Southern Europe to that port, is of interest in connection with the efforts of some of the Southern States to secure white labor from abroad. Last year New Orleans ranked only eighth in the number of aliens admitted, its total being 4,946, or less than one-one hundred and twentieth of the corresponding figure for Ellis Island. Commissioner-General Sargent, anxious as he is to prevent the congestion of foreigners in the Eastern cities, has approved the plan for increased facilities for handling immigrants at New Orleans. The steamship companies, if they choose, can doubtless induce a larger proportion to land there. But that this will make them stay in the South is not certain. In the last fiscal year, only 95 arriving immigrants gave South Carolina as their destination, only 112 North Carolina, only 1,096 Alabama. Opportunity and not distance must, in the long run, be the controlling factor. Illinois, which is just about as far away as Alabama from this port, was the destination of 57,457 immigrants last year. It is perhaps true that the planters who have gone to the docks at New Orleans to engage men as soon as they landed, may have secured some who would otherwise have gone elsewhere, but if once the immigrants learn that their outlook is better in the South than in other sections, they are bound to go there, no matter what their port of entry.

Although Maryland will not vote on the negro-suffrage amendment for seven months, discussion is already spirited. The Baltimore *News*, answering a statement by Murray Vandiver, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, makes some telling points. It disposes of the argument that the existence of bi-partisan registration boards in every precinct would ensure just enforcement of the requirement that the voter "understand" the State Constitution. On the tens of thousands of doubtful cases, it points out, the registration boards would divide two to two. "Nobody with a grain of sense imagines that that feature of the law would be permitted to stand after the disfranchising amendments had got into operation." Inevitably, it would mean a return to the old system of 2 to 1 registration boards which "was the corner-stone of election frauds prior to 1895." Chairman Vandiver further stated that the "educational clause" was taken from the Virginia Constitution. While this is literally true, the Virginia provision was made to apply only to original registration under the act, while in Maryland it is proposed as a permanent condition. Since January 1, 1904, the educational test in Virginia has been simply the writing of name, age, residence, etc., in the presence of the registration officers. "That Maryland is not driven to the use of methods which, in States farther South, have been felt to be a deplorable necessity," says the *News*, "we need not here insist; the point we wish to make is, that what Vandiver says of Virginia is not true."

If the guests at the Missouri Society dinner last week expected to hear Gov. Folk lay down any novel principles of government or emit surprising views on politics, they were diappointed. But his career is doubly inspiring because of its lack of such things. "The Missouri idea," as he defined it in words at the dinner, and has still more clearly expressed it in his acts, "means the enforecement of law, and that if the law be bad, the remedy is to repeal, not to ignore it." Mr. Folk did not win fame by devising new laws or new machinery as safeguards against the wrongdoer; he did not try to extend his activities beyond the powers of the office in which the people had placed him. He simply did his sworn duty under the laws as he found them. The laws were not all they should have been, and he has since tried to supplement and improve them; but the work which made his name known to the country was done under statutes which any of his predecessors might have used had they had the same sense of public duty. As Lincoln said of Grant, he did not begin by asking for additional resources, and complaining that he could accomplish nothing without them. Unlike some of the "reform Governors" with whose names his is often coupled, Folk is no innovator, nor has he a panacea for the ills of the country; but he presents the most prominent example now before the country of what can be accomplished through fearless enforcement of the laws as they are.

Rhode Island politics being what is known, it has been something of an anomaly that the form of ballot used in that State is the one most in favor with reformers and best calculated to encourage independent voting. However, Gov. Utter and the present Legislature are bestirring themselves to see that this condition may no longer puzzle the publicist. A commission appointed by the Governor and Speaker, with Senator Elisha Dyer as chairman, has just recommended that the present pure Australian ballot be abandoned for one having the party column. Whereas at present even the voter of a straight ticket must examine and mark separately each candidate of his party, the commission proposes to introduce the "straight-ticket" circle. The type chosen is the one used in New Hampshire, Michigan, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho. Under it the man who desires to vote for a Democrat for Governor and Republicans for all other offices may put his cross in the Republican circle, then *scratch out* the name of the Republican candidate for Governor and make a cross opposite the Democrat's name. Thus it is mechanically a little more difficult to vote a split ticket than here in New York, where the erasure is unnecessary, though decidedly easier than in Iowa, Kansas, or Indiana, where the form of ballot is the same but the law requires every name to be marked separately when a split ticket is voted. One of the commission's recommendations, that "no ballot shall be rejected for any technical error which does not make it impossible to determine the voter's choice," is doubtless a very proper provision in view of the long controversy over the official canvass last fall, but the disputes over alleged identification marks had nothing to do with the form of the ballot. The change is in the interest of nobody except the hidebound party man. For all that, the Providence *Journal* describes the recommendations as "reforms in the ballot laws."

By the strict party vote of 33 to 14, and obviously under the lash of the Republican caucus, the stock-transfer bill and the mortgage tax bill passed the New York Senate Monday night. The inequitable stock-transfer tax will, of course, affect the purely speculative branch of Stock Exchange business, but no more than would a similar tax affect sales of dry goods, iron, grain, or cotton. It will leave to the gambling speculator, moreover, the power to transfer his large transactions to the exchanges of other States—an expedient which the nature of his business makes easier for him than for the bona-fide investor. The mortgage tax bill has not received the public attention which it deserves. Indeed, a curious notion has been created, in some quarters, that the one-half of one per cent. tax proposed is the relatively unobjectionable "registration tax" projected and defeated at Albany a couple of years ago. Nothing could be further than this from the purposes of the pending measure. It imposes an annual tax—less in its percentage figure, to be sure, than that of the personalty tax in which mortgages have hitherto been included—but levied, unlike the personalty tax, on the entire and ascertained sum of capital invested in the mortgage. Considering that the interest rate

obtained on good mortgage loans, in this city, ranges from 4 to 5 per cent., this one-half per cent. tax would clearly amount to a tax of 10 to 12½ per cent. on all incomes procured from such investments. Whose are these incomes on which such a burden is to be imposed? Every one knows that investment in real-estate mortgages is the recourse of the thrifty citizen in moderate circumstances, of the small estate left as the sole support of a dependent family on the death of the bread-winner, or of the trust funds of institutions which, like the savings bank and the building and loan association, exist for the benefit of people of narrow means.

George C. Holden, the postal inspector who "borrowed" $1,100 from the Storey Cotton Company of Philadelphia, which he was investigating, had evidently learned his business from Beavers, Machen, and other prominent officers of the Department. The get-rich-quick concern of Philadelphia was known by every reputable cotton dealer in the country to be a fraud. Twice its swindling operations were exposed at length in the *Evening Post*. The charges were laid before the postal authorities, who for some mysterious reason refused to act against men who were notoriously using the mails to cheat small investors in every part of the United States. The total amount of money stolen is variously estimated at from one to four millions; the lowest sum is certainly large enough. These heavy losses fall chiefly upon clerks, school teachers, and other "lambs" who embarked their slender savings in this bottomless enterprise. Holden is a man who clearly belongs to the régime of Charles Emory Smith and Henry C. Payne; and Postmaster-General Cortelyou will, we trust, deal with him as he deserves. The incident has no moral except the old one:

> "Clap on a lock, keep watch and ward!
> But who the guards themselves shall guard?"

Unprecedentedly large are the orders being booked for anthracite coal. This is due only in part to the usual spring reduction in price. It is largely ascribed to the fear of another strike in the anthracite mines when the present truce between operators and men expires by limitation. The wise and prudent are foreseeing the evil, and stocking up with coal. The "war-chest policy" in public finance was long ago discarded by all nations except Germany, but the present rush for anthracite presents the picture of a curious revival of an analogous practice in the domain of industry. It yet remains an open question whether the anthracite settlement, or rather the anthracite compromise, effected through Mr. Roosevelt's mediation, will prove of lasting public advantage. Coal at any price is demanded by a shivering public; but the way the resumption of mining coal was secured has left many wary observers shivering even in warm weather, and two years in advance of the winter of 1906-7. It was doubtless possible for miner and operator to decide, at the instance of the chief executive, even though acting in a private capacity, in what proportions they would share the extra price to be imposed on the consumer. But who will go warranty for another easy agreement as to the division of the spoil?

The meaning of Mr. Balfour's decision to withdraw party support from resolutions on the Chamberlain plan was insufficiently brought out in the dispatches. The press reports make the matter clearer. Lord Hugh Cecil, in a remarkable speech, interpreted the action as a complete disclaimer of Chamberlainism, and Mr. Balfour allowed the gloss to stand undisputed. The theory that the Ainsworth motion, condemning duties on manufactures, was non-contentious, Lord Hugh Cecil treated with contempt. He recalled the fact that Cabinet Ministers had been driven out because of their hostility to the Chamberlain plan, and new appointments made with a view to the protectionist propaganda. He regretted that the Government had not maintained neutrality on the issue, and he took Mr. Balfour's flight before the motion as clear evidence that he had at last cast in his lot with the Unionist free-traders. The repudiation of the protectionist programme was, he held, complete. "After to-night," he said, "tariff reform would pass from being a heresy into being a laughing-stock." Mr. Balfour, his cousin explained, "had made it clear that the Conservative party was not a protectionist party, and that it had not been captured by the Tariff Reform League." The conclusion was only too obvious that Mr. Balfour had botched the whole matter of handling the Chamberlain agitation, and was now both deserting his former colleague and running away from the mess he himself had made. When flight is the only purposeful manœuvre a general ever makes, his military repute suffers. And Mr. Balfour, who receives indirect votes of censure every day or two now, will hardly get credit from trying to remedy initial vacillation by ultimate evasion.

One of the infallible signs of spring is the recrudescence of the Macedonian problem. The British Foreign Minister, speaking last week before the Lords, took the ground, first, that European control of the finances of the disturbed provinces is necessary, and that the initiative of reform must still remain with Austria and Russia. To a certain extent the two propositions are contradictory. At the present juncture no effective pressure can well be exerted by Russia, while Austria, too, suffers from internal discord. Any reforms they impose upon the Sultan are likely to prove as ineffective as that reorganization of the gendarmery so ambitiously planned in the Mürsteg convention. In spite of the appointment of a few Christian officers, the misgovernment of the three vilayets continues. One hears already of outrages by the Turkish troops and of reprisals by the revolutionary bands. The Porte has served the usual protest upon Bulgaria for fomenting the revolt across the border. Furthermore, the whole situation has grown much more difficult through the appearance of the Greeks in military guise. Formerly this nationality held its own by guile, and was impartially oppressed by Albanians, Bulgars, and Turks. Now we learn of Grecian partisans fighting against the Bulgar agitators. Thus a new racial complication becomes menacing in a situation already perilously mixed. One cannot share Lord Lansdowne's belief that the various remedial measures have been of any avail, or that there is any promise in further joint action by Russia and Austria. The redemption of the harassed vilayets seems the task of the most disinterested Powers—France and England. England, in particular, cannot evade the moral responsibility she incurred through curtailing Bulgarian territory by the Treaty of Berlin.

What the Kaiser said at Tangier is matter of some dispute, but it may be assumed that he used his characteristic outspokenness. Such, at any rate, was the tone in which Chancellor von Bülow discussed the open door in Morocco. On the same subject a statesman of a more reticent cast, M. Delcassé, made a reassuring utterance before the French Senate on Friday. As if to offset any disquieting effect from what Bülow had said and the Kaiser was sure to say, he declared that France had no territorial ambitions in Morocco, and meant to keep that country open on equal terms to the world's trade. Thus the Kaiser and the French Foreign Minister were almost simultaneously advocating the integrity of the Sultanate and the open door. The anti-German press sees a psychological moment of considerable menace: the Kaiser has taken advantage of the humiliation of France's ally, Russia, to proclaim an aggressive policy in the Mediterranean. But the support of Russia was almost valueless for Mediterranean purposes, while England is a really formidable contingent ally for France as against possible German designs on the Moorish coast. Furthermore, there is no reason to suppose that the German declarations are other than commercial in intent. Bülow is engaged in Mr. Hay's favorite occupation of demanding the open door, but with an unction possible only in a protectionist Minister.

THE DREAD OF DIRECT TAXES.

The taxation muddle at Albany is rather worse than usual this year. In vain do party caucuses, in vain does the Governor, plead for harmony and appeal for new revenue. Formidable objections are offered to every proposed additional tax, and the Legislature seems almost at its wits' end to know how to provide the money to meet the expenses which it has authorized. The surplus cannot be drawn upon indefinitely. Either more money must be put into the Treasury or the horrible alternative be faced of taking less out. Yet the mortgage tax is stoutly resisted, the stock-transfer tax is shown to be unsound, and which way shall the troubled tithingmen at Albany turn? When some hardy spirits ventured to whisper that it might be necessary to return to a direct tax, the suggestion excited acute alarm, and left both the Legislature and the Governor aghast.

The fear of direct taxes is getting to be common in this country. State after State aspires to the proud distinction of being able to say to its citizens: "You have to pay nothing for the expenses of your Government." New Jersey long ago began to make that boast. The cost of her general administration was fully met by corporation taxes. Whether the corporations did not immediately set up as tax collectors, and make the innocent and rejoicing citizens pay without knowing it, was a question which no patriotic Jerseyman would ever ask. "No State taxes" was a taking cry, and Governor Odell was soon raising it in New York. Here, however, the system of purely indirect taxes is breaking down under our eyes. The old ones are not adequate; new ones are almost impossible to find. Yet a kind of blank despair settles down upon the authorities when it is proposed to revert to the sure and simple expedient of a direct tax.

This only shows how far in folly we have travelled; how completely we have been drugged by sophisms about taxation; how entirely forgotten are the sound arguments, both economic and political, in favor of direct taxation. It is too much, no doubt, to ask our busy statesmen at Albany to read Professor Seligman's 'The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation,' but there ought to be some way of giving them simple lessons in the inevitable diffusion of taxes throughout the entire community. Happy-thought legislators suppose they have solved the whole problem by incorporation taxes or franchise taxes or mortgage taxes or stock-transfer taxes. A few, they imagine, will have to pay, and the other lucky dogs will escape. But as well think to exert pressure upon one portion of water in a pail without disturbing the rest. A tax, even when apparently most indirect, is the one of those "good things" which every man displays most unselfish eagerness to "pass on" to his neighbor.

That there is great popular misapprehension about this shifting of taxation is no reason why those who levy taxes should shut their eyes to the facts. Bucolic ignorance, even blissful, ought to be rudely disturbed. The farmer should have it made plain to him that a tax on mortgages, such as his innocent soul rejoices in because he thinks it is a good way to draw the fangs of money-lenders, really reflects itself in the higher rate of interest which he has to pay on every loan. But the political viciousness of indirect taxes is even more glaring than their economic. They are a direct temptation to extravagance. They cover up the truth, and lead credulous citizens to suppose that the Treasury is filled by a species of magic, instead of by draining their own pockets, and hence that wasteful schemes of public expenditure do not much matter, since nobody, except the hated corporations, has to foot the bill. What our indirect system of tariff taxation has done to debauch the political integrity of this country (quite apart from the outright corruption to which protectionists have resorted) is incalculable. All indirect taxes violate that canon of Adam Smith's which age cannot wither: "The tax which each individual is bound to pay ought to be certain. The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear and plain to the contributor and to every other person."

The tax-gatherer is the chief of political schoolmasters. Others intimate or allege waste in carrying on government; he demonstrates it by figures which cannot lie. All the more desirable, is it, therefore, that he be allowed to go as straight as possible to every citizen with his wholesome lessons. He is the great reinforcer of the axioms of political morality. It is easy for theorists to assert, or deny, that war and preparations for it are a crushing economic burden; but there is no refuting the eloquence of the tax bills. They are the great check upon lavish government; they make Presidents and Governors and Congresses and Legislatures think twice before embarking upon grandiose projects. Hence it is of the highest importance, in the public interest, that every man be made to know precisely how much his rulers are taking from his earnings to support the Government. In this light, direct taxes are to be welcomed rather than dreaded. They tend to bring about that clear understanding of the situation which Voltaire expressed by writing that every time an individual applied for a pension or a Government grant of any kind, he really demanded so much money out of the pockets of his neighbors.

We have approved of Governor Higgins for insisting that the Legislature cut its coat according to its cloth; that it first provide money before voting it away. But this is not to approve a frightened clinging to a false system of taxation. Instead of moving heaven and earth to find some fresh and offensive form of indirect taxation, let there be a frank return to direct taxes. They will produce not only funds, but economy; will create not merely revenue, but possibly a political conscience under the ribs of death.

THE MAIN EQUITABLE QUESTION.

The report that James Hazen Hyde tried to shift upon the Equitable Life Assurance Society the cost of his expensive dinner to Ambassador Cambon, cannot be treated with contempt as an idle rumor. The integrity and the judgment by which a great insurance company is managed should be, like the chastity of a woman, above suspicion. This is a matter which involves more than the Equitable. Before the specific charges were made against the vice-president of the Society—the most serious of them, perhaps, openly made by President Alexander himself—the public mind had been inflamed by articles reflecting on the conduct of our great fiduciary institutions. Every fresh rumor and innuendo lends color to the old accusations of recklessness and unfaithfulness, and —if we may judge by press comment and private conversation—unsettle confidence in the insurance business generally. The time has come, then, for making a clean breast of it, for offering such detailed information as to this allegation and others of the kind that no fair-minded man can doubt that the huge funds which represent savings for wife and children are handled with skill and honesty.

There is danger that the real issue in the Equitable controversy be lost sight of in personal and factional squabbles. The latter bulk largest in the newspapers, but are not, we may be sure, the things which weigh most upon the minds of the millions of quiet people throughout the country who do not wish to see the security of their life-insurance policies in any way impaired. They are ready to cry plague upon both Hyde and Alexander, but they want the cloud lifted from a great fiduciary institution and from life-insurance methods in general. Thus the main question far transcends the quarrels between individuals or between interests. It is time that the officials concerned, and their lawyers, lifted their eyes from the ignoble and sordid bickerings upon which they have been too closely fastened, and looked at the large principles involved.

They cannot too soon make up their minds that here is no case for the arts of the compromiser. The thing has gone too far for any form of smug adjustment, with half the truth kept back. It was really so from the beginning. The president of the Equitable had said that

the vice-president was a reckless incompetent. The vice-president had replied that the president was a disloyal and selfish intriguer. How could an honorable truce be possibly patched up between the two? Of what earthly avail could Senator Depew's rose-water be in such a situation? High finance rivals politics in making strange bedfellows, but it was utterly impossible that one pair of blankets could again cover Alexander and Hyde. Even if they had agreed to embrace and be friends, and to say that their severe accusations against each other were intended to be compliments, the matter could not have rested there. Nor could it if the cliques within the directorate had composed their differences and announced that all was for the best in the best possible of companies. A vaster interest was involved, and its just demands had to be satisfied before there could be real peace.

What we mean, of course, is the interest of the 600,000 policy-holders of the Equitable, and of the ten times that number insured in other companies. Insurance officials are important, in their way, and their bitter disputes make good gossip, but, after all, it is the great body of plain folk, anxious to make provision for old age and death by insuring their lives, who are the chief parties in interest. Their confidence has been rudely shaken by the Equitable disclosures, recriminations, antagonisms, and dark hints of blacker mysteries all the while lying behind. Unless their doubts and fears can be dispelled, the effect upon the insurance business of all companies threatens to be disastrous. People will think twice before taking out policies, or even paying premiums on old ones. Why sink money in swelling a surplus which unscrupulous financiers are fighting over for speculative purposes? Such questions may be foolish; but they are in the minds, if not on the lips, of thousands, and to answer them is the instant duty of those who care for the stability and safe ongoing of the insurance business of the whole country more than for rows between scheming officers and struggling factions.

The first step should be full, free, and *public* investigation of the Equitable's affairs. It is of no importance whether Mr. Hyde "demands" this or not; the public good demands it. And the work must be thorough and above-board. Superintendent Hendricks ought to understand that he, too, has something at stake in this business. That the Equitable officials should have been allowed to go on as they have, is of itself a reflection upon his department and the thoroughness of its inspection. This time there must be no half-way probings, no blinds, no concealments. If there are, the Legislature should go over the Superintendent's head and throw open the doors with its own hand. To let in the light is the urgent thing. The accounts should be laid open and analyzed, every suspicious entry run down to the last item and voucher. No hidden scandal, if there be one, can be half so bad dragged to the day as left in the shadow. We want to know the exact truth, whether it be consoling or not. To attempt to cover up anything will only make the public believe that things are worse than they really may be. A clean breast of everything is now the only recourse.

The true point of view is that of complete detachment from the wretched personal controversies involved. It is of no consequence whether Hyde be less black than he paints himself, or Alexander be more pure than he claims, compared with the question whether life insurance is to be able to recover from the enormous injury already done it. Perfect fearlessness in investigation and entire frankness in making the facts public are the remedies for which the situation cries out. We want to discover where we stand. Every insured man is eager to know what his true security is. And for any official of the Equitable, or of any other company, to put a single straw in the path of a complete investigation, would be to heap folly upon scandal.

THE FRENCH AND THE ITALIANS IN NORTH AFRICA.

No phenomenon of our time is of more significance for the future than the simultaneous outflow of nearly all the civilized European peoples into new countries. We are familiar with the features, though we can but dimly foresee the results, of the immigration which has for the last seventy years been pouring itself, and latterly in a more and more turbid flood, into the North American Continent. But the same process is going on in other parts of the world. Italians and Germans are filling up the vast spaces of Argentina, Uruguay, and Southern Brazil. The English are still entering New Zealand. Russians have been spreading out over Siberia. German settlers establish themselves here and there in Syria; and it is believed that if and when, upon the break-up of Austria, the German Empire obtains possession of Trieste, a systematic attempt will be made to colonize Asia Minor. In all the European peoples but one, the population tends to increase, so that there is a surplus for emigration—a surplus which is greater or less according to the fertility of marriages and according to the economic conditions at home, for the less favorable these are, so much the larger is the outflow of emigration. The one stationary population is that of France. Her census returns show a very slight decennial increase; but this is due to a small immigration, chiefly of Italians. Were she left to herself—*i. e.*, did emigrants and immigrants exactly balance one another—there would probably be a slight decline.

This fact is a serious one for France in more than one aspect. Its military significance and its economic significance are obvious. It has, however, another bearing also. France resumed in the nineteenth century her old policy of colonization; and she has now acquired enormous non-European territories in equatorial Africa and in southeastern Asia. These are regions too hot to permit of settlement by white men, so the administration and exploitation of them will impose no serious drain upon old France; but she has also annexed Algeria, which has become legally a part of the Republic, returning members to the Legislature, and she has virtually annexed Tunisia, though the nominal sovereignty of the Bey is suffered to exist and the French Resident rules in the Bey's name. Now, Algeria and Tunisia, though hot, are temperate regions, where the Frenchman of the south could work in the open air as well as at in-door handicrafts, and where, therefore, a French population might grow up and ultimately fill the country. Both regions have plenty of good land; and Tunisia in particular, which was once the granary of the Roman Empire, might again produce enormous crops of cereals and olives. Most of it now lies waste, roved over by pastoral nomads. France, however, has not got the men to send out into these new dominions. Even the prospect of good land to be had cheaper than at home does not attract the sons of her unenterprising peasantry. Italy, on the other hand, has a surplus population. It is willing to emigrate, because it is ill off at home, and particularly in the south of the peninsula and in Sicily. So there has been for many years past a considerable influx into North Africa of Italian settlers. Most of them come from Sicily, which is only some ninety-five miles from the nearest point of the African coast; and though a certain number return, many more remain.

When France used a flimsy pretext to enter Tunis and set up a protectorate there in 1882, the Italians were much annoyed. They had looked upon the country as destined one day to be theirs. It lay near; its government was weak; it was thinly peopled, with plenty of room for their emigrants. It had been one of the earliest conquests of Rome, so that they felt as if they possessed some sort of historic right to it. Nevertheless, France seized it before they could attempt to stop her, even had they been strong enough to do so. They have tried to console themselves with hopes of eventually laying hands upon Tripoli, but as that is a less attractive, because a far more arid, region, the thought of Tunis has not entirely vanished. France knows that the Italians entertain this feeling, and, as they con-

tinue to pour into Tunis while Frenchmen do not, France is uneasy, and her publicists have been much occupied with discussing the proper policy to pursue.

A book recently published by M. Gaston Loth, professor at the French Lycée of Tunis, deals in a broad and intelligent manner with the subject, and opens up some questions of general political interest. He estimates the total population of Tunisia (all the figures are uncertain) at about 1,800,000 Musulmans and Jews (the Jews largely in the capital, and notable by their commercial activity rather than by their numbers), and 130,000 Europeans. Of these last there may be nearly 20,000 French, 80,000 to 90,000 Italians, and about 12,000 Maltese. Thus the Italians are fully four times as numerous as the French. (The Spaniards, a large element in Western Algeria, are comparatively few in Tunisia.) The Italians are nearly all poor people, field workers or artisans, wage-earners of the humbler sort. Three-fourths of them come from Sicily, the brief passage costing only about a dollar. The conditions of life for the Sicilian peasantry are so wretched that it is natural they should emigrate to a place where wages are rather higher and work is more abundant. Indeed, any one who sees how full of idle people are the impoverished towns of inland Sicily, such as Castrogiovanni, for instance, perched high on its rocky hill, with apparently no occupation for most of the inhabitants, may well wonder, not that so many quit the island, but that so many remain. There are in Algeria, according to M. Loth, about 40,000 Italians, but *there* they are in the presence of a French population nearly ten times larger (about 370,000); and as they do not form a compact block, they tend to become Gallicized, and, after a generation or two, are practically Frenchmen. In Algeria, therefore, neither the Spanish nor the much smaller Italian element gives concern to the French Republic. What troubles she may fear in Algeria will come from the Muslim natives of the interior. But in Tunis the prospect is more clouded. Should the Italian population go on increasing till it is six or seven or eight times the size of the French, which increases very little, and should the Italians retain their language and their sense of separation —and they may retain it all the more the larger their numbers become—the French Administration may find itself isolated in the midst not only of unfriendly Muslims, but of a civilized European race attached to the government of its own Motherland.

What, then, is the proper course for France to follow? This is the question which M. Loth discusses—a question not unlike that which faced the Transvaal Boers when they found the English streaming into their country after the discovery of the gold mines in 1885. France cannot well stop the Italian immigration, for not only would this be difficult and have a timorous air, but it would retard the development of Tunisia, which wants labor and could dispense with the Italians no more than Hawaii could dispense with her Portuguese and Japanese. Some French writers have raised an alarm, and have advocated a policy of suspicion, which should refuse naturalization to the immigrants, should suppress their organizations, should even perhaps try to get rid of their schools. M. Loth advises a different course, and one which will appear wiser to American eyes. He points out that the immigrants are ignorant people, with no strong national feeling for Italy, and that repressive measures might tend to create one. They have shown no disposition to embarrass the administration. Many have learned to speak French, the landowners and heads of industrial concerns being mostly Frenchmen. Naturalization *en bloc* is deemed dangerous, while even the automatic naturalization, as in Algeria, of children born in the country seems to him risky in face of the much greater number of Italians in Tunis than in Algeria. Accordingly, he holds that, while nothing should be done to interfere with their existing associations, which have had no political character, the Italians should be induced to apply individually for naturalization as French citizens, and that the process should be made cheap and easy. He suggests that three kinds of naturalization might be distinguished, the lowest carrying only private civil rights, the second to be granted to the sons of immigrants, carrying political rights also; the third, to be reserved for the grandsons of imgrants, to confer the right of eligibility to all public offices.

To make these three bites at the cherry seems fantastic, but the idea of facilitating naturalization is unquestionably right. The gift is more likely to turn the Italian into a Frenchman than to suggest to him a means of aggression against France. But, in M. Loth's view, the supreme remedy is to induce more Frenchmen to settle in Tunisia. He enumerates various schemes proposed for this purpose—free land grants, the creation of a public-works fund and offer of employment, loans to intending French immigrants, and so forth. But, unluckily, none of these seems likely to overcome the rooted unwillingness of the humbler classes in France to seek "terras alio sub sole jacentes." That very attachment to French surroundings and French ways of life which is so firm a buttress of French patriotism, keeps the Frenchman at home. Moreover, there is no surplus population to provide emigrants. It is therefore possible that Tunisia may, after all, become virtually an Italian country, for the native Mohammedan population shows no signs of asserting itself against European influences. When land grows scarcer in the world and food grows dearer, the fertile plains of North Africa, including, in the more distant future, even savage Morocco, will again be filled with an industrious population, and that population will be Europeanized. So much, natural laws will ensure; and the presence of millions of civilized men to the south of the Mediterranean, where there are now only a few hundred thousand, will be an important factor in history. But whether these millions will speak French or Italian, and whether the political strength and assimilative power of France will overcome the numerical preponderance of Italians in these rich territories, so prosperous under Carthage and afterwards under Rome—that is a question on which it will be time enough to speculate thirty or forty years hence.

THE ROWFANT BOOKS.

The capture of practically the whole of the famous Rowfant library by an enterprising American bibliopole is both a fact and a parable. The fact is that the collection on which Frederick Locker-Lampson spent so much time and money has been taken over in a lump; and the very incident serves as an apologue to show all men that in first editions as well as in pork our transactions are quick and wholesale. We can have no quarrel with the merchant who has added these rarities to his stock; he is bound to take the point of view of commerce. We feel less anger than sorrow for the millionaire who will jump at this bargain and keep the library intact. He would exhibit more than human fortitude if he let slip this chance to fill at a stroke five hundred gaps in his own collection. Nevertheless, he will miss the infinite exhilaration of five hundred separate triumphs of the chase; and he will deprive all his rivals of the thrill of following the trail with him. He will be like a man who swallows at a gulp a glass of some patiently compounded monastic cordial which he should have sipped for half an hour. If it be possible to disturb the serenity of souls in Paradise, the shade of Frederick Locker-Lampson cannot now be wholly happy, for he would doubtless have desired, with Edmond de Goncourt, that his books should be sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquisition of each had given to him, might be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of his own tastes.

The transfer of many of the books to America was a thing which the original collector himself foresaw. In that witty volume of autobiography, 'My Confidences,' he says sadly, "Our most important possessions are gradually leaving the country, whether it be in the shape of a Rubens, a Botticelli, a choice

Caxton, or a unique Shakspere quarto. They find a home in Paris or Berlin or Chicago." The new owner of the Rowfant treasures, whether he be in Chicago or New York, will, we trust, re-read 'My Confidences,' that he may both fortify himself in the faith and help to spread through this land of dollars the gospel of the true collector; for the poems by Dobson and Lang and the other praises of the Rowfant books were tributes to the spirit in which Locker-Lampson went about his undertaking, or, as he terms it, his "amiable madness."

He was born and bred to a liking for art and literature. He began modestly by picking up "ancient furniture, Louis-Seize gimcracks, china, and curiosities; also a few pieces of old silver." This curio-hunting brought him into communication with all sorts of people of kindred mind—for instance, "a divine who had a taste for the halters with which the more notorious malefactors had been hanged." Locker-Lampson did not fly so high; but he turned naturally from curios to poetry. "I seem nearer to Shakspere," he writes, "when I have his volume of 'Sonnets' (edition 1609) open before me." He was blessed with a little money, abounding energy, kind friends, and lucky chances. Thus step by step he was drawn into the pursuit of old books —"little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610." He haunted the second-hand bookshops in the by-streets of London. "I studied the catalogues," he confesses, "giving out my heart in usury to such pastime. I was often unsuccessful; at other times my success was qualified, for I had to pay ruinous prices. But sometimes I have been lucky, and these shabby-looking little fellows now form a limited but curiously rare and highly interesting library of imaginative literature—a dukedom large enough for poor me."

Like all who are sealed of his tribe, he found collecting "a perennial joy" in spite of the frequency with which he was "pierced by despair." He met the most delightful people; he had amusing adventures, and exciting trials of wit with wily dealers. Two anecdotes of the many he relates are enough for the present. He returned to Bedford, the great binder, a volume that did not shut properly; it gaped. To the protest against this grievous defect, Bedford's only defence was, "Why, bless me, sir, you've been *reading* it!" "The collector," continues Locker-Lampson, "seldom condescends to become a student. I had not been reading it, and I told him so; but I understood the reasonableness of his reproach." And then there was the case of Anthony Horneck, "an elderly clergyman who must have been mature in dulness from his tenderest years." This man secured at a wonderful bargain a beautiful specimen of the Pynson Press, 1510. Discovering that it was infested with worms, the clergyman took the prompt and effectual measure of burying the book in his garden—forever.

The pleasure of buying with discrimination was also Locker-Lampson's. Ample as were his means after his second marriage, he remained too shrewd to plunge recklessly. The narrowing of the market and steady rise in prices were a genuine grief to him. "What I once could secure for five pounds," he notes, "now costs five-and-twenty. Moreover, such books are rarely to be met with; so I am abandoning this pursuit also." He had, as years passed, the solid satisfaction of seeing his hoard increase in value. The knowledge that he was richer day by day was something; but nothing in comparison to the conviction—confirmed by all witnesses—that in an enterprise which demands unusual taste, skill, and judgment, he had come off brilliantly.

These are the delights of which your millionaire often deliberately robs himself. To send an auctioneer or bookseller a *carte blanche* order for first editions or Americana, to be rich enough to buy whatever attracts one's fancy, regardless of cost, must become very monotonous after a few years. When one is seldom pierced by despair over the loss of a bargain, one can easily become bored by constant strokes of good fortune. Malmsey is no better than water if you must drown in it. But it is useless to labor the point. Even from our brief notes of Locker-Lampson's career, a man of discernment may easily extract the whole philosophy of collecting, which is, in one aspect, the philosophy of living—to leave something to do and to enjoy to-morrow. The masters of the art have been those "whose motto evermore is *Spes*."

THE SITUATION IN MANTCHURIA.

OBERLIN, O., March 28, 1905.

There lies before me the tracing of a portion of the great Russo-Chinese map of Mantchuria, which I used four years ago to direct my journey from Tieling to Harbin, a distance of 300 miles, along the line that is now being pursued by the retreating Russian army. It is, I suppose, the same map which is used by the strategists of both armies in the field and by the central Governments of both Russia and Japan. Familiarity with this map and with the physical features embodied in it would be of great advantage to those who prepare the headlines for the war news in our daily journals—that is, if they cared to convey a correct impression to their readers. But that they are not anxious to do this is evident from a comparison of the "scareheads" with the printed text to which they usually call attention. An explanation of the character of the uniform announcements of Japanese victories, both actual and prospective, was given to me a short time ago by the editor of one of our leading dailies, who frankly said that such announcements were demanded by his readers, and he produced a letter just received from a disaffected subscriber, stopping his paper because it had not announced Japanese victories enough.

A candid and careful study of what has been accomplished by the Japanese, and what remains to be accomplished before their aspirations are realized, will lead to conclusions by no means so favorable to the Japanese as those which are popularly entertained in America. The truth is that the victories of Japan have been dearly bought, so that the strain upon her resources is approaching the limit of endurance. The Japanese are past masters in the art of concealing their losses and of exercising censorship over the correspondents, but there are many indications that the conscription is far from popular in Japan, while some of the bold attacks upon impregnable positions have been made by soldiers who had bayonets behind them as well as before them.

The financial strain is indicated by the fact that even this last loan which is being sold in this country, can be floated only by pledging the income from the tobacco monopoly of the Empire. At the same time a circular was issued a few weeks ago throughout this country, signed by a formidable list of eminent humanitarians and friends of Japan, soliciting contributions to relieve the distress among the people caused by the war. This circular asserts, on the best of authority, that 2,000 families in the city of Sendai, which is by no means one of the largest, are on the verge of starvation.

The facts, also, concerning the irreparable losses inflicted upon the Japanese fleet are far from reassuring. The fleet is less than it was a year ago by two first-class battleships, three and probably four cruisers, two gunboats, and sixteen destroyers and torpedo-boats. Through these losses (for a long time concealed from the outside world) its efficiency is reduced fully one-third. It is idle to suppose that these considerations are not weighing heavily upon the minds of the Japanese statesmen who are girding themselves for the struggle that is still before them, so that nothing but the immense interests at stake could induce them to run the risk of another campaign. But these interests are so immense, and stretch so far into the future, that, in the presence of existing conditions, we cannot expect the nation to pause and propose terms of peace at all favorable to the Russians.

So far as the prospects of immediate peace are concerned, the Russian situation is equally unpromising. The English and American public is mistaken in supposing that the war is not popular in Russia. From all indications, it is as popular as was the war of the Northern States against the Confederacy, and for much the same reason. In this case, as in that, a far-reaching principle, to which the people are strongly attached, is at stake. The North fought for the Union. The States of the Northwest fought that the traffic of the Mississippi River might forever flow unfettered to the sea. We little realize with what passionate devotion the Russian people cherish the idea that their great country is to have unobstructed access to the Pacific Ocean. This aspiration has all along been more ardently cherished by the people than it has been by the Government. For two hundred years a

large emigration of peasants has flowed from European Russia into the fertile region at the head of the Amur River east of Lake Baikal; and during the last fifty years a still larger emigration has flowed into the valley of the lower Amur and of the Ussuri River. Muravieff fifty years ago, and Alexieff at the present time, representing the interests of the people of that region, have been far more aggressive in securing Russian interests upon the Pacific Ocean than the home Government has been. This emigration of some 8,000,000 of people into Siberia has both given expression to, and kept alive, the loyalty of the mass of the Russian population to the general policy of the Government.

Nor is the Russian Government regarded by the masses of the Russian people with that aversion which is represented in the English and American press at the present time. The strength of the longings of the Slavic race for unity can be appreciated only by mingling with the people in the country districts or with the soldiers engaged in their country's defence. The Russian people have not forgotten, and cannot easily forget, the long centuries during which they were enslaved by Tartar hordes because of the petty jealousies of the numerous republics into which their own country was divided. With unerring instinct the people shrink, as from destruction itself, from a disintegration which would again expose them to successful attack from outside forces. United they may stand, divided they must fall. No other sorrow like that could come to the great Russian heart. It is the experience of those who have had most contact with the Russian army, that it is loyal to the core, and that it is animated by a clear conception of the ideal ends for which Russia is fighting in the East. They are not fighting for foreign colonies, but for a compact empire which would maintain its position upon the Pacific Ocean for the good of the large population already upon its borders, and for that of the untold millions of Slavs who are longing to escape from the crowded conditions in the older portions of the country to find scope for development in the Far East. Russia, therefore, is not likely to conclude a peace such as Japan would at present propose, without risking another Titanic struggle for the sake of maintaining her honor and the very integrity of her empire. She might give up Mantchuria if Japan would be content with that. But will Japan be content with that? Probably not.

But, from a military point of view, the situation is not so desperate as the headlines of our papers would lead us to suppose. For, in the deteriorated condition of the Japanese fleet, the presence of a still larger Russian fleet, with all its possibilities, even though 2,000 miles away, will keep a large portion of the Japanese cruisers and men-of-war a good way from home, to watch the movements of the Russian admiral, while her own commerce will be more and more jeoparded as the season shall advance. From the headlines one would suppose that it was a holiday task for the Japanese to move from Tieling to Harbin and surround the Russian army; but the distance is 300 miles in a direct line, and it will take many weeks for the Japanese to establish a base in the interior from which they can safely advance long distances inland. In following the Russians, they find their way obstructed by the destruction of all bridges, so that, to make any use of the railroad, it must be practically built anew, and provided with rolling-stock. On the east, towards Kirin, the Russians are protected by a vast mountain system, which makes approach impossible except along the very line of the Russian retreat. On the west, where small Japanese flanking movements are being made, the country grows more and more inhospitable toward the north, and the railroad connecting Harbin with Siberia is 500 miles distant, being 200 miles beyond the Nomi River. The Japanese will find it impossible to make any strong effective flanking movement on the west without attenuating their line of communication so much as to make such a movement extremely perilous.

It should be noted, also, that Harbin is not wholly dependent upon the railroad. A great fleet of steamers plies upon the Amur and Sungari Rivers, which will be employed this coming season to its utmost capacity. Hundreds of barges, loaded with soldiers and military supplies, will float down the Amur River, when navigation is opened, and their contents be distributed to Harbin and Vladivostok as occasion may require; so that, even if the Japanese should turn their attention to isolating Vladivostok by advancing from Possiet Bay, they will have two campaigns on hand, as they had during the siege of Port Arthur, with this disadvantage: that Vladivostok is reached by two railroads, and would not suffer greatly if the road to Harbin through a mountainous country were intercepted. Furthermore, the Japanese have against them during this coming campaign the intolerable condition of the roads over which they must haul their supplies for 300 or 400 miles.

With such conditions favoring them, Russian statesmen will probably not be in haste to conclude peace. It is doubtful if the time has come for that true compromise which shall properly respect the interests of both countries upon the Pacific. Japan is pretty sure to make another supreme effort to humiliate the Russian army, while the Russian army has so many chances in its favor that it cannot afford to confess itself defeated until it has pressed its present advantages to the utmost.

Something, however, should also be said respecting the internal commotions in Russia. In the midst of the conflicting reports we are inclined to forget several things. In the first place, the strikes in Russia have seemed to be shorter-lived than those which we have had in our own country in times of financial depression. We seem to have forgotten the slaughter of miners a few years ago in the anthracite region, the burning of the railroad buildings in Pittsburgh, the vigorous use of United States troops in Chicago, and the reign of terror in the anthracite region again two years ago, and that in Colorado a year ago. We seem also to have forgotten the extent of the opposition to the war which showed itself in the riots in New York city in 1863, when Governor Seymour parleyed with the rioters until extreme measures had to be used, and more than 300 were shot down in the streets of New York, and more than 1,000 wounded; when Governor Andrew's first reply to the rioters who advanced upon the armory in Boston was a volley of grape-shot, which mowed down an unknown number of victims; when, in Ohio, fortified positions were established in the centre of the State by men who were determined to resist the draft; and, again, in 1864, when such prominent men as Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio and H. Winter Davis of Maryland, with a large following, were, from grievances of their own, violently assailing Lincoln's policy, and Generals Cochran and Frémont, with another large following, were heading a political campaign against him, and Horace Greeley was coquetting with the Confederate Government to bring peace at almost any price, and the platform of the great Democratic party was declaring the war a failure.

With such memories to confront us, we may well be modest in forming offhand judgments about the real sentiment of the Russian people with regard to the close of the present war. Russia is a great country, and if one will notice the sections from which the reports of disturbances come, he will see that these are relatively very limited in extent, and that for the most part they are brought about by conditions which are of local character. Propositions of peace from Japan unusually generous in tone might possibly meet with acquiescence, but, under existing conditions, propositions looking to the entire frustration of Russia's plans for the development of her empire upon the Pacific will be sure to unite the Russian people for the continuance of the war, just as similar unreasonable propositions from the Confederacy solidified the North and encouraged it to carry on the struggle to the end.

G. Frederick Wright.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Dublin, March 23, 1905.

The fall, resignation, or dismissal, as it is variously described, of Chief Secretary Wyndham is a principal topic of political interest in both England and Ireland. When taking office, Mr. Wyndham invited the aid and coöperation of Sir Antony MacDonnell, an Irishman, a Catholic, and, if not a Home Ruler, at least a strong Liberal, with sympathetic opinions for Ireland and an earnest desire to do what he could for his native country. MacDonnell had held several important governorships in India, and had refused the governorship of Bombay with a salary of £10,000 to take the undersecretaryship in Ireland, on the express terms that he was to have a free hand, and to be a colleague rather than a subordinate of the Chief Secretary. Reform of the land system, of education, of taxation, of the administrative and unrepresentative boards through which Ireland is governed, were the subjects to which he was to address his mind. With the knowledge and assent of both the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, MacDonnell conferred with the representatives of the landlords, the Catholic bishops, the obstructive Orange faction, the Nationalists—in fact, with all whose advice or opposition was likely to help or hinder reform. Prime Minister Balfour had been an assenter to the terms of MacDonnell's appointment and cognizant of his actions; but when MacDonnell's conduct was questioned in Parliament, both Prime Minister and Chief Secretary first denied, then

equivocated, and finally said that they and the whole Cabinet had censured MacDonnell for his indefensible conduct.

"You may as well tell the truth before it is dragged out of you," said John Redmond at an early stage in these debates, and finally it was told and confirmed by a frank letter from the Lord Lieutenant. The Chief Secretary resigned, and has been absent from Parliament, seriously ill from derangement of his nerves, but the Cabinet censure of MacDonnell has not been withdrawn or explained. The Prime Minister, daily heckled in Parliament as to MacDonnell's present position and powers, continues to shuffle, or refuses to answer plain questions. The irreconcilable Ulster Orange faction, headed by Lord Londonderry, still call for MacDonnell's dismissal. In their eyes it is intolerable that a Catholic and a man suspected of Nationalist sympathies should hold an important post in the Irish administration. Many members of the official hierarchy would like to see MacDonnell ousted on any grounds. He is a determined, in fact an obstinate, man, and one of his duties was to have been coördination and reform of the many boards through which England governs Ireland. In India, MacDonnell is said to have been unpopular with many of his subordinates, for the very sufficient reason that he expected them to do the work they were paid for. If he applies such a principle to Irish officials, abolishes sinecures, and can get competency made a reason for official appointments, instead of having a "pull" at the Castle, he will have an army of place-holders and hunters against him.

With the best intentions it would be impossible for any one in MacDonnell's position to introduce efficiency into and effect any real economies in the present extravagant system of government in Ireland. There can be no real economy in administration until the people of Ireland have the raising and expenditure of taxes under their own control. At present, no one wants economy, because, if money is saved in one direction, it is misspent in another. The revenue raised in Ireland goes into the English Exchequer, and funds expressly assigned for approved and useful purposes have been and are continually diverted from such purposes to other and objectionable ones in spite of the protests of the Irish members. As the money for Irish purposes, good or bad, useful or useless, is voted in Parliament at Westminster, English people generally, and some Irish, think every grant to Ireland is a gift to Ireland, an act of generosity; this, in spite of the report of the Royal Commission on the financial relations of England and Ireland that Ireland was contributing to the English Exchequer three millions sterling a year more than her fair and just proportion. Since that report was made in 1894, the excess of Ireland's contribution to the Imperial Exchequer has risen from three to five millions sterling. Every interest and industry in the country is neglected, education is starved, drainage, piers, harbors, transit facilities are neglected. Every national want and grievance is freely admitted by the English statesmen who rule us, but the stereotyped reply is, there is no money.

In finance, all that is asked by Irishmen is that, subject to a fair contribution to really imperial purposes, Ireland shall have the spending of her own revenue, which is now wasted in the most extravagant administration in Europe. Chief Secretaries may come or go, but the methods of Government remain unchanged. The Prime Minister has declared that it would be contrary to all principles of Unionism that the Irish people should have the management of their own affairs. He echoed the behests of a dozen Orange representatives, five of them being placeholders under the Government, and the remainder expectants of place, whose voices prevail over those of the eighty Nationalist members. Unofficial and unexpectant Unionists openly avow their approval of the Irish amendment to the address moved by John Redmond. This declared "that the present system of government in Ireland is in opposition to the will of the Irish people, gives them no voice in the management of their own affairs, is ineffective and extravagantly costly, does not enjoy the confidence of any section of the population, and is productive of universal discontent and unrest; and that it has proved to be incapable of satisfactorily promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people."

Ireland is not really governed by the Chief Secretaries and Lord Lieutenants, who are mere birds of passage. Before they understand their environment, they return to their own country. During their short terms of office they are in the hands and under the influence of a small and noisy faction calling themselves "loyalists," and of the permanent officials mainly recruited from that faction. To these it is intolerable that the post of permanent under-secretary should be held by a Catholic, a suspected Home Ruler, and a man who has the reputation of being an opponent of jobbery. One of the charges made against Sir Antony MacDonnell is that, in the matter of public appointments, he is likely to favor the Catholics. No act of the kind can be alleged against him, unless it be the appointment of Mr. Finucane, one of the three Estates' Commissioners. Mr. Finucane was a distinguished Indian administrator, a well-known authority on Indian land tenures, and, like Sir Antony, gave up brilliant prospects in India to take a comparatively inferior post in Ireland. He is not likely to become what is known in Ireland as a "tame Catholic."

It is the rule in India that, in making native official appointments, regard shall be had to the religion of the inhabitants. If a Mahommedan is appointed in a Hindu district, the person making such an appointment must give his reasons for the choice, and, similarly, if a Hindu official is appointed in a Mahommedan district. How is it in this respect in Ireland, where the Catholics constitute 74 per cent. of the population? The Lord Lieutenant must by law be a Protestant. There has never been a Catholic Chief Secretary. Of 60 privy councillors, 4 are Catholics; of 13 judges, 3 are Catholics; of 21 county court judges, 7 are Catholics; of 65 paid magistrates, 15 are Catholics; the head of the police is a Protestant, and out of 36 police county inspectors, 1 is a Catholic; of 170 district inspectors, 10 are Catholics. Out of 17 commissioners of national education, 5 are Catholics; of 60 land subcommissioners, 11 are Catholics. The same proportion prevails through all the better-paid appointments. In my (non-Catholic) opinion, Catholics do not sufficiently resent this very evident discrimination against their co-religionists, and the question is seldom raised except when the Ascendancy faction protest against Catholic appointments, as in MacDonnell's case.

Mr. Wyndham's resignation is to be regretted mainly because, being the minister responsible for the Land Act of 1903, he was interested in its successful operation. He was master of the art of evading awkward questions, and persistently refused to give information except when it suited him; but his successor has now the excuse to allege that he is not responsible for the Land Act or the expectations held out by the late Chief Secretary. Irish members of Parliament are entitled to know how the revenue of the country is spent, but the policy of the Irish Government is to disclose as little as they can, or to defer necessary disclosures until the information is useless for the purposes of Parliamentary criticism. The Land Act provides that the commissioners administering it are to act under the general instructions of the Lord Lieutenant—in reality of the Chief Secretary and the law officers of the Crown. It is well known that instructions have been given from time to time in the shape of opinions by the law officers on disputable points, and direct injunctions from the Chief Secretary, who promised, when passing the act, that all such instructions should be laid before Parliament. After much evasion and equivocation it has at last been admitted that instructions have been given to the Estates Commissioners, but, on the feeble plea that the instructions were "informal," Government has refused to make them public. It promises to do so when reduced to a "formal" shape—that is, when they have revised them to suit their purpose, and when too late to be used by the Irish members who have one day only in the session for the discussion and criticism of the Land Commission vote, and that day is already past. A very undue proportion of precious Parliamentary time is spent in questions being asked by Irish members, who have no other means of ascertaining what the Government is doing with the Irish revenue, for the proper expenditure of which the Irish members are, after the Government, responsible to their constituents. But evasion, equivocation, and refusal to answer or give information to which the public is reasonably entitled have become more and more common under the Balfour and Wyndham régime.

In the absence of official information, it is believed, and is probably the case, that sales between landlords and tenants have been agreed on to the value of not less than twelve millions sterling in the last two years; but the money to complete these sales—that is, the advances on loan to the tenants repayable in sixty years—has not yet been provided by the Treasury, and the result is that sales only to the amount of four or five millions have been completed. Naturally, buyers and sellers are annoyed at and inconvenienced by the delay. Others are reluctant to enter into agreements whose fulfilment must be a matter of uncertainty. The financial clauses of the Land Act were intended to enhance prices in these sales, and have been in this respect even more successful than was anticipated. The money is raised by Government at 3, and is lent at 2¾ per cent., the loss being cast on

the Irish taxpayers, who have also to provide a bonus of 12 per cent. on all purchase moneys. Sellers not only ask and get higher prices than have ever been prevalent, but in many cases compel acceptance of their terms by threats of eviction or proceedings to recover long-accrued arrears of rent. The term over which repayment is spread, sixty-nine to seventy years, is so long that buyers cannot feel the stimulus of ownership that they had under the earlier purchase acts; and where the prices are abnormally high, the ability to repay and the security for the loans are doubtful.

This year, in the poorer parts of the west and south, acute distress prevails, owing to failure of potato and corn crops last season. Harrying such tenants by eviction and processes for rent leaves them without stock and capital to work their farms; and in succeeding seasons, even if good, but little can be made out of the land in the circumstances of the periodical raids for rents which in the best of seasons can barely be realized from these poor farms.

No Irish reforms can be expected from the present Government, which is now like a tottering wall and a broken hedge. If the Liberals come in with a large majority independent of the Irish vote, and a radical Cabinet is formed, Irish reform may be crowded out by the pressure for English legislation. If the majority is dependent for office on the Irish vote, the House of Lords has to be reckoned with. Meanwhile, there is a growing conviction among all classes that the methods of government in Ireland are profoundly inefficient and unsatisfactory. George Jacob Holyoake expressed what is now felt by many Englishmen when, writing of his visit to New York in 1882, he said:

"Then I realized the fatuity of the anti-Irish policy which drives the ablest Irishmen into exile, and maintains a body of unappeasable enemies of England wherever they go. Then I saw what crazy statesmanship it was in the English to deny self-government to the Irish people, and spend ten millions a year to prevent them taking care of themselves."

AN IRISHMAN.

Correspondence.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of "Harvard A.B." should be read with an understanding of the history of the situation. Thirty years ago President Eliot tried to obtain a union of the University and the Institute of Technology, when William Barton Rogers, the founder, was its president. A similar attempt met with a similar rejection during the administration of General Walker. Technology men are strongly persuaded that the real initiative came from the same direction in the present effort for a merger. Last summer nine-tenths of the faculty of the Institute were opposed to a union. A larger proportion of the Technology alumni were outspoken in opposition to the negotiations. They believe a great factor in any success it has attained during its forty years of poverty is that independence from the control of a body of scholarly, well-meaning gentlemen whose point of view is from the old as opposed to the "New Education." The Institute was founded with a high ideal. Its faculty and alumni believe that ideal and spirit worth more than the McKay millions. Five years ago the present president came to the school a stranger. A "Harvard Instructor" writes to the Boston *Herald* that under no conditions would he serve under such an exponent of "educational hustle." The activities of an expert politician of the McKinley school are no more harmonious with that spirit of earnest devotion to duty and laborious persistence after truth which has been the practice and become the tradition of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

TECHNOLOGY S. B.

BOSTON, April 1, 1905.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 34 of a pamphlet entitled 'Proposed International Phonetic Conference' and issued by the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, there is a reference to the report of "The Joint Committee on a Phonetic English Alphabet." It is this: "The report of the committee, in the preparation of which Prof. Hempl is said to have 'pulled the stroke oar,' appeared on September 1, 1904."

I feel it my duty to disclaim the honor implied. Had the statement been made as to Professor Calvin Thomas, it would have been correct. The report owes far more to him than to any other one man. At the time that it was being prepared, I was so situated that I could devote far less time and attention to the matter than it deserved.

GEORGE HEMPL.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, March 27, 1905.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your very interesting and suggestive review of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's new edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole, the following passage seems somewhat open to question:

"We hear from himself [Walpole] of an equally regrettable loss: 'On Mr. Chute's death his executor sent me a bundle of letters he had kept of mine for above thirty years. I took the trouble to read them over, and I bless my stars that they were as silly, insipid things as ever I don't desire to see again.' He must have destroyed them, for the two or three letters to Chute that exist in his correspondence belong to a much later period."

The first four volumes of Mrs. Paget-Toynbee's edition—all that I have access to at present—contain *eighteen* letters to Chute, of which the first was written in 1743, thirty-two years before Chute's death, the second in 1749, and all before 1760. Naturally, this does not disprove the statement of your reviewer; but it seems to me to throw some doubt upon it.

The interest of the point lies in the fact that it was so exactly like Walpole to decry his letters—and then keep them. We must not forget that this was the man, or the boy, who, when he was eighteen years old, wrote to Montagu: "You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters; *I desire you would keep mine.*"

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., March 28, 1905.

Notes.

'China in Law and Commerce,' by T. R. Jernigan; 'Readings in Descriptive and Historical Sociology,' by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings; and 'Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals,' by Prof. Frederick Morgan Davenport, are among the late spring and June issues of Macmillan Co.

Messrs. Harper announce 'The Courtship of a Careful Man,' short stories by E. S. Martin.

Fresh Oxford Press announcements are 'Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley (1580-1642),' edited by Prof. W. H. Williams; 'The Dream of the Rood,' an Old English poem attributed to Cynewulf, edited from the MS. in the chapter library of the Cathedral of Vercelli, by Prof. Albert S. Cook; 'The Administration of the Sacrament and Other Rites of the Armenian Church, etc.,' edited from the oldest MSS. by F. C. Conybeare; 'The East Syrian Epiphany Rites,' translated by the Rev. A. J. Maclean; 'The Faroes and Iceland,' by Nelson Annandale; and 'Origines Islandicæ,' edited by Profs. Vigfusson and York Powell.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, send us the twenty-fifth issue of their 'American Newspaper Annual,' which closely approaches 1,300 pages in bulk, albeit the County List has been dropped for the sake of compression. The economy thus made has been availed of for some useful lists, as of all continuous daily newspapers in the United States and Canada, arranged geographically; and of certain monthly and weekly publications of general circulation. Notoriously, this standard work subserves the secondary purpose of census and gazetteer, resulting in a convenient table of all places in the United States and Canada having at least 3,000 population, and in the numerous State maps.

Charles Mulford Robinson's excellent 'Modern Civic Art' has reached a second edition (Putnams), a fact indicative of widespread interest in its subject. So active is the movement for the improvement of our towns and cities that societies are everywhere springing up in support of it. Over twelve hundred local improvement societies are now to be found in the United States alone. This book is a systematic study of the city's plan and its development. An introduction treats the question of what is Civic Art, a question sufficiently abstract, although abstractness is by no means the distinctive character of the book. To deal generously with the main facts of the problem as presented, not in any particular city, yet as illustrated by examples from all great cities, is Mr. Robinson's aim, in which he succeeds by a definite attack upon the branches of the subject in detail. Thus, the city's focal points are first dealt with, as, its approach by water or by land, and its administrative or business centres. Afterward, residential sections, with the many ways of treating their streets and avenues, are considered, and in this connection the tenement problem does not escape examination. Discussion of comprehensive systems of planning, and the merits and demerits of several such systems, with a consideration of the vastly important subject of parks and parkways, closes the volume. The author's analysis is exhaustive, and his treatment is as com-

plete and authoritative as our present knowledge of the subject makes possible.

'Super Flumina; or, Angling Observations of a Coarse Fisherman' (John Lane), is a book to irritate the curious rather than to please the well-informed or to instruct the ignorant. It irritates one to search in vain for some other motive than vanity for the parading of so many bits of recondite information by one so modest as to withhold his name. Tidbits of biographical material thrown in here and there tempt to an effort to supply the name, were it not for a lurking suspicion that this is just the kind of a rise the anonymous irritator is angling after. As the references to the persons who either did or did not say something about angling in the literature of the past is so remarkably comprehensive, it strikes us as an unpardonable deficiency that there is no mention of the apt figurative allusion to the art in the "Phormio" of Terence, or of the piscivorous appetite of Ergasilus in the "Captivi" of Plautus. Surely, the grumpy chapter "In Dispraise of the Latins" was based on insufficient reading. We miss, too, that brilliant sally of Randolph of Roanoke in characterization of a famous legislative colleague who, "like a rotten mackerel in the moonlight, shone and stank." These would be trifling omissions in any author who had before him a less ambitious idea than the putting of *all* the lore of his subject between two covers. We fear they are fatal in this case. A little Ohio village once elected its curbstone philosopher to the office of mayor. After setting up his first message to the Council, the village type-setter was heard to remark, "I don't like to see a man say everything he knows in one article." There was wisdom in the remark. The true angler wants but a moderate catch in his creel, whether the catch be ichthyological or literary in its makeup. But we do not wish to be altogether condemnatory. There is a great deal in this book that the learned angler (the appeal is to no other) may enjoy in spite of its overload of learning. The worst we can say of the author as an angler is that he sees no infraction of the ethics of true sportsmanship in the use of those murderous multiple gangs of hooks, which have no more place in the right-thinking angler's outfit than a cat-o'-nine-tails in a kindergarten.

'Through Town and Jungle,' by William H. Workman and Fanny B. Workman (Charles Scribner's Sons), is the record of a bicycle trip of fourteen thousand miles over the Indian plain. The two hundred and two illustrations light the way of the travellers through India, though the reader must regret the loss of the original plates, which would doubtless have filled this interesting volume with less conventional views. As it chances, the unfortunate wheelers lost their photographic all at the end of the journey, and the present liberal supply of pictures is a substitute for what should have been a unique photographic record. The travellers' purpose was to visit the artistic and architectural remains which lie scattered over India "from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas and beyond." Besides a few thousand miles by rail, steamboat, tonga, tum-tum, bullock-cart, palki, and on foot, their cyclometers registered 14,000 miles awheel, a journey of "three cold weathers." The incidents and excitements, as well as the studious results, of this trip are well told. Occasionally the authors are delightfully naïve. On one occasion they found that a lordly patrician, though ready to help them in their extremity, took great care not to defile himself by touching anything belonging to the travelled barbarians. They record this (common) experience, and remark that it gives a Christian a queer sensation to find the feeling of superiority and contempt with which he is accustomed to regard the heathen returned in kind by these heathen. It "shows him that the sentiment in question is not a monopoly of the Christian." The descriptions are sufficiently realistic to remind one who has been over the same ground of much that has passed into semi-oblivion. It may comfort the intrepid but not uncomplaining authors to know that one traveller at least was worse off than they in the wretched bungalow near Ajanta. On objecting to rats and other more odorous vermin, he was gravely told that this was of no consequence, as the bungalow servants expected during the night to be visited by brigands and have their noses cut off.

Those contemplating a trip to India will find a convenient supplement to Murray's Handbook in E. B. Havell's 'Handbook to Agra and the Taj' (Longmans, Green & Co.). The author is the Principal at the Calcutta Government School of Art, and is well equipped for his task. A slight historical introduction is followed by a description, piece by piece, of buildings in and about Agra, including Sikandra and Fatehpur Sikri. The illustrations are chiefly the usual photographs of the Taj and other well-known objects. In discussing the exquisite marble screen-work, the author fails to note the resemblance between this Moslem form and the similar work on Rajput territory, as seen in the lovely lake-buildings at Oodeypore.

The new catalogue of 'Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art,' by Mr. George H. Story, curator of paintings, is the first serious revision that the earlier hand-lists have undergone. The arrangement is alphabetical by masters, though a succinct tabulation of pictures by rooms is retained; in many cases the signatures of artists are reproduced, and there are upwards of fifty half-tone cuts of fair execution. In all these respects the new catalogue is an improvement on its predecessors. It would be pleasant to say that the execution of it was as good as the plan—in which we note nothing amiss except the absence of a list of illustrations—but, as a matter of fact, the revision is of the slightest. That the rectification of false attributions might go much further will be evident to all who know the collections in a scholarly way. Everywhere is complete absence of point of view. It is never quite certain whether a hand-list is being compiled or a scientific catalogue. The inserted illustrations have been chosen absolutely from the popular point of view—a defensible procedure, though one would welcome reproductions of some of the important canvases like the Moroni; and the inclusion of that unhappy possession of the museum, "The Storm," by Cot, is reprehensible on any principle. Reproductions after Turner, Hals (three capital examples), Van Dyck, Reynolds, and Manet bring masterpieces within reach of narrow purses. In fine, people generally will buy the new catalogue for the pictures, and scholars will still hopefully await a catalogue really worthy of this great museum.

A work of great historic interest has just issued from the Library of Congress, 'Copyright in Congress, 1789-1904.' In this octavo volume of 468 pages, the Register of Copyrights, Mr. Thorvald Solberg, has compacted "a bibliography and chronological record of all proceedings in Congress in relation to Copyright from April 15, 1789, to April 28, 1904"—and even to January 27, 1905, by taking advantage of the delay in printing. Thus, bills introduced in the last Congress and still pending when the work was given to the printer are recorded in full, with their accompanying reports. The index suggests many profitable lines of comparison. For instance, under the head, "Presidents' Messages," between Washington and Tyler there is a complete hiatus. With Cleveland, the Bern convention for international copyright looms up. The sociological revolution is revealed in the rubrics relating to petitions from various unions—pressmen's, lithographers', stereotypers', typographers', etc., etc. Names of scholars and institutions of learning figure in the same guise. Mr. Solberg enters an earnest plea for "one consistent, liberal, and adequate statute," in place of the present obscure, inefficient, and temporizing provisions. He asks for the appointment of a commission to prepare a draft, and something like this has been undertaken by the Senate Committee on Patents. Mr. Solberg's volume will be invaluable for such a reform.

The new volume of the Swedish book-trade bibliography, 'Svensk Bokkatalog,' is a quinquennial, covering the years 1896-1900, while its three nearest predecessors were decennial volumes. Its bulk is not much less than the volume for 1886-95, and it has taken nearly as long a time to prepare. Translations from foreign languages have always formed a large part of the output of the Swedish printing-press, and the period covered in the volume before us has been no exception to the rule. German, French, Russian, and English authors are well represented; not so the American. James Fenimore Cooper is still a favorite, to judge from the fact that during these five years seven of his works have been published, one of them in two editions; most of them seem to be abridgments for juvenile readers. There are two books by Bret Harte, four by Mark Twain, three by Beatrice Harraden, fourteen (!) by Archibald Clavering Gunther. Outside of fiction and purely devotional literature there is little from America: a volume of lectures by Phillips Brooks, a psychological monograph by Prof. William James, the authorized Life of Dwight L. Moody, James Freeman Clarke's lectures on Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Mental Education. Among books relating to America we notice 'Canada as the Goal of Emigrants from Northern Europe,' by K. Zilliacus, a Finlander who spent some years during the early nineties on this continent; a sketch of a 'Vacation Trip to Montezuma's Land,' by the late A. H. Edgren; an anonymous Life of Henry George, 'The Prophet from San Francisco'; 'Cuba and its War for Liberty,' by J. af Klercker. The volume is published by the Swedish Publishers' Association in Stockholm; it is printed in clear type on good

paper, but the bookbinder's work could hardly have been poorer.

The *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekwesen* recently published an interesting test it had made of the merits and demerits of the new *Gesamtkatalog* (in progress) of all the libraries in the kingdom of Prussia, the case selected being that of Ernst Moritz Arndt, a North German to the core. All his writings were published in North Germany, and hence should be found in Prussian libraries if anywhere. The new catalogue recorded 140 of his publications, but an inquiry by the *Zentralblatt* of 80 of the larger libraries in Southern Germany revealed the fact that the latter had no less than 62 of Arndt's publications not to be found in the Prussian collections, and of these only 24 could be secured by purchase. The journal in question declares that the new venture of the Prussian Government will be anything but satisfactory bibliographical work, and asks that it be expanded to a "Gesamtkatalog der deutschen Bibliotheken"—for the entire Empire—as being the only way to make the list complete. The technical and financial difficulties of such an undertaking would, in its opinion, be readily met by the willingness of the libraries and the different State Governments to coöperate.

"Hand-Atlas," as is well known, does not connote in German what it does in English; hence 'Meyer's Hand-Atlas' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) "in handlicher Form"—*i. e.*, in size corresponding to 'Meyer's Conversations-Lexikon'—was a great hit. Renewing itself like the Lexikon, it has now begun to appear in a third, enlarged edition, brought down to date. The first instalment comprises a new map of the inner city of Berlin, on a scale sufficient to show the public buildings and monuments (*Denkmal Beethoven, Mozart und Haydn*, etc.), and accompanied by an index; maps of world trade-routes, of Bavaria, of Bosnia and Montenegro, and (a veritable war-map) German Southwest Africa, with indication of the camps of the insurgent Hereros and of the scene of engagements. The maps are clear, even if the lettering is neces sarily small, and the work commends itself by its adaptability to the ordinary shelf.

The way in which the public library is the pulse of the town is shown in the current annual report of the St. Louis Public Library. Its registration for 1904, we read, bears "striking evidence of the growth of the city towards the west. The three wards that have the largest registration lie entirely west of Grand Avenue, the city limit of twenty-eight years ago," and the ward having considerably the most readers "*begins* at Forty-third Street, three miles or more from the library, and a mile beyond the former western limit of the city." The distractions of the Exposition were felt, as was anticipated, in diminished gain in circulation; just as "Christmas occupations make December a lighter month than November," and school and season preparations make September "usually the lightest month of the year." Steady reading sets in only after January 1, with March for culmination. "How great the drop may be in April, depends on the weather. If St. Louis were in the latitude of St. Paul, at least ten, probably twenty, possibly thirty per cent. more books would be read."

The organization of a Classical Association for the Middle West and South, on the initiative of the classical department of the University of Missouri, is to be undertaken on the grounds of the University of Chicago on May 5 and 6. Those who desire to become members should address Prof. W. G. Manly, Columbia, Mo.

It was announced last month that the movement to have "Les Charmettes," the famous home, for a brief period, of J.-J. Rousseau, at Chambéry in Savoy, taken over by the State and preserved as a national monument, had prevailed. Already, though in private hands, to some extent a Rousseau museum, the place will become essentially such. The acquisition and the dedication we owe to the glamour thrown around "Les Charmettes" in the 'Confessions'—to what is called the idyll of the country-seat of Mme. de Warens. Yet, as M. François Mugnier flatly declares, with proof, in his 'Mme. de Warens et J.-J. Rousseau,' this idyll never existed. Rousseau misdated his stay at 'Les Charmettes,' and was really an occupant in exile, receiving rare visits from his mistress, who was pleased to have him out of the way, while she prosecuted her business and other enterprises with Wintzinried in Chambéry (1738-1740). When she and her latest paramour were ready for their own idyll, Rousseau was dislodged—to Lyons, to Paris. "Les Charmettes" deserves its nationalization, however, by reason of Rousseau's having employed his solitude there to make his first literary essays. There he composed his system of musical notation which was to be his passport to Paris and to fame as one of the foremost of French writers.

The celebration of the centenary of Schiller's death on May 9, 1905, lends a peculiar interest to the Biography of Johann Gottfried Seume, by Oscar Planer and Camillo Reissner, first published in 1898, and now issued in a new edition by Göschen in Leipzig. Seume was born January 29, 1763, and died June 13, 1810; his disposition was rather impetuous and versatile, and his life full of remarkable adventures. At first he studied theology in the University of Leipzig, but, unable to accept its teachings, he changed his purpose and went to Paris. Pressed into the Hessian service, he was forced to fight for the English against the American revolutionists, escaped, however, and returned to Germany, where he fell into the hands of Prussian recruiting officers, and was again obliged to serve as a common soldier in the war against the French revolutionists. He deserted twice, but was captured, most brutally treated, and would have been shot but for the intervention of influential persons who secured his release and finally his discharge. As the secretary of a Russian general in Warsaw, he became involved in the conflict which arose out of Kosciusko's armed opposition to the division of Poland, and was for some time a Polish prisoner. It seems a strange fatality that this man, whose ardent love of liberty finds full and fiery expression in the preface to his book, 'Mein Sommer im Jahre 1805,' an interesting record of travels from Petersburg and Moscow through Finland to Sweden, should have been compelled three times to combat the champions of freedom with whom he heartily sympathized. It was during this journey, while the guest of the distinguished philologist and historian, Christian Beck, at Petersburg, that Max Klinger rushed into the room with the sad tidings of Schiller's death. In the book just mentioned he also gives an account of an interesting conversation with the Czarina, who, like himself, was an enthusiastic admirer of the deecased poet, and desirous of obtaining from authentic sources information concerning his private life and personality. Seume was employed for some time as proofreader in Göschen's printing-office, whence Schiller's works issued.

—Dr. Waldstein sets forth briefly, but very effectively, in *Harper's*, the reasons for his movement to secure a thorough excavation of the site of Herculaneum. Here is the one presumably rich treasure-store of ancient art from which the hand of the destroyer, whether barbarian or religious fanatic, has ever been barred. The excavation of one villa, one hundred and fifty years ago, yielded treasures fairly comparable in value to all other treasures of Greek art above ground. It is known, of course, that many other wealthy Romans had their villas at Herculaneum. None may have equalled this one in its art collections, but it is unthinkable to any one who knows the habits of the wealthy nobles of the time that many of these villas were not richly supplied. Herculaneum was overwhelmed, not with lava, but with a torrent of mud, ashes, and cinders mingled with water. Hence the remarkable preservation of the objects found in the villa already mentioned, and hence the reasonable hope of an equal state of preservation in what is still to be laid bare. There is good reason to hope that many portions of the lost treasures of Greek and Roman literature, as well as of art, are here awaiting discovery. Dr. Waldstein's plan to have the work done under the direction of an international committee, with the King of Italy at its head, Italian laws to be scrupulously respected and all objects discovered to remain in a museum on the spot, is thoroughly sensible and practical. Surely there will be no long delay in securing the money required. Mr. Russell Sturgis, in *Scribner's*, also presents the matter, and urges the reasons for hearty coöperation with Dr. Waldstein in this great enterprise.

—Paternalism and nationalism receive consideration in Mr. Vanderlip's European studies in this month's *Scribner's*. In the German system of workingmen's insurance he finds many things to commend—primarily, the thorough honesty of its administration, and the small cost as compared with the administration of life-insurance funds in this country. Again, the insurance against accident aims not simply to indemnify when accident occurs, but to forestall its occurrence, and the aim is largely attained. Insurance against sickness, too, has led to such effective measures for its prevention that the effect on the general health has been highly beneficial. A better understanding between capital and labor Mr. Vanderlip regards as one of the growing results of the system. He also notes the use—shall we not rather call it the abuse?—of the idea of nationalism to pave the way for increasing tariff exactions, that funds may be available for increased military and naval expenditures. Richard Harding Davis, in a paper on "Kits and Outfits," illustrates admirably how the travelling journalist may turn even his

deprivations into a profitable portion of his stock in trade. At so much per word the very lack of a bed may soon be made to buy a bed. We have just mentioned Mr. Sturgis's plea for aid for Dr. Waldstein's project to excavate the site of Herculaneum. There is also in this number a plea for another worthy cause of historical interest—the adequate financial support of the University of Virginia. Thomas Nelson Page presents its needs, closing very appropriately with the words of Jefferson himself: "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices we are making for this service, and I fear not the appeal."

—The fifth volume of Gaillard Hunt's 'Writings of James Madison' (Putnams) is still largely concerned with the history of the Constitution. That instrument of government was now before the people, and in convention in each State the people must accept or reject it. Madison was deeply interested in its fate, and his correspondence in the years 1787 and 1788 reflects this interest, with his anxieties for the issue. He kept in touch with the doubtful States, and held the confidence of the leading Federalists in the contests which were waged before and during these local meetings. He was liberal with the good intelligence he obtained, and kept Washington, Jefferson, and Randolph informed of the different phases of the situation. From no single writer can so much be learned of the manœuvres of the opposition in Virginia; and the writer's intimacy with men like Hamilton, Jay and King gives authority to his statements and breadth to his opinions. Mr. Hunt has included some of Madison's speeches in the Virginia convention and in the first Congress, with the idea of developing his constitutional doctrines. Madison was already falling more under the influence of Jefferson, and in a short time would be in opposition to the men with whom he stood in these years of constitution making. It is a disagreeable task to criticise a volume which shows so much care and intelligent arrangement, but there is evidence of some hasty proofreading, or perhaps of slovenly copying. *Time* is printed for *tide* on page 242; a sentence on page 249 is deprived of meaning by omitting the word *influenced*; and the name *Calonui* on page 101 must be intended for *Calonne*. Why did the editor omit the very important letter from Madison to G. Thompson on direct taxation, printed in the *Nation* (No. 1556)? Against such faults may be set the great improvement upon the editions of Gilpin and Rives, and the gain of closely following the text of the originals. The indication of cipher writing lends force and interest to the letters, and much has been added which the former editors thought proper to omit. The characterization of Moustier and the Marchioness of Brehan (p. 312) is new and valuable, although Madison later came to esteem both. Mr. Hunt has also done a service to investigators in printing so liberal extracts from letters addressed to Madison by his more important correspondents. They not only give additional information, but reveal the skill with which Madison used the facts in preparing his summaries for Jefferson or Washington. The editor accepts the latest distribution of the authorship of the "Federalist," without seeking to supply any fresh investigation. The notes are full and judicious.

—Those who were interested in 'Sally Wister's Journal' will welcome the charming volume by the same editor, Mr. Albert Cook Myers, entitled 'Hannah Logan's Courtship' (Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach). This is a diary some thirty years older than that of Sally Wister, and written in the seventeen-forties by John Smith of Philadelphia, a prominent Friend and successful business man. The diary itself, in eight small volumes of MS., was presented to the Philadelphia Library by John Smith's grandson, the late John Jay Smith, who died in 1881. The interest of the journal centres about James Logan, who came over to Pennsylvania as William Penn's secretary in 1699 and became a conspicuous and honored citizen of the province. On the voyage "their ship was chased by an armed vessel, supposed to be an enemy. Their captain prepared for defence; but told Penn and his company of Quakers that he did not expect their assistance, and that they might retire into the cabin; which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck, and was quartered to a gun. The supposed enemy proved a friend. . . . When the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, Penn rebuked him severely for staying upon deck, . . . contrary to the principles of Friends. . . . This reprimand, being before all the company, piqued the secretary, who answered: 'I, being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship when thee thought there was danger.'" James Logan built the mansion of Stenton, in Germantown, in 1728, and it is still in the hands of the Logan family, a model of colonial architecture. There John Smith, "one of the Burlington Smiths," came to woo, riding over from his own plantation on the Delaware, or "waiting on" Hannah Logan from the Friends' Meeting, of which both were devoted members. The Diary is not only a charming and perfectly un-self-conscious record of a courtship of those days; it is worth much as a picture of the manners and daily life of the Quakers of "the Province." No life could be more simple or honorable than that of John Smith and his friends. There was a great deal of quiet tea-drinking and "waiting on the Agreeable Fair sex." A French privateer would now and again swoop down on one of the lover's ships that traded with the West Indies, and an epidemic of yellow fever in 1741 caused some anxiety. But to John Smith these occurrences only afforded "Room for Reflection on the Unstability of Terrestrial Affairs," and he turned to a comedy of Steele or a novel of Fielding (such was the light literature of the Friends), or to the society of "my Charmer," to whom he was married in 1748. All the eminent Philadelphians of the day were his friends, including Benjamin Franklin, from whom he used to buy books. Not the least attractive part of the book is the portraits of these colonial dignitaries, which are numerous and beautifully reproduced. There is a good index, and Mr. Myers has written a biographical footnote to every name of any importance. The whole volume is a treasure-house for the writer of colonial novels.

—Prof. Fullerton's 'System of Metaphysics' (Macmillan) exhibits a laudable avoidance of needless technicalities, and spreads itself out in leisurely fashion over more than six hundred pages of print. It produces the impression of having grown out of a college course in "systematic" philosophy; but such a course of lectures does not become a system of philosophy merely by being printed. To deserve this name, there is needed something like a distinctive method, together with a central doctrine ramifying into subsidiary inferences and cohering with them in an artistic whole; there is needed a fairly complete survey of the field of thought, and, as the outcome of the whole attempt, a fairly definite attitude towards the vital problems of life. But if any of these things are contained in Prof. Fullerton's book, he has not succeeded in rendering the fact apparent. As regards method, there is a plentiful lack of definitions, a reliance on what is vaguely called "analysis," and a habit of curtly dismissing inconvenient doctrines as repugnant to the common sense of the plain man. As regards doctrine, Prof. Fullerton must apparently be classed as a realist, and a parallelist (of sorts); but his convictions are nowhere stated in a concise and systematic way. Nor does the generous bulk of the volume afford any guarantee of completeness. Not all questions are discussed; nor in those which are, are the alternatives given fully and adequately. Thus, though a couple of hundred pages are spent on the relations of mind and body, there is no mention of James's important "transmission" theory, the chief objections to determinism are passed over in silence, and the arguments for freedom are stated with a surprising inadequacy. It is hard to believe that some of these defects would not have been remedied by the author himself if he had lengthened his work by providing his reader with an analysis of his argument; the critic may even venture to think that in consequence the book would have been shortened by more than half, and would have gained immensely in force and symmetry.

—"The Conquest of the Southwest,' by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is the sixth volume of Appletons' "Expansion of the Republic" series. Mr. Brady is already known as the author of numerous works, biographical and romantic-historical, but making little claim to excellence from the point of view of genuine scholarship. The present volume is a fair statement of the main events that led to the acquisition by the United States of Texas, New Mexico, and California. Mr. Brady says that he has ransacked a vast number of books and documents "published and unpublished," yet the references he promises to give us are too well-known and in the main easily accessible secondary accounts, particularly the Statesmen Series, which is characterized as of "great value," but not "widely known." There is obviously considerable printed material which the author has not used; and if he has examined unpublished documents, the result hardly justifies his having done so. Mr. Brady is most at home in personal and in military history, which together, indeed, make up the greater part of the volume. In dealing with the larger relations of his theme, he is sometimes naïf, often commonplace, and always without a very firm grasp of the subject. As often happens,

Mr. Brady is occasionally right in spite of the evidence at his command, which, if properly used, would lead him astray. A case in point is his assertion that the Polk Administration deliberately set itself to acquire California, "if not by one means, then by another." Mr. Brady seems unaware that this question is important—that it is not a mere detail. He is nevertheless satisfied with an unverified statement in Elson's 'History of the United States,' confirmed by a letter from the latter to the effect that "Mr. Bancroft gave the information to Mr. Schouler long after the occurrence" (p. 147). The careful historian would reject the charge if it rested merely on this; but then the careful historian would also have read Polk's Diary.

—It is highly in place that a book with the title, 'The Shade of the Balkans' (London: David Nutt), should be of polyglottal and polynational origin and most multifarious contents. In the present, Pencho Slaveikoff, the Bulgarian poet; Mr. Henry Bernard, Dr. E. J. Dillon, and divers unnamed translators from Bulgarian into German, have had part. To say nothing of the many tongues which Mr. Dillon commands and quotes, there are passages also from a Catalan study of Bulgarian popular poetry. The contents are, first, an introduction by Mr. Bernard, telling with elaborated phrase and recondite allusion how he met Slaveikoff in Sofia and planned this book; secondly, Slaveikoff himself on the folk-song of the Bulgars, an excellent essay, enlivened by the discovery that they, too, have had their Chatterton and Macpherson, and that Carmen Sylva's 'Bard of the Dimbovitza' is for him "a fabrication of the Merry Wives of Bucharest." On this, the foreigner may safely hesitate to speak. The blood between the Rumanians and Bulgarians is far from good, and Slaveikoff was evidently pained by Mr. Bernard's queries, "Is there nothing more beautiful? Have you no songs like the Rumanians?" Third, then, come these Bulgarian folk-songs, one hundred and one in all. These are plainly what they are called; and if any modern hand has touched them, it has been as utterly in their own spirit as Scott may have refashioned the ballad of "Kinmont Willie." Then another hundred and one of proverbs, all to the point, especially the last, "Death speaks the truth" ("Sol nella morte è il vero," as the Italian poet has it). Finally, there is Dr. Dillon's contribution, an essay on the origin and language of the primitive Bulgars, which does not stand in very necessary relationship to the rest of the book. In it he follows Dr. Shishmanov, but does not reach any great lucidity in handling what is admittedly a most perplexed and uncertain subject. Undoubtedly the kernel of this book is the songs and Slaveikoff's introduction. They give a phase of Bulgaria and the Balkans hitherto lacking in English.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White. With portraits. The Century Co. 1905. 2 vols. Pp. 601, 606.

The life of Andrew D. White has been long and brilliant, and his retrospections, now that he is a septuagenarian retired from official station, are a most interesting contribution to the recent history of this country. He has had two careers, academic and political, and in both has attained remarkable distinction. Born to be a teacher, with strong proclivities for public service, he became a lover of books and a servant of his fellow-men, and has woven into the web of his life two threads, the silver and the golden, Politics and Education. Happily interwoven, these threads are distinctly to be traced in the memoirs before us. In double allegiance to the cloister and the forum, he does not stand alone among Americans. Witherspoon served the College of New Jersey, and, while still its president, became one of the signers of the Declaration. John Quincy Adams was a professor in Harvard before he became President of the United States. Edward Everett's versatile services are well known. Lowell was called from the Smith professorship in Cambridge to the diplomatic service in Madrid and London. There are other college men, still active, whose careers are similar—President Angell, for example.

Let us follow each of the threads in the life of Mr. White. Before he went to college, in Syracuse, a focus of agitation, he was thoroughly imbued with the anti-slavery spirit; and the compromise measures of 1850, which were adopted while he was an undergraduate in Yale, filled him with the gravest apprehensions, noteworthy in one so young. At that time, his essays and speeches showed him to be a man of independent thought and strong convictions. It now appears from his confessions that the living teachings of Woolsey and Bacon did more for him than the dead instructions which he received from Tacitus and Thucydides. An acquaintance with the Democratic Governor of Connecticut, T. H. Seymour, took him to St. Petersburg, in 1853, as an attaché to the American legation, and although the political views of these two men were antagonistic and pronounced, their friendship was never broken. This foretaste of diplomatic life and of "practical" politics gave zest to Mr. White's historical studies during a prolonged residence in St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris. At the age of twenty-five he began his life-work as a professor of history in the University of Michigan. During the period leading up to the civil war, he was, of course, an earnest and outspoken defender of the Union. He rendered special services to his country by a vigorous answer to the letters of Dr. W. H. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*.

While still holding a professorship in Ann Arbor, he was unexpectedly called into political service by his neighbors in Syracuse (where he had maintained a residence), and was sent to the Senate of New York at the age of thirty-two. During the four years in which he held this office, he came into close relations with Ezra Cornell, Charles J. Folger, Thurlow Weed, Horatio Seymour, Roscoe Conkling, and other well-known leaders. Almost as a matter of course, he was an unflinching Republican, but his services as a State senator were not those of a party leader. He was pre-eminently efficient in the incorporation of Cornell University, in helping on other educational and philanthropic measures, and in advancing municipal reforms in the city of New York. Then began the great work of his life. He was made president of Cornell University, and the perplexities of this post absorbed his energies for the next few years; but he did not consider that his position as the head of a university should preclude him from political or even from party activity. Here, as in many other ways, he broke away from the conservative traditions of New Haven, in which he had been trained. He wrote and made speeches and took part in conventions, and kept up an active correspondence with men in public life, so that in the State of New York he was a recognized political leader, though never an aspirant for office. With two important political measures he was identified—the promotion of civil-service reform (in which he stood hand-in-hand with George William Curtis and Carl Schurz), and opposition to fiat money and the greenback craze. His masterly and oft-repeated exposition of the ruinous results of French assignats was a persuasive object-lesson to all who heard him.

From his chair in Cornell, President Grant asked him to go, with Senator B. F. Wade and Dr. Samuel G. Howe, to San Domingo, to inquire into the conditions of that country. In view of the fiscal inquiries recently instituted by the Administration, this reconnaissance should again be brought to notice. The chapter devoted by Mr. White to his experiences as Commissioner throws light upon the controversy between Grant and Sumner and upon the differences between the youngest commissioner and his two experienced associates. They wished to make "recommendations," but White pointed out to them the fact that Congress had asked, not for recommendations, but for facts; and he stated that if the general report contained recommendations, he must be allowed to present one simply containing facts. The result was that his views prevailed, and the report of "facts" to which many experts made their contributions, is still an important geographical treatise.

Then came successively three diplomatic appointments, for each one of which the President of Cornell was particularly fitted—first, as Minister to Germany (at the call of President Hayes), afterwards to Russia (on the nomination of President Harrison), and finally as Ambassador to Germany (by the appointment of President McKinley). Two other opportunities were opened to him. He served on the Venezuelan Commission of President Cleveland, and he was the head of the American delegation to the famous Peace Conference at The Hague. He was urged to become a Representative in Congress, was often spoken of as a possible candidate for Governor, and came very near to succeeding Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State under Gen. Grant.

In the educational field, Mr. White began with what he regards as the happiest work of his life, the teaching of history in the University of Michigan. This chapter in his autobiography is a delightful record of the enthusiasm of a young teacher, studying hard all the while, using books as physicists use their apparatus, writing elaborate lectures on special topics, and stimulating his pupils to researches of their own upon obscure and controverted themes. The volumes before us do not include any chapter more characteristic of the author or more instructive to young professors than this in which his experience as a teacher is recorded.

The creation of Cornell University at the close of the civil war could not have been foretold by anybody. A curious conjunction of stellar forces made it possible. To his great surprise, the young Senator in New York found himself the organizing head of the new foundation. Here, as in many other situations, he proved to be a path-breaker. Mr. White had two tendencies—one, an appreciation of the past, the lessons, the examples, the books of his inheritance; the other, a love of freedom, independence in thought, plans, methods. He builded better than he knew, and the extraordinary development of Cornell University, under his guidance, has influenced every subsequent university foundation (for example, in Baltimore, Chicago, and California), and has modified those that were antecedent. The difficulties which he mastered, and the obstacles of ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice which he overcame, will never again be encountered in this country. He has been known to laugh when others announced as accepted tenets, requiring no proof, the principles for which he had fought and bled. His earliest experiences gave him an inside view of the demoralizing influence of a small country college, nominally religious, but actually without discipline; and his life in New Haven, when Yale was beginning to cover the field of a university, showed him what advantages there might be in a new and independent foundation. To the history of the modern American universities no one has yet added a record so suggestive, so entertaining, and so inspiring as that which depicts the origin of Cornell, its perils, its purposes, its embarrassments and its success.

During the distraction of official responsibilities and his long residences abroad, Mr. White never lost control of his pen, and never forsook the companionship of his books. Thanks to a liberal inheritance, he collected a superb library, which, by his gift is now, for the most part, included in the University Library at Ithaca. It is rich in many departments of history, politics, literature, and biography, but especially in books pertaining to the history of the French Revolution, and in those which illustrate the progress of modern thought. A lecture which he gave on the conflicts between theology and science, entitled the "Warfare of Science," originally delivered in 1876, attracted much attention, and led the author to continued investigations in the same field, resulting in two extended volumes that have been widely read. Many uninformed and timid critics were alarmed by these books. It is interesting, therefore, to be reminded that so learned and so devout a man as President Woolsey, after hearing White's lecture, thoroughly supported White's positions and bade him godspeed.

Next to the author's services in Ithaca, his relations to the Hague Conference are memorable. It is true that the progress of international arbitration is slow, far slower than expected, but there can be no doubt that a great impulse was given to the peaceful solution of national controversies by this conference. White's speech, when the American Government caused a silver wreath to be placed on the grave of Grotius at Delft, and all the incidents of that occasion, mark an epoch never to be forgotten in the annals of International Law.

Mr. White's success has been largely due to his unselfish and life-long devotion to the service of his fellow-men. Free from ambition to hold public office, he has never declined the duties imposed upon him; free from the pecuniary limitations which fetter many scholars, and sometimes lead them to accept positions for the sake of the loaves and fishes, he has used all that he possessed—books, income, stations, opportunities, influence—for the good of others. It is not a surprise to those who know him best that he closes his chapter on his religious opinions with the words of "the first and great commandment, and the second which is like unto it." An unusual gentleness of disposition inherited from his mother, and an equal firmness of conviction inherited from his father, have made Mr. White serviceable as a supporter, and acceptable as a friend in all the steps of his career. He could be controversial without bitterness, critical without censure, and resolute without harshness. Now and then he shows his temper, and reveals the powers of satire which were usually controlled; here and there, a few sentences might well be omitted from his narrative. It should not be forgotten that the author's memoirs were prepared chiefly for his children and grandchildren, and that in this familiar narrative he has inserted some of his more elaborate essays.

Even to those who know the author well, and to whom the incidents of his career have become familiar by the charming facility of his table-talk, these volumes will be a surprise. The number of noteworthy characters whom he has met, his accurate remembrance of their conversations, and his kindly appreciation of their best qualities, give an unexpected charm and variety to his reminiscences. Everywhere it is the public servant, and not the private friend, that he portrays. However absorbed by official stations, it is evident that men of science, letters and art are among his dearest friends. The character sketches which are found in these pages are often miniatures—like those of the Presidents that he knew—sometimes only outlines; but now and then he draws a character with a free hand; Pobiedonostzeff is one example; the Emperor William another, and far more pleasing, portrait; Bismarck is very good. The countrymen of Franklin have often taken to autobiography. By the side of the recent contributions of Hoar, Stillman, Newcomb, Dwight, Le Conte, Villard, and Conway, the autobiography of White will hold an honored place.

A GEOGRAPHICAL APOCALYPSE.

As to one who stands at Darjeeling may suddenly appear Mt. Everest and as suddenly disappear again more thickly girt with clouds, so the veiled city of Tibet has suddenly shown itself and disappeared again. According to the judgment of the two capable witnesses who have recently described the Younghusband expedition, Lhasa has already become more impenetrable than ever; the veil has been withdrawn only to be wrapped more closely about the forbidden city. This is probably true, at least until it becomes necessary to send another expedition into Tibet to secure the payment of the indemnity of £500,000, which the inhabitants are expected to contribute toward the expenses of the last British raid (or "mission," in diplomatic language); but until then a peculiar value will attach to the records of these two witnesses, Edmund Candler, who has just published 'The Unveiling of Lhasa' (London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), and Perceval Landon, who simultaneously presents us with his own rendering of the same theme under the title 'The Opening of Tibet,' the American edition of which (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is dedicated to W. W. Rockhill, America's "foremost representative in the field of Tibetan explorations." These two writers were the correspondents of the *Daily Mail* and the London *Times* respectively, and the present volumes are the outcome of their share in the mission to Lhasa. As between the two, one cannot help feeling great sympathy with Mr. Candler, who got knocked in the head in the first bout with the Tibetans and had to call upon a friend, Henry Newman, Reuter's correspondent, to write for him two chapters of his description—which work, admirably as it has been performed, the author would doubtless have preferred to do himself. He was, however, "in at the death," and gives a vivid description of the earlier and closing scenes of the campaign. There is in his pages a breezy personal element, which lends the charm of reality to all he sees and does. His descriptions are brief, and his summing up of the results of the mission clear and forcible.

Perceval Landon's book is much more ambitious in its scope. The author intimates that he hopes to make of it the standard work on Tibet, or, as he modestly puts it, "a work of Tibetan reference," and the work is conceived on broader lines, historically and philosophically, than the rival volume of Mr. Candler. Thus, we have a special chapter on "Religion; Manners and Customs; Art," another on "Lamaism," a very exhaustive description of the Potala, and a long historical introduction, "Former Explorations of Tibet"; all of these subjects being treated by Mr. Candler as well, but more briefly and skimmingly, if the expression do not say too much (for what Mr. Candler has done is well done). Not to make invidious or at least misleading comparisons, one may say that the two books will please different readers. The leisurely reader will revel in Landon's beautiful book; the rapid reader will enjoy Mr. Candler's stirring tale. Both volumes are profusely illustrated; Mr. Candler's has a map, which ought to have a counterpart in Mr. Landon's; and neither has an index!

The same ground covered by both correspondents will not call for separate analyses, but the combined picture offers much that is worthy of regard. What caused the unveiling of Lhasa; who is responsible for the brutal slaughter of the brave and simple peasants? "They were brave and simple," says Candler (p. 217), and "here was all the brutality of war and none of its glory and incentive." Further, what good has been accomplished and what is the present state of affairs? These will be the first questions the reader of either history will want to have answered, and the answer is practically the same in both. The unveiling of Lhasa was due to the fact that the British were afraid of Russian influence in Tibet. They took advantage of the truculent attitude of the Tibetans, who had a mind to attend to their own affairs, and "accepted

the chip" which the Dalai Lama dared them to knock off his shoulder. The real reason and the alleged reason for the mission were quite different. Failure to keep the terms of a treaty which Tibet had declared was not properly drawn, interference with trade, invasion of the border—these were the reasons given; fear of Russia was the reason not given. The terms which Col. Younghusband was instructed to demand from the Tibetans included the demand that no concession for railways should be granted without British consent, and that "foreign political influence should be totally excluded from Tibet." What Russia had effected by means of secret embassies and the political intrigue of the Russian Lama Dorjieff (a Mongolian by birth, a Russian by nationality) was to be undone, and England was to accomplish by violence what Russia had attempted by stealth. Mr. Landon frankly says that "it is a deplorable thing" that India has no Dorjieffs: "If these men were to be found, I fancy we should have used them willingly long ago." As it was, not being able to counteract Russian diplomacy, England resorted to "excuses for interference." Certain "insults" had to serve as a *casus belli*. But (to cite again from the *Times* correspondent, p. 26), "these insults would never have given rise to the dispatch of an expedition if the Tibetans had not added injury to them by their dalliance with Russia." So Mr. Candler (p. 16): "We had all the best cards in our hands. . . . We could go to Lhasa, apparently without a thought of Russia, and yet undo all the effect of scheming there. . . . Needless to say, the discovery of Russian designs was the real and prime cause. [Other things] were convenient as ostensible motives."

It is a great pity that governments cannot or will not be as frank as this. The expedition would have been much less expensive in life and money if England had simply said, "We intend to dictate to you and eventually to place a Resident in Lhasa." Grant that England's first duty to India is to see that Russia is ousted from Lhasa and kept out: her way of doing it was clumsy and entailed much needless slaughter. There would have been less slaughter in the end if she had marched straight to Lhasa and stayed there without any humbug about insults. Incidentally, the slaughter seems, from the descriptions, to have been unnecessary in many cases. A man running away is wounded; his "brave and simple" comrade stops to pick him up; both are past fighting, fleeing like sheep; and both are shot down. The rule was to kill all those who ran away as well as those who continued to fight. Another scene: Fifty Tibetans could easily have escaped, "but they chose a braver part." Armed only with swords, they stood in a courtyard huddled together. But the Gurkhas, their superiors in arms and numbers, emptied their magazines into the mob. "Within a minute all the fifty were either dead or mortally wounded." Even the English sightseer says it was "pitiable." In the very first action of this sanguinary mission, the Tibetans appear to have been slaughtered needlessly after all resistance was over.

To turn to more cheerful themes, Russia has been set aside. China's influence in Lhasa is reduced to nothing. The Tibetans have been left to their own devices, provided they will not interfere with British plans. Amusing incidents enliven the scene. Plenary indulgence was granted some of the Tibetan troops for all sins past and future if they would take the field against the English. This they did; but then they returned and looted the Dalai Lama's own temples, secure in his divine forgiveness for all sins. Negotiations result only in endless talk. The Lama's highest university degree is Rabsjampa, "verbally overflowing without end," as literally translated. Hence to quit talking is a sign of inferior mental capacity; to disgrace, as it were, the honored degree. A reincarnation of Queen Victoria is Paldenlhamo, "a dark-blue lady with three eyes." If one drinks tea native fashion, here is the receipt: Churn boiling water, tea-leaves, and a large lump of salt together; when well churned, add a pound of rancid butter; churn one minute more, and serve as soup.

Curious, if not amusing, are *white* rainbows; rivers which, through an optical delusion, run up-hill; and a few linguistic facts. Among the last, some metaphors are noteworthy. To "awaken" is "murder sleep"; "bribery" is "a secret push." To express "height" the Tibetan says "high-low"; "temperature" is "cold-warm," etc. Curious, too, is the record of the way in which the Lama in Kublai Khan's day got the better of the Christian. Kublai Khan was a liberal monarch. He desired truth irrespective of creed. The test was a miracle. Christian and Buddhist were to try to get a wine-cup to rise of itself to the Emperor's lips. The Christians accepted the gage of battle, and their failure to prove themselves equal to the Lamas in jugglery "put the coping-stone to the strength of Buddhism in Central Asia."

There have been many travellers in Tibet, more in the past than is usually supposed; but none has opened a richer store of knowledge than has Mr. Landon in the descriptive parts of his work. The political control, centred in the Church, is admirably described in Appendix C by Captain W. F. T. O'Connor. There is an assembly of national character, four ministers, and a chief Lama, who rarely survives. The present Dalai Lama succeeded in escaping the usual fate, but he has now disappeared. Usually the regent sees to it that the Dalai Lama disappears much earlier. The descriptions of scenery in both these volumes are a revelation. They must be read if one would appreciate what richness of color and wealth of vegetation are to be found on the road to the "Plain of Milk," a name, by the way, suggestive of the Hindu "Sea of Milk," across which was to be found the quasi-monotheism of later Hinduism. In Lhasa itself there are two things to be admired—the outside of the Potala and the inside of the Cathedral. All else is filth, vermin, and ignorance. Typically barbaric, yet containing rather the rotting core of Buddhism than the rough germ of newer life, Lhasa represents the result of submerging a lofty but selfish creed in a sea of superstition. The environment was too much for the transplanted growth. It did not die, but it became transformed into devil-worship.

FATHER DE SMET.

Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S. J., 1801-1873. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Major Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and Alfred Talbot Richardson. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1905. In four volumes. With sixteen full-page illustrations and one map.

This work bears every mark of having been, on the part of the authors and compilers, a labor of love, in which they have been ably seconded by the publisher. The four handsome volumes are paged consecutively, and there is a good index. The illustrations are very well chosen, and the map showing the routes of travel of the celebrated missionary is fully adequate and in harmony with the plates.

To one who never heard of Father De Smet, it might seem strange that so many bulky volumes could be profitably filled with the biography and writings of a simple Catholic priest who devoted his life to the irksome task of doing good to Indians. Perusal, however, will very soon convince him that the subject is well worth the labor and display. Father De Smet is, if not perhaps the grandest, at all events one of the grandest, figures among Catholic missionaries of the nineteenth century, and may fitly be ranked among the most conspicuous Catholic teachers to primitive peoples. To compare him with the apostles of the Indies or of China in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be out of place, although he was their equal in honest zeal as well as in endurance, but the respective fields of labor were totally distinct. Much less justifiable is a comparison with Las Casas, such as was made in the obituary address (volume iv., page 1597). To call the injudicious and extravagant, constantly storming and frequently almost raving zealot a "Father De Smet" of early times, is a sorry compliment to the memory of the latter. Every religious fraternity has in a measure a field of its own and methods of its own, and to assign superiority to any is as impossible, from a general point of view, as it is impossible to compare the labors of St. Francis Xavier in eastern Asia with those of the early Dominicans in Guatemala, or those of the Franciscans in northern Mexico. To find a parallel to Father De Smet's labors among the North American Indians one must turn to the Jesuit missions in the Amazon region, where the career of Father Samuel Fritz, for example, might offer some analogy; and yet the times were so different that even in this case the parallel is not fully justified. Perhaps the most concise and most characteristic appreciation of Father De Smet's work, apart from its religious significance, is given in the passport issued to him by General Sherman on April 20, 1866: "He has always been noted for his strict fidelity to the interests of our Government, for indefatigable industry, and an enthusiastic love for the Indians under his charge." The narrative of Major Crittenden and Mr. Taylor, and the many writtings of Father De Smet published by them, abundantly prove the truth of General Sherman's testimony.

It is only after one has perused his voluminous correspondence that one becomes really conscious of the importance of Father De Smet in and for his time. That he stood very high in his own church was most natural; he was, during his lifetime, its foremost missionary. Significant of this was the manner in which he was received by Pope Gregory, who cast aside the time-honored

etiquette for the sake of displaying just admiration for the great missionary presented to him. Twice the honors of an episcopal see were sought to be thrust upon him, and he not only refused, but forestalled the prospective nomination by a definitive reminder that he would never accept any other position than that of an itinerant preacher and teacher to the least prepossessing of his species, under conditions full of danger. Never, it may safely be asserted, did he seek prominence. Modest and unassuming, mindful of his task, but seldom of himself, Father De Smet became, step by step and unconsciously, an important personage. To the Government of this country he was invaluable in its relations with the aborigines. As his letters abundantly prove, he was deeply and sincerely attached to this country, and did in its service what his position and primary obligations would humanely allow him to perform. Nobody more than he deplored the civil war and sympathized with the attempts to preserve the Union. Through his long career among the Western Indians, during which he mostly played the part of a peacemaker, he acquired the confidence of the Government to such a degree that he was at one time entrusted with an important confidential mission abroad. It is undeniable that the Catholic missions in Oregon were the most successful. Others rather helped the settlement of the country by the whites, irrespective of the future of the Indian. Says a Protestant missionary of distinction (p. 27): "I have no doubt our greatest work is to be to aid the white settlement of this country and help to found its religious institutions." The aim of Catholic missions has always been to aid the Indian and lead him on the path to civilization as a helpmate to the whites. But what was predicted by Dr. Whitman for the Oregon missions—"it cannot be hoped that time will be allowed to mature the work of Christianization or civilization before white settlers will demand the soil and the removal of both the Indians and the missions"—has come to pass. Catholic missions, like those founded by De Smet, have lasted the longer, but are equally doomed.

The Jesuit, when he seems to be fitted for mission work, receives as much of what may be called liberal instruction as the scope of seminarial teaching will permit. Hence a knowledge of the branches of natural history, physics, chemistry, etc., forms part of his outfit. If his inclinations lead him to enter deeper into the study of any of these branches, he is welcome to do so, provided he does not neglect his sacerdotal duties. Father De Smet enjoyed a general preparation, but was not drawn towards any specialization. From his letters we gather that he had a very lively perception of natural beauty; he frequently refers to the aspects of nature in the form of vivid general pictures—dissection of the elements of the picture was not his forte. To him the paramount study was that of man, to whose moral improvement he devoted himself; hence what science mostly reaps from his few books and from his extensive correspondence is much information of an ethnographic nature concerning the tribes of the Western plains and adjacent regions. In many respects this falls below that nowadays obtainable. In respect to detail of ceremonies, for instance, it has not the elaborateness of material secured with the aid of funds specially given for the purpose, of costly pictorial apparatus and other adequate equipment. In his time, and with his official duties, observation of the Indian entailed much greater hardships and was much more difficult. Hence his data are comparatively brief, but they have the merit of dating from a period when contact with the whites had not become so frequent. In his narrative of the Pottowatomi traditions, for example, we recognize a leaning towards finding traces of Biblical lore in Indian folk-tales, and explaining them as survivals from some ancient and very remote connection with the Old World. This leaning is common to all Catholic missionaries, from the time of Columbus down. Still, Father De Smet sees further, and concedes to the teachings of modern missions its proper influence on Indian tradition. On page 1084 we find the remarkable statement (Letter to the Provincial of the Jesuits, 1847): "If the early Jesuits or other Christian travellers had never been among these people, or if the Indians had never visited a Christian community, one might infer that they are in some sort direct descendants of Noah, and that they have preserved the tradition of the universal deluge, although obscured, altered and become fabulous in the long succession of ages." There is in this a recognition of the modifications which Indian lore so easily undergoes as soon as vivid impressions take hold of the Indian mind. Fragments of Christian teachings (particularly cosmologic and historic tales) are quickly absorbed by the Indian, and assimilated to his own mythology so as to become sometimes almost indistinguishable from the rest of his folk-tales.

On page 1004 there is a definition of the so-called "Great Spirit" that should not be overlooked:

"All these Indians believe in the existence of a Great Spirit, the Creator of all things, and this appears to be an inherent, original, and inborn idea. They do not, however, embody it; it is a spirit. The name of this spirit is Wakan Tankah or Great Medicine. The word 'medicine' in this case has no reference to the use of drugs, but means all that is incomprehensible, supernatural, all-powerful, everything that cannot be explained by ordinary means, or that is above their comprehension. They think this great medicine pervades all air, earth, and sky; that it is omnipresent, omnipotent, but subject to be changed and enlisted on their side in any undertaking if the proper ceremonies and sacrifices are made, etc., etc."

This definition hardly needs comment, except that it admirably corresponds to the substance of Indian creed and belief all over the American continent.

Abundant material regarding the manners and customs of the Indians of the Northwest prior to 1873, the date of Father De Smet's death, is disseminated through these volumes. To refer to it in anything like detail is, of course, out of the question. However it may compare with recent investigations, the earnest and conscientious student will always consult with profit the records of the experience and observations of our missionary. That he was not an inconsiderate admirer of the Indians, an Indian worshipper, is perfectly clear from his writings. He foresaw and foretold their inevitable fate within the United States. This only served to animate him to do his utmost for their welfare. In conclusion, we strongly recommend this valuable work to all who are interested in the history of the North American West and in its aborigines. Also, and particularly, to those interested in missions. Some minor flaws might be pointed out, but these vanish when the general excellence is considered.

The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton. Edited by Richard Harris, K.C. With portraits. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

These reminiscences of a celebrated lawyer and judge are open to the charge of garrulity, and have often the air of detached parts of conversations; the editor, indeed, says explicitly that they are "the outcome of many conversations," as well as of "innumerable manuscript notes." They are full of stories which, told *viva voce*, with all of "Orkins' " vivacity and humor, were no doubt very good, but which in a literary form often seem to lose their point, or become a little flat. This makes the book rather long, and detracts from the main interest of the narrative, which lies in the picture of the professional character and success of a remarkable man. It is a book rather for lawyers than for laymen, and contains some really valuable reflections on the administration of the criminal law.

Sir Henry Hawkins had the reputation of being the sharpest man of his time at the criminal bar, and afterwards the severest judge on the criminal bench. It was he who finished the career of the Tichborne claimant, and he will probably be longer remembered for his management of the prosecution for perjury of that impostor than for anything else in his career. An account of the trial is given in volume i., chapters xxxv. and xxxvi., with an excellent specimen of his cross-examination, and an amusing, even if invented, criticism by the Claimant himself, who is reported to have said, on seeing Toole, the comedian, come into court: "There's Toole, come to learn actin' from 'Arry Orkins." Hawkins, like every great advocate, was also an actor.

As a cross-examiner, he had the very highest skill. Keen, with a keenness far above that of a born rogue, he saw through all the disguises of rogues, and exposed the truth or falsehood behind, without the least touch of the cross-examiner's favorite failing—a tendency to self-parade. As an example, we may refer to the cross-examination of Bogle in the Tichborne case, on the subject of the tattoo-marks on Roger Tichborne's arm, and the "punctual flea."

If Sir Henry Hawkins had not been a great lawyer, his talents would have led him into the sporting or theatrical world. He loved a fight (in his early days he was amateur of the P. R.), a dog, a horse, a bet, and the stage, and in these pages we like him none the less for his confession of it. A character of first importance in the book is his fox-terrier, "Jack," who shared the bench with him. From such beginnings Hawkins developed into a judge who was a terror to evil-doers. He had not for half a life-time unmasked pretence in the witness-box for nothing; he continued to do it on the bench. But it is evidently a mistake to suppose that he was one of the old line of harsh judges. He was distinctly of an opposite and modern type. He gives an account of his system

of measuring the punishment so as to fit all the circumstances of a conviction, which distinctly shows him a humane and considerate man:

"The course I adopted in practice was this: My first care was never to pass any sentence inconsistent with any other sentence passed under similar circumstances for another though similar offence. Then I proceeded to fix in my own mind what ought to be the outside sentence that should be awarded for that particular offence had it stood alone; and from that I deducted every circumstance of mitigation, provocation, etc.; the balance representing the sentence I finally awarded."

How many judges in any country are as careful as this? As a matter of fact, his humanity led to a suspicion that he sometimes warped the law to suit a hard case. A French parody of the procedure of "Le Juge Hawkins" (no doubt written in England, but published in France) represents him as letting off a man who has stolen a loaf to save himself and his family from starvation, and as sending the baker who brought the charge to prison for a day, under "une loi édictée par la reine Élisabeth," for having left his shop for the purpose.

For innumerable anecdotes of uneven merit, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The first volume prejudices the reader against the *raconteur;* the second reconciles him to a very poor and colloquial method, and leaves him with an impression of a different sort—a great liking for the subject of the reminiscences, and a regret that they could not have been better revised. But even this may be a mistake. A better revision might have effaced some of the character. Baron Brampton (a name by which he will never be remembered) was essentially a self-made man, who rose by sheer cleverness and character, without being helped forward by adventitious aids. His book is a self-made book, and must not be judged as a literary performance. The editor evidently preferred to leave it, as far as possible, as it came to his hands.

The Story of the Congo Free State: Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack. With 125 Illustrations and Maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Pp. xv., 634, 8vo.

This is not so much a history of the Free State (as the title might seem to imply), as a defence of its government against the charges of cruelty to the natives and denial of freedom of trade in the Basin of the Congo. The author states that a sense of duty moved him to write his book, the materials of which he obtained in the archives of the administration at Brussels, but for which he holds himself entirely responsible. The historical part consists of a brief sketch of the foundation of the State, the international conferences at which it was recognized and its powers and duties defined, and the campaigns for the suppression of the slave-trade. The methods of administration and the various civilizing measures instituted are described at some length. The latter half of the volume contains the statement of the Belgian case, together with a considerable number of official documents bearing upon it. The charge of administrative cruelty to the natives is denied, though individual cases of maltreatment are acknowledged, and considerable space is given to the favorable testimony of travellers and missionaries as to the contentment of the Congolese and their progress in civilization. The right of the Government to appropriate unoccupied land and to restrict the sale of its natural products to its own agents, and to tax the natives, is affirmed as one exercised by all the Powers having colonial possessions.

Mr. Wack's statement of the Belgian case would have made a better impression if, in his frequent references to those who disagree with him, he had used less discourteous language. The efforts of the Aborigines' Protective Society and others interested in the natives' welfare to draw attention to their condition is styled a "campaign of calumny" (p. 96) and "the organized campaign of slander" (p. 157). Again, he refers to "the Liverpool and Boston custom of attributing villainy to the officers of the Congo State Government" (p. 341). He believes that the action of the British Government in taking official notice of these charges was due to the influence of a few Liverpool rubber merchants, and he hints at a remote desire to annex the Congo territory to England's East African possessions. Apparently he wholly ignores the fact that, by the express terms of the General Act of the Berlin Conference of 1885, the signatory Powers "*bind* themselves to watch over the preservation of the native tribes, and to care for the improvement of the conditions of their moral and material well-being, and to help in suppressing slavery, and especially the Slave Trade" (p. 534). He also seems to endorse the extraordinary position taken by the Free State Government in regard to the statements of Protestant missionaries. In the official answer to the report of the British consul, Mr. Casement, it is asserted that, as he was assisted by the missionaries, travelling on their steamer, and frequently being their guest, "it was inevitable that he should be considered by the native as the antagonist of the established authorities" (p. 595).

The numerous references to the State as a colonizing success almost unequalled either show great ignorance of modern colonial history or are simply to be taken as the hyperbole of the advocate. Mr. Wack gives tables of statistics to show the prosperity, but he does not draw attention to the fact that the exports are almost exclusively of natural products. The rubber and ivory exported in 1903 were valued at $12,000,000, the cultivated products at less than $70,000; the total value being $12,791,080. These figures do not say much for the development in eighteen years of a vast region admirably adapted for the cultivation of cotton, cocoa, coffee, etc. The contention that the Free State Government only followed the example of all the Powers having colonial possessions in appropriating unoccupied land is correct, but we doubt if any Power, after declaring immense tracts to be public domain, deprived the natives of the right of selling its native products to any but Government agents and at a fixed price, and punished foreign traders for buying from the natives. Extravagant language is used in regard to the righteous motives of King Leopold; his one aim being to suppress the slave trade and to civilize the African. Much is said of the contributions from his private funds to meet the expenses of the State, but nothing of his receipts as a shareholder in some of the concessionary rubber companies. One of these is reported to have paid a dividend of 90 per cent. in 1901, and another repaid in two years the amount of capital invested.

The most interesting as well as the most trustworthy feature of the book is its profuse photographic illustration. The plates show the great progress made in building Government stations, churches, and schools. There is even a public library at Matadi, the terminus of the railway. Very few, however, indicate any general improvement in the native mode of life. The African is still the nude gatherer of rubber. Mr. Wack owes an apology to the Belgian Minister to this country, Baron Moncheur, for the assertion (on p. 389) that, because the Belgian reply to the Liverpool memorial sent to President Roosevelt on October 3, 1904, did not receive the same attention in the press as the anti-Congolese resolutions of the Boston Peace Conference, he was "quite indifferent to that campaign of publicity which the enemies of the Congo Free State began in England and now continue in America." The Baron published a statement of the Belgian case in the *North American Review* for October, 1904.

British Economics in 1904. By W. R. Lawson. W. Blackwood & Sons.

Were British Economics fairly represented in this essay, the civilized world might well despair. It is not clear whether the title means the science of political economy, or the economic conditions prevailing in the British Isles; but it makes no difference. If this is political economy, the dark ages have returned; and if the people of England are as decadent as Mr. Lawson declares them to be, there is little hope for them. Certainly there is none in the remedies here advised.

To be sure, the case is not superficially alarming. Wealth has increased, the author informs us, although he grudgingly calls it "wealth of a sort." "Fortunes can be quickly made in various ways without much effort; work of all kind is better paid than it ever was before; workmen get more and spend more than ever." This would seem to describe prosperity, but it only disquiets Mr. Lawson. To him the status of the Hindu laborer is ideal. Industry for its own sake, and not for the sake of its products, is his gospel. The popular idea that cheap food and cheap clothing are the most important of economic aims must be discarded. The Germans are wiser. They are more concerned about the extension of their industries than about cheap food. This truth, we may remind our readers, has been recognized by Professor Sumner in his classical epigram concerning the protection of the sugar industry in Germany: The Germans have the industry, and the English have the sugar.

It is not surprising that Mr. Lawson regards the industrial equipment of England as out of date, its commercial methods behind the time, its railways an incubus on trade instead of a help to it, and its Parliament the most helpless anomaly of all. We must say, however, that he appears quite incompetent to discuss such problems, and that most of his assertions do not de-

serve atttention. We shall only observe that the main ground of his complaint is that the English import much of their food instead of producing it at home. He calculates that if all the money paid for imported food were spent in England, it would give permanent employment to nearly 4,000,000 farm laborers at a pound a week. A number of calculations of this stupefying character are presented to the reader, and he is invited to be impressed with "the overwhelming gravity of the facts."

"The Englishman of to-day," Mr. Lawson observes, "eats more, plays more, and works less than he did sixty years ago." It does not admit of question that, if there is a return to protective taxes, the Englishman of to-morrow will eat less, play less, and work more than he does now. That the English people should deliberately accept such a change as an improvement is incredible; and the arguments advanced in favor of the change should not impose upon even the wayfaring man.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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D'Arblay's (Madame) Diary and Letters. Vol. IV. Edited by Austin Dobson. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
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Lambert, P. A., and H. A. Foering. Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. Macmillan Co.
Lapauze, Henry. Mélanges sur l'Art Français. Paris: Hachette.
Lau, Robert J. Abu Habba Cylinder of Nabuna'id. Leyden.
Lawler, Thomas Bonaventure. The Story of Columbus and Magellan. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Meyer's Der Schuss. Edited by M. H. Haertel. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Meyers Konversations-Lexikon. Volume IX., Hautgewebe-Ionicus. Lemcke & Buechner.
Miller, Joaquin, and Yone Noguchi. Japan of Sword and Love. Tokio: Kanao Bunyendo.
Mystic Text-Book, The. Framingham, Mass.: Mystic Publishing Co.
Newspaper Press Directory, 1905. London: C. Mitchell & Co.
Oxford Silver Pennies, Described by C. L. Stainer. Oxford University Press.
Pattee, Fred Lewis. The House of the Black Ring. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Richardson, Norval. The Heart of Hope. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Richmond, Grace S. The Indifference of Juliet. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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Schultz, Jeanne. La Neuvaine de Colette. Wm. R. Jenkins. 60 cents.
Scott's Quentin Durward. Edited by Arthur L. Eno. Macmillan Co.
Simpkinson, C. H. Thomas Harrison. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Sportsman's Year Book, 1905. Edited by A. Wallis Myers. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

The Week.

The President's prophecy, spoken to his Indian Territory audiences, that that Territory will soon become a State, "probably in conjunction with Oklahoma," will, we trust, be fulfilled. But enough uncertainty exists to add zest to whatever single Statehood campaign he chooses to instigate. In Oklahoma a movement of significance has been started looking to the immediate setting up of that Territory as a separate State. A call for a Constitutional convention, to be held this summer, has been sent out, and is understood to have the backing of Gov. Ferguson, ex-Delegate Flynn, and the Republicans in control. From Delegate Maguire's accepted organ, the Enid *Eagle*, comes a protest against waiting upon the settlement of tribal affairs of Indian Territory before admitting Oklahoma. At least 75 per cent. of Oklahoma's population, it is estimated, will back up a protest against the reënactment of the Hamilton bill, which provides for single Statehood. But it would be unfortunate if Oklahoma's impatience for the dignity of two Senators should result in splitting a logical commonwealth in two, or in making necessary the patching on of Indian Territory later.

The Senators who deformed the Hay-Bond treaty had fair warning that Newfoundland would retaliate, though the extent of the reprisals was probably not foreseen. As a matter of fact, she is planning to cripple our fisheries on that coast. By prohibiting the catching or buying of bait along shore, the banks fleet can be seriously embarrassed. The imposition of an export duty equal to our import duty will effectually put a stop to the traffic in frozen herring, now furthered by evading our customs. Graver yet, the embargo will mean that the formerly liberal policy of Newfoundland has been relinquished, and that a period of petty international tempests in the fishpots will begin. The reopening of the fisheries dispute will bring about contraband fishing and baiting by enterprising fishermen, with the constant chance of acts of violence. Perhaps those who defeated the treaty in order to encourage the Gloucester fleet as a "nursery of the American navy" may regard such minor broils as an excellent preparation for possible war, but our State Department will hardly take that view when its dealings reassume the fishy and most vexatious complexion of some twenty years ago.

The reciprocity treaty with Cuba has now been in force for two-thirds of a year. Our exports to Cuba during that time have been 42 per cent. more than during the corresponding period of 1903-1904, while our total imports from the island have increased by only 16 per cent. The latter increase is chiefly in the single item of sugar, which rose from $24,666,517 to $29,848,042. Our exports, however, increased in many lines: cars and carriages, beween 10 and 25 per cent.; flour, cattle, lumber, and corn, between 25 and 40; mineral oils, bacon, and furniture, between 40 and 50; while in cotton cloths our exports to Cuba have considerably more than doubled. It is worth noting that the early results of Cuban reciprocity under the McKinley act were nearly the reverse of this. Our exports to Cuba in 1892 were only about 6 per cent. more than in 1890, while our imports from Cuba increased in the same time by more than 40 per cent. The differences in the two arrangements explain this. Instead of free sugar merely, we grant Cuba now a 20 per cent. reduction from all the Dingley rates, while, on our side of the bargain, we receive concessions running in many cases as high as 40 per cent.

Error may be lucky for a day, but truth wins at the last. This is likely to be one's reflection on reading the recent address of Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, retired, before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia. Admiral Melville focuses attention on the fact that our Philippine possessions are a heritage of enormous naval weakness—a position no one but a degraded Anti-Imperialist, least of all a conspicuous naval officer, would have dared to assume four or five years ago. Our triple expansion policy of policing the Philippines, digging the Panama Canal, and assuming the office of receiver-general of bankrupt and recalcitrant South and Central American States gives this naval expert the most serious apprehension. The anticipated military success of Japan will soon put "the fighting man of the East" on our Pacific frontier. The French, Danish, and British West Indian possessions "menace" from a dozen military standpoints our control of the Isthmian Canal. To remedy this in part, Admiral Melville advocates first of all "the immediate abandonment, at the slightest possible financial loss, of every distant possession that is likely to require a fleet to defend it." Our immunity from foreign aggression so long as we maintained unimpaired our continental solidarity and minded our own business, we have senselessly given up for the sorry spectacular rôle of posing as a world power.

The news of the desertion of 600 men from Rear-Admiral Evans's great fleet at Pensacola comes hard on the heels of the publication of the views on this subject of the Bureau of Navigation. It was carefully explained by the chief of the bureau, Rear-Admiral Converse, that, of an enlisted force of 30,066, "only" 10.7 per cent. ran away last year. Among the seamen the desertions were 7.97 per cent., while 17.10 per cent. of the engine-room force violated its pledges. The heaviest percentage was among the mess men, nearly one-quarter of whom, or 23.15 per cent., "jumped" the service. The latter fact the Bureau sought to explain on the ground that there were many foreigners among these messmen, and that the servant question is, after all, "one which is not wholly confined to the naval service." In the engine rooms, too, there would seem to be a good many foreign-born Americans, for five of the six men of the *Iowa* who were given medals of honor ten days ago for bravery in connection with a boiler accident bore the following names: Johannes J. Johannesen, Patrick F. Bresnahan, Heinrich Behnice, Frederick Behne, and Demetri Corahorgi. The truth is, that neither alien birth nor the servant question offers the proper solution. There is something radically wrong either with the official treatment of our men or with the men themselves. The native American seems to resent being "cabined, cribbed, confined" by superior authority as inconsistent with American democratic ideals, and, "first-class fightin' man" that he is, does not care to serve long in time of peace. Our Jingoes must reckon with this temper in their plans for a navy with 80,000 or 90,000 enlisted men.

"Administrative entity," a phrase somewhat ill-understood in Mr. Hay's circular note in behalf of Chinese neutrality, is now fully accounted for as of German origin. It was the Kaiser who prompted the appeal to the Powers; in diplomatic correspondence just published he thanks the President for his "initiative and *coöperation*" in matters Chinese. This explains the dubious phrase, which must be simply the translation of *entité administrative*—a Gallic metamorphosis, for diplomatic purposes, of some still more metaphysical Teutonism whose determination we leave to philosophical philologers. Mr. Hay, apparently, no more knew what it meant than Lord Lansdowne, who frankly asked. But the thing to be explained is not the formula supplied from Berlin, but the motive that ruled at that time in the Wilhelmstrasse. Into this one should not inquire too curiously. It might be surmised, for example, that

Germany knew that strict observance of Chinese neutrality was more favorable to Russia than to Japan, and prompted Secretary Hay to his old pursuit in order to aid Russia. To such a view the fact that the only outrageous breach of Chinese neutrality, in the *Ryeshitelni* case, was committed by Japan, lends a certain color of truth. Yet it seems more likely that Germany was merely grasping the first opportunity to associate herself actively with Mr. Hay's campaign for the open door. As a great trading nation, she might take such ground without suspicion of ulterior political motives.

This view of the case is confirmed by Germany's present overtures at Washington in behalf of equal commercial privileges in Morocco. In the light of this remarkable initiative, the Kaiser's recent visit and speech to Tangier must be read. It may pique him personally that the Western Mediterranean question was settled without reference to Germany, whose trade with Morocco is considerable and growing; and, so far as his ostentatious cruise was a reminder that Germany has Mediterranean aspirations, its bearings were political. In the main, however, the calm tone of the French press is evidence that Germany's designs in Morocco are regarded as purely commercial, and of a kind that France is disposed to allow cheerfully to all nations. Finally, the most interesting feature of the situation is the overture for a diplomatico-commercial *rapprochement* between ourselves and Germany, a possibility fraught with vast importance.

The stiffening of the moral backbone of St. Louis, accomplished while Gov. Folk occupied the Circuit Attorney's office, has apparently sufficed to reëlect Rolla Wells, the Democratic "business Mayor." He has given the city an administration notable chiefly for its "respectability," as contrasted with the "good-fellow" rule of his predecessor, "Uncle Henry" Ziegenheim. In the ordinary course of events, Wells would have been succeeded by another "liberal" Republican. The early returns, from the dock and slum wards, showed the expected plurality for Judge Talty, the Republican candidate, who was understood to favor a "wide-open" town, but the "white shirt and collar" wards remembered Folk and his teaching. Mayor Wells was backed not only by the Folk faction, but by the followers of Harry Hawes and the Jefferson Club of odorous memory. It is an interesting commentary on the practical efficacy of the Folk idea that the so-called Jefferson Club "Indians," under Hawes's leadership, should have been swung to the support of a candidate who, it was complained, was stiff and unapproachable by "the boys." The enthusiasm for the "business Mayor," however, was not great enough to carry through a proposed bond issue of $9,000,000 for municipal improvements. The public-ownership candidate, Lee Meriwether, received trifling support—a strong contrast to the result in Chicago.

The real traction question in Chicago will come up, now that the Mayoralty election is over. Judge Dunne, the successful Democratic candidate, favored a line of policy which, while more radical than that of Mr. Harlan, the Republican, is at the same time much harder to carry out. Harlan offered a plan which was safe and economical, and would give the city a chance ultimately to try public operation of street cars, if it chose, under the most favorable auspices. But the people of Chicago agreed with Judge Dunne that it was better to run some risks and begin to take up the lines at once. If the city refuses to grant any new franchises or renew old ones, the companies have left—to quote one of Dunne's converts—"(1) a second-hand plant for which a second-hand price will be paid; (2) the right to operate for some fifty years over what Mayor Harrison has called 'a maimed and crippled system of streets, with but 50 per cent. of the entrances in the downtown district.'" The Democratic orators contended that the prices for the companies' securities—which remained fairly stable throughout the campaign—were based partly on the expectation of new franchises, and, with that hope gone, would fall to a figure commensurate with the real value of the companies' property. None the less, if the price paid by the city for the lines taken over is to be based on stock quotations, the incentive for keeping prices at an artificially high figure is greater than ever since Dunne's election.

In spite of the all but unanimous protests of the Philadelphia newspapers, the Legislature of Pennsylvania on Thursday put through the three so-called "ripper" bills, taking from the Mayor of Philadelphia the power to appoint directors of the several departments, and giving it to the City Council. Unless Gov. Pennypacker decides to veto the measures, Philadelphia will, on the first Monday in April, 1907, when the bills take effect, revert to a system of divided responsibility that has nothing to justify it except the desire of the Republican "machine" to insure its control. The advocates of these "ripper" bills explain that, under the Bullitt law, passed in 1885, the heads of departments in Philadelphia are little better than clerks. They propose to relieve the Mayor of the power to appoint the Director of the Department of Public Safety (the police commissioner), the Director of the Department of Supplies, and the Director of the Department of Public Health and Charities. The City Council, elected yearly, shall then choose these officials for a term of three years each. The only real argument for this change advanced by the "machine's" backers is that the law that has served the city for twenty years is un-American, and tends to the establishment of a one-man power.

The influence of trades unions upon immigrants is the subject upon which Carroll D. Wright tried to secure information in a recent investigation of the Chicago stock yards. His finding is that the unions are helpful in Americanizing and bettering the conditions of the Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, and Slovaks, who form so large a percentage of the laborers. Before the unions were organized, each race kept closely to itself. It had its own church, its own schools, is own benevolent associations, its own social life. It attempted, when the unions were started, to organize these also on race lines. The leaders, however, objected, and, for the first time, Irishmen, Germans, Poles, Bohemians, and the rest were forced to mingle—to hold common meetings, to learn a common tongue, and to take common action. To a certain extent, also, the unions have been educators in political science. Here the Eastern immigrant first learns the value of his vote, and gets some vague notion of his relation to the State. Again, through the union he seeks to improve his condition. Better wages, shorter hours, better homes, better clothes, larger opportunities for himself and children—these, according to Mr. Wright, are the staple subjects of talk at the union meetings. Pushed to the extreme, these ideas may have unfortunate results; but in general the lesson is a valuable one. Similar influences, Mr. Wright would discover, are operating in New York, especially in the clothing trades. The Jewish workmen do not take naturally to the trades-union idea. They join in large numbers when some prominent issue, like the open shop or a wage increase, is at stake; and then, after the crisis is passed, drop out. In the quiet season the unions, with decreased membership, do exist, but usually as social organizations and debating societies. With the temperate Hebrew they often take the place of the saloon as the poor man's club. In this field the activity of the unions is admittedly wholesome.

The sale of thirty-one obsolete warships by the British Government for less than one-twentieth of their original cost is a surprising transaction, but nothing could better illustrate the rapidity with which modern fighting machinery becomes worthless. The casual reader is likely to imagine that these vessels be-

longed to the elder day of sea fighting —that they were of the type whose decks were trod by Marryat's heroes. No such thing. The *Galatea* was completed in 1889 at a cost of £258,390, the *Warspite* and the *Australia* in 1888, costing £529,332 and £259,390 respectively, and the *Northampton* in 1878 at a cost of £395,804. Thus three of the cruisers now sold for junk, with the requirement that they be broken up at once, were brand new and up-to-date only sixteen or seventeen years ago. The young girls who smashed champagne bottles over their bows at the launchings are not yet middle-aged. In even less time, the progress of invention may make the ships launched this year equally worthless. This is the nature of a Government's investment in naval armaments, and it is one of the things to be kept in mind when the Jingoes are urging still larger budgets.

There is much in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget of public revenue and tax expedients for the new British fiscal year, submitted to Parliament on Monday, which should be highly gratifying to the British people; there are some provisions which in certain quarters will arouse resentment. The mere fact that a $15,000,000 surplus revenue is reported, for the twelve months ending March 31, is a matter of encouragement—the more so since it exceeds by nearly $12,000,000 the estimates framed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer a year ago, and since the unlooked-for increment has come from an increased import trade—a sign of reviving English prosperity. On the other hand, the well-to-do classes, which have been bearing, ever since the South African war ended, an income tax larger than any imposed in time of peace for fifty years, had looked with much confidence for some remission, and will certainly be chagrined at the news that none is to be made. One shilling in the pound is not, as American ideas of taxes go, a very oppressive burden. Amounting as it does to 5 per cent., it is heavier than the Federal income tax imposed by Congress during 1894, and later declared unconstitutional, but it is probably lighter than the burden placed on incomes by the property tax of New York State. The pending mortgage-tax bill, in so far as that affects aggregate incomes, calls for a tax of 10 per cent. or thereabouts. So of the tax on other forms of property, which, if collected to the last farthing, might easily take for the State 20 or 25 per cent. of income other than salaries or wages. Nevertheless, the fact that the shilling figure has, for half a century or more, been synonymous with a British war-tax, is reasonably sure to render those who must continue to bear the burden angry and resentful, and it may in that way affect the fortunes of the Ministry. For the rest of the voting public, the Ministry proposes a reduction of the tea duty, so that what favor the budget loses in one direction it may gain in another and possibly more politically useful quarter.

The marked decline in the consumption of alcoholic spirits in Great Britain proved to be the significant sociological feature of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget speech. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1905, the drink duties indicate the smallest consumption of beer and spirits in fifteen years. The noticeable decline in this source of imperial revenue has gone steadily on since 1900. The young Chancellor of the Exchequer was well advised in not following the lead of cynical financiers who have argued, as did the author of The Fable of the Bees, that private vices are public benefits. However great the loss in revenue from excises on spirits, the gain in general productive power which lessened consumption of alcohol implies is tantamount to an enhanced ability to pay other taxes. Austen Chamberlain ascribes the decline in drink duties to the changing habits of the people, who are spending more on outdoor excursions and recreations and less in the taverns of Gin Lane. The reproach which Englishmen have themselves heaped upon their countrymen of being "a drunken nation" shows signs of losing its significance—a most encouraging omen.

The defeat of a member of the Government in the stalwart Unionist constituency of Brighton is the severest rebuff Mr. Balfour has received in a score of electoral mishaps. Mr. Gerald Loder, recently appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, was beaten chiefly on the fiscal issue. Thus Brighton adds to that of many other constituencies formerly Unionist its verdict of distrust of Mr. Chamberlain's protectionism and of disgust with Mr. Balfour's shilly-shallying. The loss of a seat contested by a minor member of the Government is not necessarily a signal for the resignation of the Ministry. On the other hand, the present Parliamentary position of Mr. Balfour's Government is hardly compatible with self-respect. While Mr. Balfour is running away from all manner of resolutions opposing not only the Chamberlain plan, but also his own policy of retaliation, the constituencies are enthusiastically voting against both. That is, the people are deciding Parliamentary elections upon an issue which Mr. Balfour has abandoned in Parliament as of no importance. Evidently, this sharp difference between a self-governing people and its Government cannot be of long duration, and while Mr. Balfour seems to have as many political lives as a cat, he can hardly avoid an appeal to the country after the budget has been approved.

When even the cholera is made a peg on which to hang a demand for political reforms, the Czar might well believe that his autocracy is slipping away from him. Here are thirteen hundred doctors gathered together in Moscow, ostensibly to take measures to protect the physical health of the poor; instead, they find themselves called upon to prescribe first for the diseased body politic. They have merely pointed out again that the welfare of the people is best preserved by good government. These physicians find it of little use to suggest medical reforms when the carrying out must be intrusted to corrupt and autocratic officials. If they have perhaps veiled their true feelings under an avowed fear of the ignorant population, they have plainly joined the lawyers, the students, the teachers, the scientists, and the other learned professions in their intellectual revolt against the existing state of affairs. Of what use is it, when men like these speak out, to talk of danger from the peasants or the anarchists, or to attempt to suppress the open agitators and protestants? We cannot believe the authorities blind to this consideration.

The Cabinet kaleidoscope in Italy has taken a fresh turn since our correspondent's narrative (on another page) was concluded. Tittoni's "exposition" unexpectedly obtained a majority of 121, and it was supposed that the Cabinet would at once proceed to business. On the contrary, the next day Signor Tittoni gave out that the whole Cabinet had resigned; the Deputies were dismissed, and it was announced that Tittoni and Fortis were entrusted with the formation of the new Ministry, with the result that Luzzatti is replaced by Carcano, Ronchetti, Minister of Justice, and Orlando, Minister of Public Instruction, are also retired. Ferraris, who succeeds Tedesco as Minister of Public Works, was reporter of the committee chosen to draw up the railway bill, and is supposed to be a competent authority on the burning question of the day. Tittoni remains at the Foreign Office. Fortis, President of the Council, assumes the Home Department. If names denote anything nowadays, the Cabinet may be said to be half "Right," half "Left." All seem agreed that the railway men shall be prevented from striking or obstructing, but whether the 71st and 72d articles of the railway bill will be adopted is not known. The press freely prophesies that the Ministry will be of short duration, but if the majority is divided into sects and groups, the minority is far from homogeneous. The 160 who voted against the Ministry embraced members of the Centre, of Sonnino's Opposition, of the Right (all conservatives, including the clerical Cameroni), of the old historical Left, of the Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists.

PRESIDENT HADLEY ON RAILWAYS.

Nothing is more absurd, said Macaulay, than the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. Whether absurd or not, the American public is given to periodical outbursts on railway regulation. The present is such a period. The members of the House of Representatives preferred not to face their constituents until they had passed the Esch-Townsend bill. The more leisurely Senate, concluding that some vent must be given to pent-up public opinion, has constituted a committee of inquiry whose hearings will doubtless occupy a good part of the summer. At this juncture President Hadley's deliverance on "The Public vs. Railways," which appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of April 1, is timely. Testimony in this matter from one who is both well-informed and impartial is "like a light shining in a dark place," to which we do well to take heed.

The frenzied advocates of drastic rate regulation, as well as the reactionary railroad men who urge the repeal of all Federal transportation statutes, will both be disappointed to find that President Hadley gives to immediate legislation a place decidedly subordinate. The issues which he puts in the foreground are the service which our railroads on the whole render the public, and the present tendencies in management. It is the second of these issues that is the most serious. The threatening tendency, according to President Hadley, is the growing ossification, the decay of initiative, in railway enterprise. Twenty years ago railroading offered a career to talent. To-day the field of opportunity is narrowing. Stereotyped methods are displacing the almost reckless experimentation under which our transportation system was built up. Though it is admitted that there "are still splendidly strong men as presidents and general managers," these survivors, it is alleged, are the first to confirm the truth that "there are only a few of us left." The decadence of vigor is attributed in large measure to a divided allegiance. The employee now attempts to serve both the union and the company; and the manager, to compromise between the dominant banking interests on the directorate and the actual needs of transportation service. Either because of these impediments or because German railroads have enjoyed advantages denied to ours, the superiority of our transportation system to that of Germany, so indisputable in 1885, has now become uncertain. If the facts be as President Hadley asserts, his deduction that we cannot "look at the future in a spirit of complacent optimism" is unnecessarily guarded.

The lesser counts urged against our railroads are dismissed in general as not well substantiated. Monopoly in transportation is conceded, but is declared to be inevitable. The remarkable increase in railroad net earnings, from $327,505,716 in 1895 to $592,508,512 in 1903, is regarded by President Hadley as only a reasonable offset for the lean years from 1893 to 1898. The increase of only 5 per cent. in the rates per passenger mile and freight mile, between 1899 and 1903, when all other prices concurrently advanced from 10 to 40 per cent., he pronounces "virtually a tremendous and gratifying decrease." On the recent car shortage he comments with some severity, but the shortage of locomotive power he allows to pass unchallenged on the ground that electricity will shortly displace steam. In short, on the allegations of excessive profits, exorbitant charges, inadequate service, or increasing discrimination, the roads are let off with a verdict of "Not guilty." It doubtless requires the rule of averages to reach a conclusion in matters of this kind, but the professed ability to reduce the heterogeneous to a common measure reminds one of the judge returned from circuit who averred that, while in some cases innocent parties had been convicted, and in some cases guilty parties had been acquitted, *on the whole* justice was done.

Coming to the matter of proposed changes in Federal law affecting interstate commerce, President Hadley favors a special Federal railroad court, coordinate in authority with the circuit courts. The present Interstate Commerce Commission he would transform into a board of experts made up of practical railroad men, three from the traffic department, and one each from the operating and financial departments. The Commission's function would then be to ascertain matters of fact on which the court might base its decisions. Evidently, he entertains the hope that a regular judicial tribunal so constituted might eventually set aside unreasonable rates at the instance of a complainant, and even advance to the point of indicating clearly "how much rates would have to be reduced in order to be reasonable."

One may concur in the verdict that the present Interstate Commerce Commission has fallen between two stools in attempting to exercise at one and the same time the functions of traffic manager and judge, without assenting *in toto* to President Hadley's scheme. In the first place, competent authorities have seen difficulties in the plan of devising a Federal court whose jurisdiction is to be determined, not by territorial limits, but by the subject-matter involved in litigation. Judge Grosscup, however, in a recent address, advocates just such a special tribunal. In the second place, if a bureau of transportation experts is to be created for the purpose of obtaining information, it would seem better to make it a bureau of the Department of Justice, or of some other executive department, rather than to impose on a court the duty of supervising such an expert detective force. Indeed, Judge Grosscup insists that this board of inquiry should be an active branch of the Executive. In the third place, if a court can be induced even by indirection to set prices for transportation services, it will be more hardy than courts in English-speaking countries have hitherto been. The intent of our law at present is to do away with discrimination. If there are loopholes in the statute they should be stopped up. But until an honest and vigorous attempt has been made to enforce our present law against discrimination with our present system of Federal courts, and to employ criminal prosecution when the law authorizes it, we shall do well to go slow in the creation of a special kind of circuit court with an attendant commission of expert industrial inquisitors.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL QUESTION.

The relation of state to religious education, which has sorely disturbed France and England of recent years now becomes an urgent issue in Canada. The western territories of Saskatchewan and Alberta are to be erected into self-governing provinces, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier seeks so to frame their organic law that sectarian schools shall permanently have a right to support from the public funds. Sir Wilfrid, it will be recalled, was the author of the famous Manitoba compromise, which nine years ago put an end to a bitter sectarian strife by secularizing state education, allowing, however, the representatives of any sect half an hour a day for religious instruction in the schoolhouse. In view of the eminent success of this agreement, it baffles comprehension that Sir Wilfrid should now wish to saddle sectarian schools upon the entire Northwest. For this *volte-face* two explanations are given: First, that the Premier finds himself bound by the Constitution to perpetuate separate schools; next, that the peculiar conditions of the new provinces make a mixed system expedient.

As for the constitutional plea, the British North America Act, the school clauses of which were framed with respect to the conflicting claims of Protestant Ontario and Catholic Quebec, stipulates that, when a province is admitted to the Dominion, its religious schools shall retain all rights enjoyed at the time of admission. How far Alberta and Saskatchewan, not even geographical names at the promulgation of the British North America Act in 1867, are to be regarded as provinces, is clearly a problem for Canadian legists. There is plausibility, however, in the view that the school clause applied only to provinces actually in being when the organic law was drawn. Much is to be said also for

the common-sense argument that it is folly to bind an autonomous province perpetually to any form of education. In short, the common sense of Canada will regret that Sir Wilfrid has given the benefit of the doubt not to generous ideals of provincial independence, but to a very contestable and possibly obsolete clause of the Constitution.

But, unluckily, common sense may have rather little to do with the matter one way or the other. While Protestants are trying to starve out existing Catholic schools, Catholics are seeking to secure an inalienable lien upon the public purse. The political atmosphere is surcharged with suspicion. We were told that the Premier had struck hands with the Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Sbaretti, to restore the separate school system in Manitoba. It was charged that the extension of that province to Hudson Bay, most eagerly desired by its inhabitants, was to be made conditional upon abolishing the secular public schools. Sir Wilfrid denied the charges of collusion *in toto;* Mgr. Sbaretti admitted overtures to the Manitoba Government. These rumors suggest the heat with which the reopening of the old quarrel has been accompanied.

Now the picture of Sir Wilfrid hiding under the cassock of the Ablegate of the Holy See was frankly incredible. The Premier is emphatically his own man, and when he both belies his own record and fathers a most unpopular policy, he unquestionably does so for his own reasons. Obscure these reasons certainly are, but it may fairly be assumed that they are political. There are no peculiar social conditions in the great wheat-growing territories which make a separate school system imperative. In fact, the influx of Protestant settlers from the United States is so great that the vested interests of the Roman Catholic schools would soon be intolerably burdensome. Evidently, Sir Wilfrid's eye was less on the territory of the dispute than on the general political status of the Dominion. It is possible that he sees in an avowedly pro-Catholic policy a means of repairing the disorganization caused in the Liberal stronghold, Quebec, by the resignation of the Parent Ministry, and of pressing the advantage recently gained in Ontario through the overthrow of the Ross government. But if such be his hope, we believe it will be disappointed. There has been no more jealous advocate of self-government in the past than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His famous solution of the Manitoba school contest rested upon that theory; only recently he has claimed for Canada greater powers of diplomatic negotiation than Great Britain allows her. For him now to regulate in perpetuity the school affairs of autonomous provinces must excite as great dismay among his real friends as bitterness among his enemies.

In fact, the successive amendments of the clauses requiring separate schools show that the Government is by no means sure of its ground. Attempts have been made to attenuate the measure, which stands, however, in its present, more offensive than in its original form. At first, the principle of separate religious schools was explicitly imposed; now a sort of local option is proposed, but any sect which believes itself aggrieved in its own locality has especial facilities of appeal to the Government at Ottawa. This is as much as to say to the infant provinces, "You are absolutely free until we see fit to twitch the leading strings." In the long run the good sense of Canada, whether affected to the Protestant or Catholic faith, will be against superfluous leading-strings; and whatever the immediate fate of Sir Wilfrid's measure, which he may very well succeed in passing by a strictly partisan vote, he can hardly be absolved from having handled a great problem in statesmanship under some not very clear consideration of temporary political expediency.

ROZHESTVENSKY IN THE EAST.

Admiral Rozhestvensky has successfully passed the Straits of Malacca. A Japanese scouting squadron, it will be remembered, touched at Singapore as far back as December 22, and proceeded into the Indian Ocean. On the 18th of March a strong Japanese squadron touched at Labuan, north of Borneo, only a few days' steaming from Singapore. Togo himself rejoined his fleet after a brief rest at Tokio fully two months ago, and long before that time the Japanese navy department was preparing a very considerable fleet of auxiliary cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers for service against Rozhestvensky. To assume that the Russians completely fooled Togo by sending some colliers in one direction and themselves proceeding along the most frequented and direct route, is to ascribe to Togo a mental simplicity quite inconsistent with his achievements hitherto. It has long seemed the best policy for Togo to allow Rozhestvensky to reach Formosan waters, which are far enough away from the Yellow Sea to permit traffic with Port Arthur to go on undisturbed, and at the same time give the Japanese accessible ports for repairs and refitting, and for harboring prizes. For the Russians, Hongkong or Amoy would be the nearest places of refuge, with prompt internment staring them in the face.

Whatever the Japanese strategy, the fact remains that Togo must in some manner hold in check the Vladivostok cruisers, destroy or turn back Rozhestvensky's armada, and still preserve enough vessels to defeat Niebogatoff's small squadron now in the Red Sea, and such other ships as may yet be resurrected from the Russian naval cemetery in the Baltic. The perseverance of Rozhestvensky has once more altered the entire aspect of the war, for even if he sinks only a couple of Togo's battleships, the Japanese may yet make peace on far different terms than the evacuation of Mantchuria and the payment of a war indemnity of $500,000,000, which they are now thought to have in mind. On the other hand, the result of a Japanese victory is obvious.

Any one would be rash who should in advance pick either fleet as the winner. Rozhestvensky has the advantage in heavy ships; Togo in cruisers and in torpedo vessels. The Japanese crews have shown their indifference to death and their mastery of their business; the Russians stand convicted of firing on harmless fishermen and on each other during a veritable panic on the night of October 22 last. If they have reached a battle-temper and attained a creditable accuracy of marksmanship, it is only because of incessant drilling during their long stay in Madagascar waters—a training naturally far inferior to that of Togo's men during their year of war. Again, of the seven Russian battleships, four are modern and homogeneous vessels, while the cruisers are an extraordinary assortment of vessels of all ages, sizes, and speeds, many of them similar to the discarded ships England last week sold at auction. The fastest vessels are undoubtedly the converted German merchant steamers, which, to the number of four or five, accompany the warships. But a fleet has at best only the speed of the slowest member; moreover, the difficulty of coaling and the months which have elapsed since the vessels were docked and cleaned, make it obvious that the speed obtainable in an emergency cannot be much more than ten knots an hour. Superior speed is to modern naval combatants what the windward position was to the men who fought the *Constitution* and her contemporaries. Togo possessed it in the battle of August 15, and could, therefore, pick his own position and maintain it and pound his enemy at will with his superior long-range cannon.

It will be remembered that when nightfall put an end to that contest, Togo drew off his heavy ships and signalled to his torpedo boats to close in, without the latter achieving any results. Indeed, since the beginning of the war only a single vessel has been definitively put out of action by torpedo-boats, and that was the *Sevastopol*, at anchor and undermanned. To place much faith in Togo's superiority in scouts of this class is therefore unwarranted. Nor would it avail now to enter into a careful comparison of the fleet ship by ship, to show, for instance, that Japan's six good armored cruisers offset to a large degree Rozhestvensky's preponderance in battleships. The truth is that no

one outside of the Japanese Navy Department knows just what forces Togo can muster—whether, for instance, the Japanese battleship *Mikasa*, which was terribly pounded in the last fight, has yet been able to take the sea, and whether the old monitor which is sometimes reckoned with Togo's battleships can really take a place in the line of battle. Nor has any writer here or in Europe any idea just how many merchantmen like the *America Maru* and the *Yawata Maru* have been added to the fleet cruising in the South China Sea.

From the most trustworthy calculations which have yet been made, the Japanese would seem to have a slight preponderance in the amount of metal the rival vessels will be able to discharge at one time. But, after all, an accident at the outset may more than even matters up, and so would a failure on Togo's part to concentrate every available vessel at the hour of combat. We have heard a great deal about the great lesson of this war being the need of battleships. Too little weight has been laid upon the temper of the men who man them. A dozen battleships would not have given Spain the victory at Santiago, and we may yet have a demonstration of how even an unprotected cruiser, well handled, may irretrievably injure towering structures of armor plates and turrets. Only so much may be said: If the spirit which pervades Rozhesvensky's fleet is no better than that which actuated the Port Arthur vessels, the Japanese will go into action with the paper superiority of the Russians more than discounted.

HISTORY AT OXFORD.

Confirmatory rumors aside, it may be gathered from a passage in Mr. Firth's preface to the pamphlet edition of his inaugural lecture (H. Frowde) that Oxford circles have been somewhat fluttered by the first deliverance of York Powell's successor. "I learn with regret," says the new Regius Professor, "that a passage on page 28 has been construed by some of the teachers of modern history as if it were a personal reflection upon themselves. It was not so intended, and had I thought it could be so taken I should have expressed myself differently." The passage in question is probably this: "I cannot infer from anything I have seen that the possession of a proper professional training for the study of history is one of the requisites held necessary for teaching it." The people here referred to are the college tutors, and by some of them at least Mr. Firth's inaugural lecture seems to have been thought an unduly severe onslaught upon existing conditions.

The establishment of the History School at Oxford and the success which has marked its efforts are notable facts in the life of that university during the past generation. Mr. Firth, however, is far from satisfied with the progress already made, and comes forward with a counsel of perfection at the very moment of taking his chair. The existing state of things with its shortcomings is thus set forth:

> "Our Modern History School was never so large and so flourishing as it now is. Last summer there were some 215 candidates, men and women, and there must be now 400 or 500 persons reading for it. From my point of view it has one great defect. It does not train men capable of adding to knowledge. It produces very few historians. I have gone through the class list for the last twenty years with great care, and it is surprising to note how rarely one finds there the name of a man who has since published historical work of any kind, still less historical work of any value. An historian seems to be merely an accidental by-product of the school, and not one of the natural results of our elaborate system of teaching."

A statement like this takes one back immediately to first principles. What does Oxford intend to do for the hundreds of students who are giving themselves up to Modern History? Bent as she long has been on producing statesmen rather than scholars, it may be doubted whether she cares to make pure erudition the goal of the History School. Mr. Firth's quarrel with the present system is that under it history is made an instrument and not an object. All that the course attempts to do, he says, "is to give men who do not wish to study classics, or mathematics, or science, a sort of general education through history." As the result of existing theory and practice, well-informed politicians, journalists, and civil servants are turned out, but no true grounding is given in methods of original research, nor is provision made for the technical training, in special branches like palæography and diplomatic, which the graduate in honors should have. Mr. Firth's assault upon the present programme likewise includes a criticism of the rule which assigns almost exclusive attention to politics and institutions. The provision that "candidates will be expected to make themselves acquainted with the social and literary history of their period" is, as he says, a dead letter; while, apart from this neglect to read outside the field of politics, everything is done to crowd the memory at the expense of the understanding.

Such strictures on the established order could hardly be hailed with delight by the college tutors, nor is it by any means certain that Mr. Firth will be able to effect a radical change without their support. At present, he maintains, no scheme of advanced historical instruction or post-graduate study in history is apt to succeed; and, as an example, he appeals to the experience of his predecessors in the chair. "I have seen the experiment made twice; once by Professor Freeman and once by Professor York Powell. In each case it failed. Both may have made mistakes in the execution of their schemes; but neither diligence, nor skill, nor learning could succeed under the conditions with which they had to struggle." For the present, he urges in conclusion, "the question is not whether I personally am to be enabled to teach my subject effectively, but whether any efficient and successful scheme for the higher teaching of history is to be established here."

The considerations to which Mr. Firth appeals are undoubtedly strong, but a history tutor in defending the present arrangements would not be left altogether without a case. It does seem hard that the Englishman who takes up the study of history with professional intent should be unable to get the grounding he requires at a great seat of learning like Oxford. Mr. Firth appeals to his own experience, and states that it has cost him much labor to learn imperfectly in later life what, under other circumstances, he might have learned from a specialist while he was still in the junior stages of his preparation. "Since our future historian cannot obtain the special training he needs in the Modern History School, the question arises, where is he to obtain it? Is he to get it in Oxford at all, or must he go to Paris or the Universities of Germany to find it? Now though it is desirable that some should go abroad to get this training, it is not possible for all to do so, and therefore it is necessary to supply it here." Beginning with his own class, Mr. Firth proposes to take up the printed and manuscript authorities for English history between 1605 and 1714, "showing what the materials for writing that history are and where they are to be found."

The discipline to be gained by students following this course will undoubtedly be most valuable for those who enter upon it at all. But the Regius Professor has never, when he meant to do anything serious, attracted a large number of students. As soon as the need of intensive research is suggested at Oxford, some one objects that the Modern History School "is not meant to give a professional, but a general training." Upon this ground the college tutor would take his stand in combating Mr. Firth's demand for a more thorough knowledge of professional method, even though the change of system entailed some sacrifice on the side of general information. If there are four or five hundred persons reading in the Modern History School at the present moment, no one can expect that, under any scheme, more than a tenth of the number will give themselves up to the professional study of history in after life. Considered from a broad educational standpoint, the interests of the nine-tenths would have to come before those of the saving remnant, assuming that there need be a clash of educational interest at all. Of course, some go so far as to recommend the ad-

mission of undergraduates to seminary courses of a technical character, believing the disciplinary value of such courses to be of the highest order. On the other hand, the view is maintained with much force that the undergraduate should not be set at work of specialization until he has gained a good deal of historical information—enough, at least, to carry with it some sense of historical perspective.

Accordingly, when Mr. Firth comes forward with a sharp criticism of the History School at Oxford, he not only lays his finger upon a local shortcoming, but enters, more or less consciously, the field of educational theory. With his desire to provide means for the professional training of English historians in England, or indeed at Oxford, every one must sympathize, but if his lecture meant the entering wedge of an attack upon the main conception of the Modern History School, as now constituted, he must expect to find himself opposed by a good many who recognize to the full the worth of professional attainments.

The discussion thus started is all the more interesting in the light of a new foundation at Oxford. Mr. Firth refers more than once to the new chair of Colonial History, as when he says, in connection with his projected course on the seventeenth century, "For the Colonial and American section I hope for help from the future Professor of Colonial History." Some of those who are concerned with the establishment of this new chair feel, we may presume, a stronger interest in political propaganda than they do in pure erudition. If the new Professor of Colonial History is to give courses on the primary authorities, he is likely, even though he be not an enthusiastic lover of cartography, to have a small class. Now that a few specialists only should sit under the lecturer on things colonial, is not part, we imagine, of Mr. Beit's programme. How the new chair is to be filled, how its objects are to be defined, we do not yet know, but our curiosity in the matter is considerably heightened by the perusal of Mr. Firth's lecture.

Of this deliverance itself we must speak with warm praise. Mr. Firth is an eminent scholar who expresses his convictions in the most direct and forcible terms. That he looks for the triumph of the professional ideal over the conception which now holds sway at Oxford, may be judged from his concluding words: "The difficulties are not natural difficulties which beset the teaching of history everywhere; they are local difficulties arising out of defects in our academic organization, difficulties of our own creation, which it is in our power to remove if we have the will. I am confident that we shall remove them." Such is his own aspiration. The best witness he summons in support of his general position is Stubbs. "Since Creighton left," says Stubbs in a letter to Freeman (1885), "and even he was scarcely to be regarded as free from the tutorial bias, the historical teaching of history has been practically left out in favor of the class-getting system of training." Mr. Firth quotes the latter part of this sentence, but it means more when given in full.

PARLIAMENTARY DECADENCE IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, March 22, 1905.

Parliamentary government in Italy, throughout Europe, is everywhere on trial. Even in its birthplace it is far from satisfying the manifold needs and requisitions of modern times. In France it has never succeeded; in Hungary it was never more than a *modus vivendi*, and has come to a deadlock. Germany is, in reality, a despotism; Spain is past praying for; and now Italy offers a spectacle that grieves her friends and rejoices her enemies.

After the elections last autumn Giolitti appeared to be supported by an immense majority; and when—despite the fact that, though his majority was two-thirds composed of clerical conservatives, he still maintained his position as head of a Liberal Government—he presented the ultra-Radical Marcora as his candidate for the Speakership of the Chamber, his nominee was duly elected by a large majority. The fact was that the country and the Chambers were willing to support any ministry that would maintain order and prevent a recurrence of the disorders of last September. Another victory was gained by Giolitti when the law for the civil list was presented. Many are the opponents of the grant of sixteen millions by a country so poor as Italy, but Giolitti succeeded in renewing it without much opposition. Finally, on February 23, the bill for the resumption by the State of the railways operated for the last twenty years by private companies was presented. The first fifty-three articles designate the methods of the State operation, which is to be exercised by an autonomist administration. Other eighteen articles relate exclusively to the personnel of the railways; only the last seven, and especially the last two, gave rise at once to adverse comments and finally to violent opposition—to obstruction with the threat of a general railway strike.

Articles 68, 69, 70 have no special bearing on the question of compulsory arbitration, and, had the bill ended there, it might have passed after considerable amendment. But (owing, it seems, to pressure from Luzzatti) Giolitti and Tedesco, Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works, were persuaded to introduce two articles which would have been justifiable in a general law for the regulation of the duties and rights of the employees in the service of the public, but which, intruded into this bill transferring the railways from private companies to the State, were regarded and resented—not only by the railway men and their special champions, but by impartial outsiders—as a direct provocation and menace to a special class of proletaries who, it should be remembered, notwithstanding their exorbitant and unjust pretensions, did not take part in the general strike of September. Article 71 provides that the chiefs, promoters and organizers of any concert between three or more persons, even if these be extraneous to the administration of the State railways, whose object is to cause suspension, interruption, or damage to the service, shall be punished with imprisonment. If their object be attained, the imprisonment may last from six months to a year; meanwhile they will be struck from the rolls of service, with the loss of all right to pension or assistance. The accomplices may also be dropped from the rolls, with loss of all right to pension or to assistance; or if the Council think right to retain them in the service, they may be punished by diminution of pay or of the right to normal increase. The forfeits will be assigned to the institutions of assistance according to article 56. The dispositions of article 71 will apply to the railroads conceded to private companies, if such companies agree to accord just treatment to their employees and to accept compulsory arbitration. The last article (72) relates to certain branches of railroads which it is proposed to relinquish to private companies, at least for a time.

Giolitti, who had been absent for some days on account of illness, was present while his colleague Tedesco presented his bill. The latter suggested the examination of it by the committee which had completed the study of the railway question prior to the general elections, but the House declined the proposal, as the studies were complete and the time limited, but agreed to another suggestion, viz., that each of the nine offices destined to examine and report on all bills should name each a single member, and these, united in a committee, should duly report. Giolitti, who was looking extremely ill and weary, took no part in the discussion, and withdrew from the House as soon as the question of reference was decided.

Meanwhile, the railway organizations convoked the central committee of forty-five members, protesting that the whole bill was disastrous to their interests; that the pledges given by the Minister of Public Works in the last interview had not been fulfilled, and that the articles denying the right to strike were a violation of the established law of the realm. The Socialists in the House determined at once on opposition; three of them were summoned to the conference of the "forty-five" held with closed doors—the entire press (including the *Avanti*) being excluded. It was soon known, however, that two distinct tendencies were manifest; one inclining to Parliamentary efforts for the withdrawal of the obnoxious articles, the other, to an immediate and general strike—the delegates from the southern provinces unanimously insisting on the latter measure. The three Deputies exerted themselves to the utmost to nip this fatal project, insisting that its only result would be the return to the "conventions" and draconian measures against the whole body of railway servants, which would be sanctioned by the general public, exasperated by the pretensions of one section of workingmen to sacrifice the interests of the entire nation to their exorbitant exactions. All that they could obtain was the substitution of general obstruction for that of a general strike. This system was first applied materially at Genoa last year, and consisted in the

scrupulous application, by the custom-house servants, of the regulations, the whole regulations, and nothing but the regulations. They triumphed, and the railway servants bethought themselves to repeat the experiment. Their regulations amount to several hundred, none of which, even the most necessary, are in general observance. Thus, by rule, passengers must present themselves with the exact sum for the purchase of their tickets, but hitherto change has always been given. Now, the regulation was enforced; the ticket purchaser had to go out and get change or lose his train. The luggage, registered, has to be locked, sealed, and corded, so that no thief can extract articles from the portmanteau or trunk, but few attend to the rule; now, all luggage had to be sealed and corded afresh. The personal baggage taken into the carriage ought not to exceed a certain size and a certain weight, but a good fee to a porter insured the entrance of any amount, so that often a later comer could find no room for a handbag or hat-box. Now, every bag or packet was measured and weighed. Deputies, who travel gratis, should have certificates in their pockets, and, if requested, sign their names. Hitherto, it has sufficed to show their medals; now, they were requested to produce their certificates and sign their names. By regulation all the carriages must be cleaned and the lamps polished, the windows cleaned, the hot-water tins filled with boiling water. Travellers can attest to the filthy state of the carriages, to the stone-cold tins, smoking and stinking lamps, broken windows, carriage tops letting in rain, wind, and snow. Now, all was to be perfection. Vainly, the station masters, the train conductor, hurried on the men. They were obeying the "regulations"; their superiors could not demur. Hence, delays in passenger trains of from one hour to twelve. Sixty-four trains were suspended at Rome, passengers to Frascati, to Albano, etc., had to charter carriages, and the old diligences reappeared. As for the goods traffic, that had ceased entirely, and the post-office authorities gave notice that they could not be responsible for parcels-post deliveries. Here, in the market, fish, fresh vegetables, and fruit arrived too late for sale.

The public, patient and often amused for the first day or so, gradually became restive, clamorous, finally furious; many of the railway men, such as porters, were deprived of their daily bread, which depends on the tips of the passengers, who ceased to visit Florence, Rome, and other cities where obstruction obtained. Appeals to the Government from all the commercial and industrial classes dependent on visitors were made in vain. Giolitti kept silence, and, being Minister of the Interior, was held responsible for the situation. "He was too ill to present himself to the House." There and in the Senate the Minister of Public Works had to reply to the protests and the interpellations. He declared that he had no intention to withdraw the obnoxious articles; that the Home Minister had no intention of using force against the obstructionists, but that they would use means to compel the responsible companies to fulfil their duties and comply with the terms of their contract. How? The "superiors" could not compel their "inferiors" to disobey the regulations; they might be compelled to pay fines for delays for non-transmission of goods, but that would not bring the trains in on time or deliver the goods stalled at the depots.

Meanwhile the obstructionists were growing weary of their long hours of labor, and were shamed by the reproaches of their companions who were injured by their tactics—specially the engine-drivers of the suppressed trains, who were paid by the mile. In short, the proverbial patience of the Latin race was giving way. The Deputies, not only Socialists, but Radicals and Republicans, well-wishers, advised the men to yield, reminding them that the bill was in the hands of the committee, that they were fighting no longer private companies, but the national Parliament. Pantano, their most zealous champion, made an eloquent appeal both to their own interests and to their position among the proletaries. Colajanni lashed them right and left as a selfish, arrogant, unreasonable crew, who, having decent wages and the certainty of constant employment with a pension for themselves and widows, were damaging the whole of the starving and semi-starving proletaries, assuring them that while they might continue so to do, they would in the end ruin themselves. In short, between weariness and shame, they had resolved to put an end to obstruction as soon as they could induce the rebellious southerners to submission.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, in the middle of a debate in the House and Senate, Tedesco announced the resignation of Giolitti, Premier and Home Minister, on the plea of illness, and the King's acceptance of his resignation. "Flight the fourth," said his enemies; and in fact this is the fourth time that Giolitti has withdrawn suddenly from the Ministry without any vote of want of confidence in the House. His friends and supporters, instead, maintained that he had remained at his post only too long, and that another forty-eight hours might have proved fatal. In either case, his withdrawal from the scene of action saved the *amour propre* of the obstructionists, who instantly ceased their manœuvres, and ordered all the railway men on the continent and in the islands to celebrate their victory by returning to their "non-obedience to the regulations," as their tactics had compelled the Minister to take flight—the *Ministry*, they might have added, as the entire Cabinet resigned on the same evening.

Here was a curious situation for the King, who, if he had been well advised, would have accepted the retirement of Giolitti alone on the plea of ill-health, retaining the other ministers bound to his programme, supported by his majority in the House. Then the King would only have had to name a President and Minister *ad interim*, following the precedent of old Piedmont in 1864. At the commencement of that year, poor Farini gave signs not only of failing health, but of mental derangement. King Victor Emanuel, after seeing that he was duly cared for, named Minghetti, hitherto Minister of Finance, Minister of the Interior in his stead, and the Cabinet continued its business without interruption. As Giolitti resigned solely on account of illness, why should not the King have named one of the Ministers in his place? Why, indeed? Such, it seems, was his intention, but the divisions and jealousies among the Ministers themselves and the pretensions of the various groups rendered this impossible. Tittoni, Minister for Foreign Affairs, had a considerable party, and to him, as it now turns out, the King inclined, but the opposition was such that he was compelled to summon an outsider, and this, by Giolitti's advice, was Alexander Fortis, who, as the whole Ministry had resigned, set to work to form a new one, excluding *à priori* Tedesco, Minister of Public Works (as Fortis, though favorable to the State working of the railroads, did not intend to endorse the famous articles relating to the railway men, reserving for a separate bill the question of strikes by the employees of public services), and Orlando, the Minister of Public Instruction, who has given great offence to the clerical-conservative majority by siding with the partisans for the exclusion of religious instruction from the elementary schools, and has also given great offence to certain "people of importance" who consider that public instruction was instituted in the interests of professors and teachers rather than in that of scholars and students.

From the first moment the Opposition batteries assailed Fortis in front, on flank, and rear. Fortis was from a lad an ardent Mazzinian, and one of Garibaldi's bravest soldiers, but he joined Crispi's Ministry from 1887 to 1891. Moreover, as an advocate, he was mixed up with the Tanlongo banking scandals, and so is dubbed "immoral." The Republicans and Socialists will none of him; and Sonnino, head of "his Majesty's Opposition," told him point-blank that the attempt to solve the crisis was unconstitutional, that he would not assist in its solution in this fashion, and that he would oppose the new Ministry if formed. The Zanardellians were also hostile, and Fortis could not find a single competent person willing to assume the difficult department of Public Works or that of Public Instruction. The days drew on to ten, and at last Fortis decided to present the whole Ministry as it existed at the time of Giolitti's retirement. But here he met with a refusal from Tedesco and Orlando, who declined to return to posts "which had been put up at auction," and only reoffered to them because no bidders appeared. So Fortis had to resign the mandate, well aware who was the *deus ex machina* that put spoke after spoke into his wheels, and that hoped to be summoned by the King on his failure. But the young King was not inclined to satisfy Luzzatti, especially as he had come to grief with the Minister of War, and summoned instead Tittoni, Minister of the Foreign Office, naming him Premier and Minister of the Interior, bidding him present himself with all the old members of the late Ministry to the House, and to demand explicitly a vote of confidence. This is the state of affairs at the present moment, and a more disgraceful one can scarcely be imagined.

March 23.

The first sitting of the House, with more than 400 Deputies present, listened to Tittoni's "exposition" in ironical silence. The brilliant orator of the Radicals, Barzilai (the first of seventeen members listed to speak), ridiculed the presentation of phantoms evoked from their tombs, blamed Giolitti for his sudden withdrawal from the scene of action when, had he remained at his post for another day, the railway obstruction would have been ended, blamed his colleagues for following his example, which acts put them

"out of court." He affirmed the necessity of rendering railway strikes impossible, as they signify public disaster and cut the main arteries of the life of the State. Face to face with the right to strike stands the right of citizens to legitimate protection, the right of the State to legitimate defence. But the seventy-first and seventy-second articles are inapplicable; the penal code contains an arsenal of effectual measures. Other orators followed, but the House was impatient, and cries of "Closure!" were heard. To-morrow, possibly, the vote may be taken, but it will decide only the acceptance or the non-acceptance of the old Ministry.

J. W. M.

HOUSSAYE'S '1815.'

PARIS, March 22, 1905.

M Henry Houssaye has published in one volume his very dramatic studies on the events of the close of the year 1815, in the series forming a sequel to his '1814,' which has had a very rapid and well-deserved success (it has already attained a forty-sixth edition). The new volume is the third part of '1815.' The first had for sub-title "The First Restoration—The Return from the Island of Elba—The Hundred Days"; the second was entirely devoted to Waterloo (these two parts have likewise attained a forty-fifth edition). This popular success shows that M. Henry Houssaye has struck a sensitive chord in public opinion. The people have always worshipped heroes, and in this respect such men as Carlyle and Emerson have felt like the people. The great prevailing curiosity on the subject of Napoleon does not prove that the Bonapartist party is in the ascendant: it might almost be said that this curiosity is purely historical and sentimental. The Empire is a thing of the past, and is treated as such with the spirit in which we approach distant events surrounded with a poetical halo. There is no party spirit in the judgments that are formed on the Napoleonic era; the popular mind is forcibly drawn towards the figure of Napoleon as in other times it was drawn towards Charlemagne and his *preux;* few, if any, hope or desire new Napoleonic chapters in our history, as we cannot forget the end of such chapters—Waterloo and Sedan.

We can quite understand the violence of the passions which followed the second Restoration. The *émigrés* had hardly enjoyed a moment the reëstablishment of the old régime when they were wakened from their dreams by the return of the Emperor from Elba. The King fled to Ghent. It is easy to imagine with what feelings he returned to the Tuileries after Waterloo. To do him justice, he maintained a calm and composure not shared by the royalists. We must admire the conduct of the Duke de Richelieu, who was charged with the difficult mission of ending the diplomatic relations with the Allies. Richelieu enjoyed the personal friendship of the Czar, but Alexander was obliged to make allowance for the feelings of his Allies. The peace preliminaries were signed on the 1st of October, and the treaty of peace on the 20th of November. France had to cede four fortresses—Landau, Sarrelouis, Philippeville, Marienbourg, and a territory of 395 square leagues, to demolish the fortifications of Hüningen; she was to be occupied along the frontier for a period of three to five years by an army of 150,000 men, paid and fed by her, and was to pay an indemnity of 700 millions.

"After Richelieu put his trembling hand to the preliminaries, he returned to the Council. He was as pale as death. He had contained himself before the foreigners; now he burst out: 'I am dishonored. Having consented, I should bring my head to the scaffold. . . . Could I do otherwise? What resistance can France make in the state she is now in? Why did I return to my unfortunate country? It would have been better for me to remain in Asia.' "

The pacification of France was no easy matter; the King had to sign an ordinance for examining the conduct of the officers of all ranks who had taken service during what was called the usurpation. The new Chamber was animated with the most ardent passions; it was afterwards called, on account of its violence, "la Chambre introuvable."

The most famous incident of this period was the trial of Marshal Ney. It came at the moment when Murat was shot in Calabria. Murat, after his dethronement, repaired to a villa in the neighborhood of Toulon till the end of July. Learning that the royalists were going to arrest him, he took flight and embarked for Corsica on the 21st of August. He for some time found there a refuge in the house of Gen. Franceschelli, at Vescovato. He sent an emissary to Metternich to obtain a safe-conduct; receiving no answer, he took a desperate step, and tried to reënter the Kingdom of Naples, hoping to meet with the enthusiasm which Napoleon had encountered on his return from Elba. He embarked with ten officers and 200 soldiers in several boats. They were separated by a storm, and Murat arrived at Pizzo with twenty-six officers and men only. It was a Sunday; the population, with the help of some gendarmes, took Murat and his followers to the prison of the fortress. The order came from Naples to try Murat, and he was executed on the 14th of October.

The same fate awaited Marshal Ney. He left Paris on the 6th of July, with passports under the names of Falize and of Neubourg. He learned at Lyons that the roads to Switzerland were guarded by the Austrians; he returned in the direction of Paris, and, after some hesitation, took refuge in the château of Bessonies, which belonged to a relation of his wife, the Princess de la Moskova. He was recognized on the way, and reported to the prefect. His arrest took place on the 3d of August. "It will be a great example," said Talleyrand, when he heard the news. The Prince de la Moskova was conducted to Paris and confined in the Conciergerie on the 19th of August, the day of the execution of La Bédoyère. A council of war was formed, composed, among others, of Marshals Moncey, Masséna, Augereau, Mortier. Masséna excused himself on the plea of ill-health, so did Augereau; Moncey also alleged ill-health, being determined not to become the judge of Ney, and wrote to Louis XVIII. a letter in which he said: "Can I be the judge of an accused man to whom our laws give the right to object to me, since he cannot be ignorant that I was the first to put in the hands of your Majesty the material proof of his defection, and to manifest my indignation at it?" The answer of Louis XVIII. was short: "Marshal Moncey is cashiered; he will be imprisoned for three months."

The trial began after a long instruction. Ney's lawyers pleaded the incompetence of the Council of War, and the members of the Council declared themselves incompetent. The case had to be brought before the House of Peers. It clearly resulted from the examination of witnesses that Ney had acted without premeditation. When he left Paris, he had firmly resolved to arrest Napoleon; in the strongest language he had promised the King to do so.

"He had done," writes M. Houssaye, "everything for five days to maintain his feeble army corps in obedience, and to gain the flank of the Bonapartist column. But, seeing the national revolution swelling round him—the people in the cities and in the country—seeing the national flag floating on every church spire, half of his troops in march to join the Emperor, and the other half all ready to mutiny, he lost his head and threw himself into the current. Ney clearly was wrong; he ought not to have accepted the mission of marching against Napoleon, or, having done so, he ought not to have remained at the head of his army corps when it prepared to join Napoleon."

Condemnation was just and inevitable, in the opinion of the lawyers who undertook his defence (Berryer and Dupin). They defended their client solely on the plea that he was screened by an article of the convention of Saint-Cloud, signed by the Allies, in virtue of which "all the individuals who were at the time in Paris could not be prosecuted for their functions, their conduct, or their opinions." There was much discussion about this convention, which in reality was purely military; but Ney and his defenders had many illusions on this point. The convention had an equivocal text; when Berryer tried to invoke it, the Chancellor intervened and said: "In virtue of my discretionary power, I forbid discussion of a treaty in which the King had no participation." Ney was born at Sarrelouis, which had ceased to be French. The lawyers used this as an argument; upon which Ney rose and said loudly: "I am French, I will die a Frenchman. Thus far my defence has seemed to be free; I see that it is no longer so. . . . I am accused against the faith of the Treaties, and I do not wish them to be invoked. I will do as Moreau did, and make my appeal to Europe and posterity."

When the vote was taken on the question submitted to the court, "Did Marshal Ney make an attempt on the security of the State?" Lanjuinais said, "Yes; but he was covered by the terms of the capitulation of Paris." A single peer said "Nay." He was the youngest of the House, a Royalist by tradition and sentiment. His father died on the guillotine under the Terror. This was Victor de Broglie, and he gave the reasons for his verdict:

"There is no crime without a criminal intention. I see in the facts with which Marshal Ney is justly reproached neither premeditation nor intention to betray. At the last moment, he succumbed to an *entraînement* which seemed to him general, and which was only too much so. It was a weakness which history will judge severely, but which does not fall, in the present case, under the definition of the law. There are events which soar above human justice."

The details of the last days of Ney and of his execution are dramatically told by M. Houssaye. This execution was one of the great blunders of the Restoration. The country did not forgive it. Ney remained in its eyes what Napoleon had once called him, "the bravest of the brave." A few

years afterwards, when M. de Ségur wrote his book on the Russian campaign and retreat—a retreat which Ney made on foot, among the soldiers—the Duchess of Angoulême, hearing this chapter of the retreat read aloud, exclaimed: "Oh, if we had only known!" Alas! party spirit is often blind, and sometimes wilfully blind. How many times in the history of a nation might these words be spoken: "If we had only known!"

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENT AND JUDGE KOHLSAAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comments on the promotion of Christian C. Kohlsaat from district judge to United States circuit judge in Illinois are based, of course, on the formal charges against him as they appeared in the public prints. As is usually the case, these are only the surface indications of conditions which make this appointment a reproach to the appointing power, and a cause of deep regret to those who have hoped for a higher standard of action in President Roosevelt in filling judicial offices.

As is well known, Judge Kohlsaat's original appointment was made to pay an accumulation of indebtedness, political and financial, from Mr. McKinley to H. H. Kohlsaat, Judge Kohlsaat's brother. The unfitness of the appointee has been daily demonstrated since. He is not supposed to be corrupt, but not only is he without legal attainments or ability—his stupidity is both moral and mental. It may well be assumed that he was not fully conscious of the impropriety of the appointments which placed about him a band of vicious self-seekers to gather the profits from the vast aggregate of bankrupt estates which crowd the threshold of his court. They were his son and his brother-in-law, and his faithful attendant, Whitney. It was well understood at the bar that the naming of the right man for receiver or trustee was a condition precedent to the progress of a cause. The estimate of his quality by the bar is well enough evidenced by the fact that such written opinions as were delivered by him were universally attributed to the brain and hand of another, a confidential employee.

The means by which he secured his recent promotion is a proper sequel to the history of his original appointment, and is to the last degree discreditable to the President, for the facts were all before him. Senator Hopkins, whose primary use for political position is the opportunity it affords for his personal benefit, and whose political and moral standards are not unswerving, has a son who, after one unsuccessful effort, was admitted to the bar at twenty-five. He has never taken life seriously, and some of his habits may have caused the Senator apprehensions for his future. A regard for the usefulness and dignity of the courts or the welfare of suitors could not have prompted his demand that Judge Kohlsaat appoint this immature youth to the responsible position of master in chancery. He may have looked for a development, in this office, of the young man's mental and moral nature. In exchange for the proposed obsession of the judicial function, he had to offer to Judge Kohlsaat a promotion to a higher place yet to be created. The Bar Association of Chicago by a unanimous vote protested against the appointment, and appointed a committee to procure, if possible, its retraction. The facts were all before the President. The appointment was a conscious subordination by him of the public welfare and the usefulness of the bench to indefensible political considerations. It has confirmed in the minds of many supporters and admirers of Theodore Roosevelt the growing conviction that the protection of the bench from the lowest political influences will receive no consideration at his hands. In fact, there were other candidates for the three judgeships which were filled by him at the same time, much superior to any of those whom he appointed. These appointments are often referred to as a complete answer to the advocacy of an appointive judiciary as against an elective one. The average of the three is distinctly below the average of judges on the local bench in Chicago.

John A. Woodruff.

Chicago, April 3, 1905.

[Is President Roosevelt's solemn pledge to carry on the policy of McKinley of no avail here by way of extenuation? Let the Canton Monument answer.—Ed. Nation.]

THE CHICAGO OBSESSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The touching, childlike, popular obsession that, in some way not clearly understood but firmly believed in, any and every government possesses miraculous powers, transcending all ordinary human knowledge, and defying the ordinary rules of logic derived from human experience, was illustrated recently by the municipal elections in Chicago. The street-car service being undeniably bad, it was voted that the public authorities of the city should take it over and administer it, presumably on the supposition that, by such change from private to public administration, the service would be bettered. The long vista of possible patronage and delectable pickings is undoubtedly attractive to the hungry horde who now administer public affairs extravagantly and inefficiently; but the willingness of the public to put more powers and responsibilities into the hands of unfaithful and incompetent servants is explicable, not on grounds of common sense and business principles, but by that curious survival in free and enlightened and democratic America of what was once known as the divine right of kings. Scrofula used to be cured by the King's touch; the traction question will be cured by the Mayor's touch. Any man of good, rugged sense, with a pair of eyes in his head, would say that the city had reached its limits in the way of surface street railways, and that a subway, like those of similar cities, was needed. Not so in Chicago! All that is necessary here is to select a gentleman of the legal profession—a man wholly without experience in the field of traction—elect him to a high public office, and set him on the throne, with his proper regalia, and, thus endowed with transcendent miraculous powers, he will touch the knotty problem with his magic wand, and presto! 'tis done.

Query: In writing political and economic history, where will future historians mark the end of the Middle Ages? M.

RESTRICT THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is really cheering in these days of ultra democracy—or, still better, "mob-democracy"—to read such bold words as those of Mr. E. L. C. Morse in the last number of the *Nation*. What the whole country needs is better suffrage rather than more suffrage. The North may possibly fear to curtail its "blocks of five" lest the South say *Tu quoque*. The South had to protect itself, and restricted suffrage in various ways. The North thinks the negroes are wronged by their loss of voting power. What the negroes have lost is the power to do themselves and others harm. While they had the vote, they were the pliant tools of the unscrupulous. Were they to receive the unrestricted power to vote again, they would at once fall into the hands of the unscrupulous. The white man, by the bestowal of suffrage on the black man, would do the black man no good, but would do himself a wrong. It would give the professional politician an opportunity of adding one more to the vices of the poor black, the corruption of his vote.

Were the whole country to restrict the suffrage, no wrong would be done to those deprived, but a power of wrong-doing to others would be withdrawn. A democracy is very liable to be dominated by mere words. Suffrage, manhood suffrage, sounds so kind, so generous, and withal so logical, that any restriction must have its Nemesis, when, in reality, the Nemesis is being invoked by this very logic. Unrestricted suffrage at the present time, in this country, when the North is flooded with the *hoi polloi* of Europe and Asia, and the South is largely African, is neither kindness nor generosity, but a striking symptom of insanity.

For a democracy to be undemocratic may be illogical, but there can be worse things than bad logic, such as conduct with bad and subverting tendencies. The next thing to doing good is to take away the power of doing ill. That this is a time for the negative virtues is obvious to the dullest observer, but the laborers in the vineyard are few and their efforts feeble.

J. A. Bartholomew.

Naples, N. Y.

[Our correspondent may fancy himself standing on Mr. Morse's platform, but there is (or we are mistaken) an "open door" between them. Is this defender of the South's "restriction" of negro suffrage prepared to restrict (in the same section, of course) white suffrage on the same terms honestly applied? Is he prepared to defend and help maintain—and does he really desire—a negro's fulfilment of the conditions laid down? Or is he, in short, in favor of a white oligarchy in perpetuity? —Ed. Nation.]

WACK AND BOULGER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first part of Mr. Henry Wellington Wack's 'The Story of the Congo Free State,' reviewed in your No. 2,075, is so strikingly like an earlier work by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, 'The Congo State' (London, 1898), that the resemblance can hardly be accidental. The similarity begins with the chapter headings, viz.:

WACK.	BOULGER.
II. Leopold's Conception of the Congo Free State.	I. The Conception of the Congo State.
III. The Founding of the Free State.	III. The Founding of the State.
IV. Early Belgian Expeditions.	II. The First Belgian Expeditions.
V. The Waterways of the Congo.	IV. The Congo and its Affluents.
VII. The Horrors of the Arab Slave Trade.	V. The Slave-trade and its Horrors.
XI. The Second Brussels Conference.	VIII. The Second Brussels Conference and the King's Will.
XII. The Congo bequeathed to Belgium.	
XIII. The Tribes of the Congo Free State.	XVIII. The Peoples of the Congo State.
XIV. The Congo Public Force.	XIII. The Congo Public Force.
XV. Belgian Campaigns against the Arabs.	IX. The Arab Campaign.
XVII. The Suppression of Slavery.	XI. The Extinction of Slavery.
XX. The Mutinies of the Batetela Tribe.	XIV. The Batetela Mutinies.

The similarity does not rest with the chapter headlines. Mr. Wack is good enough to be independent in the first four pages of his book. He then paraphrases Boulger, using much of the same phraseology and the same sequence of thought, so that his pages 4 to 16 will be found to correspond to Boulger's pages 3 to 18. This method is continued through the first half of the book as follows: Wack's pages 4-16; 19-28; 32-41; 42-58; 92-103; 134-144; 145-150; 164-170; 177-185; 189-196; and 216-219, will be found to correspond respectively to the following pages of Boulger: 3-18; 41-58; 20-30; 75-85; 57-70; 146-153; 154-159; 225-235; 161-169; 175-181; 242-246. In other words, about 94 pages of Mr. Wack's book are paraphrased from 105 of Boulger's.

One paragraph taken at random will show Mr. Wack's method:

WACK (page 40).	BOULGER (page 28.)
"The first station to be founded was Vivi, and six months were spent in fortifying it. Then came the construction of a road from Vivi to Isanghila—fifty miles higher up the river—required for the conveyance of the steamers in section, stores, merchandise, etc. This proved a formidable task, and took a whole year to accomplish. But Stanley and his men proved equal to it, and another station was founded at Isanghila. At that station, fortunately, the Congo was found to be navigable, and Stanley pushed on to Manyanga by boat, where he founded a third station. It was while at Manyanga that Stanley first learned of M. de Brazza's having set up the French flag on the northern shore of Stanley Pool, and calling it Brazzaville."	"The next task proved to be more onuous. It consisted of constructing a cart-road from Vivi to Isanghila, over fifty miles higher up the river. It required twelve months' incessant labor to construct the road and to convey along it the steamers in sections and the merchandise and stores of the expedition. . . . At Isanghila Stanley founded another station similar to that of Vivi, and, availing himself of the short section of navigable river between that place and Manyanga, he floated two of his steamers and reached Manyanga by water. There he founded a third station. . . . Stanley soon attained striking evidence of the perils of any delay, by learning that M. de Brazza, the French traveller, had appeared on the north shores of Stanley Pool, and founded Brazzaville in the name and under the flag of France."

Very respectfully yours,

Jesse S. Reeves.

Richmond, Indiana, April 7, 1905.

THE CHEAP PROFESSOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We college professors are made to feel in many ways the estimation in which we are held by most people not closely connected with academic pursuits. At the outset we are commonly angered by it; afterwards it drives us to woe; finally we learn to see its sadly humorous aspects—the sadness doubtless due to the consciousness that we to some extent are guilty as charged.

As some of my fellow-professors are said not to read fiction, permit me to use your columns to call their attention, in this connection, to the gist of a story, entitled "The Spirit of Partnership," which has just appeared in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*. No slur at the story, as such, is intended, for it is quite up to the usual magazine level, but I have never seen in print anywhere a more delicious expression of this general estimation of us than it gives.

Mrs. Rogers has again been made president of the "Business Woman's Club," so the story runs, "which had grown under her hands from a small Woman's Exchange to an institution with many departments." To the office is to be attached hereafter a small salary (sum not mentioned). She sits down to think it over in the presence of the furniture, now worn and shabby, which her father gave her at her marriage some thirty years ago. Just then her husband comes in, "a deprecating little figure." "He had worked at one desk, on one salary, ever since she had known him." Even when they married, it was inadequate (sum not mentioned). Moreover, he has long cherished a desire to write a learned book which she, though his wife, feels sure would be a failure. Now he comes to tell her that he has been discharged and can find no other job. After this humiliating confession he finds a letter, delivered in his absence, which gives him an electric shock. In his desperation he had written to a friend at the State University to know whether his "ancient languages and history hadn't some chance for usefulness." The answer is an offer of the chair (evidently more of a settee than a chair) at a smaller salary (sum not mentioned) than he has been getting, "but a house with ground enough for a garden goes with it, and living in Barville won't cost——."

I pass by the ethical, or social, or economic (I am really at a loss for the proper adjective here) question whether a woman who has just been elected president of the Business Woman's Club of a city, with a small salary, has the right to follow her husband to the State University at Barville, at a still smaller salary. Besides, two other matters interest me more: (1) The State University at Barville, which gives its professorships to discharged and none too efficient bookkeepers of over fifty. (2) The wives of the professors of the State University at Barville after the arrival of Mrs. Rogers—for, of course, she sacrifices herself for her husband.

W. R.

FOLK-LORE COINAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having had occasion of late to investigate a certain phase of (American) Indian folk-lore, I spent a few hours over a volume entitled 'Legends of the Ozarks,' published in 1880 at St. Louis. In the introduction, the author makes this statement:

"The writer has succeeded in recovering from the musty relics of the past some of the most interesting legends having their origin with the Indians and the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, and now seeks to preserve them by issuing this little book, containing the stories illustrative of the exquisite imagination and veneration of the ancient tribes of America."

Small as is the volume, there is enough in it to excite suspicion, and it may serve others if I state that I now hold in my hands the written confession of the author that the tales in question "have no historical value whatever, being coinages of the imagination, my imagination." In view of this frank confession, I will neither parade the author's name, nor discuss the ethics of his forgery; but it is only right that the student of folk-lore should be in possession of the facts. A good many volumes of Indian folk-lore have been published within the last few years. How many may be due to the imagination of the Yankee more than to that of the Redskin, seems to me a question deserving of attention.

Yours sincerely,

E. Washburn Hopkins.

New Haven, Conn., April 6, 1905.

Notes.

Sport in England has at last its 'Who's Who.' Two-thirds of A. Wallis Myers's 'Sportsman's Year-book' for 1905 (London: Newnes; New York: Scribners) is taken up with biographies of champions and ex-champions, of motorists, jockeys, even club secretaries—on a principle of inclusion not strictly defined by the editor, who hints at enlargement, upon the requisite support. Richard Croker is here to be met beside a son of Francis Darwin, distinguished at golf. Women occur more sparingly, of course, but are devotees of hockey, golf, tennis, croquet; own breeding kennels, or hunt the pack with their harriers. The fore part of the Year-book is occupied by readable summary statistical reviews of the several lines of sport during 1904. Many illustrations of man and beast adorn the uncommonly attractive volume, typographically considered.

From C. Mitchell & Co., London, we receive the sixtieth issue ("diamond jubilee") of their 'Newspaper Press Directory.' Decidedly the most interesting thing about this work (confined to the United Kingdom and the British Isles) is Mr. Walter Wellsman's modest statement that he assisted the founder with the first issue, in 1846; in 1857 became sub-editor; in 1859, upon Mr. Mitchell's death, chief editor, which he still remains. This is a gazetteer in its way. Of maps it gives but one, from which we perceive that even in the Orkneys two newspapers are published in a single town, Kirkwall. Among unexpected contributed matter is an article on 'The Australian Labor Party and the Empire,' by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand.

From Messrs. Scribner we have the fourth issue of 'Baedeker's Northern France,' the field bounded by Dunkirk, Antwerp, Cologne, Strassburg, Basel, Blois, Le Mans, Alençon,

and Havre; exclusive of Paris. There is, besides this proper map, a larger map of northwestern France from below the Loire, together with the customary detailed sections, charts, plans of cities, etc., inserted amid the itinerary.

In a handsome quarto volume, 'The History of the Victoria Cross' (London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Dutton), Philip Wilkins relates the 520 conspicuous acts of bravery which have called for as many bestowals of the decoration, instituted in 1856 and made retroactive for the Crimean war. These plain tales are accompanied by a remarkably large number (392) of portraits of the recipients; by statutory and narrative appendices; by a table of awards of the cross by branches of the service; and by a personal index. The scheme has been very carefully and soberly carried out, and as many of the decorated attained high rank in army or navy, the portrait gallery is decidedly valuable, as well as interesting to the student of physiognomy. The first award was for picking up a live shell dropped on the deck of H. M. S. *Hecla* in 1859 by Mate (now Rear-Admiral, retired) Charles Davis Lucas; the latest is Lieut. (now Capt.) Wallace Duffield Wright's standing off in Nigeria 1,000 cavalry and 2,000 infantry with only one officer and forty men, and finally putting the enemy to flight, in 1903.

Mr. William L. Scruggs's new edition of his 'Colombian and Venezuelan Republics' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is mainly a revision; it contains, however, a new chapter on "Panama Canal Projects," which brings the history of the canal very nearly down to the present time, and gives an outline of the facts connected with the birth of the Republic of Panama. Mr. Scruggs's book is almost entirely descriptive and historical. In his Panama chapter there is nothing of any critical value. The operation by which we ousted Colombia and substituted Panama is represented by him to have been justifiable, in the interests of "civilization," though he admits that there have been, and possibly still are, some differences of opinion about it. But the people "have endorsed the action of the President, and, moreover, what has been done is an accomplished fact, and cannot now be undone, even if that were desirable." The author represented this country in Colombia and Venezuela for many years, and had excellent opportunities for observation and study. He writes generally with fairness, but superficially. In his chapter on Curaçao he describes the local *patois* as "a curious jargon made up of corrupted Dutch, Spanish, and English words, quite unintelligible to foreigners." This is a very insufficient if not misleading account of a philologically interesting phenomenon. Owing to the separation of Curaçao from the fortunes of the mainland, and the vicissitudes of its history, a genuine local language was developed, of which there is a regular grammar, and in which newspapers are or were recently published, and business carried on. It might be called a *lingua franca*, but to go out of the way to notice it as an unintelligible jargon, seems in an old resident of Carácas to argue a kind of ineptitude for critical observation. The book contains several illustrations and maps.

The extraordinary output of Nature Books of one kind or another we owe doubtless to the greatly improved methods of preparing illustrations by photographic processes. Many of these processes are well-nigh perfect, and can be criticised unfavorably only by those who deplore the inevitable decline of wood-engraving. Among the most insistent, and perhaps the most attractive, of these nature-books are the wild-flower and the garden series of all sorts. We had occasion lately to notice an excellent practical work on the Iris. This has been followed by a small book on the Lily, 'The Book of the Lily,' by W. Goldring (John Lane). The author gives a clear general statement in regard to the cultivable species, hybrids, and varieties, and illustrates the handy treatise by exquisite pictures of a few of the best kinds and their most artistic setting. Few persons realize, until they see concrete examples, how much beauty can be brought within the compass of a group of hardy plants. The gem of the collection in this book is the "white lily growing among rosemary at Sandhurst"—a lovely scene, in which "the lilies had not been disturbed for ten years."

Readers who understand that economics is a science rather than a branch of polite literature, Prof. T. N. Carver explains, are those to whom his treatise, 'The Distribution of Wealth' (Macmillan), is offered. To read it requires as much mental effort as to read a treatise on physics, chemistry, or biology. We do not need to say that Professor Carver is well known to this select audience, and that they will appreciate his careful study of a very difficult subject. As to the practical use of developing theories based on purely hypothetical examples, opinions may differ. It is hard to get back to the concrete unless you start from it; but there is no question about the disciplinary value of such exercitations as this.

The revival of protectionism in England has led Mr. Sampson S. Lloyd to translate Friedrich List's work, 'The National System of Political Economy' (Longmans). Prof. J. S. Nicholson writes an introductory chapter, in which he points out that the particular opinions of List are altogether inapplicable to present conditions, but that his principles and fundamental ideas are of real value. "These ideas are always to be reckoned with; they suggest questions which the statesman must answer, whatever the change in conditions." It seems hardly necessary to go back to List for a statement of these ideas, for they have been stated clearly enough in recent times. But we must remember that List impressed his theories on our Philadelphia school of economists, and that our tariffs have been usually made under the influence of this school. There is some rather grim amusement to be derived from comparing the practical results which have been brought about with the precepts laid down by List. He would be infuriated by the excesses of those who call themselves his disciples.

The history of an institution which has had great results is given in 'The Workingmen's College' (Macmillan). The records of the College, and the recollections of many of those who have been connected with it, are here arranged and edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, and he has embellished his work with fine portraits of Maurice, Hughes, and many another of the noble men who threw their hearts into this truly philanthropical undertaking. The College has always had slender pecuniary support—perhaps gaining for this reason in the quality of its teachers; but it is now in position to indulge itself in a commodious building in Crowndale Road, St. Pancras, erected with its own funds.

Mr. G. Horner's edition of the 'Coptic Version of the New Testament' in the Northern (Bohairic) dialect has now been completed by the publication of vols. iii. and iv., containing the Pauline and Catholic Epistles, Acts, and the Apocalypse (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). The critical apparatus, as in the first two volumes noticed in these columns seven years ago, is carefully prepared and conveniently arranged. For the Epistles and Acts, the text of MS. "Oriental 424" of the British Museum has been followed, and for the Apocalypse that of the Curzon MS. The collation of other MSS. seems to be exhaustive. The translation (given on the page facing the text) attempts complete literalness, often at the expense of English idiom. The Greek words that are transliterated in the Coptic are printed in italics in the English—a convenient method of indicating the extent and character of the borrowing. Every page bristles with loan words, which include a number of particles and almost the whole of the religious vocabulary except the terms "faith," "love," "wisdom," and a few others. Mr. Horner has done good service in thus bringing out a critical Bohairic text of the New Testament in full. He does not attempt comparison of the Coptic with the Greek, but he has furnished trustworthy material for such comparison. Whatever the date of the Bohairic version (a question still under discussion), it is a valuable witness for the original text of the New Testament, and it is to be hoped that this new edition may aid in the determination of the relation between the Egyptian versions and the great Greek uncials.

To the ninth volume of the 'Jewish Encyclopædia'—Morawczyk-Philippson—(Funk & Wagnalls Co.) applies in general the estimate given here of those which have preceded. The standard cannot be said to be rising; the proportion of staff-written articles seems to be on the increase. Still, if only for its wealth of biography, especially English and American, the book is indispensable for reference. There is a distinctly good article on Music, and the list of Periodicals is very full. Numismatics and Palæography are also good; Peshitta is strangely behind the times. Benzinger's Palestine is, naturally, satisfactory. The illustrations are often of considerable interest, but commonplace photographs of modern buildings are still too numerous.

The second edition of Willmore's 'Spoken Arabic of Egypt' (London: David Nutt) calls for a word only of notice. It is revised throughout, equipped with an armed preface in answer to critics, and is undoubtedly the fullest recent introduction to its subject.

In Professors Gottheil and Jastrow's "Semitic Study Series" two new parts have appeared (Leyden: Late E. J. Brill), one, the Abu Habba Cylinder of Nabuna'id, edited by Prof. J. D. Prince and autographed by Mr. R. J. Lau; the other, a forty-page extract from the 'Prolegomena' of Ibn Khaldun, edited by Prof. D. B. Macdonald. Both have glossaries in English and Ger-

man. The series is excellent in plan, and will undoubtedly meet a sensible want.

The eminent Romance philologist Adolfo Mussafia, having reached the age limit for service in Austrian universities, has given up his work at the University of Vienna. On February 15, his seventieth birthday was celebrated by the presentation to him in Florence of a handsome volume of 760 pages, prepared in his honor by some sixty contributors, and entitled 'Bausteine zur Romanischen Philologie: Festgabe für Adolfo Mussafia' (Halle: Max Niemeyer). As is usually the case in these memorial volumes, which it has become the fashion in Europe to dedicate to eminent scholars, there is considerable variety in the contributions, which come from various countries and are printed in various languages. One proceeds from America, 'Old Portuguese Songs,' by Prof. H. R. Lang of Yale, and contains the original text and an English translation of nine songs, with notes. The volume includes a bibliography of the writings of Mussafia himself, 336 in number, prepared by his colleague, E. Maddalena. A native of Spalato in Dalmatia, Mussafia is at home in many languages, and has written both in German and in Italian. The best known of his publications is his Italian grammar for Germans, first issued in 1860, which has gone through twenty-seven editions, and is still widely used.

The *Dante minuscolo*, recently issued by the enterprising Milanese publisher, Ulrico Hoepli, shows once more that, in the mechanical part of bookmaking, Italy can at least hold her own with any country. Although the six hundred pages and the binding together are barely half an inch in thickness, the paper is of such excellent quality that the print does not show through. The type is unusually distinct. The size of the charming little volume is about three inches by five, and the weight is less than three ounces. In addition to the complete text of the 'Divine Comedy,' there are some twenty pages of introduction, and also admirably complete but condensed footnotes by Prof. Raffaello Fornaciari. This highly competent editor has naturally avoided controversy, and in general has followed the traditional reading and interpretation. One could not wish a more satisfactory pocket edition of Dante, and the price is exceedingly moderate.

It was inevitable that some one should draw 'Who's Who' upon Dr. Osler. Possibly many have done so, but the first really heavy shot from this ever-loaded gun seems to have been fired by Prof. Edwin G. Dexter of the University of Illinois in the April *Popular Science Monthly*. Of twenty-five different classes of men, aggregating nearly seven thousand, only sixteen per cent. attained the dignity of admission under forty. Of course, 'Who's Who' does not show directly how many of the older "Whos" became so under forty, but, by the ingenious application of mortality tables to the facts which are available from its pages, we are brought logically to the conclusion that more than fifty per cent. of the entire number arrived at the assumed degree of eminence necessary to constitute one a "Who" after the fortieth milestone had been passed. By the way, the records under the name of Dr. William Osler in this same volume are interesting. He was born in 1849, and took his position at the Johns Hopkins University when he had just completed his fortieth year. The medical works by which he is so widely known have come from the press at various intervals since that date, and thus represent only the comparatively feeble efforts of his declining years. In the interests of the general health, one might wish that many other medical writers would leave their work for a similar decline.

Dr. W. H. Workman's account of his Himalayan explorations in 1902-'03 is the feature of the March number of the *Geographical Journal*. Though largely occupied with the scientific description of an immense glacier, it is full of graphic touches and incidents, such as the fall of an avalanche half a mile wide. One of the greatest causes of suffering at the highest altitudes reached was the heat, which at noon with fresh snow became intolerable, the reflected heat being harder to bear than the direct rays. The highest sun temperature registered was 204° Fahrenheit at an altitude of 17,322 feet, the maximum sun temperature in 1903 for a place near Calcutta being 161.9° Fahrenheit. A large number of photographs add much to the interest of the article, as is also the case with Capt. Crosthwait's narrative of a journey in Patagonia. The seventh of the papers giving the results of the Scotch Lake Survey deals with the lochs of the Shiel district. Mr. A. J. Herbertson discusses the possibility of dividing the lands into great natural regions—that is, the development of a systematic geography, especially adapted for technical education.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number one, is largely devoted to Dr. E. Wagner's report on the Eighth International Geographic Congress in Washington. As regards its scientific work and its significance in the future, he holds it to have fallen below the level of the previous congresses. This was owing to the lack of a subject of absorbing interest, like the Antarctic Exploration at the Berlin Congress, to the vastly too great number (270) of papers presented, and to the excursions. He also says that the recognition accorded the Congress by our officers of state was far less than in the European countries where the previous congresses have been held. A. F. Stahl describes a recent journey in Persia, an interesting episode of which was a visit to the tombs of Esther and Mordecai at Hamadan. This is still a sacred spot, and a lamp is kept burning before them. Dr. F. Nansen discusses the three causes of ocean currents —the interior heat of the earth, the attraction of the moon and sun, and the heat of the sun's rays, which he considers the principal cause. In number two the editor, Dr. Supan, gives an appreciative notice of our Government reports on the island of Guam, reproducing the map which accompanies them. We mention further a statistical description of the natives of the Carolines and Marianne Islands, together with the second and concluding parts of the articles of Nansen and Stahl. The latter calls attention to the recent growth of Tabriz, which is now a city of 300,000 inhabitants and with a large commerce.

—The April *Atlantic* is noticeable for two strong articles of protest against present national tendencies, one on the Cost of War, by Prof. Charles J. Bullock of the Department of Economics in Harvard University; the other, on the Right and Wrong of the Monroe Doctrine, by Charles F. Dole. While Prof. Bullock's article has mostly to do with that part of military expenditure which is measured in dollars and cents, he gives also a very forcible summary of the enormous cost of war in the moral and political degeneracy sure to accompany its progress and to survive its nominal cessation. Mr. Dole shows very effectively the folly of the constant appeals to prejudice in the name of the Monroe Doctrine, in view of the fact that the dangers which justified the original declaration can by no stretch of the imagination be supposed to exist at the present time. With the South American countries in their present condition, no possible colonization schemes of any existing European power can be supposed either to threaten a despotism over the native inhabitants or to be inimical to our own interests, granting that it is not to our own interests to make conquest of these countries for ourselves. On the one hand, then, the Monroe Doctrine is not needed, and, on the other, the constant appeal to unreasoning prejudice which is possible under cover of it drives us into the support of an enormous burden of utterly unnecessary military and naval expenditure. On the purely literary side an appreciation of Henry James, by W. C. Brownell, is the chief attraction. Whether the reader will rise from Mr. Brownell's forty-five columns with entire clearness of mind regarding Mr. James is doubtful, for we have here one over-subtle mind analyzing another. But as we go along we find steady enjoyment, at least, and occasional very just discrimination.

—A small volume entitled 'English Architecture' comes from E. P. Dutton & Co. Its author is Thomas Dinham Atkinson, architect, and it has 200 very small illustrations. It is, perhaps, not surprising that each one of the numerous little handbooks devoted to this subject should improve upon its predecessors; but this book is notably sensible in its historical and critical remarks. Its illustrations, too, however unattractive, are perfectly well chosen and are intelligible. The constant recurrence of the first person plural, the author identifying himself with his fellow-countrymen and speaking of "us" and "our art," is, of course, vexatious. But, in spite of this fault, the tone is critical, and we should like to quote the summing-up which is to be found on page 181. A sentence or two may be given: "Right or wrong, we remain intensely insular. It is perhaps our strength and our weakness that our aims were always characteristically modest and even humble. Under the influence of the Norman we laid down immense buildings. We never surpassed them. . . . The interior of the nave of Durham, the western transept of Ely, both inside and out, the central tower of St. Albans—these are rough-hewn epics which dwarf the efforts of later days." This, we think, is novel. It is impressive as showing an observation of the Gothic churches of England, of early and of later times, which is more than mere national self-glorification. The analysis, two or three pages long, which follows this, is always suggestive and more than suggestive, going on to the close of the time of Wren, and touching each epoch and each important event with singular firmness and ease. It would be well for any student advanced enough to understand the wording

to learn those four or five pages by heart. The book is divided into history and analysis without express statement of that fact. Chapter i. deals with Romanesque, chapter ii. with Gothic, chapter iii. with Renaissance art, then chapter iv. seems to begin again with "Churches" and a study of the pagan basilica, chapter v. deals with Monasteries, chapter vi. with Houses; in every case, beginning with the earliest vestiges and coming down to the eighteenth century. Chapter vii., entitled "Conclusion," deals with French influence upon England at the time of the beginnings of Gothic art, and also with the English resisting power which prevented French influence from carrying everything before it, as it was doing in western Germany and in northern Spain and the Low Countries. In spite of the strong interest which every English architect of insight must needs feel in mediæval art, this book deals with seventeenth-century and even eighteenth-century building with equal fairness and completeness; and what it has to say about Inigo Jones as the first "architect" in England, about the character of his design and of his influence, and about certain examples of buildings dating from 1650 to the close of the eighteenth century, is all intelligent quite beyond the custom of such essays.

—Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-75), Vicar of Morwenstow, has long been a picturesque and familiar figure. Shortly after his death, two rival memoirs appeared. That by Dr. F. G. Lee, who shared his subject's "advanced" views and Romeward tendency, is little known, and was largely polemic. The other, by Mr. S. Baring-Gould (who did not consult the family), had more charm but less authenticity; it was twice revised and reprinted, and did much to spread the fame of Hawker's eccentricities, virtues, and abilities. His "Cornish Ballads" (1868), as Froude wrote him, "belong to a kind which cultivation can no more create than it can create a living flower or tree"; his poems, as collected in 1879, called forth a kindly response from Longfellow and a pension to the widow. His Trelawney ballad (1824) is well known, and a brief hymn of his had been confounded with one long previously used. And now his 'Life and Letters,' by his son-in-law, C. E. Byles (John Lane), leaves nothing to be desired. The large volume is enriched by numerous quaint portraits and sketches of Cornish buildings and monuments; the text deals frankly with the vicar's excitability, extravagance, generosity, hospitality, humor, etc., and has plenty of personal and local color and no lack of anecdote. Thus, when a tourist asked for his "views and opinions," the host led him to a window, and pointed out "the highest cliff on this coast, on the right; the church on the left; the Atlantic Ocean in the middle. These are my views. My opinions I keep to myself." He thought the air full of spirits, and the lower animals sharers in a future life; he cited Origen to show that "He who careth for cattle hath appointed a spiritual guardian for them each in its rank." In 1863, vexed at the failure of punishment for Colenso's heresies, he wrote, "Ours is a Church of deportment without dogma or discipline"; in the spring of 1875, "My mind—it is gone." On August 14, the evening before his death, he was received into the Church of Rome. Long before this he had worn a medal celebrating Pope Pius IX. and the Immaculate Conception.

—Since Italian literature began, the question of the language has always been a burning one in Italy. In spite of voluminous dialect literature, periodic reversions to Latin, and occasional attempts to snub the Florentines as a lot of pedantic purists, the melodious and highly idiomatic speech of Tuscany has been the foundation of the literary language from Dante's day to the present. Dante's own works fixed it securely in this position, even though he himself denied that either the Tuscan or any other dialect was suitable for literary use. So universally is it recognized that the Tuscans have as their birthright the ideal form of Italian speech, that writers from other parts of the peninsula—men like Ariosto, Alfieri, and Manzoni—have done their best to assimilate their style to that of Florence. And now the most popular of living Italian writers, who was born and lives in the North, Edmondo De Amicis, has published a book in defence of the Tuscan vernacular, 'L'Idioma Gentile' (Milan: Fratelli Treves). It is not a systematic treatise on grammar or rhetoric, but a collection of notes, sketches, and discussions, connected by their common purpose of stirring up the easy-going Tuscan to an appreciation of the beauty and nobility of his native speech, and of inducing other Italians to improve theirs. De Amicis's books sell by the hundred thousand, without the artificial stimulus that sometimes produces a demand for large editions, and his influence is wholly good. He believes that a common language is a potent means of attaining the unification of Italy. His own numerous works are notable examples of good taste and purity in writing; and, in spite of his Northern birth, he has so far mastered the Tuscan speech that the most captious Florentine academician rarely catches him in a word or phrase that is not of the purest Tuscan. His new book is full of instruction and interest; it cannot fail to be valuable to every one, foreigner and native alike, who wishes to perfect himself in the understanding and use of the *lingua di sì*. And withal, it is fascinating reading. It has already created a sensation in Italy.

—While Danish literature is fairly well provided with books dealing with America and American life—notable among which is Cavling's 'Fra Amerika'—Norwegian literature has been comparatively poorly off; only the last year or two has produced any at all readable works in this line. We refer to 'Om Chicago,' by Peter Daae, and 'Det Norske Amerika,' by Thoralf Klaveness, both published by Cammermeyer in Christiania. The author of the former work has for a good many years been a resident of Chicago, working on the staff of a Norwegian paper published there, and is accordingly familiar enough with the several phases of life in the Western metropolis, which he describes as "America's most American city, and the third largest Norwegian city in the world." His aim is, in 150 pages, to acquaint the Norwegian reading public with Chicago and its institutions, its population, its criminals and its courts, its theatres, literature, etc., and at the same time, so far as Chicago may be said to be typical of America, with American life as a whole. Errors and misstatements are fewer than in most foreign books describing American life, and become apparent chiefly where a more general and comprehensive view or a more detailed and specialized study is required for the understanding of some institution. The absence of illustrations is to be regretted, and the author's language bears plain witness to his long stay in Chicago. The other book above mentioned is more ambitious in its character. Mr. Klaveness is the editor of a provincial paper, who spent some months in the United States at the expense of the Norwegian Government, with a so-called journalist's scholarship. His 260 richly illustrated pages (with no apparent connection between illustrations and text, however) purpose to give an account of the life of Norwegian emigrants to the United States, with casual reference to American life in general. The book naturally contains a good many enlightening remarks, but also abounds in errors and misstatements, and the author evidently takes himself rather more seriously than most of his readers will feel inclined to do. An introductory autograph letter from Björnson praises the work highly, particularly the style. The latter may, in fact, be said to be a clumsy imitation of Björnson's own.

—Gustav Kruell's new engraving of Franklin, in size, in technique, and in authority, takes its place securely among the foremost of his triumphs on the wood block; and for connoisseurs this statement is all-sufficient. The Japan proof before us belongs in this artist's later series for color, and displays his power to produce a solid and coherent personality—a portrait in which every things "hangs together" and there is no fumbling. For his original, Mr. Kruell resorted to the Duplessis pastel of 1778 now in the possession of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and leaving much to be desired on the score of distinctness and detail, as is so often the case with this vehicle. Unlike the more senile pastel of 1783 by the same Frenchman, owned by Mr. John Bigelow and engraved on steel as the frontispiece to his 'Life of Franklin from his Works,' this presentment looks to the left. It is again distinguished by a fur collar; but, above all, the mouth is a line of singular subtlety, by which it would almost be as proper to characterize this remarkable print as to identify the work of the old painters by a chair or other accessory. It is the first thing to fix the attention. The flesh, the flowing hair, the several components of the dress, are executed with the customary mastery; indeed, the way in which the bust is handled, with its diversity of stuffs and folds, is delightful to study, while this and the background are both subordinated to the face and ever lead us back to it. Clearly, the hand which successfully delineated Lincoln and Webster and Beethoven and all the great subjects between, has lost none of its cunning or its patience. Mr. Kruell's address is No. 102 Sussex Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

RECENT POETRY.

In the six ornate but rather ill-printed volumes of the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems (Harpers), we have, in some respects at least, the most important body of poetry by a living writer. About

the only wholly new offering in the set is a dedicatory epistle of twenty-five pages addressed to Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which the poet, in some highly characteristic prose, endeavors to forestall both "the purblind scrutiny of prepossession" and "the squint-eyed inspection of malignity," of which he has had some experience in the past. The epistle is in the main a somewhat grandiloquent synopsis of the succession of fervid moods which Mr. Swinburne has voiced in his verse, with repeated assurances of their sincerity. Not all of its asseverations are quite verified in the poetry that follows. "My first if not my strongest ambition," he says, "was to do something worth doing, and not utterly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher, and Webster the pupil, of Shakspere, in the line of work which those three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for ambitious Englishmen." Despite this *ex-cathedra* pronouncement, it seems to us, in reading all the six volumes, that the striking thing about the poetry of Mr. Swinburne is that it is not essentially, in form and spirit, English poetry at all; that it is rather the work of a spiritual countryman of Hugo and Baudelaire. The characteristic marks of great English poetry we do not find in it very plentifully. If we mistake not, there has never been an English poet of the first rank who did not show the native English gift for terse and gnomic expression—the ability to throw an apothegm into a line of verse. In English poetry, in the very turbulence of passion there has always been a certain moderation and reserve approaching almost to curtness. Hence, even in English poets of the second rank, the fine, closely-packed single line has been more in evidence than in any other poetry outside of Dante and Virgil. Yet nowhere beneath the swirling, Strauss-like measures of Mr. Swinburne's resounding poems, with their celebration of "panic" and "nympholepsy," do we find much trace of this gift of terse wisdom; and memorable single lines are few. Perhaps the most English thing in him is his deep love of the sea in all the phases which he enumerates in a clause of the epistle, which, isolated, strangely echoes the cadence of his most characteristic lines—

"The revels and the terrors and the glories of the sea."

But if Mr. Swinburne's ample collected achievement lacks that last element of poetic permanence which comes from a deep national quality, it is clearly of a larger and more momentous volume than it has always been possible to recognize. No modern poet except his master, Hugo, has been more constantly capable of a certain kind of music: the echo, as Hugo said of his own verse in the notable Preface to 'Les Voix Intérieures,' "bien confus et bien affaibli, sans doute, mais fidèle, l'auteur le croit, de ce chant qui répond en nous au chant que nous entendons hors de nous." No living poet has studied the intricate cadences of Greek choruses more minutely and imitated them more successfully. No living poet has taken a more unwavering stand as the singer of human rights, even if he has envisaged them from the angle rather of a Continental revolutionary than of a poet of the isles where Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent. And, finally, no living poet has drunk more deeply of the old wells of poesy in literature. As he says in a heightened passage of the dedicatory epistle, which would make exemplary reading both for our parlor performers in poetry and for those slighter members of the Tribe of Walt who are so dissident from the apostolic succession of poets:

"The half-brained creature to whom books are other than living things, may see with the eyes of a bat, and draw with the fingers of a mole, his dullard distinction between books and life; those who live the fuller life of a higher animal than he, know that books are to poets as much a part of that life as pictures are to painters or as music is to musicians, dead matter though they may be to the spiritual still-born children of dirt and dulness who find it possible and natural to live while dead in heart and brain. Marlowe and Shakspere, Æschylus and Sappho do not for us live only on the dusty shelves of libraries."

An uncommonly masculine volume is that of the 'Selected Poems' of John Davidson (John Lane). Mr. Davidson has drawn from his seven earlier volumes with a shrewd critical sense. He has shown an evident velleity in the selection to play up, so to say, a single phase of his talent. As that phase, however, is his most characteristic, the volume is, as a matter of fact, pretty adequately representative. That gift of haunting song which readers of his other volumes remember, is not very much in evidence here; but this has never been more than a passing interest in his wilful work. His unusual mastery of narrative construction in verse, his energy of conception and readiness in the fundamental mind-work of poetry, are all shown here at their best in the "Ballads," which make the bulk of the book. Mr. Davidson envisages life with a deep tragic sense. He sees it steadily, yet he does not see it quite whole—suicide and seduction do not play quite that chief part in the world which they do in Mr. Davidson's poetry; yet, for all the grimness of Mr. Davidson's habitual mood, the vigor and color of his poetic speech are marvellously refreshing. How vividly startling is the conclusion of his "Ballad of Hell," where the lady who has been betrayed into killing herself for love escapes from the pit:

"Across the weltering deep she ran;
A stranger thing was never seen:
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

"To her it seemed a meadow fair;
And flowers sprang up about her feet.
She entered Heaven; she climbed the stair
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

"Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse, half-human cheer."

In his 'Musa Verticordia' (John Lane) Mr. Francis Coutts shows a similar endeavor after sincerity and directness. At times this mood seems to partake of a certian prosaic hardness of view, of phrase, and of versification, that gives to a poem the effect rather of a tersely turned paragraph of prose than of musical and memorable verse; but Mr. Coutts is always thoughtful and always sensitive to the imaginative import of his ideas, so that sometimes, when a true poetic glow is imparted to him by the energy of his subject, his writing is, to adopt an overworked but useful word, suggestive. His "Bayreuth: An Antithesis" presents him at his best. The first member of the antithesis is Parsifal:

"Deep in the forest's moist, malarious gloom,
Dungeoned in terror of the world, they lie,
Knights of the Grail; as in a sick man's room,
The air is faint with languid agony.

"There is no man in all their spectral host,
There is no woman in old Klingsor's crew;
Sir Parsifal is tempted by a ghost,
Half ghost himself; since love he never knew."

So the verse runs on, in an admirable presentation of the wan mediæval mood of morbid fervor. The second member of the antithesis is "Die Meistersinger," which presents, as Mr. Coutts sees it, an honester view of life:

"Released from that miasmic spell
And commune with sad souls half dead,
With him who cobbled and sang as well
High on the hills of life we tread.

"Well met, Hans Sachs! We grasp your hand,
We look you full in the face and feel
That men who in the sunshine stand
Need never in the darkness kneel."

'The Twin Immortalities, and Other Poems,' by Charles E. Russell (The Hammersmark Publishing Co.), is avowedly an attempt to further that *Andersstreben* of the arts of music and poetry, of the wisdom of which we have in these columns been constrained to express a certain skepticism. In the titular poem of the volume we have a sonorous rhapsody of that heaven of song where the masters of poetry and music together go:

"There dwell forever now the souls
Whose strains remembered bring the stars to earth.
There mighty Bach by Milton strolls;
Made one by springtime's mirth.
Bartholdi walks by Suckling's side;
Great-browed and pondering,
Or in vision after vision wandering,
Brahms seeks the ways untried.
Schumann and Shelley through the sunniest lands
Or past deep hills hold thoughtful pace;
Beethoven close by Hugo stands
With solemn, tender face;
And kindly like the sun in fall
The splendid light of Shakspere shines on all."

In other poems in the volume Mr. Russell has made a set attempt to follow the structure of a classical sonata. We have, for example, in a fine poem on Graubünden, that cradle of democracy, four movements: Andante cantabile—Allegro risoluto, Adagio, Allegro con brio, and Rondo. Mr. Russell has made in these poems an uncommonly intelligent but not quite convincing experiment. In any concerted poem a close analysis of the succession of moods is likely to reveal something of essential musical structure. Even writers of prose in the least imaginative must sometimes have been vaguely aware of a similar constraining principle in the ordonnance of their paragraphs. The trouble is, however, that the music of poetry can never be a matter of pure sound, for its material is words, which have the awkward characteristic of embodying ideas, concepts, and notions. Readers of poetry through some thousands of years have come to expect these ideas, concepts, and notions, and they are pretty sure to come away from the reading of the poetry which is written with set musical intent with a certain sense of frustration, and a feeling that they have been defrauded of an essential part of true poetic pleasure.

We like Mr. Russell better in those poems where his musical structure is only implicit. He has an admirable gift of phrase, which at its best is alive to its finger tips. He would do well, however, to consider the

modicum of truth which is in Poe's dictum that a long lyric is a contradiction in terms; for his poetic impulse is so unflagging, and his mind so full of remembered cadences and colors, that too many of his pieces come to be a little overdrawn. Yet it is not often that one finds a volume of verse more fulfilled of the true poetic unction, more fervent with the old dream of human brotherhood. Some of the least ambitious pieces are best of all—witness this picturesque rowing song:

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
By winding shore and willowy screen,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Across tree-shadows gray or green,
By shelving beach of crinkling sand,
And deeps where drowsing cattle stand;
By white vine-scented cottage trim,
And where the red vine clusters peep,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the strong white eddies leap
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun
With their sweep—sweep—sweep—

"By mouldering pier-heads that still keep
Their watch and ward on silent streams,
By grand-dams in wide doors asleep
And dreaming who shall say what dreams.
And further in cool breaths of pine
That taste like some old-vintage wine,
Where scarce one ray of the saffron day
Through the arch of the incense shrine makes way,
Where the shadowy walls an echo make
To the sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the dancing globes in my wake
Of tree-top line and gold-leaf shine
The tinted image take.

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Now where great domes of cloudland drift,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Now where long shafts of sunlight shift
Through blue and white and golden brown,
Where sloping fields of wheat come down,
Where through burnt fumes of summer bloom
The slender village steeples loom
Or broken in the bow-wave's curl,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the face of a country girl
Round-eyed and brown from the bridge looks down
To watch the foam-wreaths whirl.

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
The oar rings true like a crystal bell;
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
The rushes lisp in the tiny swell;
And the treble tinkling of the song
Up where the keen prow shears along
Keeps tune and time with the plashing chime,
Keeps note for note with the sterner rhyme
Of the grumbling gear of the sliding seat.
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And beneath the hard-pressed feet
The ripples rise, the slim bow flies
To the song of the sliding seat."

'The Garden of Years, and Other Poems,' by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl (Putnams), is a sorrowful volume in its indication of defeated promise. It shows Mr. Carryl just working out of the Byronic mood, with foregleams of a sincerity and eloquence in verse which, coupled with his exceptional mastery of the long rolling line and of the largo movement, might have carried him far. His quality can be no more fitly shown than in the verses entitled "On the Prow," which, with something of a Tennysonian color, recall, without imitating, a familiar poem of Clough's:

"Strange, silent East! Across the solemn calm
The slender ship outward and onward strives,
Bearing to odorous shores of date and palm
The burden of a hundred little lives.

"On a light course drift I toward the verge
Beyond which lies what now I may not know;
Yet my heart whispers, 'These gray wastes of surge
Stretch whither it is good for me to go.'

"Youth like the speeding sun left far behind—
Unanswered questions mutely sent before—
O great, dim East, what welcome shall I find
When thy wide arms unveil the distant shore?

"The prow knows not the harbor that it nears.
Nor I if thou shalt bring the seeker rest—
Yet the strong hand the fragile ship that steers
Will guide her to the haven that is best."

Mr. Robert Loveman, in his 'Songs from a Georgia Garden' (Lippincott), proves himself again one of the verse writers whose gift is for the thumbnail sketch rather than for the large canvas. His range is slender, and a certain eccentric slightness and fragility is his habitual quality. Sometimes, however, his little unnamed poems are very individual and right—a kind of poetic pin-prick, pleasantly provocative, as in this:

"What! I fear death?
Believe me, no;
Out of a mystery we come,
Into the light we go.

"What! I fear death?
I swear to thee
My chiefest thought is one
Of curiosity."

A similar gift for terse poetic expression, with a considerably greater burden of thought and feeling, is seen in 'Cassia, and Other Poems,' by Edith M. Thomas (Badger). In Miss Thomas's verse there is, however, always something of a struggle between a native endowment of song and the disposition to ratiocinate, that sometimes results in crabbed verse.

The best of the poems which Mrs. Florence Earle Coates has brought together in 'Mine and Thine' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are those which deal with persons, ranging from Socrates to William B. Yeats. These are always sympathetic to the essential quality of the man. Sometimes they are excellent examples of sonnet eloquence, like this, of Jean François Millet:

"Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely, memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—
Their backs too used to stoop—and patient sow
The harvest which their narrow need supplies;
Even as when, earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe,

Loved Barbizon! with thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod—
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain,
At home with nature, and at one with God."

In the 'Poems' of Hildegarde Hawthorne (Badger) a graceful lyric gift, a vein of pretty fancy, and a habitual mood of ideality are very little inconvenienced by disturbing mental processes. The volume contains several songs as tuneful as this:

"Sing me a sweet, low song of night
Before the moon is risen,
A song that tells of the stars' delight
Escaped from the day's bright prison;
A song that croons with the cricket's voice,
That sleeps with the shadowed trees;
A song that should bid my heart rejoice
At its tender mysteries!

"And then when the song is ended, love,
Bend down your head unto me,
Whisper the word that was born above
Ere the moon had swayed the sea;
Ere the brightest star began to shine
Or the farthest sun to burn,
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,
Yet newest, and sweet to learn."

'A Pageant of Life,' by Gamaliel Bradford, jr. (Badger), is the intelligent verse of a scholarly man of fine sensibilities, who has meditated the literary history of the world long and minutely. This history is poetically presented in a series of sonnets. It begins with one on Heraclitus, touches in passing on such subjects as "Alexander's Empire," "Lucretius," "Saint Anthony," "Cervantes," and "Kant," and ends with one on "Democracy," wherein we have a rather pessimistic picture of modern man, who

"chants with might and main,
In penny sheets, self-laudatory hymns—
Monster, with arms, legs, belly, and no brain."

Besides the "Pageant of Life" there are some gracefully turned songs and a few admirably close and sympathetic translations from Leopardi. For a reader of bookish tastes this is a pleasant volume.

For the vast unconsidered remainder of what may be called by the generic name of Badger poets, Mr. Philip Green Wright may stand as fairly representative. In a "foreword" to Mr. Wright's 'Dial of the Heart,' Mr. Charles A. Sandburg says:

"Of the making of verses, doggerel, yawps, and blats, there is no end. Rare is the one who has approached his task, saying: 'I want to make something fine, something that will show the best and truest of myself, something that will be a gratification to the highest and strongest in me.' Yet that is the spirit in which I believe Philip Green Wright has written out these pieces of poetry. Are they to be classic? Not all of them. But there are passages that so accurately, so sincerely, and with such heart-stir reflect what every thinking, feeling man and woman knows, that they will live a long time."

Revolving the work of Badger poets as a class, the salient and essential quality of all is seen to be this trait which Mr. Sandburg has so memorably named *heart-stir*. A single specimen of it from the writings of Mr. Wright will perhaps be adequate. It is a "Quatrain":

"Oh, to throw off the incubus!
Oh, to laugh long and free as though I had blond, curly hair!
Not to care a damn for men or fate,
To feel myself an elemental force, one with rain, sunshine, and wind."

Heart-stir being thus rife in the land, we might expect that the momentous events of present years would find some expression in song. This is, indeed, the case. 'The Senator: A Threnody,' by the Rev. Henry Carver McCook (George W. Jacobs), is a memorial poem of 171 pages, dealing with the life and political activity of the late Marcus A. Hanna. The fourth canto of the poem is "A Plea for Immortality," and the fifth contains some description of the life beyond, all conducted with a skill evidencing considerable homiletic experience.

Another poem for the times is "An Inaugural Ode," by Mr. Alexander Blair Thaw (Nelson, N. H.: The Monadnock Press), which presents the conventional emotions of a thoughtful and well-read man on Inauguration day, with considerable metrical facility.

A considerable fervor of feeling, accompanied by an easy command of poetic rhetoric, gives at first reading to Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles's 'Love Triumphant' (Dana Estes & Co.) a pleasant individuality. Despite a good deal of straining after the "modern note," the poetry of Mr. Knowles is markedly reminiscent. In weaving the variations about the old theme of yester years he is particularly skilful. In the

first and title poem of the volume we have the fine, if somewhat loosely imaged lines:

"Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace," etc.,

and so on to the lesson of the perdurability of love. In the next poem, the same theme is handled in a pretty new measure:

"Lovers kissed and parted,
Eyes were moist and blue,
In the Midian meadows
Moses knew.

Cheeks were wet with weeping,
Brows were hot with fire,
Ere the hand of Homer
Swept the lyre.

And this masque of midnight
And the moon's white face
Looked on Nile and Jordan
Thebes and Thrace,"

and so on to the end:

"Press thy lips to mine, dear,
Thus—and thus—and thus—
Space and time shall perish
Slain by us.

All the lands of wonder,
Years of pain and bliss,
We will taste together
In that kiss!"

This is all rather pleasant in its warm fluency, but, as one reads on through the book and re-reads, the rhetorical virtuosity becomes more obvious and the poetry less. Mr. Knowles's writing would gain by a more rigorous selection, by the unsparing pruning of the pieces selected, and by a more laborious study to replace the specious loud rhetorical phrase by the inevitable word of poetry.

VÁMBÉRY'S MEMOIRS.

The Story of My Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vámbéry. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. 2 vols. Pp. 492.

There have been few autobiographies at once so outspoken and so evidently truthful as this. Dr. Vámbéry, without question, knows himself, and he has here communicated that knowledge without reserve. The details of his life, from his unrecorded birth of unknown date, to his residence now at Budapest as an authority of the first rank on the politics of Europe and Asia, are set forth clearly. Equally clear are the analysis and statement of his motives, beliefs, and ideals, his whole inner life. His estimate, too, of his opportunities, powers, and achievements is of evident soundness. Ruling out the inevitable blind spot, not many men have seen themselves so steadily and so wholly as they are, as has this Hungarian Jew.

It is the life of a linguist, not of a scholar; of a looker-on of Oriental politics, not of an official nor even of a politician; of a Jew-cosmopolitan, not of a Hebrew; of an amateur in religions and a disciple of Voltaire and Strauss; of a man of one great journey, not of a man with wandering in his blood. There is a deep pathos, too, in it all. His country calls him a Jew, and a Jew is not a Hungarian; he would not call himself a Hebrew, and the synagogue will have none of him. His attitude towards religion in general is that of the over and done eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—an attitude which sees priestcraft only, and holds that Europe leads the world in spite of Christianity. He has done better work for England than many English statesmen, and yet is almost without a country, so out of touch in race, religion, and country he is and has been with all his environment. But there is another side. The place of these primary garments of existence has been taken for him by the broadest spirit of humanity. Not simply to see men and cities, nor even to survey mankind in philosophic leisure, has been his life. But to merge himself in every race and in every kind and condition of men—to lose his mother-tongue and to know none as such save the tongue of the hour—to act a part with all the histrionic genius of the Hebrew race, until (following the command of Muhammad, "Weep when you read the Qur'an, and if you cannot weep, feign weeping; in time you will weep") these mimic words and actions became his own—to turn cosmopolite, in no cold, detached sense, but by taking the world (at least, the Orient world) to his heart—this has been for him the substance of his life, and its own exceeding great reward. And so, at the last, he looks back to the sneering advice of his clerical teacher in the gymnasium, "Moshele, why dost thou study? It would be better for thee to be a butcher," and knows that it was well to study and that his life has been worth living.

So it was from the very beginning. Lame, poor, half-starved, contemned, an irrepressible vitality, loquacity, industry kept him moving steadily on a course which was in essentials that of all his life to come. His religious beliefs dropped away from him without a struggle. They simply vanished, and he went on without them. They had never interpreted or vitalized the world to him, and, when they were gone, the world was still as of old—very good and needing no interpretation. His Catholic instructors used him as acolyte at the Mass; he served very calmly, just as he was to take part thereafter in Dervish *dhikrs*. He was a good student, but ordered study with its certificates and regular promotions did not interest him. Languages, for him, were everything, and these he learned for use, not discipline. He talked if need be to himself; he read, above all, poetry and imaginative literature. He learned, too, to depend upon himself, and to take short views into the future. He felt secure that he would come through somehow, although starvation seemed round the next corner. An iron industry at the things which he liked, an unquenchable hopefulness, and a power of making things turn up carried him along.

Then came the first journey to the East, begun on some scanty savings as a private tutor. At Constantinople, Vámbéry finally found himself. His savings soon gave out, but, as a tutor in languages, a reciter of poetry in cafés, and finally as an accepted member of Turkish households, known as Reshid Efendi and as good as a Muslim, with no questions asked on either side, he slipped into the smooth, easy-going current of Oriental life. It was now that he learned to know the East on the inside. He had long heard it calling, and recognized that it was a career. Libraries, too, opened to him; MSS became accessible, Chagataic texts raised again for him the problem of the origins of the Hungarian race. These last saved him, too, from the fatal spell of Oriental sloth. Commissioned by the Magyar Academy to investigate in Central Asia the relationships of the Magyar language, and furnished by them with scanty funds and a magniloquent Latin letter of safe conduct, he left Budapest in 1861 on his great journey.

But little good for that lay in these European helps. It was to Constantinople that his real success was due. When he left there in turn, it was as Reshid Efendi, with official passport and letters of commendation to the Turkish Minister at Teheran. He was to be a real Turk thereafter, and a dervish dependent on alms, and journeying to the sacred shrines of Bukhara. In Persia, it is true, he was, as a Turk, a Sunnite heretic; but religious details sat easily upon him, and a dervish has a large latitude allowed and taken. At Teheran a fresh start was made, and this time in Sunnite Central Asia the Turkish commendations had full weight. Added to this, and more weighty than all, was a solemn passport from the Turkish Ambassador, giving him the title of Hajji. This, above all else, carried him through, but it may be a subject of meditation how much lying, first and last, the use of it must have involved. Burton, it may be remarked, held that no one who had not actually been through a pilgrimage could maintain such a title. The knowledge required could be gained at first hand only.

Into this great journey there is no need to enter here. By it Vámbéry became known and remains known; he never made another. His knowledge of the East he had practically gained before, but this spectacular feat gave him the ear of Europe. And yet, as he says himself, there was nothing in it so different from his early life. The experiences of the young Jew, despised and mocked, hungry and weary, had been much those of the mendicant dervish in the terrors, physical and mental, of the steppes of Asia. All his life he had been playing parts until they had become a reality for him. Further, it was not accident which now led him to England and made him the champion of England against the world. To his own country he was a very dubious Jew; though he writes himself to this day a Hungarian, in Hungary no theatre existed then for his public appearance. The two powers to which he might naturally turn were the Eastern rivals, England and Russia. But with Russia, plainly, he could have no part. He and his race and his country knew Russia too well. The Jewish people and the oppressed nationalities of Eastern Europe had no question where friendship for freedom might be found. So to London he went with his book, and discovered how England receives the man who has done something—above all, has been where no one else has been, and who knows something bearing on the moment and can tell it clearly. His future was thus fixed. He was to be a political Orientalist, a writer of books, magazine articles, newspaper letters, and paragraphs bearing on living situations.

To this part of his life Professor Vámbéry gives his second volume as a whole, It is marked throughout by the same keen insight into others as into himself, the same absolute frankness and truthfulness. His characterizations are full of good-humored appreciation. Of his own little vanities he makes no secret, and of how flattering and pleasant he found the attentions of (for ex-

ample) both Victoria and Edward VII.—how wounded, too, he was by the long neglect which he met with in his own country, and how unquenchable has been his love of distinction and fame. A childlike naïveness that disarms criticism runs through all this. The pictures, moreover, which he puts before us are so bright and telling; the atmosphere of the whole is so garrulously attractive; the spirit is so transparently honest, and the ideals for the liberty and progress of the world are so uncompromising, that it would take the most pronounced anti-Britisher to be irritated by his vision of the destinies of England. Nor is there at any point a touch of bitterness; even Mr. Gladstone is dealt with playfully. Few choices, indeed, have been so speedily and completely vindicated by events as his between the two great Oriental Powers. With every day, at present, the difference which he saw is becoming clearer to the most prejudiced.

The same holds true of his judgments on the present condition of Persia and Turkey. The pages which tell of his intercourse with the present Sultan and with the late Nasredin Shah are among the most weighty in his book. No European has known the Sultan as he; certainly none has published his estimate so fully and frankly. What is said here is evidently meant to mark the close of a long and difficult acquaintance, and is practically a confession of failure to solve that problem in character. Yet some points are made absolutely clear: one, that Abdul Hamid still regards the Turkish empire as the personal property of himself and his dynasty; and another, that the Armenian massacres, with or without cause, were deliberately planned by him. A "box on the ear" he called them to Vámbéry, when incautiously speaking of his purpose.

It is characteristic for the linguist in the strict sense that two passages (pp. 127, 365) are quoted in hopelessly bad Arabic, and ascribed to the Koran, where they assuredly do not occur. More strange, for one more of a Turk than the Turks, is the definition (p. 373) of a "Khaliph," as "a lawful descendant of Muhammad." Professor Vámbéry must write with a very running pen indeed. But there can be no question of the truth of his colors; and that, here, is the main thing.

A Gardener's Year. By H. Rider Haggard. With plan and twenty-five illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

A great charm of all honestly written books on gardening resides in the frankness with which disappointments and mistakes are recorded. Such records are instructive and attractive just in proportion to the openness of the confessions. Mr. Haggard has much literary skill, and he knows how to turn to best account the history of his errors. The errors and failures serve as the most admirable background to bring out into strong relief the successes and peaceful triumphs. The successes in this well-managed garden have been many, and the mistakes are relatively few.

There are, in truth, two gardens under description, one by the easternmost shore of Suffolk, in England, where the author has waged a vigorous battle with the encroaching sea; the other, a diversified estate of about three acres, with six glass-houses, is the main subject of the present book. The record runs through a varied year from January, 1903, and comes to a close in December, with comments of satisfaction that the months have been, on the whole, well spent, and that the garden is in better condition than when the year began. An American must remember, as he reads this pleasant book, that English skies are not like ours, and, secondly, that the writer of the record has passed much of his active life in a country where the climatic extremes are not wholly unlike those which try our souls. Mr. Haggard evinces a patience under the trials of English weather which has been evolved from climatic conditions in the south of Africa. The sudden and unwelcome changes of weather, in both the large garden and that near the shore, appear to have been borne by the writer with admirable equanimity and even taken as a matter of course. There is not much that can be quoted from the book to illustrate its agreeable style or to indicate the large amount of sound information which it contains, but attention must be called to one statement which shows the good courage that characterized the efforts of this lover of plants.

At the author's place, in Kessingland, in Suffolk, the cliffs and sandy shore are swept by fierce winds from the northeast. Under the steady beating of the wind and sea, great encroachments were being made upon the sandy beach. To protect in a measure this treacherous and shifting barrier, the writer planted a beach-grass (*Ammophila arenaria*) in considerable quantity, and left the plants to struggle for a foothold. Seawalls are worthless as defenders—they are costly and unsatisfactory; but, after five years of Marum grass, the beach had risen about twelve feet in height, in some places coming over the grass itself. In all the high tides not a single clump has been washed away, and the extreme limit of the sea seems to have been pushed back more than twenty yards. Some of the strongly entrenched tussocks of the Marum plants are now three feet through, and hold the shifting particles together firmly, binding them into a band of steel instead of a rope of sand. Along our exposed coast from the elbow of Cape Cod to its finger-tips at Provincetown, there are many places where sand-stays have been tried, but at times with only indifferent success, and they have been used ineffectually on our doomed Sable Island off the coast of Nova Scotia. It would seem as if the good results obtained by Mr. Haggard should again brace up our courage to a renewal of the fight against the sea.

It may be well to call attention also to the excellent judgment shown by Mr. Haggard in his indulgence to his laborers. On his place of three acres, where there were all sorts of plants cultivated, he had a head gardener, an assistant of twenty-one, an old man of seventy, and a general workman. The old man was of little use except to look after an oil-engine and attend to jobs around the house; the general workman came only when he was specially needed. Therefore, the staff consisted of two active men. But the relations which existed between the master and men were so amicable that both employees were loyal in the highest degree. Every now and then the head-gardener, Mason, *would* have his way, and that is as it should be. Nothing does a lover of a garden so much real good as to be now and then sharply headed off in his plans by a skilled workman who is devoted to his craft, loyal to his special garden, and faithful to his master. And nothing does the master more permanent good than to keep his temper during these struggles for supremacy. Mr. Haggard has, in his garden, an even temper, and appears to be a good judge of men. He is certainly, too, an excellent amateur gardener.

The Long Ago and the Later On; or, Recollections of Eighty Years. By George Tisdale Bromley. San Francisco: A. W. Robertson. 1904. Pp. 289.

"Uncle George," eighty-eight years old, who now for the first time ventures upon the field of authorship, is a prince in Bohemia—not in the province of which Prague is the capital, nor in that boundless province whose leaders are found in London, Paris, and New York, but in that limited and reserved Bohemia which maintains a club in San Francisco, famous for its promotion of wit, merriment, and friendship, to say nothing of its contributions to art, letters, and music.

In the outside world, Mr. Bromley has held several positions which might give him title to grateful remembrance upon the Pacific Coast, but doubtless that which would give him most pleasure is "Uncle George of Bohemia." Like his brother Isaac, well known in the newspaper world of New York, he is prodigal in humor, unpremeditated and genuine; much of it, however, so effervescent that its sparkle vanishes at the sight of pen and ink. He is a blend of New England Puritanism and of California freedom. Never unmindful of the lessons of his younger days, he has always been ready for adventure, goodfellowship, and fun. If he had devoted himself to the pen, he might have won a place with John Phœnix, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and other humorists of California. He has their keen appreciation of droll situations, and their readiness for unexpected sallies, their love of local color, but he has not their command of written speech. At "high Jinks" and "low Jinks," at an after-dinner speech, at an unexpected call in any assembly, he was sure to bring down the house. His healthy frame, his pleasant manners, his overflowing good nature, his spontaneity, his unexpectedness, made him welcome in Tokio, Tientsin, and Pekin, as well as in San Francisco and New York, in the mining camps, on shipboard, or in the more restricted circles where propriety is installed. For example, he was called upon offhand to make a speech at an alumni meeting in Berkeley, where he recognized among the dignitaries on the dais a younger townsman of his, and forthwith volunteered a chapter of comparative biography, which aroused shouts of laughter from the assembled graduates:

"We have known each other long and well. The same lovely New England town that can boast of being his birthplace, I also honored by having been born there; we have flown our kites by the same east-nor'west wind, swam in the same river, skated on the same pond; and, although he was a Congregationalist and I was a Baptist, it did not prevent us from attending the same circus—a yielding of doctrinal points exceedingly rare in those days. I remember well when he left the old roof-tree to plunge into the mysteries and miseries of a Yale college career, and I went whaling; he to consume the midnight oil, and I to furnish the supply. And now here, in this far-away land, we find our oc-

cupations running parallel. He is here in Berkeley, teaching the young to go forth and fight the battle of life, while I am in San Francisco, caring for the understandings of the people by running a street-sweeping machine."

Any one who wishes for an inside view of the Bohemian Club has only to run his eye over these pages. One of the best chapters describes the reception of Henry Irving.

Mr. Bromley's life has not all been spent in Bohemia. In his youth he was a sailor, looking for seals on the coast of Africa; in later days he took an active part in local politics. In an impecunious stage of his experience, an unsolicited opportunity came to him. A Senator in Washington telegraphed: "Sir: You are appointed United States consul at Tientsin. Hope you will accept." This appointment took him to China and Japan, where he had many lively adventures. In later years Uncle George has been the pet of his Bohemian friends; and the verses which they have addressed to him, if not of the finest poetry, are full of the finest appreciation of a capital comrade, born to make life merrier and to relieve its burdens and anxieties by good spirits and good will.

Sydney Smith. By George W. E. Russell. (English Men of Letters Series.) Macmillan. 1905.

Sydney Smith was born in 1771, "of the most numerous and most respectable family in England," as he used to say of the whole tribe of Smiths. When some one asked him about his grandfather, he replied with becoming gravity: "He disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions." He was forced into the Church, as so many Englishmen have been, because his father could not afford the Army or the Bar, and he always thought himself a great lawyer *manqué*. He was a born reformer. If he had been a lawyer he would have tried to reform the Bar, but there was plenty of room for his activity in the Church. He was the managing type of ecclesiastic, who, when he has given a genial and uncritical assent to the Church's doctrines, turns with zest to the business side. He could never forbear a joke at the expense of his profession; but, as he looked back on the social changes that he had lived through, he saw that there had been a real improvement in the morale of the clergy. "Whenever you meet a clergyman of my age," he said to Gladstone, in 1835, "you may be quite sure he is a bad clergyman."

In theology he took little interest, and there are anecdotes to prove that his acquaintance with the Bible was somewhat superficial, that he had to be reminded by a neighboring squire of the names of Job's daughters, and could not tell you offhand whether certain famous passages were in the New Testament or the Old. He was not the sort of parson who becomes a bishop, and he could not tolerate interference from one of these dignitaries. One of his most trenchant reforming articles is called "Persecuting Bishops," and it is no wonder that bishops themselves are apt to read the substantive in that title as an accusative.

A man with a taste for reform could not in the last half of George the Third's reign keep his hands off politics. The question of Catholic Emancipation was the theme of Sydney Smith's famous 'Letters' written under the pseudonym of "Peter Plymley." Canning and Perceval, who were opposed to Emancipation, he could not endure, and some of the bitterest personalities in the 'Letters' are directed against them. From Catholics it was a short step to Irish Catholics and their peculiar grievances:

"The moment the name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots. Whatever your opinion may be of the follies of the Roman Catholic religion, remember they are the follies of four millions of human beings, increasing rapidly in numbers, wealth and intelligence, who, if once wrested from their alliance with England, would in three years render its existence as an independent nation impossible."

Conciliate Ireland and all will be well.

What one observes in all these vigorous and amusing 'Letters' is that Sydney Smith has little to say about abstract justice. He can make a better argument by appealing to expediency, and it is in the name of the expedient that he calls for the fair treatment of Irish Catholics. This leads him into reasoning that comes oddly from a clergyman:

"If a rich young Catholic were in Parliament he would belong to White's and to Brookes's; would keep race-horses; would walk up and down Pall Mall; be exonerated of his ready money and his constitution; become as totally devoid of morality, honesty, knowledge and civility, as Protestant loungers in Pall Mall, and return home with a supreme contempt for Father O'Leary and Father O'Callaghan. . . . The true receipt for preserving the Roman Catholic religion is Mr. Perceval's receipt for destroying it: it is to deprive every rich Catholic of all the objects of secular ambition, to separate him from the Protestants, and to shut him up in his castle with priests and relics."

These 'Letters' were often compared on their publication with the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal, and Macaulay said of them that they proved Sydney Smith to be "a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared amongst us since Swift."

Sydney Smith dearly loved London, and grasped at any preferment that would allow him to live there. He passed from an obscure curacy in a Wiltshire village to a private tutorship in Edinburgh, where with Jeffrey, Murray, and Brougham he founded the *Edinburgh Review*. He stayed only long enough to edit the first number, and then left it in the hands of Jeffrey. But the *Review* was always to him not only a useful source of income (he received forty-five guineas a sheet for his countless reviews), but, what he cared for even more, a good outlet for his vigorous opinions.

At the age of thirty-three we find him settled in London, gradually accumulating odd clerical jobs and giving crowded public lectures on Moral Philosophy. He soon became the fashion, and was presented to a living in Yorkshire. But, like all epicures, he cared nothing for the country and pined for society. The happiest period of his life was that spent in his house at Amen Corner as Canon of St. Paul's. By this time he was about sixty, and was content to leave reform to others. "I love liberty, but hope it can be so managed that I shall have soft beds, good dinners, fine linen, etc., for the rest of my life." In spite of his rural exile, he had never lost touch of London society and the Holland House circle, where he was the most brilliant of all the wits, and allowed unusual license by Lady Holland. If there is any fault to be found with Mr. Russell's book, it is that he does not dwell long enough on the purely social side of Sydney Smith. We have page after page of quotations from his militant writings, but few witticisms. The fact is, however, that his wit was of the kind that is hard to take out of the context. It was perfectly spontaneous and well in hand, so that he never found it in the least fatiguing that he was regularly expected to be witty. The bloom is off the fragments now, and the best way to enjoy its quality is to watch for the occasional flashes reported in the memoirs and correspondence of the famous men of his day. His prose style is simple and excellent, and we cannot do better than conclude with a specimen, the *locus classicus* for Mrs. Partington:

"The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

Mr. Russell's brief but interesting biography is well indexed, and provides such copious extracts from Sydney Smith's writings on all possible subjects that it is not a bad substitute for his 'Works,' which are not easily accessible to the general reader.

Babel und Bibel: Dritter (Schluss-) Vortrag von Friedrich Delitzsch. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1905. Pp. 69.

The German Emperor is greatly interested in Oriental explorations. He is a patron of the Orient Gesellschaft. Recently he gave 23,000 marks towards the excavations now in progress at Megiddo, in Palestine. He has acquired some of the most valuable archæological remains in the Turkish empire, through his personal relations to the Sultan, notably the façade of the extraordinary building at Mesheytta, east of the Jordan, which was recently removed to Berlin. This interest in Oriental research induced him, in 1902, to accord to Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch the honor of delivering a lecture before the court, which, at the Emperor's wish, was later repeated in the palace at Berlin. Delitzsch chose for his topic "Babel und Bibel." His treatment of the subject raised a storm among the orthodox theologians of Germany; and, by way of answer, a second lecture on the same topic was delivered before the Orient Gesellschaft, in the presence of the Emperor, in January of the following year. These two lectures, translated, with notes answering the strictures called forth by their contents, were published in book form in this country and in England in 1903. Delitzsch has now completed the series by this third and last lecture.

The reader used to modern discussion of

the relations of Assyrian, Egyptian, and other Oriental research to the Bible is somewhat perplexed by the excitement aroused by these lectures. They present no original discoveries. Indeed, it is not in popular books of this sort that the author would undertake to present new discoveries. It is to be presumed that the circumstances of the delivery of the first lectures, and the Emperor's connection with their delivery, seeming to give to their contents the approval of the head of the German State and the Prussian State and Church, had much to do with the sensation which they aroused.

The last lecture, now before us, may be described as a sort of *apologia* for the religion of the Babylonians. Delitzsch writes as an apologist, defending the Babylonian religion against the accusations of idolatry and immorality which have been made against it from the time of the Hebrew prophets onward. His defence against the charge of idolatry is that the images used in worship merely served to indicate the presence of the god represented by them. He maintains, in fact, that their use was the same as the use of images by the most highly cultivated Roman Catholics. This part of his volume is a rather amusing case of special pleading. The writer deals only with selected expressions of the highest thinkers, not with the actual practical religion of the people.

As formerly, he points out the close dependence of very much in Hebrew literature and religion upon the Babylonian; in this lecture especially in the matter of the Psalms. He is concerned, however, only with resemblances and dependences. His presentation gives one, on that account, an impression of undue dependence. There is no recognition of that which differentiates Hebrew religion and literature from the Babylonian; which is of vastly greater importance in the end than that which unites them with one another. The closing part of the lecture deals with the difference between the Sumerian religion and the Babylonian, which replaced it. In the latter, he finds a peculiarly Semitic tendency towards the development of human gods as over against the nature worship of the Sumerians. According to him, the Semitic idea was everywhere one god for one people—an idea developed to its highest degree in Judaism and Islam. Out of the relations to one another of various peoples and cities and their gods was developed, according to him, Semitic polytheism.

The book is written in an attractive style; in parts it is eloquent; it is always interesting, and it is spiritual in tone. It is illustrated by numerous cuts from Assyrian-Babylonian monuments. There are a few notes of a somewhat more technically scientific character than the text, and, as an appendix, a translation of the Psalm of Ishtar.

William Caxton. By E. Gordon Duff. Chicago: The Caxton Club. 1905.

The Caxton Club has celebrated its tenth anniversary by publishing a bibliographical monograph on William Caxton, written by the well-known English bibliographer, E. Gordon Duff. It is a handsome quarto volume of 118 pages, beautifully printed on American handmade paper, with 25 facsimile plates, chiefly of pages in books printed by Caxton, all reproduced in the exact size of the originals. The edition numbers only 250 copies, three of which are printed on Japanese vellum. Each of 148 copies, including those on vellum, is accompanied by "a leaf from an imperfect copy of the first edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' printed by William Caxton, and formerly in Lord Ashburnham's library, having been purchased for this purpose by the Caxton Club." Lord Ashburnham possessed four copies, which were sold at the sale of his library in 1897 and 1898; one was very nearly perfect, the other three had from one-half to three-quarters of the 372 leaves which go to make up a complete copy. Only nine copies of this edition are known to exist, and Mr. Duff states that this first edition is "so rare that it is believed that no genuine perfect copy is in existence." Under the circumstances it is well-nigh incredible that a club of book-lovers could have deliberately destroyed one copy, even though very imperfect, of this first printed edition of one of the earliest classics of English literature.

The author lays much emphasis on Caxton's great interest in English literature; instead of printing Greek and Roman classics, or learned works on theology and law, as did most of the early printers of Italy, France, and Germany, Caxton "gave the people the classics of their own land, and, at a time when the character of our literary tongue was being settled, did more than any other man before or since has done to establish the English language." The scarcity of Caxton's books is a clear evidence that this was good business. Caxton was a successful business man before he became a printer, and presumably did not cease to be a business man when he altered his occupation, though Ten Brink and H. Morley may have insisted too much on this aspect of him. Mr. Duff has not much to say on this question, but stoutly contests Gibbon's and Isaac Disraeli's low opinion of Caxton as "a printer without erudition," who "was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers"—a fight against windmills, it would seem. The earlier bibliographers, such as Ames and Dibdin, are occasionally quoted, and frequent references are, of course, made to Blades's standard 'Life and Typography,' but more recent writers are ignored; not even Dziatzko's important study, 'Warum Caxton Buchdrucker wurde,' is mentioned, though in all important particulars Mr. Duff has reached the same conclusion as that writer.

The complete absence of bibliographical references must be regretted; perhaps the club may supply that omission hereafter. Mr. Duff's book is evidently intended for the collector rather than for the critical student. He describes the several Caxton books with all reasonable fulness, in a pleasant, smoothly flowing style, void of technicalities. In most cases he tells of the whereabouts of the copies known to be in public collections, and gives the number of copies in private hands. It is always carefully stated how many leaves a complete copy should have, including blank leaves, and especial emphasis is laid on the fact that a copy made up of fragments of two or more copies is not genuinely "complete." An appendix gives an alphabetical list of the books printed by Caxton, and after his death with his types, with full collations; the list of plates states in each case with which type the book in question was printed, using Blades's numbering of Caxton's types. This information is supplied in a general way in the text, but the reader is in each case compelled to look either back in the text or at the list of plates, or even forward to the appendix, in order to get all his facts relating to a certain book; and even then he is not able to tell the exact size, either of letterpress or paper, unless the book is represented among the plates. It would seem that a catalogue, arranged chronologically, giving in one place, and in uniform, even if in more technical, terms, the description, collation, and history of each book, would have been more practically useful to both the collector and the student.

A little more care in proofreading would have removed such an inconsistency as the reference to the printer of Caxton's Sarum Missal as "Maynial" in the text, "Maynyal" in the appendix, and "Maynial, or Maynyal" in the index. Though the book bears the imprint 1905, the author's preface is dated May, 1902, which explains a curiously out-of-date reference to the invention of printing. The index is very full; as a curiosity it may be mentioned that the books printed by Caxton are entered under their titles, with references from the names of the authors.

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English Prose by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904.

That any one under the spell of the Odyssey or the Æneid or the Divine Comedy should persist in the Sisyphean attempt to make an English metrical translation of it, is conceivable; but there seems to be no good reason for the multiplication of prose versions, for the qualities to be desired in a prose version are limited in number, and, if they have once been attained, why should the work be done over again? In the case of the Divine Comedy, we believe that Prof. C. E. Norton's translation is so generally excellent—in spirit, in phrase, in style—as to make almost superfluous the new version by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. We say this, although we fully recognize Mr. Tozer's merits. His work seems as satisfactory as that of Mr. Butler, unless it may be urged that Mr. Butler surpasses him in literalness. The most obvious quality of Mr. Tozer's translation is its readableness; its inferiority to Mr. Norton's lies in a less profound Dante scholarship, and in a certain looseness of style which springs now from a tendency to paraphrase, and now from the use of inappropriate words. A few examples will serve, better than much writing, to illustrate these points.

Take, first, the opening lines of the eleventh canto of "Hell":

> "In su l'estremità d'un' alta ripa
> Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio,
> Venimmo sopra più crudele stipa"—

which Mr. Tozer renders thus: "On the edge of a lofty bank formed by huge rocks broken all around we reached a point overlooking a throng of more woful sufferers." Mr. Norton's version is: "Upon the edge of a high bank which great rocks broken in a circle made, we came above a more cruel pen." Evidently, Mr. Tozer's "throng of more woful sufferers" is a loose para-

phrase for "più crudele stipa"; moreover, it is a paraphrase of a dangerous sort, for it represents neither the letter nor the spirit of the original.

As a second example, chosen likewise at random, turn to "Purgatory," vii., 85-89:

" 'Prima che il poco sole omai s'annidi,' "
Cominciò 'l mantovan che ci avea vôlti,
'Tra color non vogliate ch'io vi guidi.
Da questo balzo meglio gli atti e i volti
Conoscerete voi di tutti quanti,
Che nella lama giù tra essi accolti.' "

Mr. Tozer translates this: " 'Until the sun who is sinking attains his rest'—thus began the Mantuan who had directed us—'desire not that I should lead you among that company. From this ridge ye will better observe the mien and the countenances of them all, than if ye were received in their midst in the level below.' " Mr. Norton's version runs as follows: " 'Before the now diminished sun sink to his nest,' began the Mantuan who had turned us thither, 'do not desire that I guide you among these. From this bank ye will better discern the acts and countenances of each and all, than when received among them on the level below.' " Here Mr. Tozer has not only changed the figure of the sun sinking into its nest for a very commonplace substitute, but he has also added unnecessary words, besides the questionable phrase, of which he is fond, "in their midst."

A final specimen we quote from 'Paradise,' xvii., 118-120:

"E s' io al vero son timido amico,
Temo di perder viver tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico."

Mr. Tozer: "Yet, if I am faint-hearted in advocating the truth, I fear lest I should cease to live in the memory of those who will call our time the days of old." Mr. Norton: "And if I am a timid friend to the truth, I fear to lose life among those who will call this time ancient." Mr. Tozer not merely paraphrases but dilutes Dante's monumental lines; it is as if he had substituted putty for granite.

The quality of readableness is not to be underrated, but to our ears Mr. Norton has it quite as abundantly as Mr. Tozer; and he has the compression, imagination, and severity of phrase which truly represent those characteristics in Dante's original, but which we too seldom find in Mr. Tozer. It would not be fair, of course, to pass judgment on Mr. Tozer's translation from a few citations, if these were exceptions; but the above are truly typical, and others like them could be taken from every page. A comparison canto by canto simply confirms this impression. By our method of parallel quotations, each reader can decide for himself which version reproduces more nearly Dante's texture of thought and diction, so far as these can be reproduced in the prose of a foreign tongue. As we do not find in Mr. Tozer any fine renderings of difficult passages, or illuminating suggestions, which might give special value to a work in other respects not entitled to great praise, we can say, at most, that his version is readable, but not the best.

Narragansett Bay: Its Historic and Romantic Associations and Picturesque Setting. By Edgar M. Bacon of Tarrytown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This sumptuous volume of nearly 400 pages is printed in clear type, on good paper, and illustrated by the author's sketches and a few photographs, and is well indexed. As the title implies, it is a collection of superficial descriptions and colonial legends woven into readable form. The subject is not treated in any orderly way, either chronological, historical, or geographical, and the manner in which the reader is forced to skip from one place to another on the borders of the Bay precludes the possibility of his ever remembering his route. The author is at his best in the retelling of more or less trustworthy legends, and in the description of scenes where there is play for the imagination. Original documents are occasionally introduced, notably in the account of the *Gaspee* affair, to make the story more graphic. And yet there is very little sifting of evidence, traditions being apparently as much accredited as documentary facts.

The book is chiefly deficient in failing to show the powerful influence of the Bay on the social and economic development of the State. The existence of this broad sheet of water, dangerous and navigable with difficulty by the earliest colonists, as furnishing an explanation of the lack of unity between the settlers of Providence at its head and those of Newport at its mouth; the subsequent rise of boat-building and of commerce, which made of the Bay a servant instead of a master, conducing to unity rather than forming a barrier; the influence of the peculiar geographical environment upon Rhode Islanders of the eighteenth century which produced a race of sailors, seafarers, shipbuilders, traders and merchants, and nourished shrewdness, independence and individuality; the presence of so many river mouths on the border of this great expanse of water as contributory to the rise of manufacturing in which the State became preëminent—all these subjects are ignored except as some description or narrative dimly reveals their importance.

The volume contains many egregious lapses from fact that cannot possibly be blamed on the unresisting printer. That Brown University was incorporated in 1769, and had its origin in the town of Warwick, and that the Hon. Ray Greene, United States Senator in 1799, was lieutenant-governor during Gen. Burnside's administration, will be facts undoubtedly new to Rhode Islanders. Numerous other errors, to be sure, such as the misspelling of proper names, may be ascribed to the author's unfamiliarity with the subject, growing out of the fact of his residence in another State.

Type Studies from the Geography of the United States. First Series. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. 288.

This volume is in striking contrast to the old geographies, which usually give a series of figures and a few general facts of but little interest to the average child, who naturally dislikes hunting out places on the map for the sake of the practice, apparently, nothing having been given him to fix his interest and attention. This author's plan has been to choose in each locality the point of most general interest, remarking fully upon that, and incidentally to give all necessary information on minor points: a slight reference to the geology (as, for instance, that of the Hudson River valley), a good description of the natural scenery, and usually a sufficiently full account of the principal industries of the region. Places so treated cannot fail to be more real to children, whether it is a question of the brick industries of the Hudson valley, the quarries of stone so much used in New York city, or the tale of the building of the Hoosac Tunnel. Incidentally the author tells of the Mount Cenis and Saint Gothard as well as the tunnel which furnishes Chicago with water. The Gloucester fisheries receive more than a passing notice, and a remarkably clear idea is given of the hardships of the life of the fishermen. Niagara is very fully described—not only the natural beauties, but the powerful energy as well. Thence Dr. McMurry proceeds to the James River, and before a child shall have left his account he will have a fair working idea of the cities, the country, its products, and the rivers which drain into the James. His mind has certainly taken in very fully the value of the river systems of the country, as special attention is given in every instance to them and their effects on the climate, commerce, and health of the people.

Coal-mining next receives an exhaustive description. The output for Illinois alone in 1889 is given as 11,597,963 tons. This would suggest an arctic climate, a notion somewhat modified, however, by the detailed account of the various fruits produced in Florida and California. The logging camps are made very interesting, and stress is laid on differences in soil between the Northern and Middle States forests. The wheat fields of the Northwest in particular—with much mention of Minneapolis and St. Paul as milling and distributing centres for this wheat—the hardwood forests of Ohio and Indiana, the Tennessee mountains, the Mississippi delta with its cotton-growing, are well described. Later on we find a good account of the Far Western States in natural order, in contrast with what we must think to be the weakness of the earlier chapters, where the tale shifts from one section to another for no apparent reason. It would seem that a child would get and keep a better idea of each section should he study it in connection with its neighbors. Apart from this criticism of the order of arrangement, we feel the book to be most admirably compiled.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amerika. Herausgegben von Dr. E. von Halle. Hamburger Börsenhalle.
Auction Price of Books. Edited by Luther S. Livingston. Vol. I. A to Dick. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bain, R. Nisbet. Scandinavia. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Bigg, Charles. The Church's Task under the Roman Empire. Henry Frowde. 5s. net.
Bradley, William Aspenwall. William Cullen Bryant. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Buchanan, Thompson. Judith Triumphant. Harpers. $1.50.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—Marcus Aurelius's Meditations.—Shakespeare's Works, Vol. I.—Jane Austen's Novels, Vol. I.—Bacon's English Works, Vol. I.—Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Standard Library. London: Methuen & Co.
Burton-Fanning, F. W. The Open-Air Treatment for Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $1.50 net.
Butler's Hudibras. (Cambridge English Classics.) Macmillan Co.
Calvert, Albert F. The Life of Cervantes. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship. Edited by Annie R. Marble. Macmillan Co.
Cather, Willa Sibert. The Troll Garden. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Chesterton, Gilbert K. The Club of Queer Trades. Harpers. $1.25.
Clark, Charles Heber. The Quakers. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Cox, Kenyon. Old Masters and New. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

Cramp, Walter S. Psyche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Cutting, Mary Stewart. Little Stories of Courtship. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dionne, N. E. Samuel de Champlain. Toronto: Morgan & Co., Ltd.
Eggleston, George Cary. A Rebel's Recollections. New ed. Putnams. $1.
Eliot, Sir Charles. The East Africa Protectorate. Longmans. $5.
Farmer, John S., and W. E. Henley. A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Flint, George Elliot. Power and Health through Progressive Exercise. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
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Harper, Vincent. The Mortgage on the Brain. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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Jefferson, Charles Edward. The Minister as Prophet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.
Jones, Paul. The Commercial Power of Congress. Privately printed.
Josèphe, Flavius. Antiquités Judaïques. Livres XI.-XV. Traduction de Joseph Chamonard. Paris: E. Leroux.
Lamb, Osborn R. The Iberian: An Anglo-Greek Play. Ames & Rollinson. $1.50 net.
Lord, Eliot, and others. The Italian in America. B. F. Buck & Co.
Lucke, Charles Edward. Gas Engine Design. D. Van Nostrand & Co. $3 net.
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Mahaffy, John Pentland. The Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Mairet, Jeanne. La Clef d'Or. American Book Co.
Martin, Edward S. The Courtship of a Careful Man. Harpers. $1.25.
New English Dictionary. (Ree-Reign.) Henry Frowde.
Nursing, A Hand-Book of. New ed. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Orcutt, William Dana. The Flower of Destiny. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Overton, Frank. Nature Study. American Book Co.
Peckham, George W. and Elizabeth G. Wasps, Social and Solitary. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
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Powell, E. P. The Orchard and the Fruit Garden. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50 net.
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Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by Francis H. Stoddard. American Book Co.
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The Nation.

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The Week.

The flow of post-prandial oratory in honor of Thomas Jefferson on Thursday night suggests the need of a society to protect the original Democrat from his disciples. It is true that the great Virginian's life was so capacious that a precedent for almost any view may be drawn out of that bag. But Democratic opportunist, hesitant expansionist, educator, philologist, inventor, architect, as Jefferson was, the wide mantle of his opinions and activities surely failed to stretch from New York to Chicago at the anniversary dinner. Judge Parker and Judge Herrick cited him as an apostle of equal rights and *laissez-faire;* Mayor Dunne and Mr. Bryan claimed him as the original anti-monopolist, and the prophet of paternalistic control of accumulated wealth, of all means of transportation and communication. All this was developed by the exponents of the Chicago idea quite in the ingenious vein of Mr. Stead's famous pamphlet, 'If Christ Should Come to Chicago.' It only needed Mr. Jerome's characteristic dictum that "Jefferson was a faker" to complete the motley aspect of the commemoration. Of course, the attempt to make Jefferson at once the great individualist and the great socialist is pretty clear evidence of the hesitation in which the Democratic party finds itself. The conservative, we may say the Eastern, branch falls back upon Jefferson's authority for reiterating the old Democratic doctrines of individualism, as if conscious that the appeal sadly needs historic bolstering up. On this point Mayor McClellan spoke with refreshing plainness, forecasting a long delay during which the party must wait for the people to return to first principles. A very similar uneasiness was shown by the Chicago speakers when they tried to find warrant for the present vague and ill-formed anti-capitalism in Jefferson's qualms about issuing patents. To such shifts is a movement that distrusts its own vehemence reduced in the search for authority. In both cases was evident a pretty painful effort to establish an issue, and professions of individualistic and socialistic faith alike evinced a certain unreality.

"The Venezuelan case," it is now announced from Washington, "is a closed incident." The terrible grumble and rumple and roar of the past month has subsided, while President Castro and Minister Bowen disappear temporarily from the dispatches. Where, then, are the asphalt cases? Still in the Venezuelan court, whose processes, as inspired accounts had it only a few weeks ago, "the United States cannot recognize as having any validity." Secretary Taft, whom President Roosevelt left "sitting on the lid" at Washington, is willing to remain sitting there while the ordinary tribunals of a South American nation decide an important case in their regular way. Even the display of righteous indignation over the insulting language of the rash Venezuelan President is silently to be forgotten. The fact that, after calmly looking over the case with care, Secretary Taft may have discovered our former position to be untenable, surely ought not to justify the present pitiful collapse. It was a mistake to leave Taft in charge of the State Department at such a time. Give us Loomis, "acting," again.

The decision of the Isthmian Canal Commission to contract for 2,000 Japanese and 2,000 Chinese coolies will doubtless occasion not a little discussion. Taking advantage of the technicality that, while the canal zone is ours for administrative purposes, the title still resides in Panama, our Government proposes to do through its commission just what it prohibits private contractors from doing in the Philippines, namely, importing Asiatic laborers. The Commission has also sought an opinion from the Attorney-General on the question whether the same legal theory will not enable it to work its laborers for more than the Government eight-hour day. The practical exigencies of engineering work in the tropics have come squarely in conflict with the Chinese exclusion laws and the regulations laid down for Government work at home. As a result, means are being sought for evading these laws. Coolies are to be brought in under contract, worked as hard as possible, and then returned under forfeit. At best, this may be a regrettable necessity.

The President has again shown his disregard for fitness, and his collusion with political bargaining, in his appointments to the Federal bench. Close upon the heels of the promotion of Judge Kohlsaat in Chicago, comes the selection of ex-Governor Atkinson of West Virginia to fill a vacancy in the Court of Claims. Not only is that court one demanding exceptional legal proficiency and versatility; Mr. Atkinson has had no legal training whatever, and very little intellectual training of any kind, having passed from school teaching to the Methodist ministry, to journalism, and to politics. Not one of these fields of employment has any relation to the questions which come before the Court of Claims; and in what civilized country would such a preparation be considered sufficient for a judge of such a court, or indeed of any court except a lay one? Mr. Roosevelt's weakness as a President without legal discipline and experience glares again in this scandal; but if the root of civil-service-reform principle were in him, he would, though no lawyer, have turned in disgust from such a prostitution of his Executive powers.

There is an old-fashioned but salutary ring about the decision handed down on Monday by the United States Supreme Court, declaring the ten-hour bakery law of this State unconstitutional. The somewhat undefined police powers of our commonwealths have as their legitimate object the protection of the safety, health, and morals of the public. These laws have served all too frequently as the disguise under which labor organizations have attempted to create a partial monopoly. This pretence Mr. Justice Peckham, in his opinion, very clearly unmasks. The labor of the baker is in no wise peculiarly perilous to life or limb. The case is not at all analogous to that of the miner engaged in an employment fraught with unavoidable danger to life and health; nor analogous to the employment of women and children, who in some sort are to be regarded as the wards of the State. The learned judge took occasion to observe that there seemed to be a "suspicion that there was some other motive dominating the Legislature than the purpose to subserve the public health or welfare." With the majority of the court he declared that the law's absolute prohibition of the individual baker's right to work for more than ten hours a day was "an unreasonable, unnecessary, and arbitrary interference" with the rights of the individual under the Fourteenth Amendment. It was high time that an effectual stop should be put to the unionist's demand that no one be permitted to work more hours a day than the union deems proper.

The South Carolina dispensary case now pending before the Supreme Court points a curious contrast between the two main sources of Federal revenue. The Constitution confers upon the Federal Government a monopoly of revenue from customs duties. On the other hand, there is nothing in our organic law to prevent any commonwealth from imposing excise duties on the manufacture of such articles as spirits or tobacco, whence nearly half of the United States' revenue is derived, aside from the Post Office. The real deterrent to this action on the part of a State is the fear of driv-

ing such industries into the tax jurisdiction of another State. South Carolina, however, attempted to monopolize the sale of spirits within her borders, whereupon the State dispensary was required by the Internal Revenue Bureau to take out and pay for Federal liquor licenses. The Court of Claims in the first instance nonsuited South Carolina, which sought to recover the amount paid for the licenses aforesaid. That Court held that a State could not, under cover of its police power, withdraw legitimate subjects from Federal taxation. A contrary decision would have jeoparded about one-third of the current income of the Treasury.

The newly created Railroad Rate Commission of the State of Washington encounters at the very outset of its labors a question which has perplexed and exasperated both railroads and shippers for many years. Because the coast cities could be reached by an all-water route from the East, they have received a lower freight-rate than the interior cities, of which Spokane is the chief, although the actual haul is very much shorter to the latter. Spokane had growing business interests, however, and eventually secured a concession from the railroads in the form of a schedule which made shipments from Puget Sound to the region about Spokane unprofitable except in carload lots. Now that the new commission has been created with power to correct abuses, it is this latter discrimination which is first to be attacked. The wholesalers of Seattle are preparing to protest that the rates which they are charged on shipments of less than a carload are unreasonably high. If this is granted, the Spokane merchants are put at a disadvantage to the extent of the higher rate which they have to pay from the East. This rate, owing to the water competition, may be beyond correction. Thus, the section most anxious for the new railroad law will perhaps be the first to suffer from its workings. The case well illustrates the inevitable complexity of the rate-making problem.

As an indication of Chicago's sympathy with radicalism, the return of Frank D. Comerford to the Illinois Legislature is quite as significant as the election of "immediate municipal ownership Dunne." It will be recalled that the young member from the Second District was recently expelled from the House at Springfield because he had charged that "grafting" was going on there. A whitewashing committee declared that he spoke without knowledge, but refused to go into the case seriously. The seat being declared vacant, young Comerford stood for reëlection. The conservative press was against him, but he had no trouble in winning. Now he says that he means to take up his crusade at Springfield again. His programme includes the introduction of a bill intended to accomplish what Gov. Folk has accomplished at Jefferson City—the control of lobbyists. "I'd require them to make regular reports to the Governor," he says, "just like convicts on parole." He has also marked the railroad-pass evil for attack, and will endeavor to pass a law requiring the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Illinois to appoint all committees within ten days of the opening of the session. A programme thus made up does not appear unduly radical, yet it is planned by the Legislature quietly to sidetrack Comerford—as Robert (Anti-Pass) Baker was sidetracked at Washington.

Gov. Johnson of Minnesota managed to get along smoothly for three months with the Republican Legislature of his State. Had not Minnesota just completed a new and magnificent capitol, the friendly relations might never have been disturbed. But the new building had to have a custodian, and under him an army of employees. The immemorial custom had been for the Governor to control such appointments, but the Republican legislators could not sit still and see a Democratic Governor shake down those plums. They promptly drafted and passed a bill taking control of the capitol out of the Governor's hands entirely. He vetoed it. The Senate in retaliation has refused to increase the Insurance Commissioner's salary, and threatens to deprive the Governor's private secretary of his former perquisites as a notary. "Now," observes the St. Paul *Dispatch*, "we see the rift in the lute, the break-up of the era of good feeling and of feeling good." A squabble over a number of firemen, janitors, and scrub-women has been allowed to block the efforts at conscientious and non-partisan legislation on matters which really concern the State.

Frank S. Black's plan to overthrow Odell as boss is not being accepted with enthusiasm by Republican politicians. A few of them, who are in Odell's blacklist and know that they have nothing to lose, are declaring their adherence to the forlorn hope. Against these malcontents may be lined up a more formidable battalion of fighters who are thoroughly committed to Odell, and who must now stand by him at any hazard. The neutrals inevitably side with the ins rather than the outs. They may detest Odell and his methods; but Odell carries the "dough-bag," and they will not cut themselves off from this base of supplies until they are sure Black is the coming man. If Gov. Higgins or President Roosevelt should openly favor the Black faction, then Odell's position would be precarious; but, barring the help of a god from the machine, the siege of the Odell stronghold is a desperate undertaking. Not that a boss more strongly entrenched than Odell has never been hurled from power. The indignation of the rank and file of the party, the general desire for honest and able leadership, may do the work where the scheming of politicians fails. The indignant rank and file, however, the champions of honesty, will never take the trouble to revolt against Odell in order to set up Black.

The facts made public on Thursday regarding the heavy decline in the Equitable Life's new business since the company's internal dissensions have been known, probably surprised no one familiar with the insurance field. They point unmistakably, however, to one conclusion. The investigating committee must lose no time in weighing the evidence and in framing and publishing its report. Ordinarily, considering the mass of data which must be reviewed, very large allowance for delay would be made. But the Equitable situation admits of none but unavoidable delay. Confronted with another investigation, by the Insurance Department of this State, possibly with similar moves by the insurance authorities of other States, and with great demoralization among its agents, the interests of the Equitable itself demand the earliest possible answer to the vague accusations and insinuations which have already been too long left unanswered. The experience of the New York Life with its own internal troubles fourteen years ago ought to be conclusive as a precedent. So long as its directors were passing "harmony resolutions" and deprecating hurtful publicity, the New York Life continued to lose business at a rate that was all but ruinous. Publication of a frank and unsparing report on past abuses—even where those abuses were most scandalous—and public evidence that their recurrence had been made impossible, resulted in such a return of business to the company that the lost ground was almost instantly regained.

Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts has once more shown his independence of the party machine in Boston by appointing to the chairmanship of the police commission Col. Charles H. Cole, jr. Instead of being a seasoned ward worker, the new head of police is a young man of thirty-three. Nearly fifteen years of experience with the State militia and a few months on the Governor's staff have been judged a better preparation for taking command of a city's police force than the ability to swing an organization into line at a municipal or State election. Naturally, the politicians are bewildered. They are discussing a probable "breach between the State House and City Hall."

They are shocked that the Governor should ignore an alleged promise made during his campaign last fall that the Mayor should have the naming of the head of the Police Board. But the Mayor's choice fell upon the head of the Democratic city organization, a man more efficient in politics than in anything else. The Governor wisely decided not to take him away from his favorite occupation, and "went ahead on his own hook" in appointing Col. Cole. "Considering what the city escaped," says the Boston *Transcript* in discussing the choice, "the general public ought to be in pretty good humor."

The Massachusetts Labor Bulletin for March cites some interesting statistics indicating the percentage of wage-earners' children in normal schools and colleges. Returns from eight colleges in Massachusetts and one in New Hampshire show that, of 5,548 students, 43 per cent. are the children of business men; 24 per cent. of professional men; 7 per cent. of farmers, and 13 per cent. of wage-earners. Three schools of technology yield somewhat simliar results, except that only 12 per cent. of the technical students have fathers engaged in the professions. Similar investigations, based on replies from 1,658 students in ten normal schools in Massachusetts, disclose the fact that 45 per cent. of their pupils are sprung from the wage-earning stock. Our higher institutions of learning thus seem to show a healthy societary circulation. If Professor Marshall, the eminent English economist, is right in his estimate that half of the natural genius in a country is born within the class of manual labor, it would seem that there is no insuperable bar in this country to educating the promising section of this class. When Amherst, Harvard, and Williams show one-tenth of their students to be from the more capable wage-earning class, our colleges seem fairly guiltless of countenancing what Professor Marshall calls "that wasteful negligence which allows genius which happens to be born of lowly parentage, to expend itself in lowly work."

Among the official announcements from the Alabama State House is the following: "Gov. Jelks yesterday appointed C. M. Sherrod as Mayor, and R. H. Tweedy, A. F. Rebman, E. V. Chardavoyne as Aldermen of the town of Courtland, to hold office for the next two years." Thereby hangs a tale. Courtland was a Republican town, and was accordingly governed by Republican officials until five years ago, when the Legislature passed a law empowering the Governor, who is, of course, uniformly a Democrat, to appoint both Mayor and Aldermen. "But it saved the town from negro domination," will be the natural comment. On the contrary, the last census showed only twenty-one negroes in the whole of the county in which Courtland is located. Yet not even Pennsylvania's "ripper" bills ever went more than half so far in destroying local self-government. That the intolerance which denies political privileges to the black man can be turned on occasion against the white who differs with the dominant party of the State, is again perfectly plain.

Speaker Cannon is reported to be willing to assent at the next session to the creation of a public-buildings commission at the capital. As the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent points out, there is no issue of economy involved in this question. With or without the services of advisory experts, the Government is certain to erect new buildings at Washington from time to time. The only question is whether these shall be considered as parts of a general scheme, or located, haphazard, each one for itself, with no reference to their harmonious relations with each other. Last year, for instance, the Secretary of Agriculture, with Mr. Cannon's approval, wanted to put the new building of his Department in the beautiful Mall, an ideal site so far as that particular edifice was concerned, but absolutely destructive of the magnificent vista between the Capitol and the Monument. This threatened encroachment was averted, but a similar question may arise the very next time a great building has to be located. It is altogether deplorable that the work of the Burnham Commission, which merely amplified and perfected the original plans of Major L'Enfant, should have become involved in the entirely extraneous question of Senatorial aggrandizement.

It seems certain that Mr. Chamberlain has patched up a truce with Mr. Balfour, whose partial programme of retaliation he accepts for the nonce in lieu of the whole reciprocity plan. Presumably, then, Mr. Chamberlain will call off his independent candidate in Lord Hugh Cecil's constituency; otherwise professions of loyalty to the Government will have little meaning. Whether this adherence to party regularity involves the abandonment of his vast scheme of imperial federation, it would be premature to guess; it evidently proves that the campaign is dwindling. When Mr. Chamberlain left the Ministry it was to give Mr. Balfour space to follow after with prudent ease; Mahomet departed a sufficient interval from the mountain to admit of a convincing miracle. The miracle delaying to take place, Mahomet now returns. The incident will hardly bring credit to the prophet at a time when his doctrine is being kicked about by unbelievers all over Britain.

When the "Wee Kirk," consisting of a handful of Highland parishes, got legal possession of the rich property—including, as well as churches, parsonages and universities—of the United Free Kirk of Scotland, it was felt that the law had worked a great injustice. The larger body was dispossessed of buildings and endowments its congregations had enjoyed for years in good faith; the original covenanters were put into possession of hundreds of pulpits which they could not properly fill. So embarrassing was the unexpected success of the long litigation to the "Wee Kirk" that it gladly let the Free Kirk in most instances continue its tenancy on sufferance, pending a Parliamentary investigation. The commission has come to the apparently equitable decision that the small body of Free Kirkers which had opposed the union with the Presbyterians is entitled to the enjoyment of such property of the unionists as it can use. A remedial bill to this effect will be introduced in Parliament. Clearly, it will be difficult to define the capacity the "Wee Kirk" has in this matter, or at least to arrive at a definition wholly satisfactory to the Wee Kirkers. But the problem is, after all, in its mere legal aspects not so different from the apportionment of "a reasonable allowance" to an individual whose property is under distraint.

Baron de Constant, the well-known advocate of international arbitration, made a notable speech last week in the French Senate, urging a proportional reduction of the military and naval forces of the various European States. He cited the laudable example of Chili and Argentina to show that such joint action was within the realm of practical diplomacy. Baron de Constant contended that the present and prospective outlay upon the French navy, which contemplates the expenditure of $290,000,000 in the next twelve years, was "ruining France under the pretext of protecting her." He further proposed a practical initiation of the project by negotiating an Anglo-French agreement for mutual limitation of naval expenditures, and for securing the adherence of other nations to the plan. This beating of swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks on the instalment plan is worthy of careful consideration and adoption. It is a remarkable thing that where big industrial concerns see that competition is the death of their profits, they can readily restrain the ravages of their wasteful rivalry, even though sometimes at the expense of the consumer. Nations, however, in their career of "emulative exhaustion" are unable to get together, despite the fact that this basis of mutual concessions, instead of injuring a third party, would cause millions yet unborn—and not alone their own subjects—to rise up and call them blessed.

OUR ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

The Italian Government exercises through the law of 1901, which has been called by non-Italians "the finest example of contemporary social legislation," a legitimate and beneficent function little known to American writers on immigration. That law imposes a tax on every prospective emigrant—not exactly a proof of governmental encouragement. It forbids an emigrant to leave the kingdom without a passport issued by the local authorities. Such passport cannot be issued to a person who has been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude; or, if it is issued, the criminal record of the applicant is given. If our own immigration law would provide for the exhibition of a passport (which every Italian immigrant carries), it would ensure a better certificate than the present absurd provision for asking an immigrant if he is an anarchist or a polygamist. Official instructions from the Italian Emigration Department to prefects in Southern Italy read as follows: "It is our plain duty, imposed by loyalty to the Government of the United States, to avoid any act on our part which might render difficult the application of the Federal provisions enacted for the purpose of sifting out the best immigrants." A little of this spirit of loyalty and good will on the part of the American Government towards Italy would go far to effect some international agreement regarding immigration, of general mutual benefit.

That the Italian Government is not opposed to such a plan is readily proved. Last year the Italian Emigration Department sent here one of its inspectors, Chev. Adolfo Rossi, not merely to study American conditions, but to get in touch with American immigration officials. The interviews had by Signor Rossi with Commissioner-General Sargent and the then Commissioner at New York, Mr. William Williams, are not mentioned in Mr. Sargent's last annual report, yet some very practical suggestions were made looking to the better enforcement of existing laws. Signor Rossi called Commissioner Sargent's attention to the necessity of the American Government's enforcing a very useful United States statute—article 4 of the United States Passenger Act—which provides that immigrant ships shall have suitable space for immigrants to sit down at table for their meals. It was pointed out that 90 per cent. of the immigrant ships entering the Port of New York violated this provision, and the evidence collected by Commissioner Williams during Signor Rossi's stay bore out the complaint. Such violations mean that, during stormy weather, steerage passengers, who often exceed 1,200 on a single ship, are fed in their berths. Imagine the hygienic conditions in the crowded steerage, with portholes and hatches closed, and many of the immigrants sick. We believe Commissioner-General Sargent has taken no action on such violations, not even mentioning the matter in his annual report.

It is well known that Italy allows United States medical inspectors to examine emigrants at ports of departure. Certainly this is some evidence of her willingness to aid in the enforcement of our statutes. An inspector at Naples, being asked why it was that he allowed certain emigrants to sail, some of whom, such as cretins, were, even to a layman, visibly physically unfit, declared the trouble to be with our statute, which gives inspectors the right to exclude only emigrants having certain diseases, notably infectious or contagious. Cretinism thus does not fall within the Federal provisions, and the victims of it are therefore allowed to sail, though certain to be rejected on their arrival.

It is generally said that the examination of the emigrant should be at the place of origin rather than at the place of arrival. The opinion of Italians in Government, political, and journalistic circles is that Italy would permit American boards to sit in Italian ports if the subject were properly presented. If our immigration authorities, instead of sending secret-service men to discover dark and fearful plots on the part of European governments to dump their criminals here, would resort to the more dignified policy of frank coöperation with a friendly nation through diplomatic channels, an international conference on immigration would certainly be possible.

Italian official reports might be cited urging the Italian immigrant here to higher standards of life, to become a citizen of his adopted country, and to avoid incurring the enmity of the working classes by selling his labor at less than current wages. Thinking Italians are convinced that the Americanization of the Italian immigrant is not only unavoidable, but desirable. Conditions in this country are entirely different from those in South America, where Italy may dream of a political future. They appreciate the endeavor of Americans to aid the Italian immigrant during the trying ordeal of his first experience here. The New York colony of itself has never been able to maintain successfully an institution of any influence or importance. The Italian Home was a terrible failure; the Italian Immigrant Aid Society lived only a short time; the Columbus Hospital is a religious, not a colonial, institution. The one bright spot is the Benevolent Institute, but its comparative success is due not to the interest of the colony, but to the generosity and unceasing work of one man —Celestino Piva. "The Society for Italian Immigrants at New York," said a member of the Italian Senate, "does more and better work than any Italian Immigrant Society abroad." And the late Commissioner of Immigration at Rome, in his last report, said: "We owe thanks to those American citizens who constitute a majority of the members of the Society [for Italian Immigrants] who assist our Italian laborers. They furnish an admirable example of civic charity, for, busy as they are with their own affairs, they sacrifice time and money to assist a foreign people in finding occupations useful both to them and to the country of adoption."

It is apparent, then, that both public and Government opinion in Italy would not oppose, and very likely would favor, any fair proposal by this Government for a better system of selecting and distributing Italians coming here. But a very different policy from the one now in vogue would have to be followed. To deal with Italy as if she were a South American republic, to substitute the Big Stick for the necessary courtesies of diplomacy—above all, to approach the question in any other spirit than that of equality, sincerity, and trust in the honesty of the other high contracting party—would be to doom the enterprise from the beginning.

"UNDERWRITING" AND THE EQUITABLE.

The public has not had long to wait for the first tangible results of the searching questions addressed by the Frick investigating committee to the Equitable management. Scarcely a week had elapsed when confessions of the most damaging sort were already being made by implicated parties. We say confessions because, manifestly, Mr. Hyde's revelations, in his letter of the 15th to the committee, would never have been made but for the intensity with which the searchlight of public inquiry has been turned upon the company's affairs. Mr. Hyde's deposit with the Equitable's treasurer of his profits in past "underwritings" where securities were sold to the Equitable Company, was by his own statement not contemplated until "the outset of this controversy." This is Mr. Hyde's review of the transaction:

> "There has been a syndicate known as 'James H. Hyde and Associates,' including James W. Alexander, president of the society, whose participation was always equal to my own, and this syndicate had been underwriters of a number of banking issues of securities, and the Equitable Society purchased, in some instances, in the ordinary course of business, securities which had been underwritten by this syndicate. At the outset of this controversy, Mr. Alexander and I were both advised by counsel that as to any such syndicate transactions in which any officers of the Equitable Society had been interested, a full statement should be made up and laid before the board of directors, and whatever law and justice required regarding them should be done by the officers concerned. Following the advice above referred to, I examined all these syndicate transactions and deposited my check for $61,446.92 with the treasurer of the Society as trustee. This amount represented my entire profits from syndicate transactions of the character above mentioned, with 6 per cent. in-

terest up to the date of such deposit period."

The statement concludes with the further assertion that Mr. Hyde admits no wrongdoing, and that the transactions referred to were "made with the sanction of universal precedent."

We have no other information as to the "underwritings" in which "James H. Hyde and Associates" were engaged. It may be as well, however, to outline clearly what is the nature of these undertakings. On the basis of such knowledge, we think the reader can draw his own conclusions as to the propriety of a high officer in a life-insurance company participating in a syndicate of this sort and selling the "underwritten" securities to his company. The purpose of underwriting, in this sense, is to guarantee a market at a price for new securities. These securities may be good or bad, sound or rotten; they may be an issue of United States Government bonds or the stock of the Shipbuilding combination. The syndicate, unless it can find a market for the underwritten securities elsewhere, must promptly pay the contracted price. Two necessary inferences follow: one, that the underwriter's profits depend altogether on the price at which he can sell the securities in question; the other, that the inducement to "unload" in a friendly quarter becomes greater as the prospects of the "underwriting" grow less favorable. Thus it must be clear to the simplest intelligence that the possibilities are such as to make the Hyde transaction with the Equitable Society indefensible in both law and morals.

Mr. Hyde very prudently refrains from any defence based on the smallness of his profits in the underwriting. Half a dozen years ago, such an argument might have been employed. To-day, with the incidents of 1901 and 1903 fresh in mind, the public has a pretty clear notion of what Wall Street underwriting may involve, and is not at all likely to pass lightly over any sign of the use of a life company's resources in such a connection. It will infer, very naturally, that Mr. Hyde's $61,000 is not the final accounting in this direction. The sixth question put by the Frick committee asked for a statement of "all the so-called underwritings by the Society." If the Equitable management has clean hands to show in connection with the wild "promoting deals" of 1901 and 1902, it will have reason to thank the framer of that question.

As a matter of fact, during that time of madness nothing was more disquieting to cool-headed financiers than suspicion as to the employment of life-insurance surpluses. Whose money stood behind the amazing performances of the "second Steel syndicate," the Shipping Trust underwriting, and the United States Shipbuilding promotion, the banking connections of which have, to this day, been veiled in mystery? That there was life-insurance participation in some of these undertakings, has long been known. It will be no misfortune if we now learn exactly how much and how little this one great company had to do with them. Believing, as we do, that such participation was questionable in the highest degree, we think also that full public information on the facts is very desirable. It is time that the public learned whether or not these institutions have been or could be used to support the ambitious schemes of promoting or speculating financiers. Whatever the facts developed, we are convinced that good will come of their disclosure.

We have said little as to the legal irregularity of the transaction described by Mr. Hyde. It appears to us, however, to be abundantly covered, in both language and intent, by the severe prohibitory paragraph of the Insurance Act providing that "no director or officer of an insurance corporation doing business in this State shall receive any money or valuable thing for negotiating, procuring, or recommending any loan from any such corporation, or for selling or aiding in the sale of any stocks or securities to or by such corporation." Nor do we propose to enter into the controversy as to whether Mr. Alexander's alleged participation in this "underwriting" of "James H. Hyde and Associates" made the matter worse or better. We hold a brief for neither faction; but we are very sure that the investigation into the whole Equitable matter cannot now be stopped until the last stone is turned in the public view, and the record of the responsible officers made clear.

A REVIVIFIED UNIVERSITY.

The installation of Mr. Edwin A. Alderman as President of the University of Virginia, so worthily celebrated at Charlottesville on Thursday, unquestionably marks the beginning of a new era in the history of that famous institution. This is not merely because, disregarding a sacredly observed tradition, it has at last chosen a responsible executive in place of government by its faculty, marshalled merely by a chairman of limited powers. Speaking generally, there have been two great periods in the University's history: the ante-bellum and the post-bellum. From its foundation until the civil war, it was the home of able scholars and the especial pride of the South, beside which the other institutions below Mason and Dixon's line were often not much more than flourishing high schools. As President Alderman said in his inaugural: "To the Southern man of middle life *the* university meant *this* university." Since 1865 it has recovered but slowly from the ravages of the war, not, however, because its buildings have not been thronged with students. To have been even for a time at Charlottesville is a distinction as clearly prized in the South to-day as a Harvard degree in Massachusetts.

Yet the University of Virginia has attained only tardily and in part that material prosperity which many sister institutions have long enjoyed. The destructive fire of ten years ago was needed to arouse public sentiment to the lack of proper facilities and to insure the construction of those buildings which to-day make it so notable architecturally. Mr. Carnegie's offer of half a million, conditional upon an equal sum from other friends of the institution, now assures for President Alderman's administration a gratifying increase in teaching efficiency. From the educational point of view the need of additional endowment is very great. Good as the teaching at Charlottesville has been, it has smacked of the text-book more than of the scientific spirit of the modern university. Indeed, as compared with Harvard or Michigan, the University of Virginia has contributed scarcely more than a "conception of culture as a compound of sound learning and gracious conduct." Though Jefferson himself is properly credited with being the first American to see in the distant future the outlines of the Germanized university of to-day, his own institution, the last of his "mortal cares" and the "last service" he could render his country—as he himself expressed it—has fallen short in the search for the truth.

Some of the reasons for this have already been touched upon. The lack of a president, the want of means, and the inability to set up a rigid standard of entrance examinations because of the absence of good preparatory schools, have all had a part. Students have entered almost as unquestioned as if attending lectures at Heidelberg; but comparatively few have been able to obtain their degrees, and still fewer have gone away with the investigator's zeal fully aroused. So, too, the University's location in the South has handicapped it, with its consequent attachment to a social order which denied freedom of thought even to its own citizens throughout the slavery era, and which is only now faintly aware in a few places that freedom of speech and thought is absolutely essential if a university is to be true to itself and to its community.

Right here lies President Alderman's greatest opportunity. At Vanderbilt, at Sewanee, at Washington and Lee, at the University of Georgia, and at Trinity College, Southern professors have begun to find their tongues, and to say their say without stopping to ask the cost. They have dared to criticise the deeds of the past, yea, even the existing order, and, though it has thundered and lightened, the skies have not fallen, and the academic atmosphere has thereafter been

sweeter and purer and far more inspiring. Now is the time for the University of Virginia to throw off that provincialism to which Dr. Alderman pleaded guilty so gracefully, and to enter more fully into the companionship and spiritual life of her sister universities of the North and West, from which the bitternesses and the memories of the past have not unnaturally cut her off to a greater or less degree.

Never in all the history of the South has there been a greater need for her universities to serve her well than to-day. The whole Southern country is athirst for education. Colleges and schools are feeling as never before the quickening impulse of rich gifts from North and South. There is under way an economic revolution which for the first time bids fair to develop all the vast material resources of the old slave States. The negro, hitherto a burden, even when most highly prized as a chattel, is lifting himself into prosperity and usefulness with fairly astounding speed. Yet with it all there is a deplorable lack of intellectual and of moral, as well as of brave and honest political, leadership from Virginia to the Gulf. Never before in the land of Jefferson has there been such a call for enlightened statesmanship. And of all the patriotic teachers of the South to-day no one has a more splendid opportunity than President Alderman. Equipped with a rare gift of eloquence, admirably trained by learning and by experience as the head of two institutions, on him now depends how valuable a service "*the* university" is to give, not merely to the South, but to the North. His own moving inaugural plea for spiritual freedom and for economic independence and justice is a happy omen for his administration.

THE ART SITUATION IN NEW YORK

Rumors of merger of the art organizations of this city come with a rapidity fairly recalling the spacious days when the United States Steel Company was in vigorous if embryonic growth. It will make for clearness to note that there are really two proposals for alliance, each quite distinct from the other. First, it is proposed that the Society of American Artists should rejoin the National Academy of Design; second, Columbia University has made overtures for a more or less formal alliance with the Academy and the Metropolitan Museum. The intention is that all three should coöperate for academic and practical instruction in art after the fashion of the École des Beaux-Arts. About two years ago Columbia advertised large expectations in the direction of the fine arts; President Butler's letter brings the project within the range of discussion.

As to the proposed union of the Society and the Academy, it would be most heartily welcome. To-day there is no real rivalry between them. The issues of 1905 are not those of 1877. The Paris trained independents who nearly thirty years ago set up their standard in defiance of Düsseldorf and the Hudson River School, are to-day grave and reverend seigniors—academicians in temper and, many of them, in name. For years the dissidents have been slipping back by a process of "painless penetration" to the older body; to-day about one-third of the Academicians are members of the nominally hostile society. Meantime the pressure of the Society—for many years a genuine representative of modern ideas—insensibly liberalized the Academy until there was little to choose between the two juries on the score of openmindedness. Indeed, there was some danger that the venerable Academy might seem more wide awake than the secession—by as much as Tory radicalism exceeds Radical radicalism. There is no reason, then, why the form of a separation no longer real should be kept up. The Academy will gain from an accession of young blood; the Society's work of liberalization is done, and, in view of the very practical and sentimental advantage of Academy membership, it can well afford to sink an honorable identity in the patriotic cry, *Vivat Academia.*

Whether the reinforced Academy with the Metropolitan Museum should enter into a close alliance with Columbia University is a more debatable matter. Until the exact nature of the federation is known, criticism can only be of a very general and tentative sort. One may fairly assume, however, that the University will support all the lectureships on the theory of art (æsthetics) and on the history of art; that the Academy will continue to control its own exhibitions and schools of painting, sculpture, and engraving; that the Metropolitan Museum will merely offer its facilities more freely than heretofore to students of the Academy and University. Such an attitude is only a resumption of an old *entente*, under which Columbia University supplied lecturers, the Museum the halls and the use of the collections. Under Sir Purdon Clarke it is certain that students of whatever affiliations, or none, will be hospitably received; indeed, the provisional management has already worked a gratifying change in the old habit of indifference to students' needs. For the future it may be assumed that accredited lecturers, whether of the sedentary or peripatetic sort, will be welcome. To-day, any Columbia professor who desired to expound any collection to his pupils could doubtless pass as freely as Ernst Curtius used to with his "Peripatetiker" through the halls of the Altes Museum. In other words, the alliance of the Museum and the University would involve very little except frank interchange of courtesies and facilities, with, in part, a common personnel on the two boards of trustees. Already this exists in substance, and any nominal federation will obviously be *Columbiæ in majorem gloriam.*

On the other hand, an alliance between Columbia and the National Academy would be of a more serious sort; it could hardly fail to bring prestige to Columbia; it might seriously prejudice the future of the Academy at a time when it is full of promise. At the outset, a University has nothing to do with the training of artists *per se.* So far, then, as the Academy is a teaching body, it has little to gain, except an undesirable site, by coming under the wing of the University. The freer, one may say, the less academic, the training of an art school is, the better. Furthermore, the exhibiting function of the Academy would be much better exercised independently and at a distance from the University. It would be unfortunate if our great annual exhibitions should be held at Morningside Heights instead of in some more central location; it would be a very unhappy outcome of the proposed merger if the Academy show should become a mere appanage of the University as the old Salon is of the Institut de France.

This is said in no unfriendly spirit towards a plan which may contemplate so close an association neither of sites nor of interests, but only that the Academy may count the cost. From the University it has rather little to gain; a small number of its more intellectual pupils may follow the Columbia courses in æsthetics and history of art; its schools will be at the disposal of Columbia students who for any reason desire skill with brush or pencil. All this might easily be arranged by courtesy or by mere commutation of tuition fees. In other words, nominal federation with Columbia would mean little more in the case of the Academy than it did in that of the Museum. By borrowing the names of two art institutions, Columbia might get the appearance of an art department, but hardly the reality. If Columbia wants a university faculty of the fine arts, her course is simple: she has merely to release for instruction in the fine arts competent professors now assigned chiefly to other subjects, and to appoint new professors where her present staff does not suffice. The rest is merely supplementing adequately the already notable collection of art reproductions in the Avery Library. If Columbia will but organize a force of teachers competent to teach art—to undergraduates as a means of liberal culture; to graduates as training in research—she may count upon the coöperation of the Metropolitan Museum, and, we are confident, of the National Academy of Design. In fine, Columbia's proffer of alliance remains rather empty until Presi-

dent Butler can point to a properly organized faculty in the main branches of art history. The proposed merger should indicate that such a department is in active process of formation.

A MUSICAL COPYRIGHT STRIKE.

The cabled news that a score of London music publishers, including many of the leading houses, have made an agreement not to print any new compositions or to sign any contracts with singers, players, or composers until Parliament consents to amend the musical copyright law, does not reveal a hitherto unheard-of state of affairs. A similar strike was begun last year, but on a smaller scale, and with the same object, namely, to get the printers and other allied trades to bring strong pressure to bear upon the Government to stop the present wholesale pirating of music. Now, it is hoped to tie up completely the publication, if not the production, of new tunes, until Parliament in self-defence surrenders—if only to limit the ravages of popular songs and to secure the rights of the music printers and publishers. Since members of Parliament have ears, like their humble brothers of the street, we look for an early triumph for the reputable publishers who have been driven to such desperate methods.

The pirating complained of has grown steadily. At a public meeting held in London under the auspices of the Musical Defence League, the Duke of Argyll presiding, Mr. William Boosey said that the evil was a comparatively new one, but had been rife for eight or nine years. Three million copies of pirated music have been seized since 1902, but this is barely one-tenth of what has been sold illegally. In one month recently 700,000 copies were confiscated. The profits of the pirates are so great that they can afford to lose a part of their stock. Some of their printing places have been closed, but the fines imposed by the present law do not suffice to abate the evil, and a new law is wanted which will jail music thieves as it does other classes of robbers.

Twice the passage of the Musical Copyright bill has been frustrated by the stubborn opposition of a single man, Mr. James Caldwell, whose obstruction tactics have developed into what has been denounced as "a scandal without equal or precedent in Parliamentary history." On one occasion, to prevent the other side from being heard, he spoke for three hours, branching out into such important questions as railway sidings and the hallmarking of foreign silver plate Singing his own favorite pirated airs would have been a more appropriate method of obstruction. In 1903 he professed himself willing to accept the bill upon the granting of one extraordinary condition: that for nine months after it had become a law, pirates should be permitted to print and sell their stolen music, and that their copies should not be liable to confiscation or penalty. "This proposal to legalize robbery by act of Parliament was," as Mr. Boosey remarked, "indignantly rejected, and with it our second attempt to obtain justice failed."

The main pretext for the opposition has been that, as music is a necessity for the poorer classes, Parliament should not be asked to protect musical property. But, as a matter of fact, the Government already does a great deal to supply, not cheap, but actually free music to the poor. Instruction in the art is supplied to all in the public schools at a cost of millions. In the parks there are free band concerts. The publishers sell a great deal of the best music at almost cost price. One of them issues a penny magazine containing eight or ten new copyright songs and pieces by popular writers. But as the issuing of new music is even more of a lottery than the launching of books, the successes being few and far between, the publishers are obliged to charge extra in all cases to cover their losses on most of their ventures. The efforts made by the proprietors of two cheap journals to revolutionize music-publishing by issuing new copyright songs at sixpence, were merely an advertising scheme, bound to come to an end after it had served its purpose. The street pirates sell their songs at a penny or two apiece, and can afford to do so, as they need not take any chances, but can wait until a given piece has proved its popularity. Lately, however, we are informed, they have become so emboldened by their success that they do take chances in the case of musical comedy numbers, so as to be in the market at the earliest moment in case of a "hit."

The charge has been made that the present agitation is entirely in favor of the publishers, and that the composers suffer little or nothing by the theft of their property. But the meeting referred to was attended by a number of England's most prominent composers—among them Sir Hubert Parry, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, Edward German, Paolo Tosti, Dr. W. H. Cummings, Hamish MacCunn, A. Randegger, Sir Walter Parratt, Liza Lehmann, and Charles Godfrey—who were well aware of the losses threatening them. One popular writer, Stephen Adams, has testified that his profits have been reduced more than one-half by the pirates, and it is estimated that the total loss to British composers within three years amounts to $185,000. The outcome of the present strike will naturally be awaited by them with deep concern. The music publishers are certainly as much entitled to protection as those who produce books. As for the composers, every one's sympathies must go out to them. They are the most underpaid of all brain-workers; just a year ago the question was discussed whether, at the great music festivals where everybody who sings or plays is paid, the composers of the works performed should not also receive something more than the honor of getting a hearing and perhaps an ovation.

THE REFORM OF FRENCH SPELLING.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 25, 1905.

The movement for the reform of French spelling that has been going on with varying success for the last hundred years, has now reached a crucial point. It is no longer in the realm of theoretical discussions and newspaper agitations: a definite plan of changes, a complete and coherent bill of reform, is before the competent jurisdiction, awaiting its decision. This jurisdiction is twofold, being composed of the Ministry of Public Instruction, which controls all the state examinations in France, and the French Academy, whose authority in these matters has up to the present been recognized as supreme alike by the Government, the proof-readers, and the public.

The question, unimportant as it may seem, is creating a sensation in France among literary people, the teachers, and perhaps the schoolboys. The newspapers are publishing impassioned appeals from the reformers and indignant protests from the defenders of the purity of the language, to say nothing of the humorists, who find in this subject a rich vein for their satire. The *Revue Bleue* took the initiative in a petition signed by a great many writers of unequal prominence expressing a strong desire that the "traditional orthography" be not interfered with.

The movement for spelling reform is by no means new. Ever since the beginning of the last century, French orthography has been under attack. In Petit de Julleville's history of French literature, M. Ferdinand Brunot says: "The only thing that remained untouched in this stormy age was orthography, although universally acknowledged to be detestable." M. Michel Bréal, who is opposed to the reform, remarks that everybody asks for it in periods of calm, and nobody wants it when it is really offered. As early as 1805, a grammarian speaks of "la déraison orthographique," and in the thirties appeared a pamphlet entitled 'Les Inepties de la Langue Française.' From time to time some spasmodic attempts at reform manifested themselves either by a convention such as took place in French Switzerland in 1867, or by some monthly or weekly newspaper which, joining the example to the lesson, anticipated the orthography of the future by using it in its columns. In 1896 a petition was presented to M. Combes, then Minister of Public Instruction; and the late M. Gréard, a man of great tact and conservatism, presented to the Academy a favorable report. But nothing came of it. As to the reform adopted in 1901, and now slowly being introduced into the textbooks of the country, it deals mostly with syntactical peculiarities and not with the spelling of words.

The present agitation started with a resolution of the Minister of Public Instruction, in February, 1903, appointing a commission entrusted with the duty of presenting suggestions for "the simplification of

spelling." This commission was made up of philologists, grammarians, and teachers, besides two deputies, one a schoolmaster and the other a business man, and both Socialists in politics. At the head of the commission was M. Paul Meyer, the well-known professor at the École des Chartes, and the most prominent members were MM. Brunot, Croiset, Louis Havet, and Antoine Thomas, all professors at the Sorbonne, and the last-named a co-worker with Hatzfeld and Darmesteter in their great Dictionary. This commission finished its work in July, 1904. M. Paul Meyer presented his report to the Minister of Public Instruction with all the changes that the commission deemed reasonable and practical. It is this report, published in the *Revue Universitaire* of November 15, that has created the sensation.

The principle seems to have been to adapt the spelling to the pronunciation in a certain number of words whose orthography is too misleading, and to suppress letters that are useless or were introduced by ignorant philologists. Here are, in brief, the main changes proposed:

(1) To replace final *x* by *s* as the sign of the plural.

(2) To suppress double consonants in words like *ballet, ballon, charrette, collier, corridor.*

(3) To replace *y* having the *i*-sound by *i* in such words as *analyse, psychologie.*

(4) To suppress the *h* in *rh, th* and *ch* (with the *k*-sound, as in *chœur*), and substitute *f* for *ph.* Thus, one would write *rapsode* for *rhapsode, téâtre* for *théâtre, filosofie* for *philosophie.*

(5) To unify the spelling of all words of the fourth conjugation, and to write *je prens* like *je crains.*

(6) To replace the *s* of *case, épouse, blason,* etc., with a *z.*

(7) To replace the soft or palatal *g* with a *j,* writing *plonjon* instead of *plongeon, manjer* instead of *manger, gajure* instead of *gageure.*

(8) To replace the *t* of *aristocratie, ambition, nation, inertie,* etc., by a *c,* and write *aristocracie, ambicion, nacion, inercie.*

This report of the commission was transmitted to the Academy, which in turn appointed a commission to discuss the project. The decision has just reached us, and it seems that that body has been neither as conservative nor as revolutionary as was feared or hoped. At any rate, until some definitive solution is reached, the interest of the controversy lies in the arguments brought forth by the opposing parties, and it is these arguments which I should like to sum up.

In favor of the reform the arguments are such as have always been urged by all reformers:

(1) It is essential to suppress the many complications of French spelling so as to save time, both for school children and for foreigners, and avoid the useless hours wasted in learning irregularities of orthography that have no excuse for existing, not even in etymology.

(2) The orthography ought to be as far as possible consistent with the pronunciation or the words. Why write *femme* when one pronounces *fame* (which was the spelling of the Middle Ages), or *paon* when the word is sounded like *pan?* There is danger of altering the true pronunciation of the word, and people are already beginning to pronounce wrongly the *p* in *sculpter* and *promptitude.* Why write *ville* and *fille* alike when the pronunciation is so different? What is the use of the *gt* in *doigt,* which ought to be spelled like *doit?* Why a *d* in *poids,* especially when one remembers that this *d* was the result of a mistake on the part of a sixteenth-century pedant?

(3) The double consonants are a puzzle that no amount of reasoning and logic can explain. Why *siffler* with two *f*'s and *persifler* with only one, *imbécile* with one *l* and *imbécillité* with two, *chariot* and *charrue, sonner* and *sonore?*

(4) The *h* and *r* are a source of confusion in all words derived from the Greek. Why *théâtre* and *trône, frénésie* and *phrénologie?* Why *fantôme* and *flegmatique* on the one hand and *pharmacie* or *philosophie* on the other? They all represent the same Greek letters.

Taken all in all, these reforms, says Prof. P. Meyer, are not revolutionary, but conservative. In many cases the reform goes back to the old spelling, which had been forgotten. In all cases it aims to preserve the spelling that corresponds to the true pronunciation as well as to logic and common sense. A faulty spelling is sure to bring about a faulty pronunciation.

To these arguments, based on logic, history, or common sense, the opponents of the reform oppose reasons of various sorts. In the first place, M. Faguet, who spoke for the Academy, remarks, in an article published in the *Gaulois,* that, in spite of all reform, spelling would always be a long and tedious study; hence the saving of time would be trifling. In the second place, the attempt to make orthography copy the pronunciation cannot give satisfactory results, because "nobody is sure of the pronunciation," since "it varies from one man to another." Again, some of the changes would add to the confusion complained of, affecting only the primary word and leaving out the words derived from it. M. Meyer would write *fame* instead of *femme,* but would retain *féminin;* he proposes *cor* for *corps,* but does not change *corporel, corporation; tems* for *temps,* but *temporel* remains untouched; *pié* for *pied,* but *piédestal* retains its *d.* Moreover, some of these new spellings would tend to absurdity. M. Faguet again quotes as ridiculous these two sentences: "Son doit (finger) doit être coupé," "Il n'y aura ni ni ni fleur" (there will be neither nest nor flower). To this M. Meyer replies that there are already many words of that type in the language, and that nobody confuses *port* (*de mer*) with *port* (*d'armes*), for instance.

The main objection, however, does not come from this source. It comes from the artists, be they poets or prose writers, who consider that words are not mere stenographic signs; that they have a definite form and expression, and, so to speak, a face that we know and should hate to see altered. This æsthetic argument has been expressed by no one better than by Sully Prudhomme, who wrote in the *Revue Bleue* of March 4: "In themselves these faces are neither beautiful nor ugly, but any change makes them monstrous, comical." To many of these artists, to whom, as to Victor Hugo, "the word is a living being," and some words are as dear as favorite melodies, simplifications of spelling appear sacrilegious, and the reformers are hateful iconoclasts. The very thought that the poems of their favorite authors, and especially their own, should be rendered unrecognizable, makes them indignant. They cannot bear to have great masterpieces from the seventeenth century down to the present day, which are all printed in an orthography universally accepted, suddenly appear in a form at once strange and archaic, which shocks the eye and makes them look like caricatures.

In vain the reformers reply to those who are afraid of changing their habits that they do not want any one who has learned to spell to change his orthography, and that the two methods may well exist side by side for a score of years. In vain, too, M. Havet tells us, in an incisive plea for reform, that the new spelling of some words shocks his eye, too; but, since it does not shock his reason, he will soon get accustomed to it. In vain they tell the patient conservatives who are willing to wait for the next edition of the 'Dictionnaire de l'Académie,' that the last edition was published in 1878, and that the next edition has not gone further than the letter *c.* In vain, finally, the reformers remind us of the millions of children who are starting in life, and to whom the new rational spelling will be as natural as the old is to us. All these arguments are met by the sullen and invincible resistance of the force of habit.

The agitation created by the petition of these writers, the hostile articles in the press—above all, the strong feeling of conservatism that opposes all innovations which shock our physical habits, the most stubborn of all—were sufficient indications of the attitude of the French Academy, which is not given to revolutionizing nor to opposing public opinion. Actually, the report of the Academy presented by M. Faguet accepted changes in 150 words only, for which two spellings will be tolerated, such as *rapsode* and *rhapsode, confidenciel* and *confidentiel, potenciel* and *potentiel.* As to the seven words in *ou—chou, caillou, bijou,* etc.—which took an *x* in the plural, they may now be written with an *s,* like *clou* and *sou.*

It remains to be seen whether or not the Government will accept this makeshift, or whether it will endorse the conclusions of its commission and encourage the preparation of the new dictionary which it has recommended. But this is a reform over which universal suffrage is not very impatient, and it appears that the most radical in politics are often the most conservative in spelling. There was no more timid member in the commission, M. Meyer tells us, than the schoolmaster and deputy, M. Carnaud, who, in Parliament, is an uncompromising revolutionist, ready to destroy private property and upset the whole social fabric, but who, when it came to dropping a letter in a word, trembled lest it might shock the eye and hurt the feelings of that respectable but antiquated institution, the French Academy. OTHON GUERLAC.

THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.

SYDNEY, March 6, 1905.

With laudable candor, the Government of West Australia has issued a blue-book which, for its pitiless exposure of the ill-usage of an indigenous race, may rank with

Mrs. Helen Jackson's terrible indictment, 'A Century of Dishonor.' In 121 folio pages it contains the evidence of a large number of witnesses—some of them indignant disinterested spectators of cruelty and injustice; others police officers implicated, whose testimony must have been wrung from them; and a few stipendiary magistrates who had administered a harsh law with their hearts lacerated and their consciences seared. A stern summary of the facts elicited and a series of proposals for the radical amendment of an intolerable state of things accompany the report.

The condition of the blacks in West Australia has for a long time past in England, and for a much shorter time in more callous Australia, arrested the attention of sympathizers with a dying race. Dr. Rentoul, Professor of Theology to the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, and at one time leader of the church, was the first to take the field in a black crusade. He had served an apprenticeship in another campaign. When the South African war broke out, the ecclesiastical chief struck a diplomatic attitude and burked a resolution moved by a solitary member of the presbytery of Melbourne condemning the war. As the unequal struggle advanced, he experienced a change of heart. He became an enthusiastic pro-Boer, and founded the Victorian peace and conciliation league. Together with the attorney-general of a future Labor Ministry in the Commonwealth, two Labor legislators in New South Wales, and the professor of history in the University of Sydney, he formed one of a "small, transfigured band" which every variety of public and social persecution failed to intimidate. The taste of obloquy he then had, or the keener insight it gave him into the oppression of a whole race, made Dr. Rentoul an ardent advocate of the Australian blacks. In many a letter addressed to the colonial journals, he recited their wrongs. He told of the cruelties that were being practised upon them in the Northern Territory, Queensland, and West Australia. He was a voice crying in the "bush," and he was heard only of the laughing jackasses. The patient writer might have worn down his clerical quill to a stump before ever he made the faintest dint on the hardened colonial conscience.

Colonists in new countries have hardly any morality in their dealings with the indigenes. They use them for their labor or their pleasure, as suits themselves. The conscience of the motherland has to educate the colonial conscience, as Disraeli had to "educate" the Conservative party. The English conscience, now with an "unlidded eye" where colored races are concerned, if rather drowsy where a rival race threatens British supremacy, has had constantly to guide and ethically to train the colonists. It first suppressed and then reformed the infamous labor traffic in the Pacific, where Kanakas from the New Hebrides and other Melanesian islands were kidnapped, torn away from their homes, and carried off to work in the canebrakes of Northern Queensland. It appointed and paid a succession of Protectors of the Aborigines in New Zealand to shield the Maoris against the rapacity and cruelty of the settlers. In the interests of the Maoris, it resolutely resisted attempted infractions of the Treaty of Waitangi, under which the British Government took over the islands. Naturally, it was only when the colonial charges were reiterated in the English journals that the sluggish colonial authorities were aroused to take action.

Dr. Rentoul's accusations were repeated last year in the *Times* by a West Australian, Mr. Malcolmson, who supported them by accounts of harrowing sights he had himself witnessed in the tropical parts of the State. All philanthropic England was moved, and the West Australian Government was adjured to suppress such crying iniquities. On the other hand, the chief of the police, several pioneer squatters, and one or two impartial persons who knew the country, maintained that the charges were grossly exaggerated, and asserted that the blacks were well-used, contented, and jovial. Amid the clash of conflicting testimonies it was suggested in an article contributed (by the present writer) to an English review that a royal commission should be set up to inquire into the whole subject of the treatment of the blacks. It would be rash to connect the suggestion and the appointment as respectively cause and consequence, but it is a fact that soon afterwards Dr. Roth, very favorably known as Protector of the Aborigines in Queensland, and author of an authoritative volume on the blacks of that State, was appointed commissioner by the colonial government impeached. The commissioner visited great part of the extensive coast (it is complained that he did not visit the interior, where the state of things may not be quite so bad) where whites come into close contact with the blacks, made careful investigations, and (as stated) has just reported at length.

The "iniquitous" indenture system was supposed to be the head and front of the West Australian offending. A perusal of the statute of 1886 creating it does not at first justify the description of it as being "in every way unjust and immoral." It opens with a flourish of trumpets. As seems only right in a country where the whites have taken from the blacks the fee simple of an entire continent without paying a penny for it, the Government undertakes a large responsibility for the blacks, and engages to provide them with food, clothing, and medical attendance whenever they are destitute or in need. The provisions for indenturing the blacks require that each contract shall be written, shall be duly signed or marked by the black in each case (what they themselves call *millie millie*), and shall be witnessed to by some person uninterested in the contract. The term may be for a variable period of months, but is usually for one year. The squatter (or landholder) gives the blacks no wages (which they would not know what to do with); he does not house them (in a tropical climate they live in the open); but he engages to supply them with abundant food, clothing (which they cannot be got to wear—and their nudity is one of the charges made against him), tobacco, and medical attendance. In return, he commands their labor—as a master commands that of his apprentices, says the Commissioner of Police; as a slaveholder commands that of his slaves, say the opponents of the system.

So far, the provisions are not, on the face of them, inequitable. Much, if not all, will evidently depend on the way they are operated. As we read on, we perceive how abuses may enter. If the indentured black refuses to work, or is sluggish or unruly, he may be haled before a magistrate, who is empowered to have him flogged or imprisoned. Were the magistrate a stipendiary, there would still be great risk of abuse in the exercise of such power in remote districts. But he is usually a mere unpaid and uncontrolled justice of the peace, perhaps himself the employer of the accused black, and in any case an interested member of the squatting fraternity. The character of some of these so-called justices may be judged of from a single group of facts. Of five offenders convicted in a short time of vile and cruel treatment of the blacks, at least two were justices of the peace. That each of the five was fined what Mr. Mantalini would have called "the ridiculous sum" of £5, shows how lightly such offences are punished. Later clauses of the statute permit magistrates compulsorily to indenture youths under age, and thus so far justify Dr. Rentoul when he denounces "the cruel and cold-blooded provisions of the act, with its compulsory indenture of aboriginals and half-castes." All other indenturing is voluntary, at least in name.

The testimony collected by the commissioner seems to show conclusively that the charges made against the system by so many observers have been found proven. Evidently, the landholders will have to be taught by sharp penalties, if other means will not suffice, that the natives cannot be flogged or imprisoned with impunity because they are at times unmanageable on the farm. The law permitting indenturing will have to be repealed. It is a relic of slavery. There will still be trouble with the blacks. It took many hundreds or perhaps thousands of years before the white races became inured to systematic daily toil. It will take a long time before the blacks are broken into regular industry. They cannot yet be dispensed with. In these thinly-populated tropical regions white labor is scarce and dear. It is to the advantage of the black that there should be white men to employ him at outstation work—mustering, tailing, woolwashing, and sometimes fencing, while his *gin* performs domestic services indoors. And the pioneer farmer will find it to *his* advantage to use persuasion a little more, compulsion a good deal less, and violence not at all.

The most damning part of the indictment remains to be stated. The rieving or killing of cattle belonging to a neighboring country has at all times been a fertile source of quarrels between two peoples. It has marked the advance of settlement all over Australia for two or three generations, and it is going on at this moment in Northern Queensland and West Australia. In the earlier days the settlers defended themselves, and retaliated by petty warfare; such matters are now dealt with by the police. Their tender mercies are cruel, and the change to the more civilized procedure has hardly been an improvement for the blacks. The evidence given before Dr. Roth is nothing less than terrible. First, a black tracker (still more pitiless than the white police who accompany him) is employed to ride down the suspected or accused blacks. These are then driven in before the horses, sometimes in the heat of the tropical day, and "at a pace which no human being could keep up with for any

distance." The trial is a farce. The police prosecute; they never bring in witnesses for the defence; and the natives are left to defend themselves. They understand no English, and even the interpreter speaks only a few words of "pidgin English." All whom Dr. Roth examined agreed that the blacks do not grasp the nature or realize the gravity of the charge. That is not the worst. A magistrate admitted that he had often felt in dealing with cattle-stealing cases that "there was something of an undercurrent of injustice meted out towards the natives." A constable in charge confessed that "it was a queer country that he lived in, where every [black] mother's son was deemed to be guilty." And a gentleman occupying a responsible commercial position in a remote northern township "had not in three years seen a case of justice." He has "walked out of the Wyndham Court disgusted at what is called British justice." Convicts are at once placed in chains—no handcuffs, but neck-chains—as if they were wild beasts. Thus fettered, they have to work eight hours daily in summer, when work of any kind in a tropical climate is almost impracticable. Sometimes old and ailing when they are brought in, the prisoners not seldom succumb to sunstroke or excessive toil. It is in the interests of the police to multiply captures. They are paid a high sum for the maintenance of the blacks on the way (sometimes a very long way) to court, and yet these are not fed. The blacks, said a magistrate, "are a huge source of revenue to the police." The police state their "revenue" more modestly. "I have brought the black brutes in," one constable confessed, "simply because I can make a few shillings out of them."

A still graver tale is left to be told, though it cannot be fully told here. Some years ago, when he was governor of South Australia, Lord Tennyson denounced in passionate language the misdeeds of the white men who were living in promiscuity and savagery with the black women of the northern territory. The practice has prevailed in many parts of Australia for a hundred years. All along the line of advancing colonization the points of junction of the two races have been stained by miscegenation. It is still one of the ugliest features of the relations between black and white in West Australia. The resident magistrate at Derby was asked if much komboism (the concubinage of white men with gins) went on in his district. "Yes," he answered, "a tremendous lot is going on." Rapes of black Helens are frequent, and the black Menelaus has as yet no redress. In one case, however, a white Paris met with his deserts. He was fined £5. It is not stated that he restored his Helen. On the pearling coast in the far north another kind of miscegenation prevails. A constable testified that there was "a great deal of prostitution going on" between the gins and the Malay and other Asiatic pearling crews, "and if no person were there to protect the natives, it would be terrible." These and similar revelations are at last arousing the sluggish Australian conscience. The churches are moving, and their joint council has reprobated the atrocities. The Government is beginning to take action. The chief of the Westralian police has been suspended. In a few weeks or months at latest the Legislature will be asked to enact remedial laws. J. C.

Correspondence.

THE ALLUSIONS IN "LOTHAIR."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An edition of Disraeli's novels has been brought out by an American firm with a key to the personal allusions officially furnished by the late Lord Rowton, Disraeli's secretary and literary executor. Probably I am the last survivor of the set, so that, in saying a word about my own case, I may be helping to clear the memories of some of the rest.

The names generally are pseudonyms. Canning is "Mr. Charlatan Gas"; Dickens is "Mr. Gushy"; Bright is "Jawster Sharp," but I am plainly designated as the "Oxford Professor." I am described as "a social parasite," overpowered at finding myself in company with a lord. This was not published when I was in England, where I may safely say it would have fallen flat or recoiled. It was published when I was in the United States, where I was unknown and the slander, stamped with Disraeli's name, might tell. Once only had I met Disraeli. I never interchanged a word with him. I lived in a circle entirely different from his, and one in which, if there were fewer high titles, there were at least as many great names.

I am described as being brought to the New World by dreams of wild vanity which I thought the New World could alone realize. I had settled down for life on my professorship at Oxford, and had built a house there. I was called away and obliged to resign my chair by a sad domestic duty, in the performance of which I had to spend a year and a half. Then, having no special employment, and being much in need of change, I gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Andrew White to help him in the foundation of Cornell University for the special benefit of poor students. Having lectured at Cornell for two years, I came to reside with the branches of my family settled before me in Canada.

It happened that, at the time of my leaving England, I had before me an offer of the nomination of my party for a Parliamentary constituency in which it had a sure majority. I had a similar overture after settling here. Had I ever desired it, a political career was open.

Intercourse with European patriots such as Garibaldi and Mazzini I do not think it necessary to excuse. I will not shelter myself under Disraeli's "Revolutionary Epick." Mazzini, let me say in passing, assured me that he had never taken part in an assassination plot.

Disraeli twice attacked me very personally in the House of Commons. On the first occasion it was for advocating the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece. He charged me with wanting to break up the Empire. We now know that he told Lord Malmesbury in confidence that the colonies were millstones round the neck of England; and this language, his great friend Sir W. Gregory, tells us, he held in private to the end of his life. His second attack was for advocating the abolition of entail.

This practice of libelling under color of fiction surely is cowardly and mean. It may lend impunity to the vilest slander. Generally recognized as the allusion may be, the person traduced, if a pseudonym is used, cannot right himself without seeming to put the cap on his own head.

Yours faithfully, Goldwin Smith.

Toronto, April 7, 1905.

A NAVAL PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Just a century ago two great fleets were manœuvring in preparation for one of the greatest naval battles ever fought. On April 4, 1805, Nelson was informed of the sailing of the Toulon fleet commanded by Villeneuve. Believing it to be bound for Egypt, he patrolled the Mediterranean Sea between Sardinia and the African coast. Villeneuve, on the contrary, was carrying out Napoleon's plan of campaign to rendezvous at Martinique with Missiessy, who, however, had sailed back to Europe from the West Indies on the very day Villeneuve eluded Nelson and escaped from Toulon. To the West Indies Nelson followed Villeneuve in May. On June 4 the English fleet was at Barbados, and Villeneuve was only two hundred miles away at Martinique. They never approached more closely until the eve of the fateful 21st of October. Villeneuve recrossed the Atlantic, but failed to make the combination planned by Napoleon, as a precedent to the naval control of the English Channel, while he invaded England. Instead, he retreated to Cadiz, and was watched by Collingwood during the summer months, while Napoleon, foiled in his hopes of invading England by the misadventures of his fleets at sea, was conducting the great Austerlitz campaign on land.

Villeneuve, peremptorily ordered by the Emperor to take the risk of a naval engagement, left Cadiz on October 19, with the combined French and Spanish fleets, to enter the Mediterranean. Nelson, who had just taken command of Collingwood's squadron, faced him off Trafalgar, and on the 21st the deathblow was struck at Napoleon's power.

The world has waited a century, for during the interval no great naval engagement by two powerful fleets has been fought. There have been brilliant naval duels and examples of magnificent target practice, and fights between weak or small fleets, such as that of Navarino; but, under the altered conditions which steam and electricity have brought about, no two great fleets have met and been manœuvred in the open sea, so as to demonstrate the extent to which machinery can replace, in naval warfare, human skill, human genius, and human courage. The winds and the tides will not control the plan of a future naval battle, and therefore skilful seamanship will not play as important a part as formerly. But there will be scope on the part of the admirals for higher generalship in manœuvring their ships than even the commanders of land forces must display in disposing of and moving their battalions.

The issue of the impending battle in the Far East may be as momentous as was that of Trafalgar itself. It may even be more so, for, if Japan crushes or scatters the Russian fleet, a new naval Power of

the first magnitude will be created, whereas the struggle between France and England was a contest between Powers of equal strength who had been rivals for centuries.

D.

New York, April 12, 1905.

THE SCRUTINY OF CHARITABLE GIFTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may interest some of your readers to know that the objection to Mr. Rockefeller's gift to missions has a curious parallel in the action of no less worldly a body than the New York City Council. I quote from the record, which is self-explanatory:

"At a meeting of the Common Council, held in the city of New York, at the City Hall, on Friday, the 14th of October, 1785, present James Duane, mayor, Richard Varick, recorder, etc., etc., 'Whereas, it has been represented to this board in behalf of Mr. Lawrence Embree, one of the commissioners of the alms-house, that the company of comedians in this city, some time since, presented him with forty pounds for the use of the poor; that as he disapproved of a donation so circumstanced, he thought it his duty to suffer it to be deposited with him until the sense of the magistrates concerning the same could be obtained.' Whereupon the board came to the following resolutions:

"That it appears that the play-house was opened by said comedians without license or permission of the civil authority; which in the opinion of this board is a thing unprecedented and offensive. That while so great part of this city still lies in ruins, and many of the citizens continue to be pressed with the distresses brought on them in consequence of the late war, there is a loud call for industry and economy; and it would in a particular manner be unjustifiable in this corporation to countenance enticing and expensive amusements; that among these a play-house, however regulated, must be numbered, when under no restraint it may prove a fruitful source of dissipation, immorality, and vice. That the acceptance of the said donation by the order of this board might authorize a conclusion that they approved of the opening of said theatre, and that therefore it be and it is hereby recommended to Mr. Embree to return the same to the person from whom he received it."

William Dunlap, from whose 'History of the American Theatre' (published in 1832) I take this extract, adds (pp. 58, 59) that "a few days after, a writer in *Oswald's Journal* ironically praises the wisdom of the city magistrates for discountenancing the theatre, and preferring the licensing tipplingshops, they being harmless and yielding a revenue unpolluted by its source."

William J. Neidig.

Chicago, April 9, 1905.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters that have appeared in the last two numbers of the *Nation* on the proposed Harvard-Technology merger have failed to explain the full intent of this arrangement, as well as one of its inevitable consequences. "Harvard A.B." says that Harvard will get nothing out of it. Is this really the case?

At the outset it should be said that it is generally believed that the Harvard Corporation favors the plan of merger, although it is certain that it has not yet officially adopted it. Furthermore, as "Technology S.B." believes, it is quite possible that the effective, though veiled, initiative in this matter of merger has really come from that body, although in the active promotion of the idea it has been found convenient to enlist the services of a representative of the other side. Also it is true that, on its face, this plan not only seems to give everything to the Institute, but appears extremely disadvantageous to Harvard in many ways, and particularly in the following:

First, it would sacrifice a large, flourishing, and useful department of the University, and alienate a great bequest.

Secondly, it would require the University to break faith with the teachers of the Lawrence Scientific School.

Thirdly, if it would not involve an actual breach of faith with benefactors of the University, it would undeniably require the Harvard Corporation to reverse its traditional policy towards bequests. The McKay gift would have to be dealt with not in a frank and scrupulous spirit, but more nearly in the spirit of the man whose standard of moral obligation is to avoid being sued and to keep out of jail.

These are very grave objections to the plan of merger as proposed. If it is true that this plan is being seriously considered, is it credible that the respectable and intelligent doctors, lawyers, and bankers who, with President Eliot, constitute the Harvard Corporation, would face these consequences if they were not inclined to believe that Harvard University would gain more than it would lose by the transaction?

What is the gain to be expected? Primarily, it is neither the doubtful economy which uninformed persons might predict from union, nor any vague advantage to the community or to technical education from doing away with so-called competition. While these pretexts have been urged in favor of the merger, they could have only collateral weight with the Harvard Corporation, who are not charged with the general oversight of technical education in the community or in the commonwealth. What is really to be expected is nothing less than the ultimate absorption of the Institute as a teaching body in Harvard University, with all the gain resulting from the exchange of a scientific school of 600 students for one of 1,600. To prove that the plan of merger is intended to bring about this result, no further evidence is needed than the provision for establishing the Institute in a new location alongside the Cambridge departments of Harvard. Physical propinquity is made the *sine quâ non* of the agreement. If the intention of the merger were merely to avoid duplication and competition, and to promote economy through the abolition of the Lawrence Scientific School and the transfer of its teachers and funds, these objects could be as well attained with the Institute in its present location or in a new one in Jamaica Plain. Furthermore, the independence of the Institute, although provided for at the beginning, is not safeguarded for a single year, and there is no security whatever against a closer union whenever it shall seem expedient. Is it not, then, entirely clear that the attraction of the plan for the Corporation must lie in the idea that Lazarus, made into a Dives and planted at the gates of Paradise, would before long clamor for a place in Abraham's bosom?

And who can doubt that this would be the final result? The opposition to complete absorption on the part of the faculty of the Institute would naturally die away with time and with judicious appointments to vacancies. The acidity of the older graduates of the Institute would first be diluted and finally neutralized by the flood of young graduates, educated under mellower conditions and under the Harvard spell. It might take a generation, but, finally and inevitably, and in the most natural way in the world, complete absorption would have to come about.

But is it worth the price? As men of affairs, they are probably greatly attracted by this opportunity for a Diomedic exchange, but, before irrevocably committing themselves to the venture, the Harvard Corporation may be relied on to give the fullest consideration to all its drawbacks. For example, they will consider its effect on technical instruction within the University, giving due weight to the fact that the Lawrence School is almost at the point where it needs only money to enable it to become a Graduate School of Applied Science, while the Institute could not reach this point for years—that is to say, not until its requirements for admission were greatly increased. They will consider, also, that the merged institution would begin its career under a heavy handicap—without morale, cohesion, or confidence in its head. And especially they may be depended on to weigh most carefully the consequences of juggling or appearing to juggle with the McKay bequest, forgetting neither the example set to the young men under their charge, nor the effect on future benefactors of the University. "Harvard A.B." may confidently be assured that the Corporation do not need to be told that the benefactor is the most timid of investors, and that their own duty as trustees, perhaps their first duty, is to do nothing that might divert from Harvard any part of the stream of gifts which is now pouring into it.

Harvard Graduate.

DEGREES FOR CAMBRIDGE WOMEN FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Council of Newnham College have sent out a circular letter to their alumnæ informing them that Trinity College, University of Dublin, offers degrees to those students of Newnham and Girton who have passed degree examinations of the University of Cambridge. Three students of Newnham College at once availed themselves of the opportunity and became graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, on the first occasion at which it was possible, in 1904. As the offer is open to Cambridge women until 1907 only, and is coincident with the opening of the degrees of Trinity College to women, it looks much like a bid from Dublin for women students.

The report of Newnham College for the year 1904 incidentally furnishes a striking comment on the action of the University of Dublin. The two largest colleges for men in Cambridge, both mediæval foundations, are Trinity and St. John's. Newnham College reported 168 students in 1904; its students have been admitted to Tripos examinations, without degrees, since 1881, just twenty-three years. But in the number of students classed in Triposes for 1904, Newnham College stood third in the whole University. Trinity College secured 99

honors, St. John's, 74; out of Newnham's 168 students, 75, or nearly one-half, went in for honors, and 72 obtained honors. Of first class honors, the proportions for the three leading colleges read, mathematically, Trinity, one-fourth plus; St. John's and Newnham, one-fifth minus.

It is natural that in an old institution the advance of new ideas should be slow and their development be accompanied by anomalies and inconsistencies. But no institution can lead in the educational world and at the same time pursue a policy which turns from its own door to another's a considerable and influential body of its students. We hear much of the poverty of the two oldest English universities. Is it not partly poverty of spirit, an inability to meet and answer the practical questions of modern education in a practical way?

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

SMITH COLLEGE, April 15, 1905.

Notes.

A. S. Barnes & Co. will shortly publish 'On Tybee Knoll,' by James B. Connolly.

A second edition of Miss Calkins's 'Introduction to Psychology' has been called for, and has now appeared. The special point of view adopted in this book will be further defended by the author in a small volume to be brought out by Veit & Co., Leipzig, under the title, 'Der doppelte Standpunkt in der Psychologie.'

We receive from Ginn & Co. a curiously offhand and chatty book upon one of the most difficult subjects known to the archæologist. 'The Greek Painter's Art,' by Irene Weir, director of art instruction at Brookline, Mass., might fairly be called amateurish by any one to whom "amateur" is not necessarily a term of reproach. The first hundred pages tell how a party of seven travelled by Brindisi and Corfu to Olympia, Delphi, Corinth, Mykenæ, and Epidaurus, and then to Athens. About forty half-tones illustrate this Introduction, and of these a moiety may deal with works of art, buildings, and sculpture, the rest with bits of scenery. Then, with page 103, begins "A Brief History of Greek Painting," divided into five chapters, and the reader should stop a moment and think what this means. When Sir Charles Eastlake had collected a great mass of material in his special subject, he published it as 'Materials for the History of Oil Painting'; and the only reason why no book with a similar title has been devoted to the painting of the ancient Greeks is that the "materials" do not exist. The most that can be done is to collect a number of detached facts, some of which seem to contradict one another; or to present a paper on the probable relation of Hellenistic bas-reliefs to paintings, or one about the probable derivation of Pompeian wall pictures from those of Greece proper. No information about the artistic character of Greek work, coloring, drawing, notions of proportion, conceptions of pictorial design, is to be obtained from classical writers. Not one fragment of Greek pictorial work in color remains to us. The inferences from vase-painting and mosaics are most risky. We need only add that the illustrations are as numerous, proportionally, in the "History" as in the "Introduction," that they are well chosen and interesting, and that nearly all are photographic.

'Out of Bondage' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the title of a collection of tales and sketches by the late Rowland E. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was of Quaker stock, and his home in Vermont was a station on the Underground Railroad; the tale which gives its title to the book has for its subject the escape of a slave. The contact of Yankee and French Canadian in the borderland of Lake Champlain produced social peculiarities which no one has illustrated with a more delicate touch than Mr. Robinson, and the very rusticity of his humor increases the verisimilitude of his portrait.

John A. Cipperly's 'Labor Laws and Decisions of the State of New York' (Albany: Banks & Co.) is a useful compilation, which includes statutes as well as cases. Besides its value for purposes of reference, it shows almost at a glance what has been done in this State for "Labor," and how far we have advanced (or fallen away) from a state of society in which the laborer shifts for himself. On paper our laws are very paternal, and if the laborer is not protected against the employer, it is not the fault of the legislature. How many people know that no free-born toiler in a factory can be deprived of a full sixty minutes for his noonday meal, *except by permission of the Commissioner of Labor*? But this is only an odd illustration of the length to which regulation has gone. At every turn there is some command or inhibition designed to guard the laborer against the dangers of his calling. Fire escapes must be provided, ventilation secured, cleanliness guaranteed, contagion made impossible, scaffolding sufficiently strong to bear his weight provided. At every point there is inspection. It is here, of course, that the weakness of the system is seen. Unless paternalism is genuine, the inspector may need inspection, and protection be required against the protector. But old-fashioned suggestions relating to the province of Government have little weight with a modern democratic legislature. The system, rigidly enforced, would be a benevolent despotism; means are found with us to temper it, as inspectors soon learn.

It is not quite clear why Prof. Robinson Ellis publishes his recent pamphlet on 'Catullus in the XIVth Century' (H. Frowde). It is hardly of the quality of a public lecture, nor is it designated as such. On the other hand, there is not enough new material or suggestion in it to make it a marked contribution to knowledge. Mr. Ellis calls attention once more to the attempts that have been made to unravel the enigma of the epigram by Campesani appended to the Codex Sangermanensis, mentioning, among other conjectures, that of Mr. Falconer Madan, who thinks the mysterious discoverer of Catullus may be Francesco Accorsi, and that of Sir E. M. Thompson, who thinks some such name as Strada may be shadowed forth by the periphrasis of the fourth verse. Mr. Ellis himself suggests the possibility of an allusion to Avignon (*Avena*) in *a calamis*, in which case Francis of Avignon would be the great Petrarch himself. But if Petrarch had in reality discovered Catullus, it is not likely that we should be without any other reference to the fact than that contained in Campesani's puzzle; and Mr. Ellis is content with the conclusion that the riddle is yet unread. In this connection may be mentioned the note by Dr. Henry Bradley, in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, who thinks the accepted idea that *Francia* points to the name Francesco is probably wrong, and that a French word for *calamus* is meant. He would suggest Roselli, or Rosello (from *rosel*, now *roseau*), accepting for the surname Strada, or, preferably, Lachmann's Notapassanti, or some word of similar meaning, which may have been a *signum* for Roselli, instead of a true surname to Rosello. Mr. Ellis repeats his suggestion, made to the Oxford Philological Society in 1903, that the long-legged bird which figures so often in Codex O may date from an actual papyrus archetype. He then proceeds to point out indications of the use of a complete MS. of Catullus by the compilers of two florilegia of the fourteenth century, by Albertino Mussato (1261-1329) and by Petrarch. In the earlier of these matters the argument is inconclusive, and, as regards Petrarch, Mr. Ellis depends mainly upon the well-known work of De Nolhac.

The predominance of the prefix *re-* helps to make the thin fascicle for April 1 of the Oxford English Dictionary (Ree-Reign) exceptionally devoid of matter inviting comment. A word blest with three spellings and with two stresses, equally reputable, is Referrible (1596), Referable (1646), Referrable (1661). Another typical English case of go as you please is presented in Reflection, Reflexion. Here Mr. Craigie tells us that "the etymological spelling with *x* is the earliest [in Chaucer, 1384, etc.], and is still common in scientific use, perhaps through its connexion [in the United States, rather connection] with *reflex*; in the general senses the influence of the verb has made the form with *ct* the prevailing one." It is noticeable that Continental usage has not affected English so far as to make "The Reform" an allowable synonym for "The Reformation." No writer seems to have ventured it. To that historical period belongs the verb Refrigerate (which is antedated by more than a century by the participial adjective having the same form). The earliest citation for the verb is 1534, and is from Sir Thomas More's 'Dyalogue of Comfort against Tribulation,' composed in the Tower. Now the participle *refrigerata* is glossed in Erasmus's 'Colloquies' ("Uxor Mempsigamus"), as if a neologism, and this conjunction of Englishman and Dutchman, bosom friends, recalls afresh Samuel Daniel's diatribe, in his 'Defence of Ryme': "Erasmus, Rewclin [Reuchlin], and Moore brought no more wisdome into the world with all their new revived words than we finde was before."

Prof. D. B. Macdonald's illuminating discourse on the "Moral Education of the Young among Muslims," delivered under the auspices of the Philadelphia Society for Ethical Culture, is printed in the April number of the *International Journal of Ethics*. It shows forcibly how the Society's aim—"to advance the ethical training of the young in independence of any definite theological instruction"—runs counter to Muslim orthodoxy as an impious absurdity. Christian orthodoxy is, of course, heavily committed to the same view; yet we can but think that this class will read Profes-

sor Macdonald's exposition with more disturbance on account of resemblances than of differences in Muslim and Christian pedagogy. Is this (from al-Ghazzālī), for example, less admirable in Muslim than in Christian training?—"So, first, is the committing [of the creed] to memory; then belief and certainty and acceptance. That is what results in a boy without proof; it is by the grace of God upon the heart of man that He opens him in earliest childhood to faith without need of evidence or proof. How can that be denied, seeing that all the creeds of the mass of the people, in their beginnings, are simple imitation and acceptance of authority purely?"

The *Genealogical Magazine* for April (Boston: Eben Putnam) contains some weighty censure, by the editor-publisher, of the mode in which the vital records of Massachusetts are being printed under the laudable act of 1902, "to provide for the preservation of town records of births, marriages, and deaths previous to 1850." Up to date, the Commonwealth has accepted forty-one volumes of vital records, representing forty towns—to the profit, it is said, of the parties printing them, but this is a small matter in comparison with the mode adopted. One form of arrangement, says Mr. Putnam, has been followed, but it "does not provide for all the information which the records contain," as he convincingly proves. Hence it is not safe to dispense with independent examination of the originals, to which, for the searcher's vexation, there are no references in the several printed editions. Finally, the attesting of the transcripts has been almost universally disregarded.

The *Annales de Géographie* for March contains a report of a recent scientific expedition to Figuig, an oasis on the eastern frontier of Morocco. After treating of its physical features, its mineral resources, chiefly lead and copper, its vegetation and inhabitants, the writer, M. Émile Gautier of Algiers, draws attention to the fact that a few years ago such an expedition would have been impossible, because of the hostility of the people to the French. Now, through the establishment of posts and the extension of the railway from Oran, the warlike nomads have retired to the desert, and the region is being rapidly settled and developed by peaceful agriculturists. M. Gautier believes that the whole of Morocco could be speedily brought into the same condition at small expense and without bloodshed, by the creation of a native police force, serving under the Sultan's flag, but officered by Frenchmen. M. B. Auerbach states that the census of the German Empire for 1900 shows a growth, practically wholly by the excess of births over deaths, greater than that of any other European State. During the preceding decade the annual emigration averaged 120,000, but in 1902 it had fallen to 32,000. The religious statistics reveal the surprising fact that there are 222 distinct sects, and also that in the last thirty years the percentage of Protestants has increased slightly and that of the Roman Catholics has decreased. There are twenty-two languages and dialects, but the number of those speaking a foreign tongue is very small, and rapidly diminishing. Other articles are an extended review of M. Lacroix's report on the eruptions of Mont Pelée, and an illustrated sketch of the physical geography of the island of Eubœa.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna has pronounced, by a vote of forty to ten, in favor of making women eligible to professorships, and it is expected that the Ministry of Public Instruction will authorize the carrying out of their views. The movement in this direction has been largely brought about by Prof. Friedrich Jodl, who is otherwise well known as a promoter of the interests of women. Professor Jodl is the author of a book on Psychology which is easily among the most important general treatments of the subject; he has also the characteristic of being unique among German professors in his acquaintance with, and recognition of the importance of, the work of American psychologists. The movement recently instituted in the Association of College Alumnæ for adding to the number of professorships accessible to women will need to be pushed forward rapidly, if Germany is not to leave this country quite in the rear in this regard.

The *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen announces the death, on March 15, of the Danish novelist, Fru Amalie Skram, in her fifty-eighth year. Fru Skram belonged to the extreme school of Scandinavian naturalism, and her choice of this form of artistic expression was closely related to her whole attitude towards life. Even those who least approve of her methods must admit the perfect sincerity of this foremost of the Danish women writers of to-day. Among her works, all of which show an absolute mastery of style, may be mentioned 'Betrayed,' 'Lucie,' and the series of three novels bearing the untranslatable title 'Hellemyrsfolket.'

In view of the critical state of the Scandinavian Union, special interest attaches to the recent publication of a photographic reproduction of the Norwegian Constitution of 1814.

We are glad to receive from F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, a large imperial photograph of the late Theodore Thomas—a front view of head and bust, and a most excellent likeness. It is sure of acceptance wherever this great conductor was honored, and is worthy to hang in any music room.

—The first volume of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the 'Journals of the Continental Congress' (Washington) is a notable example of the sumptuous bookmaking of which the Government Printing-Office is capable. The series, which will extend to fourteen or fifteen volumes and occupy five or six years in publication, promises high usefulness to the student of American history. The original journals, as is well known, have never been printed in full; the contemporaneous issues, on which later editions were based, comprising such parts of the record only as it was deemed advisable to publish at the time. For the present edition, Mr. Ford has undertaken not merely to reproduce the original manuscript of the journals, but also to complete or supplement the entries by data from other sources. A comparison of the present volume, covering the period of the first Continental Congress of 1774, with the printed copies does not show many additions to the text; the insertion of Galloway's motion and plan, September 28, which the Congress repudiated and ordered stricken from the journal, being the most important. Mr. Ford's method of editing is not, in certain details, impeccable. If one may judge from a comparison of his printed text with the facsimile page of the manuscript facing page 13, he has felt free to make minor alterations in the manuscript and to supply or modernize the punctuation. The entry, "The Congress met according to adjournment," under date of October 17, is omitted from the printed text (p. 74). The source of the admirable facsimile, in three sheets, of the "Association" is not indicated, nor of the occasional bracketed additions to the text. The printed signatures to the petition to the king (p. 121) show minor variations from the facsimile inserted in the text. The interesting memoranda of Samuel Ward, a delegate from Rhode Island, several times cited in the footnotes, are not located. It would seem to be worth while, also, to indicate the important variants in printed copies of the journals, such, for example, as "Colonel" for "Mr." Folsom (p. 28) in the edition of 1777, and the considerable verbal changes found on pages 62, 63, 74, 75, 81, 90, 101-105, and 113 of the present volume. A third printed copy of the "Association," with the signatures of the members—apparently the only one known besides the two referred to in the note on page 81—is in the Rhode Island Historical Society, from whose collections some additions could also be made to Mr. Ford's bibliography. None of these defects is of the first magnitude, or detracts seriously from the high value of Mr. Ford's editorial work. We mention them because of the hope that we are to have from his hands a thoroughly critical variorum edition of the journals.

—Parts I. and II. of a book on old Edinburgh come from William J. Hay of Edinburgh, whose address is "John Knox's House." The page is 11x15 inches. There are in each number three plates, with a sheet of text respectively, and it is stated that there will be about sixteen parts. The book is entitled 'Old Houses in Edinburgh'; the drawings are by Bruce J. Home. The introduction, which is as brief as a preface, is signed by G. Baldwin Brown, and there is a curious tone of detachment observed in it, which enables Mr. Brown to praise Mr. Home in a very unreserved fashion. "The present publication is based upon a competent structural knowledge of the buildings it illustrates"—such is one clause of this introduction, and the remainder of it is conceived in the same spirit. Now, as for the drawings themselves, they require consideration before even the practised student of books on old architecture can speak his mind about them freely. The plates are photographic, and indeed are announced as being collotypes—a term which is hardly used in America, but which is equivalent to gelatine plates, or nearly so. They have been made from drawings which are singularly conceived—without attempt at effect, in black and white, without strong shadows, without marked difference between the lighted and the shaded surfaces, without affectation of relief and projection. They are evidently calm settings down of the conditions of the old buildings, each on the day when it was before the artist's eye, when his drawing-board was set up in the little close in front of it.

Have they been drawn by the aid of the camera lucida? At all events, here is a mine of wealth for a student of that picturesqueness which comes of almost unconscious building, with no more architectural sense than that which would provide a centrepiece in a steep roof, or some carefully moulded coping along the slopes of a dormer window. Picturesqueness, not of the highly wrought Gothic with pointed windows and steep gables, all carefully moulded according to the rules of the art, but coming of itself as the unwatched mason, building his high stone walls, left windows where they seemed to be required—that is the evident purpose and the result of the collection before us.

—We record with pleasure the appearance of Father Dinneen's 'Irish-English Dictionary,' published by the Irish Texts Society. It will be a welcome resource to students of modern Irish, who have had to make shift hitherto with very imperfect lexicographical aids. O'Reilly's Dictionary, the only one which has been easily obtainable, fails to take account of a large part of the living vocabulary, and is an utterly uncritical compilation besides, representing no particular stage of the language and containing words that probably never existed in any stage of it. Father Dinneen, being himself a native speaker, has been chiefly concerned with the living tongue, and has undertaken to explain "the main stream of words, idioms, and forms that constitute the modern Irish language." We believe he has accomplished this object creditably. In addition to his own traditional acquaintance with Irish, Father Dinneen has been able to turn to account his experience as editor of a number of modern poets; and he has made use of earlier lexicographical materials, both printed and unprinted. He has also been supplied by collectors with lists of words in local use to-day in various parts of Ireland. He is probably justified in claiming that his book contains more of the words and expressions in present or recent use than any Irish dictionary yet published. The number of entries, as we calculate them roughly, cannot be far from 30,000. It is in no spirit of censure, then, that we point out that there still remain many modern Irish words which Father Dinneen has not recorded. We have tested his dictionary hastily by a few poems and folk-tales selected at random from the literature of the last three centuries, and in nearly every instance we have come upon words not noted in its pages. Even in Father Dinneen's own editions of Irish poets, the special glossaries contain some words not included in his dictionary; and we have found others registered in O'Reilly, and known to us to occur in modern texts. It was inevitable that the work should be incomplete, in view of the short time and limited assistance at the editor's disposal. Many omissions, too, are doubtless attributable to the editor's deliberate method, for it appears from his preface that he did not mean to register everything, but rejected words not deemed to be in sufficiently good use. What he attempted was not a complete thesaurus of the language, but a selected vocabulary, genuine in character and ample for the reader's ordinary needs. There still remains work enough for future makers of Irish dictionaries to do, and those who come after Father Dinneen will not be reduced to "gleaning here and there."

—We have also received from the Irish Texts Society the fifth volume of its regular series of publications, an edition and translation by Mr. Patrick M. MacSweeney of the 'Caithreimh Conghail Cláiringhnigh' (The Martial Career of Conghal Cláiringhneach). The story is of considerable interest for both form and matter. It is preserved in a manuscript of the seventeenth century, and the language, which, in the light of present information, can be only roughly dated, belongs to the period of transition from Middle to Modern Irish. But part of the material probably comes down in substance from early Middle Irish times, and one episode has been plausibly connected with a lost saga mentioned by title in the "Book of Leinster." The critical analysis of the existing tale offers a pretty problem which Mr. MacSweeney discusses at length in his introduction. Stylistically considered, the tale is a good example of finished Irish narrative, composed in the regular form of mixed prose and verse characteristic of the earlier sagas. The editor's work is done with care and in a scholarly spirit. His tabular analysis of the verbal forms will be of assistance to future investigators in historical grammar; and the same scholars will commend him for not having changed the spellings and initial mutations of his manuscript to make them conform with present usage. He thinks it necessary to defend himself for this procedure, but we should have been glad to see him still more conservative. Many spellings are doubtless inaccurate or insignificant, as he concedes; but it is surely desirable not to destroy or conceal manuscript evidence, such as it is, with regard to the practice of the seventeenth century, in these uncertain matters. Mr. MacSweeney's running commentary in footnotes is uneven in value. Many notes are taken up, quite properly, with explaining familiar grammatical forms for the benefit of Gaelic readers without philological training. From others Celtic scholars will derive useful information about modern usage. But occasionally the editor's remarks are very inadequate. Thus, on page 20, Prof. Osborn Bergin is said to have pointed out to the editor "the parallelism between the position of the French pronoun object and the Irish infixed pronoun." This is a commonplace of grammatical information, and was long ago discussed by M. Henri Gaidoz (*Revue Celtique*, vi., 86 ff.), with illustrations from Latin as well as from French.

—Walt Whitman's 'Diary in Canada' and 'American Primer' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) seem at the first blush rather memorial volumes than books. The first is edited, with "extracts from other of his diaries and literary note-books," by William Sloane Kennedy; the second, "with facsimiles of the original manuscript," by Horace Traubel. There are also two good portraits. Piety could hardly go farther, for everything, however trivial, is given the benefit of the doubt. The volumes inevitably recall Hawthorne's note-books (they are mainly a mass of scraps and disjointed notes), with the difference that they are rather vociferous and exuberant than significant or pregnant with suggestions. Of the two, the Primer is the more important, because Whitman seems to have had an idea at one time of publishing it. He adds, however, that "the best of the Primer stuff" has no doubt "leaked into" his other work; and this strikes us as a very good description of what happened. The Primer is a sort of prose rhapsody on Words, of which it is notorious that Whitman was fond. Ideas he did not care much for, but words, good, bad, and indifferent, filled him with delight. He exults in the English language; he likes short nicknames—Tom, Bill, Jack; he likes good words and bad words, words used by clergymen, literati, lawyers, gamblers, thieves, and prostitutes; in short, he likes any kind of word, and the notion of an absolutely unexpurgated dictionary fills his cup of pleasure. In this Primer the later Whitman is adumbrated very effectively, and for lovers of his perfected works the volumes have of course an interest which others will fail to find.

—"As the exhibition recently opened by the New York Water Color Club in London," writes a correspondent from that metropolis, "is the first it has held in England, it is a matter of regret that more care was not taken to attract attention to it in the right way. For those who know nothing of London, it probably seems that if once a Bond Street gallery is secured, an exhibition may then be left to take care of itself. But there are Bond Street galleries and Bond Street galleries, and a good deal depends upon which is chosen, as well as upon the way in which the show is announced—facts which American after American, coming to London for the first time, has failed to grasp. The New York Water Color Club has gone to the Modern Gallery, which, fortunately for the members, has just moved into new premises where, at least, the work exhibited can be seen. But even its most devoted patrons can hardly claim for it the first rank among the minor galleries in London. Nor has the exhibition been announced as it should. There are such innumerable little shows in London that advertisement—and not merely the advertisement you pay for at so much a line—is absolutely necessary. This the club has not had, and the result is that the exhibition is passing almost unnoticed. Again, the drawings have not been well hung. Who is responsible for the hanging, I cannot say, but I doubt if it was any one who knew much about American art and artists, for I found Mr. La Farge's two little studies skied, while the drawings that really have the most individuality and interest, Mr. Cooper's "Skyscrapers," are not given the prominence they deserve. These are by far the best things in the exhibition. If, as yet, nothing has been sold, I think it should be pointed out that this, no doubt, is largely due to prices that seem unduly high in London."

THE WARS OF RELIGION.

The Wars of Religion. (The Cambridge Modern History; planned by the late Lord Acton; edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., Stanley Leathes, M.A.) Volume III. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The great work of the Cambridge Modern History, late in starting, now advances with a steady and regular pace which

atones for the former delay and is highly creditable to the editors, as any one will know who has had experience in trying to drive a large team of contributors, some of whom are pretty certain to lag behind the others. The present volume, the third in order, though the fifth to appear, covers very nearly a century, from A. D. 1525 to A. D. 1621, overlapping at the earlier point some of the chapters of the last preceding Volume II. It consists of twenty-two chapters, written by sixteen authors, more than half of whom appear in the work for the first time. Two, and two among the best, have unhappily quitted this world since they prepared their respective chapters, viz., Prof. Samuel R. Gardiner and Mr. T. G. Law of Edinburgh. In point of scientific and literary excellence, Volume III. is distinctly better than the volumes on the United States and the French Revolution, and, we think, equal to the first two volumes, which treat of the Renaissance and the Reformation, although no chapter in the present volume is quite as striking as Principal Lindsay's upon Luther in Volume II.

The general character of those volumes reappears here. Different as the writers are in some respects, they all aim at a plain, direct, lucid narrative rather than at any graces of style or picturesquely dramatic handling of their matter. Some are, however, plainer than others. Mr. Butler describes the struggle, often intermitted and often renewed, between the Roman Catholics and the Huguenots in France from 1562 to 1593, with a care and clearness which will earn the praise of those who know the difficulties. But he gives us nothing but narrative, seldom interposing any remark to indicate the views he must have formed upon the characters of the actors and the general causes which were at work. This is the tendency of most of the contributors, though Dr. Ward, in his excellent chapters on the Emperors Maximilian the Second and Rudolf the Second, sometimes pauses to note the forces that governed events and to touch upon the qualities of leading men; and Mr. Hume allows himself some picturesque details in his account of Philip II. The period is full of interesting personalities. Of Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland there is no need to speak, for no personalities in history have given rise to more controversy. But we have also Henry IV. of France and Catherine de' Medici; we have the Emperors Charles the Fifth, Ferdinand the First, and his son Maximilian; we have William of Orange (the Silent), Margaret of Parma, Granvelle and the Duke of Alva; we have Stephen Báthory of Transylvania and Poland. These are all well handled. But the most effective characterization, the figure which is made to stand out most clearly and sharply, is Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Count Ugo Balzani's chapter upon this most remarkable of the post-mediæval Popes is one of the best in the volume, giving, within the compass of thirty-six pages, a vigorous and lifelike picture of an extraordinary practical genius, who left his impress alike upon the city of Rome, upon the Church, and upon his secular dominions. Nor must the admirable chapter of Mr. Law upon Mary of Scotland pass unnoticed. It is probably only one-tenth in extent of the part of Mr. Andrew Lang's recent History of Scotland devoted to this inexhaustibly interesting person, whose fortunes have produced almost as much poetry as controversy. But it brings out the salient facts more clearly and broadly than Mr. Lang has done, and it is more impartial. Mr. Law's view of Mary's conduct will commend itself to dispassionate minds. He hesitates to pronounce upon the vexed question of the Casket Letters, apparently inclining to the view that they were really written by the Queen, but subsequently tampered with so as to have become, in the shape in which they were presented to Elizabeth's commissioners at York, partially forgeries. His account of the plots against Elizabeth's life as well as crown, to which Mary was a party, goes far to justify her execution, distasteful as that is to modern notions, and goes some little way to justify the apparently unfilial behavior of her son, King James the Sixth of Scotland.

The volume closes with an important chapter on "Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century," important because that century, or rather the century and a half which followed the great outbreak of religious strife, has been the most fertile and determinative period in the sphere of political thinking that the world has seen. It gathered up all that the ancient world and the Middle Ages had produced. It poured the old wine into new bottles, and added much new wine of its own. The so-called "Principles of 1789," as well as the principles of the Declaration of Independence, are really present, though not always explicit, in the controversialists of the Reformation and post-Reformation age. Professor Figgis, who writes this chapter, sees the magnitude of his subject, grapples manfully with it, and makes many judicious and instructive remarks. He has not, however, the supreme art of arranging what he has to say in its most natural order, and of getting right down to the fundamental principles involved. It would have been better to set forth separately in its completeness each of the competing theories, and to show the real differences of religious sentiment and religious doctrine as well as of political sentiment and view which existed between them. Nether does he sufficiently examine the mediæval conceptions out of which some at least of these sixteenth-century theories sprang. There is not, for instance, a single reference throughout the chapter to Marsilius of Padua. Even the bibliography appended to the chapter does not mention the 'Defensor Pacis' of that remarkable thinker, though it is perhaps the most striking political treatise of the Middle Ages. One wishes here, as so often in turning over the pages of this History, that Lord Acton could have lived to contribute to it, or that at least he had lived to write that 'History of Liberty' to which he had at one time intended to devote his powers, and which would have been a treasure of thought and knowledge for his successors.

Apropos of the excellent bibliographies which are attached to each of the chapters, and which naturally grow longer in each successive volume, as each comes nearer our own time, it deserves to be remarked that they would become much more useful if the leading or most valuable books upon each topic were indicated, even by a line or two. A very long list tends to defeat its object, because few indeed are the students who can read through all the books enumerated. Some of the original sources, and some of the modern treatises or detached articles, are much more valuable than others. To indicate these would greatly lighten the labors of the student who desires to turn the bibliography to account. There are books in these bibliographies which one who has read them will rate low. Let it be added that the workmanlike quality of the whole undertaking, so marked in the first two volumes, is thoroughly well maintained in this one. It is generally accurate; it is critical; it is clearly written; it is dispassionate. One does not ask one's self whether the writer of each particular chapter is a Catholic or a Protestant, and, if a Protestant, what is his particular theological position. The attitude of pure science is worthily maintained.

The century and a half which follows the beginning of the German and Swiss Reformation has, among other characteristics, three on which a perusal of this volume suggests a few passing words to be said. It is the epoch of European history (with the exception of the twenty-five years from 1791 to 1815) in which the fortunes of all the great European States are so closely linked together that the history of no one of them can be written without constant reference to the history of the others. There was, indeed, during this period a greater unity of Europe than there had been in those earlier days when the Pope and the Emperor claimed to be universal monarchs. The nations, so far from being united, were, indeed, engaged in almost constant wars with one another. But they were also engaged in civil wars, and these civil wars were all, ostensibly at least, wars due to the same disturbing element of religious discord. Each religious party in each country felt its prospects of success or defeat involved with the prospects of those who championed the same doctrines in every other State. Only Russia and, to a less degree, the lands north of the Baltic lay outside this principle of discord, which for a time seemed to be suspending national antagonisms, for it made the Protestants of Germany, France, Holland, Hungary, Bohemia, England, and Scotland the allies of all other Protestants, as, similarly, the Catholics in each of these countries, as well as in Spain, Italy and Poland, were leagued with all other Catholics.

Sympathy in principles held to be vital was no doubt not the only motive at work, because the sovereigns of most States were governed as much, or more, by their own interests as by their religious prepossessions. If the two great Roman Catholic Powers, France and Spain, had cared to unite against England, they could have overthrown Elizabeth, and, with her, the Protestant cause everywhere, because Holland also must have succumbed. Fortunately, even Philip the Second, devoted as he was to his faith, had far too strong a jealousy of France to make a real alliance with her for any purpose. So, if Elizabeth had cared more heartily for Protestantism, she would have sent earlier and more effective help to the revolting Dutch. As for the German princes, some of the Catholics were ready to hire out their troops to the French Protestants, some of the Protestants to give like help to French Catholics. Yet the sympathies of the people went with the religion to which they belonged, and, in the main, it prescribed their line of action to the monarchs. After the

Peace of Westphalia, religion sinks to a second place, and dynastic interests of sovereigns predominate, aided or modified by the interests of trade. There is no longer a bond uniting sections of one nation to sections of another; nor does any such bond appear till after the Napoleonic wars, when the principles of the Holy Alliance drew Russia, Prussia, and Austria together, and led them to repress revolutionary doctrines everywhere; when, later, sympathy for freedom makes England disposed to favor the national movement in Italy, when France displays her feeling for Poland, and when, in our own days, European peoples subscribe money for the benefit of the South African Dutch in their resistance to England.

The sixteenth century is an age marked more than most others by a group of remarkable female rulers. Besides Mary and Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, Catherine de' Medici guides the policy of France for many years with Italian adroitness and tenacity, while first the aunt, then the sister, and then Margaret of Parma, the illegitimate daughter of Charles the Fifth, all showed remarkable gifts as regents of the Netherlands. In no subsequent generation have women figured so prominently in affairs of state, though there have been times when their secret influence has been potent. This may be an accident; but another feature of the period is no accident. The days of the Wars of Religion were marked by more frequent assassinations and attempts at assassination of monarchs and other conspicuous political figures than any century of the Middle Ages had been, or than any subsequent period has been down to our own time, when the phenomenon has again appeared. France takes the first place with the murders of two kings, Henry III. and Henry IV., and of two great Catholic leaders, Francis Duke of Guise, killed by a Huguenot, and Henry Duke of Guise, killed by Henry III., not to speak of that orgy of slaughter, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. William the Silent's life was often threatened and twice attempted, the second time with success. In England there are incessant conspiracies to kill Elizabeth; there is the Gunpowder Plot, in which not only the King but the whole Parliament was to have perished; there are the murders of Buckingham and Overbury, and there are in Scotland, where manners were still more fierce, the murders of Cardinal Beaton, of Riccio, of Darnley, of the two regents, Murray and Lennox. (Many of the executions under Henry VIII. and his children were really murders done by law.)

These assassinations were in most cases perpetrated by the orders of kings or princes, and were usually approved by the opinion of the party in whose interest they were effected. To get rid by the knife or by poison of a formidable antagonist like Guise, or Murray, or William of Orange, was deemed a legitimate act of warfare. A Te Deum was sung at Rome on the receipt of the news of St. Bartholomew. This kind of feeling is now almost confined to the Turks, and indeed to the worse kind of Turks, with the present Sultan at their head. An event like the recent murder of the King and Queen of Servia horrifies Europe, though it is what might well have happened in the Scotland of Queen Mary. The explanation is to be found partly in the intensity of passion which religious strife excites, and partly in the belief that all means are justifiable where religious faith is in question. A modern parallel is afforded by the anarchist murders of our own days, such as those of President McKinley, of President Sadi Carnot, of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, of King Humbert of Italy. In these cases men's brains are inflamed by a mad and unreasoning hatred, born of ideas which are held with the intensity of religious doctrines, and which render the assassin ready to sacrifice his own life, as did Balthasar Gérard and Francis Ravaillac when they killed William of Orange and Henry IV.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers. Illustrated. By Frederic Villiers. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1905.

In view of the complaints of newspaper men who were offered a lesson in patience which they did not learn, and through whom the Japanese declined to publish their more intimate military operations while they were still inchoate, it is interesting to read this veteran artist-correspondent's valedictory in his diary of incidents observed with the Third Imperial Army of Japan. He says: "I never left any army in the field with greater regret, nor have I been treated with more consideration and kindness by all ranks, from privates to generals." Nothing could be plainer, and from such long experience in the ways of warring men there can be no more satisfactory testimony to the good sense and good temper of the new nation, so that the querulousness of the inexpert may be disregarded.

As history (although interspersed with much personal matter interesting only as illustrating a mode of life) this book contrasts with the tales of the mobile columns by describing the persistent and heroic siege operations which brought the Japanese character into new relief. When the capture of Nan-shan opened the way, Gen. Nogi's army swept down the peninsula, and the Russians were pushed back from outlying point to point until the assault of Taku-shan forced them into the stronghold. The reverse of this shan (hill) is as sheer as Gibraltar, and it rises 600 feet to a crest rugged with precipitous rocks. Its sloping base, intersected with trenches, runs in undulations to the plain. "After fighting incessantly from the afternoon of August 7 till early on the 9th [these dashing little soldiers] rushed the positions at four o'clock in the morning, only taking five minutes from the beginning of the slope to scale the crags to the crest, capturing four guns and hundreds of rounds of ammunition." The time seems incredible, but, whatever its length, the feat was accomplished. As this point of observation commanded all the besiegers' movements, its occupation was essential.

The wonderful achievements of Nan-shan and Taku-shan seem to have inspired the Japanese with the belief that no position was beyond their immediate seizure, and they must have kept in mind that, ten years previously, at a cost of less than 300 casualties, they had torn Port Arthur from 14,000 Chinese in a single fight that closed at midday. Hence their terrific efforts to carry the works by storm—efforts through which in six weeks they "lost nearly 30,000 men without having captured any position of great strategic advantage" (p. 124). Of these, 14,000 fell between the 18th and 26th of August (p. 35). On the land side the terrain was very rough, and Port Arthur was shielded by a semi-circle of works crowning the ten miles of crowded hills.

"All the permanent forts that top the hills in front of us, skirting the valley from sea to sea, have smaller redoubts wedged in between them, some fifty in all, and the majority of them connected by covered ways; the whole, apparently, forming a double line of impregnable works that, if held by a strong garrison, might, even on meagre rations, keep a besieging army at bay for months, and, if the men were well fed, for years. Behind these formidable lines, standing out in a yellow blaze of sunlight against the blue background of the waters, is the famous sea fortress of the Golden Mount" (p. 17).

At four in the morning of August 21 the Ban-u-san forts, near the centre of the lines, were attacked, and they changed masters only after twenty-eight hours of continuous and fearful fighting. Excepting that this feat was actually accomplished through unparalleled exertion and frightful losses, to carry them might fairly be pronounced impossible. But in this war human life means so little in comparison with a necessary end that "impossibilities" become ephemeral in duration and powerful forts inconstant in allegiance. There are vivid descriptions of captures and repulses, midnight actions, rushes at dawn, bloody engagements in broad day, of bombardment by enormous (11-inch) rifled mortars and other great guns throwing 500-pound projectiles, and of life in trenches so near the enemy that ordinary conversation draws fire. After repeated demonstration that even Japanese infantry could not live on the fire-swept open below the parapets, zigzags and parallels checkered the great natural glacis of those gun-crowned hills, and scientific approaches by the engineers replaced, or more strictly supported, the valorous attacks of the infantry and the perpetual pounding of the artillery. The siege settled down into industrious digging, continuous cannonading, the repulse of desperate sorties, and the dash of yet more desperate attacks. For months hardly an hour passed without some kind of fighting (p. 130), and one can well appreciate how finally any sound might startle the nerve-racked combatants.

Apart from the extreme audacity and fury of the warfare—desperation, for example, that left only seventeen survivors from a great regiment (Ouchi's)—a novel characteristic has been the artificial illumination of the field by the Russian searchlights and star bombs—great cones of vivid glare that bathed the whole terrain, and showers of softer light that fell over the advancing lines moving under cover of the night.

"It is 1 A. M., and still the fight rages furiously. Three of the nine searchlights that the Russians appear to possess are playing incessantly on this section of the battlefield, and star bombs or rockets are bursting continually, their incandescent petals spreading fan-like, and falling slowly to the ground. So brilliant are these lights that the moon, now nearing the horizon, is but a faint slip of silver in the sky. The colour of this night warfare is what Whistler would have revelled in. The deep purple of the mountain against the nocturnal blue, the pale lemon of the moon,

the whitish rays of the searchlights, the warm, incandescent glow of the star bombs, the reddish spurt from the cannons' mouths, and the yellow flash from the exploding shell, all tempered to a mellowness by a thin haze of smoke, ever clinging to a hill-top and valley, make the scene the most weird and unique I have looked on during all the many wars I have witnessed. In the old campaigning days, both armies usually ceased hostilities at some period between sundown and sunrise; but here, at Port Arthur, for purposes of fighting the night is as the day" (p. 27).

Disregarding further illustration of its extreme gallantry, one asks how came this army to be so superbly tempered? It is notorious that recruits may be led to victory over ground where veterans fear to tread. Soldiers whose eyes have been opened may falter until they attain the calculated defiance of peril and precision of obedience that reward intelligent discipline. These Japanese were neither recruits nor veterans. They had passed into the reserves familiarized, under a general conscript law, with the more common military requirements, and in the field they soon must have seen windrows and hecatombs of the slain, deterrent to any but the stoutest hearts. The conviction forces itself upon the student that Japanese success has depended upon two prime factors. One is the merging of the individual's identity in that of the nation; a concentration in the man of action of both ancestors and those yet unborn. With them, even more than with other Orientals, the generation on earth connects itself with the past and the future, a visible link in a vital chain between the two eternities. Their dead have not been destroyed. They inspire the living and in turn largely depend upon the living for their own happiness; and, moreover, the qualities of the living are to be bestowed upon those not yet embodied. This, which also might well be considered in the propagation of religion, has a wider range than along a mere family line. Even the private not simply has before him the honor of his ancestors and the credit of posterity, but realizes that he is adding to the character of the nation as well. Napoleon's rhetoric at the battle of the Pyramids is living doctrine to the Japanese soldiers. Not merely forty disinterested centuries, but the termless and crowded past of Dai Nippon supplies the cloud of witnesses that are beneficiaries as well of the heroic deeds. There is, therefore, not a mere indifferent disregard of death, but an altruistic welcome of it as the portal to a higher life for the martyr and for his people. Along with the ingrained patriotism, which also may show itself in other ways, is a distinctly native martial spirit; so that the Emperor's call transforms the most tranquil man of peace into one eager for war.

The other factor is the Japanese genius for little things and the never-ceasing application of practical instruction. This is shown in the good sense with which military teaching is carried on. A newly arrived contingent is drilled in scaling a neighboring hill, dashing from cover to cover, finally with triumphant shouts to charge the imaginary foe. An officer of an "enlightened" nation forbade a captain to drill his command over wooded country in the similitude of actual war, because "the parade-ground was set apart for drilling." "In the camp, men are gathered in little groups round their officers, intently listening to lectures on the behavior of soldiers in the field, the way to preserve their health, and other little details. The men all seem to take the keenest interest in these talks, which occur daily in Gen. Nogi's camp" (p. 87). Is it possible that they supposed themselves following American precedent, and that United States troops, overflowing with zealous desire, imbibed similar instruction on the sands of Florida or under the groves of Chickamauga, in anticipation of yellow fever in Cuba or of typhoid at Camp Thomas? The author arranges for a personal supply of "the boiled water served to the troops" (p. 35). Has the United States, has any "civilized" State, issued boiled water in the field? Has it acted, not merely declaimed, against raw water in contaminated regions?

Fertile in resource and quick to adopt the newest instrumental aid, we believe the Japanese were the first to use the hyposcope in actual war in this campaign. Its arrangement of prisms enables an officer out of the direct line of vision to observe the effect of artillery fire and to lay the guns as required. Large detachments of literal grenadiers were improvised and the rarely used missile reinstated. Extemporized wooden mortars, wrapped and reinforced with strips of bamboo, light enough for two men to drag to the immediate vicinity of a trench, bewildered the defenders by dropping charges of guncotton among them preparatory to a bayonet attack (p. 135). The Filipinos, in their destitution and desperation, used wooden cannon of small calibre and light weight, bound with cordage and bursting after a few rounds—pathetic signs of poverty. But these extemporized Coehorns were ingenious devices, admirably adapted to the situation. As to the Japanase treatment of the horse, Mr. Villiers admits that the miniature horse-lines before Port Arthur may not fairly represent a large cavalry camp, but, as far as they went, notwithstanding his extensive campaigning, he had never seen them equalled. Their leafy shade was refreshing to enjoy; "and so cleanly were they kept that, though the heat was intense and the moisture arising from the wet ground considerable, there was not the slightest effluvium of any kind to offend" (p. 48). In connection with the attention paid them, he adds: "Being an animal myself, if I had the choice of what form I should like to be in before Port Arthur, for comfort, regular meals, cleanliness, and general kind treatment, I should say, 'Make me a horse.'" One other point: on the eve of a great assault the troops expecting to be engaged "are tidying themselves up and changing their linen, for the Jap soldier has a horror to be found dead in a state of uncleanliness"; which the author notes as a novel custom in his campaign experience.

These are simple illustrations of the ways of an uncommon people. There is no discussion of the siege from a soldier's point of view. It is simply the diary of an experienced observer, and is a curious medley of Chinese rural life in the midst of war which we entirely pass by, of various trivial personal happenings, and some account of spirit-stirring combats and of the uproar and confusion that follow the operations of death-dealing mechanisms. As becomes an artist, the illustrations are copious and graphic, and many if not all are evidently reproductions of the original sketches for the *Illustrated News*, bearing upon them notes to the engraver, thus: "Please keep exactly to shape of white smoke. They are special studies of bursting projectiles sketched during the attack on the forts and therefore realistic of modern warfare." All the thirty-odd full-page illustrations bear evidence of being equally true to life.

The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Vols. I-III., 1778-1788. With Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. The Macmillan Co. 1904-5.

This edition of Fanny Burney's famous 'Diary' is based on the seven volumes issued by Colburn in 1842-6, rearranged in six volumes by the present editors. The Introduction, by Mrs. Barrett, the diarist's niece, is retained; but her notes were in many cases out of date and have been revised with numerous additions by Mr. Dobson. His footnotes are often quite unnecessary to any intelligent reader of the text. The appendices are new, and consist of "unpublished letters, or extracts from other sources which were too lengthy to be included in the notes."

The 'Diary' opens with the publication of 'Evelina' in 1778, when Fanny Burney was twenty-six. Her father was a teacher of music, whose great personal charm had long given him the *entrée* into fashionable society where the ordinary music-master, even though he had written an admirable 'History of Music,' would have been completely ignored. As it was, Dr. Burney was one of the most popular men in London, and his little house in St. Martin's Street was visited by most of the distinguished men and women of the day. The Burneys belonged to the middle class, but talent of any kind was fashionable, and there is no evidence that they were ever snubbed. When Fanny Burney, with infinite misgiving and speechless confusion, allowed it to be revealed to a select few that 'Evelina' was hers, she was promptly carried off by Mrs. Thrale, the great lion-hunter of the day, who had long entertained Dr. Johnson as her domestic philosopher and was eager to secure for her Streatham salon this latest celebrity, at whose identity every one was guessing. London society at that time was led by "the Wits." Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Chapone, and their kind dominated the drawing-rooms of London and Bath, while Mrs. Thrale, the wealthy brewer's wife, could always gather a crowd of "tonnish" people who were only too flattered to be browbeaten by Dr. Johnson if they could but be seen publicly in his set. Johnson was ever ready to give away his heart to a young woman of intelligence, and all London envied her her intimacy at Streatham with this "ponderous *amoroso*"—if we may borrow a phrase of Mr. Henry James. Even the young bloods craved the distinction of dancing with "little Burney" at what they called "flash" or "flaming" parties. A most unresponsive and embarrassing partner they must have found her. Her silences, which became as famous as those of Æschylus, earned for her the nickname of the "Mute Angel." One who had got on the soft side of Dr. Johnson and had written 'Evelina' could not, of course, be stupid, and when Hannah More

alluded to "the silence of intelligence" in a poem on "Attention," the compliment was at once fixed on Fanny Burney.

The Streatham party and their interests fill the first volume and half of the second. What is true of Fanny Burney's novels is true of her 'Diary': it is the minor characters that are the most amusing. We can all imagine for ourselves what it might be to sit down to dinner as she does in the natural course of things with Edmund Burke on one side, Sir Joshua Reynolds on the other, and Gibbon opposite. But think of going to tea with the Bowdlers, all unconscious that one's host was to be immortalized not by his 'Expurgated Family Shakspere,' then in vogue, but by being transformed, like Captain Boycott, into a verb. Among others then creeping silently into fame, Fanny Burney encountered Thomas Lawrence, whom she saw at his home, the Bear Inn, at Devizes, a boy of ten already known in the neighborhood for his wonderful drawings. Her brother married Sally Payne, of whom Fanny could not foretell that she was to furnish Lamb with the original of "Mrs. Battle." In those days, when it was fashionable to be "blue," there was an astonishing number of beautiful women in English society in whose list of charms a knowledge of Greek was placed second, if not first. Such was Sophy Streatfield, the belle of Tunbridge Wells, who, in addition to her Greek, had an extraordinary gift for tears. She used to be asked to cry in society as other people were asked to sing, and would cry smiling, like the water nymph in Theocritus with her April eyes.

In 1784 Mrs. Thrale married Piozzi the singer, and was cut by all her friends. Mrs. Delany, who counted with the "old Wits," now became Fanny's mentor. Mrs. Delany was adored by George III. and Queen Charlotte, and it was, no doubt, mainly due to her influence that they disregarded court precedents and in 1786 appointed Fanny Burney dresser to the Queen. She was now thirty-four. No one could have been less suited by nature for a life at court, and no one was ever less adaptable than Fanny Burney. For a woman who had been the pet of London society for eight years she was astonishingly slow at acquiring etiquette. Yet nearly all that the Georgian etiquette required was that you should not seem to exist in a royal presence unless requested by a royalty to speak or move, should scratch at a door instead of rapping, and leave the room when you were told you could go. Fanny Burney's awkwardness was partly due to her extreme short sight. It was court etiquette when you unexpectedly met the King or Queen to stand rooted to the spot, and, if convenient, to flatten yourself against the nearest wall. "Mrs. Burney," as she was officially called on her promotion, lived in a chronic state of nervous prostration at these encounters. The King and Queen were always genial and unbending with their suite, but there was a court spirit that could not be offended with impunity, and Fanny was constantly reminded by the odious Mrs. Schwellenberg, her chief among the Queen's attendants, that she was regarded as an interloper who must be taught her place. This German dragon, the Queen, and Mrs. Delany, fill the foreground of the third volume.

The pride of the Burney family in its new dignity was never shared by Fanny. She took life very hard and herself very seriously. She could always see the humor of another's situation, but could never face her own lightly. She shows herself in all these volumes an amiable prig, but still a prig. When she attended the first sittings of the trial of Warren Hastings in 1788 she snubbed Burke, who left his place to speak to her, because, being one of the court party, she regarded him as the cruel persecutor of one who, after all, was only her acquaintance, while Burke had long been her friend. She had little to describe that was as brilliant as this trial, for the home life of George III. was monotonous, not to say bourgeois, and of a respectability that strictly barred the "flaming" and the "flash." What makes this part of the 'Diary' entertaining is Mrs. Burney's lively descriptions of the trivial interests and difficulties of the ladies-in-waiting, their harmless sociabilities, their clothes, their relations with the equerries of the King, their squabbles and discussions when the whole suite met every evening at the tea-table of Mrs. Schwellenberg, all the little incidents connected with their frequent migrations to Kew and to town.

The full-page illustrations consist of portraits, views, and plans, and are well reproduced. There is an index to every volume, and a general index is promised at the close of the work.

Pathfinders of the West; Being the Story of the Adventures of the Men who Discovered the Great Northwest, Radisson, La Verendrye, Lewis and Clark. By Agnes C. Laut. With illustrations by Remington, Goodwin, Marchand, etc. The Macmillan Company. 1904. Pp. xxv., 380.

Miss Laut's 400 pages trace the careers of several preëminent American pathfinders to their ultimate goals. Radisson, Verendrye, with Lewis and Clark, are mentioned on the title-page. Two others of the elect few are there unnamed, though they each fill about as many pages as Verendrye or as Lewis and Clark combined. One of those unmentioned was Hearne, whose pilgrimage down the Coppermine in 1770 to Arctic salt water started that series of polar adventures which may wear out the world. The other of the unmentioned was Mackenzie, who first of all men crossed North America, and that twelve years before Lewis and Clark's grand traverse. The lack of these supreme names in the forefront, analogous to leaving Hamlet out of his namesake play, is the more noticeable because it is a typical negligence. All through the volume we desiderate something we ought to find but do not. Many a toothsome plum is plucked out of Radisson, but in the pile of sweets we miss that mortar of pudding which in the original showed their relations and hence significance, making them each to both lend and borrow light and sweetness.

The culmination of each pathfinder's endeavor made him also a pathbreaker and epoch maker. Radisson's discovery in the seventh decade of his century regarding that divide, or height of land, whence rivers flowed to Hudson Bay, cost France half her fur supremacy, and gave birth in 1670 to the Hudson Bay Company, the most longæval known, and which, after two centuries of record-breaking dividends, to-day lives with eye undimmed and natural force not abated. Mackenzie and Lewis, first overlanders to our ultimate sea, were fathers of international counter claims to that coast and country which to the world's wonder lasted a hundred years without a war.

For painting to the life her favorites, each a Columbus in his sphere, Miss Laut has many rare qualifications, and, thanks to a cardinal characteristic common to them each and all, she has naturally treated them all in the same book. As we have hinted at her weakness betrayed on her title-page, we are glad of the prima-facie illustration of her strength which greets us in the pictorial outside of her volume. The central field of the left cover we see filled with a nondescript figure which she declares to represent the form and pressure of a pathfinder's stockade. "Such a fort was a triangle, and, if on a river-side, built with its base at the water's edge, with gate there and log walls running up to the apex" (p. 114). Many a reader's comment is, "Preposterous! just like a lady's fortification, on the pattern of the blockhouses her pinafore boy builds on the nursery floor." But we read in Gass, who was the architect of Fort Mandan, in which Lewis and his men wintered: "We built huts in two rows, joined at one end in an angle, roofs rising shed-fashion from the inner side, so as to make the outer wall eighteen feet high," etc. This form of fort appeared as a cut in one of the earliest editions of Gass, and it has been copied in Thwaites's comprehensive edition now in press. In analogous cases Miss Laut, when she has kept in mind the classic shoemaker's last, is critic-proof. Indeed, her antecedents lent her special fitness for her task. Her birth and breeding were not only amid scenes which her heroes trod, but where pristine conditions are not much changed. Her travels have been along Labrador, in Hudson Bay, or inland in Keewatin, still further from beaten paths. She has known life in bark boats on rivers where she has learned how, before horses were known, the adventurers she writes of forced their way. She has also met in the flesh as well as in their writings the best new Dominion specialists as to research in her department. Her style, if not without words unfound in our lexicons, has justification from new things —or it is an attractive brogue or Canadese which banishes dulness, though, like her rivers, it may bubble at times with a fatal facility.

The pathfinders, building wiser than they knew, while all seeking fur as a chief end, sowed seeds which have sprung up in continental railways, imperial companies, and even empires. Radisson, starting on his crowning quest into the vast unknown, led thirty-two Frenchmen and six hundred wild men. No sooner had the French smarted in the first hedge of thorns than they all, except his brother, deserted him. Then he approved himself a leader born, if not heaven-born. Standing in the Indian council, which was becoming as faithless as the French had proved, he swayed it as the leaves of a tree are moved by wind—somewhat by memories, but mostly by shouldering his pack and starting, self-centred, all alone on a forward march. *Qui sibi fidit dux regit examen.* Not one of the Indian legion failed to follow in his trail, and all served him as Ariels or Calibans did the monocratic Prospero. Contemplating an analogous magnetism, or whatever we call

it, in all her pathfinders, no wonder that when Miss Laut relates their legendary miracles, her narrative is permeated with unconscious exaggerations and imaginations, so that her book may be fitly classed among historical novels. To all who cannot take in hand Radisson's own book, hitherto printed only in a single Society edition, we commend Miss Laut's dilution; but let those who can, forsake the stream for its fountainhead.

Old English Furniture. By Frederick Fenn and B. Wyllie. London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. x., 91.

This book is the first of a series, of which the general title is announced as the "Newnes Library of Applied Arts." It is a gratifying promise which is made to the public, for the signs are plain that branches of decorative art not hitherto sufficiently popular to deserve volumes devoted each to a single branch, will now receive notice. English furniture, to be sure, is the subject of many a book, but there is announced a volume on "Sheffield Plate"; and who would have dared, ten years ago, to propose that as a subject for a volume? So, a volume on French Pottery is announced; and apparently there is no adequate treatment of the beautiful eighteenth-century faïence anywhere in English, except in the very recent work of M. L. Solon —a book of three times the cost of one of the volumes we are discussing.

As to the present volume, it seems to follow very nearly the same historical course as the stately quarto on English Furniture by Mr. MacQuoid, of which there has been preliminary discussion in these columns. As in that costly book, the periods are named in accordance with the materials in favor—oak, walnut, and mahogany—so here chapter ii. is devoted to "Oak Furniture," chapter iii. deals with "The Walnut Wood Period," chapter iv. with "The Introduction of Mahogany," chapter v. with "Inlaid Mahogany and Satinwood." The sixth chapter is entitled "Painted Furniture," and one turns to it with the hope of finding there some discussion of the early mediæval work, of that epoch of design when form was simple and color was all. In this the reader will be disappointed. The painted furniture alluded to is of Angelica Kauffmann's time, and the chapter is only a page and a half long. Finally, chapter vii. deals with "Chairs and Sofas," they being reserved for discussion apart from the cabinets and cupboards, chests and tables, because of a very natural and very praiseworthy feeling. The commodious and agreeable seats of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are hardly to be discussed on the same lines as the more monumental pieces which have no upholstery, no compulsory reduction to unchangeable dimensions, no limitation of their solid parts to such slender bars and slats.

What we like especially about the text is its reserve, and quiet tone, and plain statement of the impossibility of fixing dates very closely. Again, one finds (pp. 37, 38) a very sagacious criticism of Chippendale, and a comparison of his work with that of the Stuart period. The author (in this case, Mr. Frederick Fenn) desires to remove the absurd impression which he thinks is prevalent, that furniture-making of good taste began with Chippendale. Mr. Fenn has dealt with walnut and mahogany, and the periods which they represent, and Mr. Wyllie with oak, inlaid and painted furniture, and chairs and sofas; but the introduction—chapter i., which is a general essay on making and buying fine furniture —is by Mr. Fenn, and it rather seems as if he were the deviser of the book.

It does not appear, however, who is responsible for the illustrations. These are ninety-four in number, all half-tone prints, but on separate sheets of coated paper with white backs. The fashion of hoisting the picture itself as high as possible on the page has at least the advantage of leaving plenty of room for a five-line legend. By an unusual connection of ideas, the word "hutch" is applied to a kneading-tray for bread, as shown in plate xvii. This is the French *pétrin* of the eighteenth century exactly, and it is the only specimen of English make that the present writer has heard of; but a kneading-tray is a well-known thing, and the term "hutch" applied to it, though to be found in the Century Dictionary, is assuredly unusual. Let it be accepted as a collector's name for this rare piece of household decorative art.

With the Pilgrims to Mecca. John Lane.

This is a very entertaining illustrated book. The main authorship is left decidedly obscure by being assigned to a certain Hadji Khan, M.R.A.S., all the parts of which name are titles simply. Nor is there much further illumination when he calls himself "Hadji Raz," which means "Mystery Hadji." Plain, however, it is that he is a Shi'ite Muslim, who had been educated in England, and to whom the East was, to a great extent, as new as to an Englishman. Persian is, evidently, his Oriental tongue, and very weird work he makes of Arabic liturgics. In an incautious moment he describes himself as "an agnostic who would like to know," and he evidently went through the ritual in a more or less sportive frame of mind. Only the interior of the Ka'ba struck a hush of awe upon him, and, with that, ventilation may have had a great deal to do. Even the sermon at Arafat, which so impressed Burton, had no emotional effect upon him.

Apart from entertainment, the interest of this book must lie in its revealing broadly the state of mind of such "enlightened" Muslims. How shall a stiffly traditional ritual, full of the crudest fetishism, impress a philosophic doubter? is the problem. The present doubter took his solidly, and made no attempt to ease the burden by symbolism or allegory. Apparently he said to his soul, "I will go through the whole thing and see how it affects me." Apart from the Ka'ba, where he seems to have half fainted, it evidently did not affect him much. Of interest, too, is his quite artistic use of a skeptical and very unregenerate master of ceremonies in order to bring out the high lights of sarcastic comment.

It is unfortunate that little reliance can be put on our author's accuracy. Otherwise, the account of the distinctively Persian and Shi'ite "use" in the liturgy would have much value. Up till now, we have nothing of the kind. With the pictures of society and trade in Mecca it is different; these are most lively in color and give every appearance of truth. Indeed, the last chapters, on the Meccan bazaars and the tales told by the Talisman-Monger and by the aforementioned master of ceremonies, are the most entertaining part of the book. How much there and elsewhere is due to Mr. Wilfrid Sparroy, the collaborator with the Hadji, is left obscure. Fifty pages at the beginning are plainly his, but how extensive were the "notes" (p. 299) of the pilgrim we are not told. To be divided between them, then, is the burden of most scandalous proof-reading, and of an inserted slip correcting some of the errata, which are blunders of the worst. Apparently a more competent Orientalist read the sheets very hastily at the last moment.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

The Week.

The far-reaching import of the Supreme Court's decision that the ten-hour-day law in bakeries is unconstitutional is evidenced by the utterances of the Unionist leaders. It speaks poorly for the Unionists' case in either law or morals that Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, is unable to make a better argument than that he presented on Tuesday week before the Quill Club. His treatment of the decision was such as to obfuscate his hearers both as to the law and the facts involved. He averred that if the court "had seen the conditions that prevail even under the ten-hour law, they would have believed that it was within the police power of the State to regulate the hours." So far as the abstract of the decision shows, there was no attempt made to prove that the conditions prevailing in bakeries are prejudicial to life or health. Moreover, the court expressly affirmed the police power of the State to extend to the correction of such conditions. Having apparently garbled the facts, Mr. Gompers proceeded to distort the law. Rhetorically asking his hearers what they would do if the Supreme Court had affirmed a ten-hour day unconstitutional in their own occupation, Mr. Gompers declared that as for himself he would strike until he had won the right "which the Supreme Court calls unconstitutional in law." Mr. Gompers's right to strike is undoubted, but the right which the Supreme Court calls unconstitutional is the right of a tyrannous labor union to prevent citizens from working longer than ten hours a day, if they will.

The proceedings just brought against certain railroads at the instigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission for violation of the safety-appliance act cover the two most important points of that law. In one case, the alleged offence was the hauling of a freight car not provided with automatic couplers; in the other, the operation of cars not provided with brakes controllable from the locomotive. The automatic coupler is now in practically universal use, and the violations in this particular are merely sporadic; but the air-brake requirement has been a prolific source of difficulty. The original regulation that every train must contain enough air-brake cars in connection to control it without resort to the hand brake was too vague, and two years ago the law was amended so as to require one-half the cars in every train to have working air-brakes. So long as any considerable number of freight cars are without air-brakes or have their mechanism out of order, the railroads will encounter constant difficulties in making up trains. If every car except one in a train, for instance, has its air-brakes in perfect condition, while that one is out of order, the railroad is violating the law unless the defective car is shifted to a place in the rear part of the train. Thus the air-brake law involves in the yards a good deal of extra work of a somewhat exasperating character. It is one of the points on which there is a natural temptation to "take chances."

The Senate has lost this year, in the one case by the turn of politics, in the other by death, two members of the type in some ways the most valuable in the work of legislation, and certainly the hardest to replace. Cockrell, the Democrat, and Platt of Connecticut, the Republican, who died on Friday, were alike distinguished for ripe experience, extraordinary knowledge of the details of lawmaking, intense application to small as well as great tasks, and judgment and probity in which their colleagues placed absolute reliance. The service of men of this type is of a kind which the casual observer of legislation finds it hard to appreciate, but to the value of which fellow-workers always give generous testimony. It was not until late in his career that Orville H. Platt began to be recognized as one of the real leaders of the Senate. In fact, the attaching of his name to the most important piece of Cuban legislation made him better known to the country at large than ever before. He was always quick to dispute on the floor of the Senate any insinuation that the new Cuban republic was not in every sense an independent nation, while, as the representative of a tobacco-growing State, his advocacy of Cuban reciprocity showed a breadth of view too rarely seen when sound statesmanship and parochial interests conflict.

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi has announced himself a candidate for the United States Senate against Senator H. D. Money. From a national point of view, it is to be hoped that Mr. Williams may obtain the office he aspires to. His leadership in the House has been adroit and forceful, and his place would not be an easy one for the minority to fill. But it seems not impossible that the gain to the Senate will more than compensate for the "lost leader" in the House. The heavy and stifling air of the Senate, the placidity with which it ratifies the will of its creators, the corporations, and the majestic effrontery with which it smiles at public opinion, ought to be changed for the better by the presence of Mr. Williams. His advent might perceptibly move the waters of that dead sea.

The lower house of the Illinois Legislature has delivered a characteristic blow at the classified civil service. After toying for some time with a comprehensive plan to put employees of the State under the rules, the members, by a bit of clever political juggling, rejected it and sent to the Senate a substitute emasculated to suit the most sturdy spoilsman. A demand for the reform was included in the platforms of both parties last summer, and its importance was emphasized by Mr. Deneen in his campaign for the Governorship. In fulfilment of the Republican pledges, Representative Norden, chairman of the civil-service committee, introduced into the House a serious and sweeping measure. As the spoilsmen's reply to the call for reform, Representative Lindly brought in a "freak" bill, designed to turn over the Democratic city administration of Chicago to the Republican Civil Service Commission of Cook County. This bill was solemnly debated at two sessions of the House, and, directly after its defeat, Mr. Norden's measure was called up and beaten. As a sop to the reformers, the House then passed a bill placing the employees of the State charitable institutions under the civil-service rule — excepting the superintendents, chief clerks, and one stenographer for each institution! As one critic has pointed out, there is actually only a corporal's guard of janitors and scrubwomen affected by the bill.

In the case of Justice Warren B. Hooker the Assembly Judiciary Committee has now taken all the testimony, and is preparing a report. One important charge against Hooker, substantiated before the legislative committee, was not even touched on by the State Bar Association—an attempt to deprive the city of Dunkirk of the use of its own land. Without going into all the details, it is enough to say that Hooker and Lester F. Stearns, one of the State Tax Commissioners, were joint proprietors of a building which adjoined property of the municipality of Dunkirk. For the sake of giving this structure more light and making it more valuable, Hooker used his influence with a fellow-justice of the Supreme Court, White of Buffalo, to secure an injunction forbidding Dunkirk to build on its tract. Justice White signed the order without giving it much attention, but when he

learned of the irregularity of the proceeding, he himself had the order vacated. Thus Hooker failed to profit by a bit of characteristic trickery. The building just mentioned is the one in regard to the rental of which George W. Beavers was so accommodating. When the structure was completed in October, 1901, Hooker and Stearns leased the ground floor for the post-office at $1,350 annually for ten years. In February, 1902, they persuaded Beavers to cancel the lease and raise the sum to $1,500, on the pretext of allowing the Government whatever space it might need in the basement. Finding the game easy and remunerative, they went to Beavers again in May, 1902, and had the rental fixed at $2,000 for the same space as before—less a room in the basement for the Western Union Telegraph Company. In February, 1904, when the methods of Beavers were becoming pretty well known, the Postmaster-General cancelled the third lease, and informed Hooker and Stearns that he would pay no more than $1,350. This, as rents go in Dunkirk, is ample. Hooker helped conduct the negotiations with his dear friend Beavers.

Much of the testimony in the public-lighting inquiry in this city is of so technical a nature as to confuse the really interested parties who pay the bills. For their sake a recapitulation of some of the main avowals of the representatives of the lighting monopoly may be of service. It has come out, first, that the Consolidated Gas Company is grossly overcapitalized, and is charging an inordinate price for gas; second, that it is operating in several instances under outlawed charters; third, that there is a great discrepancy between the actual valuation and the tax assessment of its properties; fourth, that its method of metering gas is crude and inequitable; fifth, that the company is evading desperately all inquiries into the status of the conduits for pipes and wires, the exclusive possession of which insures it against possible competition. In fine, there have been ample admissions both of excessive profits and of far-reaching disregard of law. The most promising tactics for those who wish to see proper control asserted over this public-service corporation is to work for a legislative reduction of the price of gas, and to probe searchingly the illegal monopoly maintained over the street conduits. The inquiry has already justified Mayor McClellan's courageous policy in refusing to renew contracts with this company until the reasonable remuneration has been judicially ascertained. He also deserves praise for disavowing the acts of Commissioner Oakley.

In most of its aspects, the sordid tragedy which came to light in Milwaukee banking circles on Monday is too familiar and commonplace to invite more than perfunctory comment. The bank president whose head is turned by watching the enormous profits of speculation; who throws into such a "deal" first his own money, then money stolen from the bank over which he presides; whose speculation goes wrong, leaving him to face his angry directors, his panic-stricken depositors, his astonished social acquaintances, and the State's Prison—these are unfortunately old and well-known incidents of what we call our "financial booms." No touch of familiar circumstance is omitted in the case of President Bigelow. He "occupied a foremost place" in the affairs of Milwaukee. He had even been honored with that coveted distinction, the presidency of the American Bankers' Association. To make the picture complete, let us add that the speculation in which he indulged was conducted under the auspices of a vulgar gambling ring, whose unscrupulousness, recklessness, and ignorance were notorious enough to warn away any intelligent business man. These danger signals had no such effect, any more than the tawdry personality of Ferdinand Ward kept James D. Fish from throwing the Marine Bank's deposit fund into Ward's speculations. It is the wearisome story of the paralysis, not only of business probity and honor, but of ordinary common sense, which occurs when an officer of trust is infected with the get-rich-quick delusion. There will be little question who is to blame, if the public voice should suddenly be raised in an undiscriminating outcry against all fiduciary officers who have allowed themselves to be even remotely associated with what look like schemes of financial graft. If the public fails to draw accurate distinctions between using an institution's funds in an unscrupulous attempt to corner the wheat market, and using them to swell commissions of trustees concerned in good, bad, or indifferent "underwriting" schemes, the participants in such deals will have no right to complain.

The organization that rules Philadelphia to its own great profit finds itself now with a bankrupt city on its hands, and, in order to provide funds, proposes to pawn the municipal gas plant. The United Gas Improvement Company is now operating the plant under a lease which will expire in 1927. The annual payments to the city under the terms of the contract have increased from some $193,000 in 1897 to a little more than $650,000 in 1904. Now, the organization proposes to abrogate the present contract and make a new lease for fifty years, from January 1, 1908, in consideration of a reduction of 10 cents a thousand in the price of gas and a lump payment of $25,000,000—terms exceedingly profitable to the gas company, as is shown by tables published in the newspapers that oppose the deal. These tables indicate that the normal increase in the use of gas, according to the figures of the past eight years, would bring into the city treasury in fifty years, under the terms of the existing contract, at least $100,000,000, and before the expiration of the present lease over $31,000,000. But, of course, the big sum for immediate needs could not be realized by letting a fair contract stand, and the organization must have money to pay its favorites who build the city's sewers and engineer the Republican vote. The alternative of raising funds by increasing the tax rate has not been considered—that way lies danger to the machine, which, after all, must draw its power from the voters.

No man could have met death in a better cause than Sheriff Poag of Tate County, Mississippi, who was shot down by a lynching mob while doing his duty in protecting a negro criminal. The prisoner had been tried and convicted of a particularly revolting murder, but the Supreme Court, acting on a technicality, had ordered a new trial. Therefore a mob concluded to take the law into its own hands. So far the story is familiar But the sheriff was not content with warning the mob. He fired upon it, and was himself killed by a bullet of one of the would-be lynchers. Strange to say, the negro in the jail was left unmolested, and the mob slunk away. But the outrage has aroused public sentiment in a way that the mere lynching of the criminal could not have done. Rewards have been offered for the arrest of the mob leaders. As the Chattanooga *Times* says, in commenting on the case, "the beginning of the end of mob violence would unquestionably date from the hanging of the ringleaders of this cowardly mob." Gov. Vardaman has thrown himself with energy and determination into the apprehension of the murderers. In fact, since he took office he has uniformly stood strongly against the lynching spirit.

Writing on the question of negro education in the South in the Boston *Transcript*, Professor Hart has touched upon certain striking inconsistencies in the attitude of the whites. As is well known, white teachers of the negro are social outcasts throughout the South as a whole, particularly if they are of Northern antecedents. In one case known to us, the immediate neighbors of a splendid school in Alabama, run by New England women of the highest type, never set foot within its walls until a distinguished party of Northern and Southern educators visited it. As Professor Hart says, the relentlessness of this ostracism is hard for a Northerner to believe. "An educated and cultivated

family," he reports, "lives in a Southern city, superior intellectually and morally to most of the community about it, yet no friendly foot ever crosses its threshold." Even in the border States, the feeling is so strong that the daughter of a prominent family would be considered as hopelessly disgraced—as if she had committed a social crime—were she to associate herself with as noble an institution as Atlanta University or Hampton. It therefore surprised Professor Hart to discover that in Charleston the teachers of the colored public schools were white people. Had he gone to Richmond and Lynchburg, he would have found a similar paradoxical state of affairs, and, in the case of a high school, he would have been told that the reason why the teachers were white was because the salaries were too large to pay to negroes. Little inconsistencies like these, however, never affect the believers in the theory of racial aloofness.

Mr. Kenyon Cox discusses in the *Evening Post* the proposed affiliation of the National Academy with Columbia University. He shows very clearly that nothing like absorption of the Academy is contemplated, and gives very welcome assurances that only its art schools are to be located on Morningside Heights. We learn also on sure authority that even the art schools are to retain their autonomy. The plan, in short, comes down to a common building, which the Academy provides, capacious enough to house both its own schools and the Columbia courses in the fine arts. For this building Columbia will give the site under conditions safeguarding both parties in case the partnership should ever be dissolved. The visible result of the alliance, then, will be a great building, in which, side by side with the Academy classes in drawing, painting, sculpture, and engraving, will be conducted the University lectures in æsthetics and art history. Evidently the Academy finds its account in the arrangement. It disposes of the vexatious problems of its schools, for which it gets a free site, and is enabled to approach, without ulterior embarrassments, the task of securing a capacious and centrally located exhibition building. Moreover, it is probable that on the one hand the Academy may be able to draw upon Columbia for lectureships on anatomy and on the more geometrical and chemical aspects of the painter's craft, while University instruction in the history and theory of art may gain something of actuality by the presence of those who handle clay and pigments. As the distinguished artists who thanked President Butler for his overture remarked justly, "somewhere the arts intersect."

Professor Francke of Harvard, to whose ardent efforts the Germanic Museum in Cambridge largely owes its existence, hopes for a brilliant future for this institution. He would have it become not merely a storehouse of Germany's artistic past, but a strong tie between the Germany and America of to-day. In connection with the exchange of professors between Harvard and Berlin, he suggests that the Museum should be sufficiently endowed to enable it to invite German savants to give yearly a course of lectures on German history, literature, and art. From Cambridge they could travel westward and repeat their lectures in other university centres, and thus instil a knowledge of German aims and ideals, which are often sadly ignored or misunderstood despite our many German-American citizens and the numerous American students who attend German universities. If only as an offset to Jingo animosity towards Germany, the scheme commends itself quite aside from the merit of the plan. It is gratifying to note, in passing, that for the last few months American attacks on Germany have ceased altogether. Now, it is Japan which keeps us awake o' nights by her perfectly open efforts to oust us from the Philippines—would she might!—or to steal Hawaii, or close the door on us in Asia. Germany for the moment is allowed to rest in peace.

In diplomacy as in life no man is indispensable, but M. Delcassé is at least the pivotal figure in Europe to-day, and the news that he meant to resign could but cause a certain apprehensiveness. The weight of his influence has always been cast on the side of peace. International arbitration has found in him a steadfast friend. Such notable treaties as the Siamese and the Anglo-French conventions testify not only to the good will and straightforwardness which he has put into the negotiations, but also to the extraordinary ability with which he has represented the interests of his nation. Again, the *entente* between France and Italy is largely of his making—a step which by perfectly legitimate methods has done much to offset the undue preponderance of Germany in Europe. In recent days the irritating activities of the Kaiser in Morocco have put M. Delcassé's equanimity to the supreme test, and his quiet but decisive reiteration of the Moroccan policy openly adopted by France more than a year ago has made the bluster of the Wilhelmstrasse look not only meddlesome, but foolish. It was said that he resigned because the hotheads of the Chamber wanted him to answer the Germans according to their folly. Happily, he was induced to reconsider and remain at his post.

For the moment, the Liberal ferment in Russia seems to have ceased. The suspension of Witte's peasant committee is taken as a matter of course. The reactionists evidently stake their cause on the event of the impending naval battle. Even the reformists are divided among themselves. Few of the learned bodies and zemstvos which have petitioned for a legislative assembly are likely to concur in the minimum programme of the new Progressive Liberal party. An advisory council elected by the zemstvos is all that M. Shipoff and Prince Trubetskoy propose. These leaders condition their plan upon the extension of the zemstvo system throughout the Empire. Here, at least, the Czar and the Liberals are in accord, for he has recently instituted zemstvo government voluntarily in Eastern Siberia. If the plan for an advisory council falls far short of the hopes of the average reformer, the scheme has much to be said for it. Russia is hardly prepared for genuine parliamentary rule, and a great council might afford a valuable training for future parliamentarians. To change the council at need into a national legislature would be a very simple matter. But the success of such a compromise depends, first, upon the good faith and courage of the Czar, who might, under the sinister influence of the Grand Ducal cabal, be induced to authorize such an assembly without ever consulting or even convening it; and upon the temper of the Liberal proletariat. May Day should tell whether the path of concession and compromise is still open, or whether the leaders of the people, as many symptoms indicate, are committed to the plan of revolution.

The Cretan Parliament meets only at intervals of two years; accordingly, its unanimous vote for the termination of the High Commissionership and for union with Greece has the emphasis of long repressed emotion. As representative of the four treaty Powers, Prince George is bound officially to discourage unionist sentiment; personally it can hardly be a grief to him to see that the anomalous position of the island is irksome to its inhabitants. Among the 303,000 inhabitants enumerated in the census of 1900, Greeks are to Muslims in a ratio of eight to one. The pacification of the island is relatively complete; Greek possession would menace the Mediterranean interests of no Power Even the Sultan would have no sound reason for declining to relinquish his nominal overlordship, since Crete no longer pays tribute, and recent events in Macedonia have made all Greeks in a sense allies of the Porte against the Bulgars. In short, the restoration of Crete to the parent country would involve only a loyal assumption of the Cretan debt. But the signatory powers—Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia—have set their face against it.

TERRITORIAL WATERS AND NEUTRALITY.

Recent events are likely to bring international law back to its beginnings in the dispute over *Mare clausum* and *Mare liberum*. Characteristically, the Russians may be cited on both sides of the controversy. They sowed floating and even set fixed mines many leagues from Port Arthur, treating the two broad gulfs as territorial waters of their leasehold on the Liaotung Peninsula; and their fleet has made long sojourns off neutral ports, just beyond the three-mile limit, thus claiming the narrowest interpretation of the limit of national jurisdiction on the high seas. Both actions argue strongly against the three-mile rule which we have inherited from the early part of the eighteenth century.

Bynkershoek's dictum, "Terrae dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis," was promptly interpreted to mean the extreme range of a cannon of that time. Evidently, the strictest application of his principle would regulate territorial waters by the range of cannon, and to-day an international conference, recognizing the improvement in ordnance since William and Mary's day, could hardly fail to multiply by three the old limit of a marine league. In the *Alabama* affair the French Foreign Office took this ground, and warned Capt. Semmes seven or eight miles away from the harbor of Cherbourg. In 1894 the Institut de Droit International discussed the matter of the coastal zone, and without dissent agreed that it should be extended. A majority of the delegates favored establishing a limit of six marine miles from low-water mark, in time of peace; with the right on the part of a neutral State to extend it, in time of war, upon due notification, to the longest range of a modern gun. This discussion brought out the essential principle that national jurisdiction over coastal waters and the duties of a neutral by no means coincide geographically. These eminent jurists agreed that in time of war a neutral might, in the interests of peace, control the sea far beyond its ordinary jurisdiction. In other words, a neutral is its own judge of its duty towards the comity of nations, and in performance of such duties must not be bound by the geographical limits of ordinary police power.

Any definition of territorial waters is likely to be inadequate in time of war, for such definitions are not made in view of that eventuality. The three-mile limit, at its origin and to-day, simply expressed the range within which the shipping and revenue regulations of a nation might conveniently apply. It set a check to the growing doctrine of a free sea, and provided a rule-of-thumb application for Grotius's maxim that the law of the land extends over that part of the sea which is clearly appurtenant thereto. Thus *armorum vis* means logically not the stray shot of an enemy, but the range of the arms of the law. In other words, the three-mile rule, a convenient demarcation for the ordinary purposes of common and admiralty law, is always a most arbitrary and defective index under the extraordinary conditions arising in time of war. Indeed, it is very difficult to lay down any principle that shall fix by log and lead the very delicate duties of a neutral. But one or two points are clear: the neutral zone exists primarily for the defence of a nation at peace. Upon it she places a ban in order that her general tranquillity shall not be disturbed, or her shipping and coast endangered by either of the belligerents. Under modern conditions of naval warfare, a fight far beyond present or probable territorial jurisdiction might be dangerous, and a nation should have power to prevent it. Would England permit a fight in Queenstown offing, or the United States at Scotland Light?

But, besides this duty of self-protection, a neutral nation has also that of treating belligerents humanely. Thus, the right of the war vessel of a belligerent to enter a neutral port is wholly analogous to the right of asylum granted to a disabled craft. In either case the principle is clear that only necessary assistance must be rendered, and that the visiting ship or squadron must not abuse the hospitality extended to it either by making warlike preparations or by prolonging a stay which at best is embarrassing to the host. Here the use of nations has fixed the rule that a disabled war vessel may make indispensable repairs in a friendly port, while the stay in all other cases is limited to twenty-four hours. The spirit of the rule is that aid of any sort rendered to a belligerent should be of a temporary and strictly limited kind. If such aid be continued, neutrality is offended, even if the belligerent be neither in port nor outside the bounds of territorial jurisdiction. If, as appears to be the case, the Russian fleet lay weeks off Madagascar and days in Kamranh Bay, with launches and dispatch boats maintaining an uninterrupted supply service with the land, neutrality was sorely stretched, though the anchorage of the fleet were miles outside the conventional bounds. As a matter of fact, even the police power refuses to be bound by the three-mile limit. Many cases are cited in the books on international law. For our purpose, let the patrolling of international yacht races on the high seas suffice.

If the present conception of territorial waters is too narrow for proper exercise of the ordinary police power, and can with difficulty be made to cover the neutral zone in war time, then the three-mile limit appears doubly obsolete and absurd. Nothing can justify the Russians for strewing mines in the Chinese gulfs, yet modern requirements of national defence might, upon proper notification, justify a belligerent in extending its cordon of mines beyond the three-mile limit. Quite as clearly, belligerent fleets seeking neutral ports are to-day on a different basis from the old squadrons of ships of the line. On the side of repairs, the new-style fighting machines are absolutely more helpless; on the side of supply, steam launches, lighters, derricks, and all the improved machinery of translocation, make it possible to do in a few hours what was formerly the work of days. All these considerations call emphatically for an authoritative international utterance on territorial waters and neutrality. One may confidently expect that the approaching conference on neutrality and the law of contraband will agree with Prof. T. E. Holland of Oxford, that the line should be drawn at a considerably greater distance than three miles from shore, and with the eminent jurists who in 1894 decided that the neutral zone in time of war should be much more generously described than the administrative zone in time of peace.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.

"A growing Socialistic tendency among the American masses" is one of the things on which H. Rider Haggard commented last week before he sailed for England. His observation merely confirms the opinion expressed by other, and perhaps better informed, students of political and social conditions in this country. The late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, who was by no means a sentimentalist, is often quoted as saying, "The next great issue this country will have to meet will be Socialism." Predictions of this kind are hazardous; but no man who has followed public discussion for twenty-five years can deny that Socialistic theories are more freely debated and belief in them more frankly avowed than ever before.

The causes which are luring so many Americans from the old creed of individualism are not far to seek. The socialistic movement in Europe inevitably has its effect here. No protective tariff bars out ideas. Thousands of immigrants, converted to Socialism by the prevailing poverty of the lower classes in the Old World, bring here a faith which we have been wont to regard as exotic and alien. Then, too, every foreign mail bears its freight of newspapers, pamphlets, and books to sustain the propaganda. Municipal ownership, State insurance, workingmen's pensions, minute regulation of the hours of labor, nationalization of railways, telegraphs and telephones—the thousand schemes of paternalism, now find strong and numerous advocates here. The experiments in England, Germany, France, Italy, and Australia are cited for our guidance by the very schoolboys. The argument of people who ignore differ-

ences in national genius and ideals or in methods of administration, is brief and persuasive: Shall we confess that a republic is more impotent than a monarchy? What Government has done, Government may do.

Our Socialists, indigenous and imported, have, we must admit, been confirmed in their error by the shamelessness with which managers of public-service corporations have debauched the commonwealth. Our bold speculators in street railways and in gas and electric lighting have laid heavy and dirty hands on governors and legislators, mayors and aldermen. So familiar have we become with venality that when a prosecuting officer, like Joseph W. Folk, has the courage and the honesty to bring traffickers in franchises to the bar of justice, he wins instant fame. Yet St. Louis is not peculiarly wicked. In Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and indeed wherever two or three boodlers are gathered together, the tale is the same. Since municipal ownership would obviously do away with this particular form of corruption, thousands of voters clamor for the change, regardless of the danger of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

The insolence and extortion of our railway and lighting companies have also stirred profoundly the popular consciousness. We may endure with comparative equanimity the spectacle of the elected representative of the people selling himself to a piratical corporation, but the most apathetic of us resents having his pockets picked to pay some one else's dividends on watered stock. Human nature being what it is, the gas investigation in this city has made friends by wholesale for the project of municipal gas and electric plants. When a monopoly manufactures gas at from thirty to fifty cents a thousand feet and sells for a dollar, when it meets heavy interest charges on enormous overcapitalization, when it deliberately supplies a product inferior to the stipulated quality, when it juggles with the pressure in order still further to swindle the consumer, no one can be surprised if men in their haste seize the weapon of municipal ownership. Harrison E. Gawtry, William Rockefeller, Anthony N. Brady, Thomas F. Ryan, and the other directors of the Consolidated Gas Company, are the real leaders of the crusade for Socialism — not such frothy demagogues as Eugene V. Debs.

We must reckon into the account also certain recent revelations in high finance. Nobody imagines that stories of rebates to the Standard Oil Company and to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company have failed to move men toward State control of railways. No one can deny that the disclosures about the Equitable will point many appeals for State insurance. Whatever the perils—so runs the plea—we shall incur nothing worse than this. In brief, our noisy agitators can turn to sleek and solid capitalists who deprecate wild talk about Socialism, and retort with the lines from Sophocles:

" 'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words."

Prophecies as to political results are, as we have said, unwise. To form a sound estimate of the strength of the Socialists is impossible. The party cast 97,730 votes in the Presidential election of 1900, and 391,587 in 1904. The Socialists themselves assert, and not without reason, that Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary personal popularity and the widespread conviction that his own programme is radical, drew the Socialist lightning. Moreover, many who draw the line at Debs or any declared Socialist as President, are ready enough to try local experiments in Socialism. Chicago, for example, has just come out deliberately and overwhelmingly for municipal ownership of street railways. That instance, however, does not prove everything, for the successful candidate for Mayor, Judge E. F. Dunne, was nominally a Democrat, and of course received a considerable party support regardless of local issues. The procedure of Chicago is probably typical. As Socialism gains headway here or there, one of the older parties will seize the occasion to make capital for itself. This is the means by which an independent Socialist organization has been kept down in Europe. In England, no less distinguished a Conservative than Joseph Chamberlain himself has proposed old-age pensions. In this country the Democrats, by adopting an "advanced" platform in 1908, may render the Socialists, as such, a negligible quantity. But radicalism is not, as President Roosevelt has shown us, the exclusive patent of either party. In any event the tendency toward Socialism is a grave fact, a menace to our traditions, which will disturb both the plots of our politicians and the visions of our statesmen.

THE YOSEMITE RECESSION.

When Gov. Pardee of California took in hand a quill plucked from a Yosemite Valley eagle and signed the bill for the recession of that valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove to the National Government, he consummated a deed which must have rejoiced all who are interested in the scenic wonder of the West. The creating of the Yosemite National Park by Congress in 1890 established a state of affairs which was bound to bring about deplorable complications. Here was a park, nearly the size of Rhode Island, thirty-six miles in length and forty-eight miles in breadth, belonging to the Federal Government, and in the heart of it the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove, belonging to the State of California—an *imperium in imperio* which resulted in constant friction and trouble, as might have been foreseen. A year ago matters went so far that a fire was permitted to ruin some of the finest trees because both Federal and State officials insisted that it was outside of their respective jurisdictions.

In 1864, when Congress ceded the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove to the State of California, "to be held for public use, resort, and recreation," little was known of the unique marvels of this region. To-day all the world knows about them, as it does about the Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls; the Valley is visited by tourists from other States and foreign countries in much larger numbers than by Californians, and it is therefore proper that the National Government should have charge of it. For more than a decade complaints have been rife that the State did not take proper care of the Park placed in its trust; the floor of the Valley, a natural flower garden, was allowed to be devastated and disfigured, and in one instance the commissioners proposed action of which Frederick Law Olmsted said that it "would eventually result in an irreparable calamity—a calamity to the civilized world." That was as long ago as 1892, and that matters have not mended is indicated by these remarks made only a few weeks ago by the man whose name is identified more than any other with the Yosemite, Mr. John Muir:

"Any person who doubts that it will be best for the national Government to take charge of the Valley, need only visit the portion of the National Park under Government control, and then compare it with the Valley. The Park will be found blooming with flowers, the trails well kept, and everything done to preserve the natural beauties of the place. On the other hand, the Valley is disordered and unkempt, the trails are overgrown, and not laid out through the finest portions, and the best part of the Valley will be found fenced off and used as a corral for the riding horses of the saddle trains."

The difference in favor of the national part of the Park exists notwithstanding the fact that it is really only a forest reserve, and not a National Park in the sense that the Yellowstone is, for the greatest natural beauties and wonders are in and near the Valley. With this, too, under its jurisdiction Washington would feel called upon to do for it what it has done for the Yellowstone, for which more than half a million dollars have been appropriated within two years, or more than the California Legislature has expended on the Yosemite in forty years. The Sierra Club, whose president, John Muir, and secretary, William E. Colby, were the most valiant champions of the recession bill, estimates that $100,000 a year is needed for the proper care of the Valley in place of the $10,000 or $15,000 provided by the State. It will cost $200,000 to build the new hotel absolutely needed; two summers ago there was such a congestion in

the accommodations provided for visitors, that the State Commissioners had to notify the transportation companies not to allow any more tourists to enter the Valley.

Two years ago both President Roosevelt and the Governor of California were won over to his side by Mr. John Muir, on the way to the Valley; and since then, in the words of that enthusiast, "the movement was like Yosemite avalanches." The Opposition had for its chief and almost sole organ a yellow journal which professed to have received nearly 65,000 signatures against the recession bill. A demagogic appeal was made to State pride: "Should California be advertised as poverty-stricken, miserly, and incompetent?" The appeal fell flat in face of the fact that the State had not, in four decades, done its duty. The *Examiner* itself had to admit that, "as John Muir loves the Valley, and is neither a grafter nor a windbag, it may be said with certainty that, when he asks for recession, there is a lot that the State should do for the Valley that it has not done."

The remark of a Senator of the Opposition who owns property near the Park, "I don't want soldiers to manage my property," threw light on the situation and emphasized the need of the change. Experience in the Yellowstone Park has shown that military control was needed to enforce the rules regarding trespassing and a hundred other things. Heretofore the Yosemite has been under the management of a board of commissioners who received no salary, met once a year in the Valley, and usually had had no experience in the duties expected of them. In striking contrast with this is the Yellowstone, which the National Government has placed in charge of salaried engineers and army officers, who devote all their time to the Park. Under such management the Yosemite would soon show a changed aspect. There are toll roads to be made free, other roads to be constructed, and various measures to be taken to decrease the time and expense of travel. Of the first importance is the establishment of a system of permanent telephone stations to give proper protection to the forests from fire.

California being largely a winter resort, it is expected that the Government will make the Park accessible all the year round. In the case of the Yellowstone, this cannot be done; it is hospitable only three months a year, whereas in the Yosemite Mr. Muir has found flowers and butterflies in midwinter. His books, the 'Mountains of California' and 'Our National Parks,' should be put in the hands of all our legislators in order that they may appreciate the value of the new trust committed to them, and be moved to care on the highest principles for a region that comprises not only forests which Sir Joseph Hooker and Asa Gray pronounced superior to all others in beauty and grandeur, but peaks, domes, cañons, gardens, and cataracts unique among the world's wonders.

LESSONS OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

The musical season which is drawing to a close has been one of the most interesting on record—so interesting, indeed, that it is difficult to see what the managers can do to prevent the next one from being an anti-climax. Popular artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Josef Hofmann, Pachmann, Kreisler, Ysaye, Von Vecsey, never visit this country two years in succession, and it will be impossible to find their equivalents for next winter. There are plenty of others on both sides of the ocean who deserve success, but the trouble with most of them is that the American public stubbornly perseveres in its foolish policy of patronizing only the acknowledged heads of the profession. As long as the piano manufacturers continue to back up the concerts, the minor pianists will have a chance to come before the public and run the gantlet of newspaper criticism; but it is likely that the managers, in view of the future, are beginning to realize that they made a mistake in giving the public too sumptuous a feast.

Of the artists named, all had a prosperous season with the exception of the boy violinist, Franz von Vecsey. Without being exactly a failure, he fell far short of his manager's expectations. In Berlin, Vienna, London, he had drawn larger audiences than such mature artists as Kreisler and Ysaye. Although the reverse was the case here, we are not entitled to boast ourselves superior in taste and less prone to sensationalism in the prodigy line than the Europeans. There is always a lottery element in such things; Kubelik, for instance, was as great a success in America as in Europe, although he was emotionally as immature as Von Vecsey. It is true, however, that there is at present less interest in young prodigies in this country than in London and elsewhere, and this is on the whole a good thing, for there can be no doubt that, in nine cases out of ten, harm—often irreparable—is done by the hothouse method of forcing musical talent. Rubinstein summed up this question accurately when he wrote that "these children generally exhibit astonishing musical talent from a very early age, but there comes a time (with boys from the fifteenth to the twentieth year, with girls from the fourteenth to the seventeenth) when the musical gift weakens or sleeps altogether; and only those who are able to cross this Rubicon will then become real artists. Of such the number is very small." Von Vecsey is reported to have said that he will not return to America till he has a beard, and in this remark there is a useful hint to all exploiters of prodigies.

In the matter of orchestral concerts the lesson has once more been taught that the conductor is more important than his "instrument." Our Philharmonic, although it has its weak points, is one of the best orchestras in the world, yet one need but glance at the figures given in Mr. Krehbiel's history of that organization, and the more recent records, to see that its prosperity was always—in some cases almost startlingly—dependent on its conductor. Two years ago it was deemed necessary to make a radical change by importing half a dozen famous leaders from Europe. The experiment proved so successful that it was repeated, although there were those who declared that only its "sensationalism" had helped it through. The second star-conductor season, however, increased the earnings of each member of the orchestra by $112, and this makes it likely that the present policy will be maintained for years, in spite of efforts to steal the Philharmonic's thunder. The late Theodore Thomas always declared that, to secure satisfactory results, an orchestra should play under only one leader, and this opinion is often advanced by others. If it were correct, it would be impossible ever to hear a first-class operatic performance in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, or the other German capitals, for in all these cities—and in Bayreuth, too—there are always several men who alternate as conductors of the same orchestra. The plain truth is that change in leadership is actually an advantage; it makes the players alert, attentive to their work, eager to do their best. Richard Strauss travels from one city to another conducting the most complicated of his scores, generally after two rehearsals, and the results are usually lauded without reserve. We shall probably hear no more about the bugaboo of multiple conductorship.

The patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House last year taught Mr. Conried the lesson that he could not tempt them to pay $5 a seat for even the most popular operas unless he engaged the most popular singers to appear in them. This year there were indications that he had taken that lesson too much to heart. He secured nearly all the favorite artists, and then found that he could present almost anything he pleased, with or without rehearsal, and be sure of a full house. Is there now, or was there ever, a manager able to resist the temptations offered by such a situation? Mr. Conried saw his opportunity of making the season the most profitable one on record, and he seized it, to the detriment of art. With seven performances a week—one of them in Philadelphia—it was next to impossible to do any rehearsing, and presently there were amusing rumors about prima-donnas (whom Mr. Conried had, on assuming his office,

threatened with dire punishment if they refused to attend rehearsals) actually begging for, nay, angrily demanding, at least one rehearsal, and not getting it!

There are, to be sure, two sides to this operatic question. In Germany they have plenty of rehearsals, but no singers; here we have the singers and no rehearsals. Which is the better, or the worse? The great Felix Mottl refused to come back to America because he was in despair over the rehearsal question; but now that he has become Generalmusikdirector in Munich, it is reported on good authority that he is in despair over the singer question. The American situation, after all, seems more hopeful than the German. When an opera is repeated several times we generally get excellent results. Lengthening the season and crowding less into each week would be a way of mending matters. Mr. Conried seems to have had the intention of adding a month to next year's season. In this he was confirmed by his disastrous week in "unmusical Boston." But in the cities of the West he had such a brilliant success that he may, after all, change his mind again about confining himself to New York hereafter.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1905.

Never before, we believe, since the National Academy of Sciences was created, in 1863, has a spring session brought so meagre a crop of papers as did that of last week. Meeting in Holy Week has not hitherto had such an effect, but this year there were only eight papers. The consolation was that those few were not hurried over as Academy papers usually are, but could be understood and enjoyed in full.

Dr. William Morris Davis, Professor of Geology in Harvard, opened the readings with a deductive sketch of the distinctive effects upon the conformation of the surface of any land-region of several modes of erosion. No other than erosive agencies were considered; and indeed the title of the paper, "The Geographical Cycle in an Arid Clime," would limit the subject still further. But, unfortunately, no lantern had been provided, and the paper probably had to be modified in its presentation. It was very interesting, however, as it was given. In an ordinary climate, the surface of the land would in the ultimate result get washed down to one lowest possible level, technically called the base-level. It usually coincides with the sea-level. Powell showed the importance of recognizing this tendency, since, under normal conditions, there is no other cause that can produce a terrestrial level surface. In arid regions there is no other erosive agency than that of the wind to mould the surface; and wind is far more efficient in such regions than where vegetation arrests it and makes a relative calm close to the ground. Air, of course, does not seek any particular level for itself and its freight, as water does. But its action, as figured by Professor Davis on the blackboard, reminds one of the process of grading a railway-bed by cutting and filling, the depressions being raised with the matter removed from the elevations; so that, like that operation, it does at last leave a level surface—interrupted, it may be, by bare crags of rock. This level surface may perfectly well be below the sea-level, none other than which can usually be the last surface washing. Nevertheless, the wind may strike upon the base of an obstruction in such a manner as to dig holes. It was a matter of regret that a second paper by Professor Davis, which was announced on the printed list, did not get read.

Professor E. L. Nichols of Cornell gave a paper entitled "The Mechanical Equivalent of Light." Since ordinary text-books do not use this phrase, the reader may naturally ask what meaning can be attached to it. The photometric intensity of any one bright line or narrow band in a spectrum will vary in strict proportion to its heat-energy, and the value of the inverse ratio (the energy per brightness) will be the mechanical equivalent of the light of the wave-length of that band. But, for different parts of the visible spectrum, this inverse ratio will vary immeasurably, becoming infinite at the limits of the visible spectrum. We may add that the curve of variation will be appreciably different for different eyes, though they be normal eyes, and not a little for the same eye at different times of day, conditions of health, etc. Perhaps our many expressions about "everything looking blue" to a man in one mood, "bearing a roseate hue" in another mood, and so forth, though they are all now understood as purely metaphorical, may, some of them, have had their origin, before poetry was recognized as such, in nice observations of positive fact. At any rate, the mechanical equivalent of ordinary light capable of dispersion by a prism will have a different value for each illuminant, for each pattern of lamp or burner in which that illuminant is used, for each state of cleanliness of that lamp, for each eye, and for each state of the eye. But the usage of physicists restricts the phrase to the light of a little lamp introduced by Von Hefner-Alteneck burning "pear oil" (often insufficiently designated as "amyl-acetate") and having a flame of a certain fixed height. The photometric intensity of such a flame is called a hefner. It is about eight-ninths of a standard sperm candle-power. An ardent admirer of the marvellous precision of modern physical measurements was all ears and eyes when Prof. Nichols proposed to set down upon the blackboard the three principal determinations of the mechanical equivalent of light by Thomson, Tumlirz, and Ångström, and was evidently preparing himself to be astounded. When he learned that the three values of this important unit which the three eminent physicists had obtained were in the ratios of 19, 13, and 7, respectively, his surprise was of an unexpected kind. Prof. Nichols gave a number of conclusive reasons for holding Ångström's value to be the only trustworthy determination. What had to be done was to remove all the invisible rays from the Hefner flame and measure the heat of the remaining visible rays. If a young student under examination were unexpectedly required to give an instant answer to the question how this should be done, never having heard of the problem, he would infallibly propose to disperse the light into a spectrum, screen off the invisible parts, and concentrate the rest into a calorimeter. But, easy as this would be to say, the difficulties of doing it, with the consequent probable errors, caused Thomson and Tumlirz to prefer to cut off the dark heat by simply passing the light through water. Now it is true that the water would permit the passage of but a very small proportion of the dark heat; but this small proportion might amount to as much as all the heat of the visible part, or more. Ångström therefore chose the difficult method. Some of the visible rays would be absorbed in the spectroscope, no doubt; but, by a photometric comparison with the bare flame, or otherwise, he could readily correct for that; and his value is alone capable of reconciliation with Langley's bolometer results and various other observations.

Prof. Nichols gave the amounts of energy per unit of photometric intensity in the light of a kerosene lamp, of an ordinary gaslight, and of an acetylene light. Such vague descriptions of course preclude precision, but the three amounts of heat were nearly in the ratios of 9, 8, and 7. He compared the different illuminants from other points of view. If we take the "economy" of a mode of illumination to consist in the proportion of the energy that is visible, then the Welsbach burner is a more economical source of light than the electric arc or than the sun itself. If, however, we define the economy as consisting in the ratio of the watts of light-emission to the consumption of fuel-weight, the Welsbach burner stands very low—hardly above a tallow candle—while acetylene distances every artificial competitor. Professor Nichols remarked that the place in the spectrum to the light of which the human eye is most sensitive is also the point of maximum energy in the solar spectrum, and that the curve of sensitiveness of the eye for light of different wave-lengths and the curve of energy in sunlight are substantially identical; which he thought gave logical support to the idea that our faculty of vision, including its seeing the particular mixture of light as colorless which it does so see, has been developed in conformity to the character of sunlight. Fortunately the idea is in no desperate need of logical support.

The well-known therapeutist, Dr. Horatio C. Wood, spoke upon the effect of alcohol on the circulation. The University of Pennsylvania has always taught that alcohol is an active stimulant to the heart. The Johns Hopkins University teaches that it is a sedative to the heart. In order to settle the question, Dr. Wood had instituted a thorough experimental research. The mammalian heart is so susceptible to a thousand influences that no decisive results can be obtained with it. The numerous experiments that have been made upon it are conflicting in the extreme. A heart of more poise is needed—one of those hearts which can be taken out and hung on a peg, and which will still go calmly on for days undisturbed. Cold-blooded reptilian and batrachian hearts were chiefly employed. The first question submitted to experiment was, What is the effect of alcohol upon the arterial pressure? The apparatus employed was described. It was ingeniously contrived to avoid subjecting the blood-vessels to unnatural strains. The experiments so con-

ducted showed that ordinarily the pressure is not affected at all by alcohol. But arterial pressure, like all pressure, is a reaction between two opposing forces, the strength of the heart's action on the one hand, and the friction in the arteries on the other. Alcohol might increase one of these while correspondingly diminishing the other. In fact, this was found to be the case; for if the constrictive reaction of the arteries was paralyzed by severing their connection with the vasomotor centres, it was found that the heart dilated so much more fully under the influence of alcohol that the increase in the flow through the carotid would amount to from 50 to 75 per cent., although the frequency of the heart-beat was unaffected. The apparatus was so arranged that every five minutes there was an alternation between supplying the heart with blood mixed with alcohol and with pure blood, while the blood that passed through the carotid in each five-minute half-period was collected. The result was invariably as stated. It follows, therefore, that alcohol has a double effect on the circulation, at once stimulating the heart and paralyzing the vasomotor centres. But if this be the case, the flow of blood must be greatly increased, and consequently there should be a dilatation of the smaller vessels which would be shown by that instrument which detects changes in the volume of a limb. Dr. Wood's communication was set forth in so interesting a way, and his delivery was so admirable, that the audience was vivaciously responsive.

Professor Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins University, explained how he had discovered that the principal axis of symmetry of the mature oyster is already marked in the ovarian egg—in the egg before it is yet an egg, and while it is still attached. In that stage of development it has a kind of stem, in reference to which the nucleus of segmentation is symmetrically situated. It also has a shell at that time, but as soon as it is expelled the sea water enters the shell, and the egg slips out; whereupon, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the egg assumes a spherical form, so that the axis which its stem had marked now appears to be obliterated. However, in one egg out of every hundred a sort of neck remains, which is identifiable, by its peculiar shape and by the situation of the nucleus, with what was at first the stem. The segmentary spindle and all the segmentations are placed symmetrically to the axis of this neck, and the identity of the axis can be traced throughout the animal's life. It is perhaps the only case in which a principal feature of a mature, individual, and unattached animal is so indubitably determinate from the very first.

Mr. Agassiz, the President of the Academy, gave a fascinatingly interesting account of his last *Albatross* expedition. It was intended to explore a part of the Pacific Ocean that had been quite unknown. We will not undertake to state all the lines run over, but the following will show some of the principal passages, though not always in chronological order: From Panama to the Gallapagos (on the equator due south of New Orleans); thence to Callao (12 degrees south); thence to Easter Island, and to Manga Rava Islands (on the tropic of Capricorn westward of Pitcairn, due south of Sitka); back to Acapulco (south by west of the city of Mexico). In this quadrilateral, particularly in its southern part, was found a large district of the ocean characterized by a bottom of manganese nodules, with scarcely anything else. Each haul would fetch up two or three bushels of what looked like potatoes, running up to the size of cannon balls. Such a bottom is found nowhere else, although manganese nodules have been brought up sporadically. Elsewhere the bottom is covered with an ooze largely of decaying animal matter, affording plenty of food, but in this district there is very little food. It is a sea-bottom desert. It lies upon a plateau some 2,000 fathoms deep, between which and the coast is a series of deeps where the soundings were most irregular, some of them reaching 4,000 fathoms. It is curious that the explorers took with them a chart from Kiel, where they found laid down, on the evidence of a few soundings, the "Albatross Plateau," a sort of clairvoyance of what was to be. Mr. Agassiz called it a guess. Over this plateau there are no currents. No food is drifted there, and consequently there is no animal life at the surface. There being no life at the surface, no food can drop to the bottom; and that explains its being a desert. In the Humboldt Current, animal life reaches a depth of 300 fathoms. Where there were currents, plenty of food and animal life was everywhere found. The amount of animal life on the surface of the Humboldt Current is immense, but it diminishes very rapidly as the depth increases, because the temperature falls very rapidly. It would be 72 degrees Fahrenheit at the surface, 52 degrees at 30 fathoms, and at 100 fathoms not much above 40 degrees. Many of the so-called deep-sea animals really do not live below 150 fathoms; but they are brought up in the hauls, and, being much damaged, are supposed to have come from great depths. Mr. Agassiz remarked that this relation between the distribution of animals and the currents throws a certain light upon former geological conditions. It was the eastward currents that stocked and peopled the islands of the Pacific; and there were greater currents in geological ages.

Easter Island was visited, and it was most satisfactory to have an account of that enigmatical place from such an observer. The whole periphery of the island is land-walled 12 to 15 feet high, with numerous platforms for the gigantic images. In the entire absence of wood, these were roughly cut from stone with obsidian tools. The stone must have been soft when first taken from the quarry. They are idols with enormous heads and small bodies, not apparently intended to imitate humanity, and infinitely below the work found in Central America. Hieroglyphics abound which the natives can still read. Originally there must have been a population of four or five thousand inhabitants; at present the natives number fifty or sixty. Every indication is that the work ceased most suddenly, as if in consequence of some unexpected physical or psychical catastrophe. The audience was charmed with the lecture. It recalled Louis Agassiz to those who had heard that famous naturalist and lecturer.

On Wednesday the Academy visited the new Bureau of Standards with the Washington Academy of Sciences. It is as yet impossible to form any critical opinion of this institution; but it has certainly been planned upon a generous scale, with the intention of covering every kind of standardization that there is any important wish in the country to have the Government undertake. The appearance of everything —buildings, instruments, and men—is highly creditable; and there are enough accomplished physicists in the country to make its work an object of national pride.

On Wednesday evening the Academy dined with Mr. Agassiz at the New Willard.

DR. EVANS'S SIXTH YEAR'S CRETAN CAMPAIGN.

KNOSSOS, March 29, 1905.

Had I not already made similar prophecies, I should say, after this week spent in the Museum at Heraclion and on the site of the House of the Double Axe at Knossos, that discoveries are likely to end with the present year's work. But an incident of two days ago gives me pause. While our party was paying its last visit to the excavations, the foreman brought the curved segment of a vase-handle, instantly identified by Dr. Evans as belonging to one of the familiar Knossian funnel-shaped vases made of micaceous schist. The Italians have found the like at and near Phæstos. This handle was decorated with alternating nautiluses and sprays wrought in an extremely clear-cut fashion, suggesting the best palace-style of vase painting. But the newly found fragment came fresh from a trial pit just experimentally sunk at a considerable distance west of the palace. Indeed, it lay on the upward slope of the long hill running parallel to that on which the Knossian palace stands. If followed by others, this small find must indicate the presence of important remains upon that hill. The trial pit was sunk in the line of the deep-level Mycenæan causeway discovered last year below a Roman road built along the same line about 2,000 years afterwards. These two roads run, one under the other, from the theatre building 100 yards northwest of the palace due westward. The problem in hand is to remove the upper Roman road and lay bare the lower Mycenæan one. This will probably have been done by April 14, when a visit is expected from members of the forthcoming Archæological Congress at Athens.

Incidentally there is also in progress the excavation of certain magazines lying deep down and by the side of this Mycenæan causeway. Whether there are older magazines beneath the ones now in hand remains to be seen. Fewer magazines belonging to the oldest Knossian palace have come to light so far than might have been hoped. The Italians at Phæstos have found several such, and it is equally clear on both sides that at least two distinct epochs are distinguishable in buildings and in pottery and the like. Of course, the older and the later palace both antedate 1500 B. C.; and remains both earlier and later than either have been forthcoming, not only from Knossos, Phæstros, and Hagia Triada, but also notably from Gournia, where our countrywoman, Miss Harriet Boyd, has found so much of vital importance for the history of earlier Cretan handicraftsmanship and for the understanding of the mysterious worship of the Cretan snake goddess.

As the years pass by since Dr. Evans's final campaign at Knossos, it becomes more

and more evident that his vast accumulation of ceramic specimens from various strata in the palace will yield us the means of sketching in outline the history of the potter's craft during the vast period stretching from neolithic times to the dawn of Greek history. The earliest stages have been well studied elsewhere, but only in the collections at Knossos can these stages be linked on by specimens of most gradual transition to the "Mycenæan" period as described by Furtwängler and Loschke. Professor Petrie at Abydos has followed primitive Mediterranean pottery backward into neolithic times, and similar evidence for Knossos lies still in undisturbed neolithic strata below the palace of Minos. But the evolution of artistic pottery between the stone age and the earliest days of Greece is best understood through the Knossian specimens. These prepare the careful observer for the dates supplied partly by Professor Petrie and partly by Dr. Evans, connecting the slow progress of Knossian ceramics with the course of Egyptian history. Dr. Petrie has identified the very earliest Minoan pottery with specimens found at Egyptian Abydos. Dr. Evans has found a similar link, for somewhat more advanced Minoan work, through the affinities of certain Cretan seals of the Sixth Egyptian dynasty. The three styles of Middle Minoan pottery, sometimes called the polychrome styles, have their contact with Egypt in the case of the second polychrome style of Knossos, specimens of which were in much demand for importation into Egypt. Professor Petrie found abundant evidences of this at Gurob. Two Egyptian works, imported when they were new into the Knossian palace, give Mr. Evans further interlacings with Egyptian chronology for his account of the later stratification of pottery on the Knossian site. But we hardly need Egyptian dates to enlighten us. The mere consideration that there is a whole history of art running its course, with periods of revival, perfection, and decay, thrice recurring, in the three Minoan periods, each falling into three successive styles, shows that more than two thousand years are required. Dr. Evans and his assistants have achieved nothing of more permanent and universal value for all students than this classification. Indeed, it must soon be recognized that students of Mediterranean and European anthropology can hardly dispense with the study in Crete of Cretan ceramics; and Egyptologists in particular must spend some energy in mastering the details of Dr. Evans's classification.

Meanwhile the rainiest of rainy seasons threatens the grand staircase leading up from the Hall of the Colonnades to a third story on a level with the pavement of the central court, and at its southeastern angle. Here, as readers of previous Knossian letters in the *Nation* may remember, a stairway, broken by a square landing midway, ascends to an upper story the main features of which have been preserved, including a long corridor at that level. Also, a stone with marks of a similar staircase ascending to a topmost story has been preserved and shored up approximately in its original place. Thus clear proofs of three stories are visible. But everything above the ground level has been kept in place only approximately, and there has always been danger of a fatal collapse. This actually began not very long ago—fortunately, where the damage can be repaired. The flagstones of the upper corridor have in one place collapsed, carrying with them the lowest step of the staircase leading to the topmost story. The ugly hole thus produced was prevented from growing wider and involving more damage only by the insertion of solid columnar props effected an hour or two before our party arrived. Now, it is a relief to say that a competent architect, summoned by telegraph from the British School at Athens, is directing a thorough system of repairs, and there is hope that this danger may be fully provided against before the impending visit of members of the Archæological Congress. The expense, however, will be great, and, considering that only £700 of the £2,000 required has so far been subscribed, the adequate prosecution of this year's work is in serious jeopardy.

As the visitor from Heraclion approaches Knossos, the first view of it is a very great surprise. It appears to be in a valley, because the not inconsiderable intervening depression escapes the eye, and because much higher hills flank it on the west and on the east, while on the south rises a still higher hill, the one where the tombs of Mycenæan date, excavated last year, were found. He who would forget how inconspicuous was Knossos, if approached from the north and the sea, should press on along the fine road which has been pushed southward beyond Knossos and along the valley of the Kairatos, for which the town and palace of Minos were originally named. Viewed from the south, as every one approaching it from the south and the interior inevitably viewed it, Knossos occupies an impregnable position. It commanded the passage from the interior most effectually, and seems from this side to be the natural home of those who should rule the land. In agreement with the requirements of its strategical position, such fortification as Knossos certainly had was at its northern end, toward the sea. But the remains of fortification are by no means extensive, and it certainly appears that Knossos must have trusted for defence in the days of its greatest power not to strong walls, but to command of the sea. In the earliest days, when Knossos first emerged from the condition of a neolithic settlement, its safety from pirates may have been due partly to its distance from the sea (four miles) and partly to its inconspicuous position when approached from the coast.

LOUIS DYER.

FOUCQUET AND FRENCH LETTERS.

PARIS, April 6, 1905.

The Superintendent Foucquet achieved the reputation of a great patron of letters. He counted among his friends Lafontaine, the immortal fabulist; Madame de Sévigné; Mlle. de Scudéry; Pellisson. They all remained faithful to him at the time of his misfortunes, when he incurred the ill-will of Louis XIV. Sainte-Beuve, in his "Causeries du Lundi," which are an inexhaustible source of information, twice analyzed the character of Foucquet, and tried to imagine what would have become of French letters if the Superintendent had remained longer in power.

M. Chatelain has just published a huge octavo volume on 'Nicolas Foucquet, Patron of Letters, Arts, and Sciences,' the result of protracted labor.

"I have long interested myself," he says, "in N. Foucquet and his courtiers. I lived several years among them, and if I did not succeed in liking them, I at least tried to understand them. Every human soul is an enigma, and if the well-marked personality of a man of genius seems sometimes to facilitate the solution of the problem, I did not find this precious help in the present study. But this only made the problem even more captivating in my eyes. The psychology of this singular man; his historical and considerable part in the evolution of letters, science, and art, as well as in the evolution of monarchy; the extraordinary exactitude with which it reflects the spirit and the fashion of his time and the average intelligence of his contemporaries—all excited me to make greater efforts to understand him."

Nicolas Foucquet belonged to the high parliamentary bourgeoisie which bordered on nobility and often mixed with it by buying estates and titles. He pursued his studies at the Collège de Clermont, in Paris, kept by Jesuits. He left college at the age of sixteen, and was presented to Richelieu, who, pleased by his good looks and his intelligence, pledged him not to take orders, but to follow, like his father, a parliamentary life. He at once gave him a commission to make an inventory of the titles of the chancery of Vic, which brought him in relations with a learned German, John Freinsheim. "Foucquet saw all the members of the Parlement fond of rare and precious books, searching for them and glorifying themselves with them. If the president and the councillors of the various chambers set the example, the mere lawyers who had fine libraries were legion." The books of Talon, De Thou, De Mesmes are well known to all bibliophiles, and so are those of Foucquet, with the curious emblems which appear on his bindings, and which were added at the time of his prosperity.

At the age of twenty-one Foucquet was *maître des requêtes*. He remained in Paris till 1642, when he was appointed *Intendant* of the Army of the North. He was, during the years of his début in Paris, a frequenter of the salons of two great ladies, Madame du Plessis Bellièvre and Madame du Plessis Guenegaud. The latter lady was a Jansenist, and it was in her house that were read for the first time some of Pascal's "Provincial Letters." Foucquet was thrown also in the world of the *Précieuses*; he became a lady's poet and wrote sonnets; he became attached to Mlle. de Scudéry, and to Pellisson. Nobody nowadays reads the 'Clélie' of Mlle. de Scudéry, but all the important people of the time found a place in this extraordinary work, under false names. The book was devoured by everybody. Foucquet appears in it as the modern Mæcenas. Mlle. de Scudéry and Pellisson were inseparable; she was Sappho and he was Herminius. Foucquet had a deep admiration for Pellisson, who was a great scholar, a poet, and a philosopher.

Foucquet was at the same time a business man, and his friends were afraid he would become too much absorbed by his financial duties. Pellisson expressed this fear in verse, while Foucquet was at his splendid country house at Vaux.

> "Dans un séjour si beau
> Ne ferait-il rien de nouveau,
> Et n'aurait-il point de fauvette
> Dont il fût un jour l'interprète?"

This was the answer:

"Plût au ciel; mais en vérité
Mon style est tout déconcerté;
J'ai d'autres soins plus nécessaires,
Je perds mon esprit en affaires.
Je vais, je viens pour mes amis,
Je fais tout ce que j'ai promis
Quand ce ne seraient que sornettes,
Et point de temps pour les fauvettes."

Pellisson became secretary to the Superintendent, and was at the same time his agent in many secret negotiations. He kept Foucquet in relations with the literary world, with Boisrobert, with Scarron, with Tallemant, Maucroix, and Lafontaine. His friends called him the "notary of Parnassus."

Foucquet had risen to the dignity of a statesman; he had great views; he was filled with the traditions of Henri IV. and Richelieu. The patronage which he exercised in the world of literature and of the fine arts seemed to him only a part of his duties. He wished to direct public opinion, he inspired pamphlets and newspapers; he felt an obligation to help the distributors of fame. He had a list made of all the men who, in France or abroad, had in his opinion a right to obtain royal favors. He was anxious to pension all writers of merit. He often made presents with his own money. It was a somewhat wearisome work. The poets specially were incessant in their demands; it was not considered dishonorable in those times to obtain pensions and favors by flattery. "Chapelain and Corneille," says M. Chatelain, "disapproved these practices in theory, but they conformed to them. Boisrobert, Scarron, Colletet regarded them as natural. The men of letters had an excuse: literature was unable to give them their daily bread."

There are many interesting details in the work of M. Chatelain on the relations of the State to the writers. Foucquet was the administrator of the royal finances, and he saw that all the pensions to literary people were paid. Most of the pensions, before the time of his administration, were bestowed on the meanest writers, actors, and musicians. There was nothing left for the real poets. Foucquet resolved to help them personally, and not always out of the royal purse. He did so for Pellisson, for Molière, for Quinault, for Lafontaine, for Corneille. His patronage became broader, less interested, less political, than that extended by Mazarin to the pamphleteers of his time. He became the real precursor of Louis XIV. There is a long chapter on the books which were dedicated to him; the only ones worth noticing are Scarron's 'Roman Comique,' the second part of which was dedicated to Madame Foucquet; a work by Perrault (the famous author of the 'Contes'), entitled 'Dialogue between Love and Friendship'; the 'Mort d'Adonis,' by Lafontaine. This poem was a fragment of the description of Vaux, Foucquet's magnificent château, and was never finished. Lafontaine undertook it rather reluctantly, as he himself says:

"Je n'ai jamais chanté que l'ombrage des bois,
Flore, Echo, les Zéphyrs et leurs molles haleines,
Le vert tapis des près et l'argent des fontaines."

The Château de Vaux witnessed performances, given by Molière, of "Sganarelle" and "L'Étourdi." Molière's troupe played afterwards at Vaux "L'École des Maris" before the Queen of England, Madame and Monsieur. Another festival on the 17th of August (a famous date in Foucquet's life) appears like the final apotheosis of his life. It was honored by the presence of the King, the Queen Mother, Madame, Monsieur, Monsieur le Prince (Condé), the Duke de Longueville, M. de Beaufort, M. de Guise; the whole court coming from Fontainebleau. The King wished to see everything—the fine paintings of Lebrun, the statues, the tapestries, the gardens, the cascades, the canals. After the repast, was played Molière's "Fâcheux." Lafontaine wrote concerning this representation some verses to his friend Maucroix:

"C'est un ouvrage de Molière.
Cet écrivain par sa manière
Charme à présent toute la cour.
De la façon que son nom court,
Il doit être par-delà Rome.
J'en suis ravi, car c'est mon homme.
Te souvient-il bien qu'autrefois
Nous avons conclu d'une voix
Qu'il allait ramener en France
Le bon goût et l'air de Térence?"

Twenty days had not elapsed after this famous fête when Foucquet was arrested at Nantes (on the 5th of September, 1661). All the details of this drama are known. Colbert had denounced the extravagance of Foucquet, and made the King afraid of his ambition. His fall and his long imprisonment are a chapter of history. M. Chatelain has taken a limited field in the life of Foucquet—his relations with the writers of his time and his influence on French literature. Most of the writers whom he had aided remained faithful to his memory; Lafontaine honored himself by writing his "Élégie aux Nymphes de Vaux." On the whole, M. Chatelain's book, so rich in particulars, can be recommended to all the friends of French literature.

Correspondence.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AND SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For a number of years it has been felt by many classical teachers of the Middle West and South that the American Philological Association could not offer them the practical possibility of attendance upon meetings, or the strong sense of community of interest, which was desirable. The Association meets mainly in that part of the country in which the majority of its active members live, namely, the East. This is as right as it is natural. But, on the other hand, the fact that the members who attend come mainly from the East is due to the difficulties of distance—difficulties which work, in precisely the same way, to cause a small attendance of Eastern men when an occasional meeting is held in the West. The meetings began in the East, and it is perfectly intelligible that the attendance upon them should not have shown any preponderance of Western men to bring about a change. The question has therefore often been raised, of late, whether the large and vigorous body of classical teachers of the Middle West and the South should not have an organization of its own. The answer given by the older men, both in the West and in the East, has been that this was the inevitable and the desirable outcome, but that it was best to wait until the urgency of the demand should make immediate success certain.

Early last November Prof. W. G. Manly, of the department of Greek of the University of Missouri, sent out a number of letters of inquiry, asking whether the time for organization had not come. The replies received were very encouraging. Professor Manly, and those whose help he had asked, then formed a provisional committee, representing twenty-two States. This committee sent out invitations to join the projected association, and notice of a meeting to be held in Chicago, on May 5 and 6. Over seven hundred persons have answered Professor Manly, signifying their desire to join the organization. The actual attendance at any given meeting will, of course, be very much smaller, as always in bodies of this kind, but the success of the movement seems assured.

At the coming meeting papers will be read by Messrs. J. J. Schlicher of the Indiana State Normal School, Terra Haute; B. L. D'Ooge of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.; F. W. Kelsey and Walter Dennison of the University of Michigan, Arthur Fairbanks of the University of Iowa, J. A. Scott of Northwestern University, Paul Shorey, J. G. Laing, C. D. Buck and W. G. Hale, of the University of Chicago, and Ettore Pais of the University of Naples. The number of papers has purposely been kept moderate, both for other reasons and to allow time for the work of organization.

W. G. Hale.

Chicago, April 22, 1905.

ADMINISTRATIVE ENTITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for April 13, 1905, you speak of the phrase "administrative entity" as "now fully accounted for as of German origin," and you suggest that it "must be simply the translation of *entité administrative*—a Gallic metamorphosis, for diplomatic purposes, of some still more metaphysical Teutonism whose determination we leave to philosophical philologers."

Being neither a metaphysician nor a "philologer," I can throw no light upon the hidden meaning or derivation of the phrase. It may be a "Gallic metamorphosis" of some "metaphysical Teutonism" for aught I know; but I *do* happen to know that Secretary Hay used precisely the same phrase in his circular note to the Powers, during the crisis of the Boxer uprising, on July 3, 1900. (See House Documents, I., Foreign Relations [1900], Fifty-sixth Congress, second session, p. 299.) In that note Mr. Hay announced that it was the policy of the United States to "preserve Chinese territorial and *administrative entity*," etc. But then the German Emperor may have been responsible for this barbarism on that occasion, too. Of this we may, however, be certain: neither the phrase nor the policy which it suggests is altogether new.

A. S. Hershey.

University of Indiana, April 21, 1905.

[We are glad that our surmise has had at once the effect of restoring that jewel of a phrase to its creator, Mr. Hay, and of proving that territorial and administrative entity are not necessarily identical. But even with this gloss further

elucidation is not superfluous.—Ed. Nation.]

ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIAS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Within the past two years, both Appletons' 'Annual Cyclopædia' and 'The International Year Book' of Dodd, Mead & Co. have ceased to be published. The former had a most honorable career of more than forty years; the latter was published only a few years, but it had made a place for itself. Both were valued by all users of reference-books.

Both the Messrs. Appleton and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have recently brought out revised editions of their general cyclopædias; they expect that these works will put an end to any demand for an annual issue of a cyclopædic character. They disclaim any intention to begin again the publication of their respective annuals.

Is not here an excellent opening for an enterprising publisher? More persons and institutions than ever before in this country are probable purchasers of reference-books of the right sort. Will not some one occupy the field so long and honorably held, and so strangely abandoned?

Yours respectfully,

Frank H. Chase.

Beloit College, Wis., April 21, 1905.

Notes.

A facsimile reprint of 'The Only True Mother Goose' from the Boston edition of 1833 is in the press of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Dr. E. E. Hale furnishes an introduction.

Mr. Sidney Lee has been employed by the London firm of Methuen to edit a Standard Library of "first-rate texts of the classics of all nations at a very low price"—foreign works sometimes translated, as in the case of the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, sometimes not, as with the Divine Comedy. The beginning is made with Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' in the first of seven double volumes selling at a shilling each—sixpence being the ordinary single-volume price; in paper, but cloth bindings may also be had: witness the 'Meditations' and 'Pilgrim's Progress' on our table. This series cannot fail to attract purchasers of slender means. The typography and paper are adequate. In some cases the complete works of an author will be undertaken, as with Jane Austen, of whose novels we already have 'Sense and Sensibility,' Francis Bacon, of whose English works we have 'The Essays and the New Atlantis,' and Shakspere, volume i. Mr. Lee's editorial function is restricted to an introductory biographical and bibliographical note. There are no portraits or other pictorial embellishments.

The admirable "Cambridge English Classics" from the University Press (New York: Macmillan) proceed with Butler's 'Hudibras,' edited by A. R. Waller. The spurious or pirated issues attending the first appearance of Part I., and other complications, make a choice of this text a matter of caution, and for Part III. there is a considerable choice. What results from Mr. Waller's care is, if not a facsimile, a complete report of the original either in the body of the work or in an appendix.

It is a pity that so captivating a series as the Dent-Putnam "Classiques Français" should not be beyond reproach in the matter of proof-reading, which, the more we read in them, appears discreditably careless. Here, at page 82 of the 'Paul et Virginie,' we meet with "sujet éternal"; at page 98, "aprés." Chateaubriand's 'Atala' was thick with this sort of misprints. Mérimée's ever fresh 'Colomba' is companion to the 'Paul et Virginie.'

A welcome reprint is that, by Messrs. Putnam, of the late Sir Leslie Stephen's group of 'Essays on Freethinking and Plain-Speaking,' now more than thirty years before the public in book form, and for some lesser time out of print. The new issue is much enhanced in value by an excellent portrait of Stephen, and by two estimates of him; one, personal and intimate, by Mr. Bryce; the other, more particularly concerned with Stephen's several writings, by Herbert W. Paul. Together these papers make a capital introduction to the lamented author commemorated.

The present state of Russia furnishes a natural excuse for a reprint of Stepniak's work on 'The Russian Peasantry: Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion' (London: Routledge; New York: Dutton). The original appeared as long ago as 1888, an interval, unhappily, not too long to bury the methods of Nihilism defended by the mild-mannered author, yet long enough to effect some changes in the peasant conditions he depicts. These chapters, contributions to the *Times* and the *Fortnightly Review* in the first instance, have an historical value, and still throw light on the great problem of Russian revolution.

Katherine Hooker's 'Wayfarers in Italy' has reached a fourth edition in proof of its wide acceptability. We notice that the little peccadilloes which we pointed out in our review of it two years ago have not gone uncorrected. The Messrs. Scribner are the publishers.

'The Story of the Declaration of Independence' has been prepared by William H. Michael, chief clerk of the Department of State, and printed at the expense of that Department. Only a superficial examination of the book is required to show its worthless character. It is not a history, it is not prepared in the historical spirit, and it is not even a straightforward compilation of known facts. The few important events connected with the signing are repeated no less than three times in twenty pages of text, and are not correctly stated in any of the three versions. To make out a volume, the compiler has prepared paragraph biographies of the signers, and claims to have obtained a complete set of the portraits of the signers, but this is far from true. As no list of sources is given, it is impossible to say how the extraordinary series has been made, but no one familiar with the signers can be deceived by the impudence of the claim to completeness. The biographies are without value or originality, and the only novel illustration in the volume is that giving the present appearance of the original document. The cost of this volume to the Government was $4,500, and the result deserves to be pilloried as an example of the great waste of the public money in printing volumes that can serve no useful purpose.

James Minor Lincoln has printed the 'Papers of Captain Rufus Lincoln' of Wareham in a limited edition. They have some historical value, but required more careful selection. Some of the Diaries record events in which the writer took no part, and were based upon contemporary newspaper accounts; others are true records, and full of the recorder's personality. Of chief interest are the letters of John Hewson and the many excellent reproductions of documents, muster-rolls and company accounts. The editing is carelessly done. The letter on page 101 was written by Galvan, not Galvon, and the poem on page 65 was addressed to John Handfield. Such errors and omissions are numerous.

Such of our readers as are interested in Irish affairs have a treat before them in 'The Seething Pot,' a novel, by George A. Birmingham (London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans). It is by far the most racy book dealing with Ireland, her agitations and agitators that has appeared for some time. The name of the writer is not familiar to us. If he continues in an equally happy strain he has a future before him. All parties are touched off in a good-humored vein—Catholic ecclesiasticism perhaps most heavily, for which reason the book, unless with the liberal-minded, may not in Ireland itself meet the reception it deserves. Light as is the author's touch, he himself must have felt deeply. The stolid iron stand of the constabulary in preventing a meeting where two members of Parliament desire to speak, and which the Castle has proclaimed, is related with a verisimilitude sufficient to bring the blood to the cheeks of a hot Home Ruler. The book deals with the experiences of the son of an exiled Irish Nationalist. Born abroad, he inherits a property in Ireland, and soon finds himself in the "seething pot" of Irish politics. Parnell and other personages are, under different names, thinly veiled. The hero, Sir Gerald Geoghegan, is in the end himself disillusioned: "Would we love Ireland so well as we do if we had not got to love her in spite of her breaking our hearts?"

Prof. Oliver H. Richardson of New Haven has published a 'Syllabus of Continental European History' (Ginn), which discloses the method employed in conducting the "History 1" course at Yale. This book contains a skeleton outline of seventy-eight lectures on the leading historical topics that emerge between the fall of Rome and 1870, and furnishes an adequate set of special bibliographies. Opinion varies a good deal as to whether the didactic or the tutorial element should predominate in a general introductory course, such as most undergraduates are put through during the freshman or sophomore year, but in any case it is desirable that a syllabus similar in scope to Professor Richardson's should be placed in the hands of the class. A good many teachers print pamphlets of their own which are distributed gratuitously or sold by the local bookseller. Professor Richardson has been at some pains to make his outline rather fuller than that which is usually given by the instructor to his junior students. In an introductory course, the range of subjects is almost stereotyped, and the same broad subjects come up for discussion everywhere. Such being the case, a good many lecturers may find it more convenient to prescribe the use

of Professor Richardson's 'Syllabus' than to prepare their own.

Of the papers in M. Henry Lapauze's 'Mélanges sur l'Art Français' (Paris: Hachette et Cie), those which possess the greatest general interest are the two on Ingres. M. Lepauze, himself a native of Ingres's town of Montauban, adds a local patriotism to a real comprehension of the fine and austere art of his hero, and writes with infectious enthusiasm as well as with critical acumen and literary skill. We know of nothing more likely to evoke an interest in and an understanding of one of the greatest, if one of the least popular, of modern artists. Another sort of interest attaches to the historical notes on "Une Académie Révolutionnaire des Beaux-Arts." There is something comic, at once, and pathetic in these records of a struggle to establish an organization of art on a strictly democratic basis. What is most to the credit of the French artists of that day is that, in the midst of proscriptions and denunciations, they tried to preserve as much as possible of the art of the past, and to guard the public monuments of France from destruction at the hands of the haters of "emblems of royalty." Other papers of more or less interest are those on the Academy of France at Rome, on the pastels of La Tour, and on the work of Jean Carriès.

Few engraving "processes" have yielded such good results for so little money as that which is called "the Rembrandt Photogravure," with its headquarters (or chief printing works) in England. The series of "Great Masters" done in this way, and published in London by Heinemann, was an excellent performance. Admirable reproductions of the finest pictures in the world were issued for what seemed, in comparison with other enterprises of the kind, an extremely small price. Now, the same method is being used for a new series called "The Art Folio," of which Messrs. C. W. Faulkner, London, are the publishers. The price of each number is but a guinea, and each contains four plates much larger than those in the "Great Masters" collection, and, if the two numbers as yet seen can be taken as representative, equal in excellence. Good photographs of the same size would cost much more. The publishers start out by appealing to popular taste in art, and the four prints in the first number are apparently chosen with due deference to what is usually supposed to be the standard of the public. But the second number contains at least two fine things: Holbein's "George Gisze" and the beautiful "Duchess of Devonshire and Baby," by Reynolds.

The great Russian Encyclopædia begun in 1890 and published by the firm of Brockhaus-Efron in St. Petersburg has just been finished. It contains 41 volumes, with about 40,000 double-column octavo pages, some 110,000 articles, and 4,000 charts, plans, and illustrations. Of the three original chief editors, only one has survived to witness the completion of the work. They were assisted by a staff of twelve, and the list of contributors numbers 746 savants. The work was primarily intended to be an imitation of the famous Brockhaus Konversations-Lexicon, and to consist of from 16 to 18 volumes. But it was soon found that, in the absence of special cyclopædias of Russian literature, the scheme must necessarily be made more comprehensive. German critical journals have repeatedly spoken highly of the work as it was going through the press, and the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 51, warmly commends it now that it is concluded. Naturally, its chief excellency consists in its Russian features.

The report of the census of the Philippines, just issued by our Census Bureau, is summarized in the April number of the *National Geographic Magazine* by the editor, Mr. G. H. Grosvenor. It contains many interesting and encouraging facts about the islands, but leaves, we are convinced, a too favorable impression of the condition of the Filipinos. To take a single instance: it is stated that, of the civilized people (practically the whole, there being only 647,740 wild natives out of a total population of nearly seven millions), 43.5 per cent. are returned as workers, as compared with 36.3 per cent. in the United States. These figures are obtained by the inclusion of 29.4 of the women as wage-earners, against 12.8 in this country. If the hosts of American women who aid in farm and garden work and are engaged in village industries were enumerated in our census returns, the figures would tell a very different story. But the optimistic view of the situation reaches its climax when we are assured that it is not too much to expect that, under the present favorable conditions, "the Filipinos will become a numerous and homogeneous English-speaking race, exceeding in intelligence and capacity all other people of the tropics." A remarkable series of 130 pictures admirably illustrate the types of people, their manner of life and industries. Mr. Edward Atkinson contributes what he terms his own egotistigraphy, showing how he was led in his youth to investigate the facts regarding cotton and its manufacture. The ignorance in respect to it and similar subjects which prevailed then, and in a measure still prevails, should be dispelled, he thinks, by the establishment in our schools of courses of instruction in commercial geography, geology and climatology.

The "Life and Writings of Dr. José Rizal" is continued in the January and February numbers of the Madrid review, *Nuestro Tiempo*, by W. E. Retana. These two instalments deal with Rizal's life in Spain, France, and Germany, 1882-1887, and the influence of that life upon him. His studious habits and close thought during his student days in Madrid, whither he went as early as October, 1882, are dwelt upon at length, and his journal kept there during part of the time (1882-1885) is given almost *in toto*. One is struck on perusing the latter by the number of books that Rizal buys, his book expenditures being, in fact, the largest item to be found in his accounts. The books, in many different lines, show a wide range of interests. At Madrid he pursued his studies in various languages—English, French, German, and Arabic—while also applying himself to his chosen field of medicine. His brilliancy as a student appeared rather in his literary and philosophical studies than in that of medicine, where he proved to be not above the average. He made a study of military fortification, while he had already begun his celebrated novel, 'Noli me tangere.' Attaining his degree in philosophy and letters, in June, 1885, he went to Paris that same year, where he studied diseases of the eye (his specialty) with Wecker, and also applied himself to the study of English, French, and German, while at odd moments he continued writing on his novel. At the beginning of 1886 he is at Heidelberg, where he first enters into correspondence with Blumentritt, the eminent Philippine ethnologist. From Heidelberg, he goes to Leipzig, where it is said that he supported himself as a typesetter while pursuing his studies. Thence he goes to Berlin in the beginning of 1887, and meets Virchow and other eminent men. That same year his 'Noli me tangere,' of which Retana gives a brief synopsis (partly in extract), was published in Germany. His love for his native land seems ever to increase, and he is eager for his return. He shows himself self-restrained and moderate, a lover of liberty, but a despiser of revolution. Retana appears to insist too much on Rizal's wish to see the Philippines freed from the Spanish yoke.

Mr. Walter Powell, of Birmingham, discusses in the March *Library Association Record* some "Indexes Wanted," *e. g.*, on the drama, on heraldry, on topographical views and maps, on biographies (Phillips's 'Dictionary of Biographical Reference' brought down to date and extended to cover biographies in periodicals), on portraits (the author seems to be unacquainted with the 'A. L. A. Portrait Index,' now nearing completion), on essays (in spite of the 'A. L. A. Index to General Literature,' which he thinks might need recompiling in England). He proposes coöperation between the Library Association and the American Library Association for the preparation of a comprehensive index or set of indexes. The value of this suggestion is doubtful. The defects of the A. L. A. indexes are due to the inconsistencies inherent in a work produced on the coöperative plan.

—The lectures which Mr. Sidney Lee gave at the Lowell Institute in 1903 have, after revision, been published under the title 'Great Englishmen of the Seventeenth Century' (Scribners). More, Sidney, Ralegh, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakspere are the separate stars in this constellation, and, save for an opening essay on "The Spirit of the Sixteenth Century," Mr. Lee keeps strictly to their lives and works. Not improbably the author may find it tiresome to have his name linked always with the Dictionary of National Biography, but one's natural instinct is to compare any lectures which he may deliver on biographical subjects with the articles he has contributed to the great work itself. Such an examination brings out the fact that the exigencies of public speaking have not forced the scholar to disappear in the vulgarizer. When one adopts the biographical methods which Leslie Stephen employed with such conspicuous success, it becomes possible to interest a popular audience in the career of any great man. In other words, the element of discussion, criticism and explanation assumes such large dimensions that the minutiæ of scholarship need not be paraded, while the speaker or writer whose grasp of details is perfect cannot fail to disclose this fact in a hundred ways. Mr. Lee is deeply impressed by the ethical paradoxes of the Renaissance, and finds them illustrated in the careers of all the men with whom he deals. More's defence of intellectual freedom in the 'Utopia' offers a sharp contrast to his martyrdom on be-

half of authority; the altruistic tone of Ralegh's 'History' is belied by the author's love of gold; Bacon's devotion to lofty intellectual ideals did not save him from becoming the meanest of mankind. Even Sidney, Spenser and Shakspere did not escape from the spell of influences which break in on the unity of a career. "The poets, Sidney and Spenser, who preached with every appearance of conviction the fine doctrine that the poet's crown is alone worth the poet's winning, strained their nerves until they broke in death in pursuit of such will-o'-the-wisps as political or military fame. Shakspere, with narrow personal experiences of life, and with worldly ambition of commonplace calibre, mastered the whole scale of human aspiration, and announced his message in language which no other mortal has yet approached in insight or harmony." The spectacle of lofty genius touched alike by the good and evil of the Renaissance has furnished Mr. Lee with his real theme, nor are his lectures unworthy of such a noble subject.

—Edward P. Cheney's 'Short History of England' (Ginn & Co.) is a small volume of almost seven hundred pages, designed for the use of students and teachers. The history is brought down to the present time, and in this respect is supplementary to Green's. A compendium of this sort can be tested only by actual use; but apparently this one is better in the earlier than the later portions. The last two hundred and fifty years are covered in two hundred pages, and these give us little more than an outline. The author seems to be of the opinion of those who hold that the study of the early political and ecclesiastical organization of a nation throws great light on later changes. But, to our mind, in history, illumination is rather thrown backward than forward, and we could have spared a good deal of the early part of the book for the sake of a more thorough treatment of the modern period. Condensation and perhaps haste here lead to what is tantamount to obscurity. A page is given (sec. 531) to American and English ideas of representation at the time of the Revolution; but, except that they were opposed to one another, we cannot make out exactly why they should have induced a long and bloody war. A good deal of it looks as if the author thought the colonists' view was that they were entitled to elect members to the House of Commons. Trevelyan, one of the authorities referred to by Mr. Cheney, makes the matter plain enough. In the account (p. 674) of the causes of the Boer war, the author, referring to the modifications introduced into the relations between the South African Republic and Great Britain in 1884, instead of telling us what they were, merely says: "They do not seem to have been generally understood." This is true enough, but the business of the historian is to explain the nature of misunderstandings which lead to great wars. The book, however, must be regarded as a compendium, rather than as an original inquiry, and, as such, it will be found useful. It is provided with many illustrations and a number of maps.

—In connection with the Whistler Memorial Exhibition in London, there has been published a little book that deserves to be widely known, and that probably one day will be in great demand among collectors. 'In Memoriam: James McNeill Whistler,' it is called, and it consists of the speech delivered by Prof. Walter Raleigh at the dinner held on the occasion of the opening of the exhibition. Of the eloquence and beauty of the speech as delivered, every one who heard it was loud in praise. Now that it appears in print, it will be praised with scarcely less warmth. That Professor Raleigh has been able to make his just estimate, comes, it is clear, from careful and intelligent study of Whistler not only as artist, but as writer. Whoever is familiar with the 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies' will recognize the inspiration—and at times more than the inspiration; for it is amusing to find how, on all sides, Professor Raleigh is being given credit for the saying that Whistler first taught people to look *at* and not *through* a picture, when these were Whistler's own words, years ago, in the 'Ten O'Clock,' the lecture to which so many went to laugh and stayed to applaud. Another interest attaching to the speech is that Professor Raleigh came to the dinner as the representative of Glasgow University, which showed Whistler the recognition denied to him at Oxford and Cambridge and bestowed upon him the degree of LL.D. It was the last honor he received in this life, and it was one he appreciated very deeply. The little book is got up in the now well-known manner of the Whistler catalogues and pamphlets. It has been printed at the Ballantyne Press and published by Mr. Heinemann for the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers.

—For the past twenty-five years there has been lying among the antiquities in the Pump Room at Bath a little lead tablet with a few lines of writing scratched upon each side of it. Nobody hitherto has succeeded in making anything out of this writing except that it is in a wretched cursive hand; even the language seemed open to doubt. But now comes Bodley's librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, with a little pamphlet called 'Vinisius to Nigra' (H. Frowde), in which he endeavors to show that the tablet is nothing less than a Latin letter written in the fourth century by a Christian man in Britain to another man's wife (also a Christian), residing at Bath. We hasten to add that, in spite of these suspicious circumstances, it should not be thought that here is a bit out of some ancient edition of the 'Bath Guide.' To be sure, Vinisius is moved to refer to certain "faults" in Nigra's husband, but he offers nothing warmer than ghostly consolation and a warning against a certain "dog of Arius," one Biliconus, who is coming to drink the waters. Trivial as all this sounds, the tablet would be of importance as one of the very few ancient documents of Christian Britain in Roman times, if there were any way (without going to Bath) of verifying Mr. Nicholson's interpretation, or if his reputation as a palæographer made such verification unnecessary. As it is, we can do no more than mention his general theory, adding that the little which can be deciphered from his collotype facsimile of the tablet suggests that no two scholars are likely to agree in transcribing the original.

—The March number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* gives an account of the National Library of Turin after the fire. It would seem that in some respects the calamity which befell the Library was a blessing in disguise. The gifts that have poured in from all parts of the world number more than twice as many volumes as were destroyed. Up to the 4th of December, 1904, 22,880 volumes were received from 811 donors—publishers, authors, libraries, other institutions, and private donors. The British Museum, the Early English Text Society, the Folklore Society, the Royal Belgian Academy presented full sets of their publications, while the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg sent the catalogue of its numerous publications to select from, and the Government libraries of Prussia put a selection of their duplicates at the disposal of the Turin Library. Several American institutions gave extensively, among them the libraries of New York and Chicago, and Harvard University (though the latter is not among those mentioned in the present article). The city of Siena gave 328 volumes. Five Italian publishing houses gave together 2,400 volumes. Among the individual donors, with one exception the largest gift came from Prof. J. Mayor of Cambridge, who presented not less than 700 volumes, among them several incunabula. But the most munificent donor remains to be mentioned; namely, Baron Alberto Lumbroso, who presented a whole library of about 30,000 volumes, chiefly consisting of a collection of material relating to Napoleon, larger even than that of the Paris National Library.

—While the collections of printed books in the Library have thus materially increased, the loss of manuscripts remains, and probably will remain, irreparable. Of the 4,500 numbers which were contained in a carefully prepared catalogue of this collection—which, by the way, was destroyed along with the treasures it described—only some 1,350 remained to be catalogued in the list which the new director of the Library, Prof. Carlo Frati, published recently in the *Rivista di Filologia e d'Istruzzione Classica*. In connection with this account is found a résumé of an article by Prof. Icilio Guareschi, first printed in last year's volume of the *Memorie* of the Turin Academy, and also reprinted in pamphlet form (Turin: Unione Tipogr. Editrice), in which the writer describes his experiments in restoring the remains of a number of vellum manuscripts. This article should prove to be of interest to libraries that possess manuscript collections, because, as the author of the present notice remarks, library chemistry has a wide field, even when there are no fires, and deserves increased attention.

—The Korea *Review*, in concluding volume iv., in December, 1904, finishes also the History of Korea, by the editor, Prof. Homer B. Hulbert, who, from the prehistoric and legendary period, brings the narrative down to the fall of Liaoyang, in the Russo-Japanese war. The work, well indexed, is to appear in two volumes. In the initial number of volume v. for 1905 are two articles of interest. In the one on Korea and Formosa, it is shown that there is a definite connection between the so-called aborigines of the island and the ancient inhabitants in the southern regions of the peninsula (the northern folk being of wholly different origin and under political

order of another mould). In physical likeness, in tribal, linguistic and social similarities, close agreement is shown between *insula* and peninsula. The architecture of both was of the pit-like order, with a door in the roof of flat stones. In detail of dress, adornment, tattooing, treatment of the teeth by removal for social demarcation, burial customs, and head-hunting (which in Japan, by direct evolution, became the more civilized game of polo, in which balls took the place of human noddles), further similarities are made manifest.

—On the economic side, advertisement of Korea has been for years handsomely and perseveringly done by the *Review*. A good chapter on iron mining in Kang-won province suggests great possibilities in the future of scientific metallurgy in Korea. There is a description of the new Seul-Fusan railway, which traverses the peninsula from east to west, and which the Japanese have built within a year and during the war. This account is all the more valuable because the writer has twice traversed the Siberian railway, and makes critical comparison. He declares that "nothing too good can be said" of the workmanship on the new road, the masonry, ties, rails, etc. In place of the eight-inch, round-bottomed split trees on the Russian roadbed, which are easily worn into by the rails, the Japanese metal rests on squared Korean timber resembling ash, and the spaces between are ballasted with broken stone. Express trains are not yet run, but the average speed excels that of trains on the Siberian road, and a minimum rate of forty or fifty miles per hour is expected for express trains, when put on. Some of the tunnels are 4,000 yards long. Meanwhile, trains are run over the mountains without switchbacks. At Taiku are vast antiquities of the Shinra (Silla) mediæval kingdom, of old visited by the Arabs and compass-directed Chinese fleets. Fusan, the Japanese port, boasts its three-storied brick hotels and Commercial Museum, and is a modern city. In place of the old one month's river-freighting from Fusan to Taiku, freight trains deliver goods in a day, compelling new readjustments of organized industry.

—Joseph Jefferson, who died on Sunday at Palm Beach, Florida, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, was the last survivor of the first-rate actors who helped to maintain the fading dignity of the American stage during the closing decades of the nineteenth century. No actor of modern times has been the subject of more eloquent or, it must be added, more undiscriminating eulogy, the result of his prestige, his popularity, and his personal charm. As a matter of fact the sum of his achievement was small, and his actual influence upon the stage insignificant. Indeed, the record of his artistic career is singularly barren. He did nothing, beyond setting the example of a blameless life, to elevate the profession to which he owed so much. Notwithstanding his vast influence, he offered no encouragement to modern dramatic authors, and did little or nothing to preserve the old from oblivion. The beginning of his success was the end of his ambition. Having once won the smile of Fortune, he would not put himself in peril of her frown. The public never wearied of his one masterpiece, and he contented himself throughout by far the greater part of his career with the profitable multiplication of replicas. His *Rip Van Winkle* was one of the most perfect realizations of an ideal character even seen upon the stage. The ideal itself, of course, was in many ways unworthy, false, and inconsistent. But artistically the actor gave it the fullest possible interpretation. His impersonation will live in stage history as one of the perfect gems of acting, comparable with the *Falstaff* of Quinn, the *Richard* of the elder Kean, the *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* of Phelps, the *Iago* of Edwin Booth, or the *Conrad* of Salvini in "La Morte Civile." These differ in kind and value, of course, but resemble each other in perfection of achievement and truth of conception. To few actors has it been given to create more than one masterpiece, and Jefferson never did anything else equal to his *Rip*. His *Caleb Plummer* was quaint, humorous, and pathetic, but not vital. It was inferior to that of Owens. His *Bob Acres* was an exquisite bit of refined fooling, comic from periwig to toe-tip, and charged with all the actor's personal attractiveness, but had little or nothing in common with the character as designed by Sheridan. His *Salem Scudder* was a good specimen of the stage Yankee. His *Pangloss* and his *Ollapod*, like his *Acres*, were in many respects but eccentric manifestations of his own identity. Of his earlier impersonations none are now remembered. Mr. Jefferson received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard ten years ago.

ST. FRANCIS AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Sons of Francis. By Anne Macdonell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902. Pp. vi, 436.

St. Francis of Assisi according to Brother Thomas of Celano: His Descriptions of the Seraphic Father, A. D. 1229-1257. With a Critical Introduction, containing a description of every extant Version. By the Rev. H. G. Rosedale. London: Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. xxxiv., 12, 110, and 174 (the opuscules are paged separately).

Little Brother Francis, the most courteous (*curialissimus*) of holy men, why should he, above other religious reformers, have given rise to strife so bitter and prolonged that few scholars to-day can discuss the records of his life without the blinding heat of partisanship? He had none of Luther's *Heftigkeit;* he was no adept in scorn and scurrility, like St. Jerome and Beza. He was very much of a gentleman, and never forgot that saintly good breeding (*sancta curialitas*) which his biographer notes and which penetrated every word and deed. Yet it had become clear, even before his untimely death, that he had come to send not peace but a sword. Some of his followers took his teaching about Lady Poverty quite literally, and continued for a century and a half to protest bitterly against those who believed that mere poverty could never win the world. Francis resigned his headship of the order several years before his death, and ratified the selection of Brother Elias as leader. Now Elias belonged to what later became the laxer party, who placed their trust in fine churches and solid monasteries, papal privileges, and the general potency of wealth and organization. Elias had a way of making holiness "hum" which saddened Francis, and led him to forebode the evil days which were soon to come upon those who shared and defended his superb possessionlessness. So the issue was early joined, and in a century the *Zelati*, or stricter party, had for various reasons been so completely discredited that they were regarded by the Church as little, if any, better than heretics.

The last twenty years have witnessed a marvellous revival of interest in St. Francis. Protestants vie with Catholics; Jesuits and Dominicans with the Franciscan scholars. Several series of publications and at least one periodical, the *Miscellanea Franciscana*, are devoted exclusively to the early sources for Francis and his order. Five years ago a Leipzig professor gave a course on two of the early Lives of Francis, and in 1902 a Società Internazionale di Studii Francescani was established. There are innumerable monographs and discussions, and long introductions to little books. The controversy over the earliest Lives of St. Francis, like the not altogether dissimilar discussion of the synoptic gospels, "rouses heated passions, calls out abusive and scornful language, provokes withering attacks." That this is not the familiar *odium theologicum* or *scholasticum* one would gladly believe. The writer of 'Sons of Francis,' at any rate, sees something deeper. She says:

"Scholars may think themselves quite detached from the concerns of the present, and, when they wax hot over the religious history of more than six hundred years ago, may congratulate themselves on the intensity of their intellectual interest. But, consciously or not, they are partisans in a struggle of their own hour. It is not the question of the supreme power of the Catholic Church that divides them, any more than it divided the men whom they quarrel over now. The separation lies far deeper, springs from an ideal half concealed, half revealed, as much social as religious, never realized, yet always dimly felt; an ideal that has divided, that will eternally divide, the world till the millennium."

In short, Francis long ago said the last word on the newly rediscovered "simple life"; and his own life and doctrine save those who study him from being completely victimized by palæographic subtleties.

The 'Sons of Francis' forms a natural sequel to the famous life of Francis by Sabatier. It carries on the story of the order, beginning with the immediate disciples of Francis—those who authoritatively and proudly call themselves "Nos qui cum eo fuimus"—Bernard of Quintavalle, Rufino, Giles, Angelo, Masseo, and the celebrated Leo. Brother Elias is very sympathetically exposed. He was surely no Judas, even if he had no business in a brotherhood such as Francis's. Probably, as our author suggests, neither he nor his friend Cardinal Ugolino (later Gregory IX.) "wished that Francis, the child of Heaven, should ever learn their earthly knowledge of men. His innocence, his hopefulness, his high expectations, drew souls as they could not. If only once drawn into the fold by Francis's high hopes for them, the souls might be left to men of the world to deal with!" Perhaps even Francis saw that there was no other among the brothers who would so well govern the rapidly increasing numbers in the order as Brother Elias. Indeed, Celano reports that Francis gave Elias his special blessing, and prayed that God might remember all the toil and labor that he had expended for the order.

In 1239 Elias was deposed, much to the joy of his many enemies, and eight years later John of Parma, now pretty much forgotten, but a great man in his day, was not unreasonably selected in the hope that he might bring back peace among the distracted Franciscans. "He was a great practical experimenter in the field of religion and morals. Few there have been who have willed and planned on so great a scale to make the City of God a reality on the earth. He failed. And the strugglers of the world might go to school to him to learn how to fail with noble dignity." For toward ten years John held his own pretty well, but at last, accused of heresy, he resigned with dignity, and, before long, Bonaventura was made general of the order. Of him our author has little to say, preferring to turn her attention to Salimbene, the most diverting of Franciscans, whose memoirs are full of very light gossip and very solid information. Angelo Clareno and the 'Chronicle of the Tribulations'—an important account of the sorrows of the *Zelati*, which he helped write, and which has attracted a good deal of study lately—is assigned a chapter, as is Jacopone da Todi. "Dante and the Franciscans" is the closing theme of the volume.

The writer exhibits her complete grasp of the sources in her text, and enumerates them in her appendix of critical notes. Her volume is the peculiarly felicitous outcome of long study and a highly critical mind. It is not in the least amateurish, as books on St. Francis commonly are, nor is it primarily for edification. Probably one should know something of the general situation before he takes up the book, but then he will find it a delight throughout.

Dr. Rosedale has performed a great service by publishing from excellent manuscripts, and in the original Latin, the three accounts of St. Francis by Thomas of Celano. Thomas joined the Franciscans about twelve years before the death of their founder, and must have known him well. He was early sent as a missionary to Germany, but appears to have returned to Assisi from time to time, and was there on the occasion of Francis's death in 1226. In 1229 Thomas had completed a Life of Francis. This he forwarded to Pope Gregory IX. Although commonly known as Celano's "First Life," Dr. Rosedale prefers, for the sake of clearness, to use another title, which the work owes to its close association with the Pope, namely, *Legenda Gregorii*. Nine MSS. of this Life are in existence, and it has already been printed twice from two MSS. which have mysteriously disappeared. The best known of these earlier editions is that of the Bollandists, included in the *Acta Sanctorum* for October. But this is hardly to be had outside very large libraries, and the other edition is even rarer. Consequently, Dr. Rosedale is the first to make this most fundamental of the biographies really accessible. He has collated all nine MSS., making special use of one in the British Museum, which he thinks may perhaps have been written by Celano's own hand.

Celano's prominence in the order, his clear and graceful diction, and, above all, his indubitable nearness to the events, combine to recommend his work above all the other Lives. Yet, in spite of these considerations, the doctors are in disagreement as to its value.

"The one party," writes Dr. Rosedale, "which numbers among its adherents the orthodox Roman writers, is led by the able and polemic editor of the *Miscellanea Franciscana*. It recognizes in Thomas of Celano the true and only exponent of the life of St. Francis. The other party, whose leader seems to be one who to my mind deserves the most respectful consideration of every scholar and student, Professor Paul Sabatier, is tending in its views towards the opinion that in our author we have a man of weak character and one easily led, the tool of the dominant party, and in fact a man who was almost unscrupulous in his writings."

In 1898 Sabatier published the 'Mirror of Perfection,' which he extricated and reconstructed from much other Franciscan matter with which it had become confused. He declared that this was the work of Brother Leo, one of the foremost of Francis's companions, and, relying upon the colophon of a copy made long after the work was written, he assumed that the Life was finished early in the year MCCXXVIII—which would have been still 1227, following our reckoning. Accordingly he issued the 'Mirror of Perfection,' with many pages of introduction and notes, as the *Legenda Antiquissima*, the very oldest and most authentic account of Francis, antedating even that of Celano. But soon another MS. was discovered containing the 'Mirror,' and apparently older than that used by Sabatier. This had the date MCCCXVIII., and Sabatier's lynx-eyed opponents eagerly pointed out how easy it was for the copyist of the MS. first discovered to have made inadvertently an X instead of the third C. Sabatier, we believe, still thinks that he has reasons for maintaining his first position. However this may be, the 'Mirror of Perfection,' which has been beautifully rendered into English by Sebastian Evans, remains a marvellous source for the workings of Francis's spirit in his own life and that of his companions, and must have been written within a score of years after his death.

Under the generalship of Crescentius de Jesu, 1244-1247, the brethren were commanded to bring together "such tokens and miracles of the most blessed Father Francis as might be known or discovered." This order led to the preparation of two lives, which have come down to us—that by the "Three Companions," viz., Brothers Leo, Rufino, and Angelo; and a supplement by Thomas of Celano to his 'First Life.' The 'Legend of the Three Companions'—now to be had in English in the "Temple Classics"—is perhaps the most beautiful little work in the whole range of hagiography. Its style is infinitely simple, entirely different from the carefully considered antitheses of Celano, and yet it borrows from his 'First Life' the accounts of several incidents, and even reproduces now and then Celano's words. This legend seems to break off abruptly when it reaches the last, troubled years of the saint, and suddenly passes over to a brief notice of his death. This circumstance has led Sabatier and others to suspect that certain chapters relating to the period of storm and stress, when Elias had begun to show his hand, have been suppressed. It was while looking for the missing chapters that Sabatier discovered the 'Mirror of Perfection.' Two Franciscan scholars, Marcellino da Civezza and Teofilo Domenichelli, have brought to light an ancient Italian translation of the 'Legend of the Three Companions,' in which the gap is filled in by chapters corresponding with certain of those in the 'Mirror of Perfection.' They hold this to be the complete legend, and published it with an elaborate and learned introduction (Rome, 1899).

As for Celano, students have hitherto been puzzled by seemingly irreconcilable statements in regard to the successive accounts which he wrote after issuing his 'First Life.' Happily, Dr. Rosedale has cleared up all the difficulties, which are too technical to be presented here. Before the death of Crescentius in 1247, Celano prepared a supplement to his 'First Life" quite as voluminous as the original work. He briefly and perfunctorily reviews the career of Francis, and then classifies the incidents of his life under a series of headings—for example, "On Poverty in Clothing," "On Poverty in Bedding," " On Seeking Alms," "On Foolish Gayety," "On Holy Simplicity," etc. This forms the second treatise, *Legenda antiqua*, in Dr. Rosedale's collection, and is a reproduction of the only known MS. now preserved at Assisi. Celano shows by one passage that he was familiar with the work of the Three Companions, written in 1246, and in several cases he reproduces incidents in the 'Mirror of Perfection,' using the same words. This is but one illustration of the puzzling way in which the bits of early Franciscan literature, owing to their episodal character, began to be taken apart and shuffled around until, by the fifteenth century, matters reached such a pass that the veriest Sherlock Holmes among the Franciscan detectives finds his head swimming.

Under John of Parma, the successor of Crescentius, Celano issued a new edition of the *Legenda antiqua*, with some rather slight changes, and added a long account of Francis's miracles, to which he had given scant attention in his earlier writings. Only very recently has a MS. been discovered of this *Tractatus secundus*, which is reproduced as the final treatise in Dr. Rosedale's collection. Its discovery seems to clear up all the confusion which has hitherto existed in regard to the thirteenth-century references to Celano's various lives.

Shortly after Bonaventura was chosen head of the order, he was deputed, in view of the many scattered and sometimes conflicting legends of Francis, to prepare an official Life. When this was completed, the general chapter of the Franciscans held at Paris in 1264 commanded, in virtue of the vow of obedience, that "all legends of St. Francis hitherto made shall be destroyed; and, where they are discovered outside the order, the brethren shall endeavor to do away with them, since that legend which has been made by the General [Bonaventura] has been made up of those things which have been diligently proven, and which he had from the mouths of those who were almost continuously with St. Francis and knew all things of a certainty." Thus the whole Franciscan order was set to work to annihilate all the primary sources for the life of St. Francis, and certainly succeeded in creating or enhancing many perplexities for the modern historian. Yet, with Celano's works, the 'Legend of the Three Companions' and the 'Mirror of Perfection,' in spite of some minor mysteries, the ad-

mirer of the *Poverello* has abundant material for judging him and his teachings, and need not depend upon the prudent compilation of the irenic Bonaventura, nor upon the fascinating but untrustworthy 'Little Flowers,' which were probably brought together a century after Francis's death.

In the preceding explanation of the relation of Dr. Rosedale's publication to the previously available sources, there has been little opportunity to speak of Celano's matter and style. A single and not wholly typical example of the prose of the supposed author of the august hymn "Dies Iræ" must suffice. He thus pictures Francis's character:

"Dulcis in moribus, natura placidus, affabilis in sermone, commodissimus in exortatione, fidelissimus in commisso, providus in consilio, in negotio efficax, gratiosus in omnibus; mente serenus, animo dulcis, spiritu sobrius, contemplatione suspensus, orationi assiduus et in omnibus fervens; constans proposito, virtute stabilis, gratia perseverans, et in omnibus idem. Ad indulgendum velox, ad irascendum tardus, liber ingenio, memoria luculentus, subtilis in disserendo, circumspectus in eligendo, et in omnibus simplex."

MRS. WARD'S LATEST NOVEL.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Brothers.

'The Marriage of William Ashe' is an interesting contribution to a series of novels by Mrs. Ward, which might not inappropriately be named "The Stately Homes of England" Series.

"The Stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream!"

Thus sang Felicia Hemans, proclaiming with early Victorian simplicity the romantic charm that the visible signs of long descent and power exercise upon the popular imagination. The tuneful poetess would have repelled indignantly visitations of a vulgar curiosity about what went on behind the ancestral trees, though she may well have cherished a secret vision of human beings beautiful and graceful as the deer and swan, passing their days in occupations comparable for innocence with the bounding and gliding of those highly decorative animals.

There are several points of resemblance between Felicia Hemans and Mrs. Ward. Each in her way represents that admirable mixture of romantic sentiment, good sense, independent judgment, and profound respect for national conventions which every English gentlewoman is proud to own. Mrs. Hemans wrote verse flowing at about the same level as Mrs. Ward's prose—always respectable, yet barren of inspiration, of high or rare quality. This verse enjoyed in Mrs. Hemans's day such popularity as Mrs. Ward's novels enjoy to-day, and it is still read by many people and respectfully treated by critics, as Mrs. Ward's fiction may easily be fifty years hence. The great difference between these two "gifted" writers is really the difference of the times. In Mrs. Hemans's time the idol-breakers had not fairly got to work, and many institutions and objects, including "stately homes," were still revered by the people. In Mrs. Ward's time nothing is revered by the people; and the "stately homes," having lost all their mystery, would have lost all their interest, were it not for the curiosity of a still excluded mob about what is going on behind the park gates.

The public has settled to the belief that Mrs. Ward can gratify that curiosity; and probably the public is right. She moves with such serenity and authority through great, gilded drawing-rooms, up and down splendid staircases, across those greenswards where the deer used to be so prominent, that it is only reasonable to assume her familiarity with the nobles and great ladies, soldiers and statesmen, who have had the entrée from time immemorial. Our demands may have been unreasonable, for we have often experienced a disappointment in her delineation of such personages. These have seemed to us less spirited, less insistent on having and holding, vastly more proper than they were in the days of their seclusion, as we know them in history and through tattling writers of memoirs and letters. They have impressed us as figures that might have been commemorated in verse by Felicia Hemans, if her imagination had had the audacity to cross the portals.

In 'The Marriage of William Ashe' we meet a few people, not drawn to fit ideals, born and nourished in the humbler homes of England. First among these is Lady Kitty Bristol, the wife of William Ashe. She is an Irish girl with a bad inheritance on both sides—a father without morals and with a touch of madness, and a charming but shady mother. Ashe meets Lady Kitty at one of her mother's parties, where we are told that a sea of black coats overflowed from the drawing-room to the staircase landing, while the sex that doesn't wear coats in the evening was represented only by the hostess and her daughter. Ashe promptly falls in love with Lady Kitty, and that is the beginning of trouble.

The girl, with intelligent, wild eyes looking out from a childish face, was neither mad nor bad, but incurably perverse. She longed for love, and, when love came to her at the right moment, the dawn of life, she played cruel pranks with it, and only failed to kill it because it had passion and patience and loyalty which were never hers. She thirsted for money and pleasure and power, and, having got all these things, she threw them away. For her the thing craved lost its value with possession. The gardens of delight always lay for her beyond the shore she safely trod. She could do wrong both impulsively and deliberately, but she could expiate the wrong only in a momentary fit of self-reproach. Her vision of perfection was dim, yet she had it just enough to wring compassion from the hardest heart. Mrs. Ward has brought out this point with great skill and unfailing sympathy. She has also resisted the temptation towards exaggeration and theatrical effect offered by such a picturesque and intense figure. In the last chapter, when Ashe and his wife come together, the improbability of such an accident disappears in the sense of its appropriateness. Lady Kitty, of course, might have died unforgiven, though deeply repentant and forgiving her enemies; but she might accidentally die otherwise, and so Mrs. Ward has chosen. The whole difficult, delicate episode is beautifully managed; and if the end is not inevitable, it is the best, the perfect.

Ashe is more in Mrs. Ward's usual manner than is Lady Kitty, but he has some original touches and a strong individuality. He married for love, foreseeing clearly embarrassing complications. He bore the consequences admirably, and, we suspect, would have borne the worst—have gone back to his wife broken and abject and crying for him, after her adventure with Geoffrey Cliffe—had his mother, Lady Tranmore, not interfered. She called him to order; she reminded him of things he must stand for, traditions and family honor; she kept him firm in the attitude that the limits of forbearance had been long passed, hardening his heart against its own passion. Ashe's marriage with Kitty is only an episode, but one is made to feel that it fixed a measure for his future, gave him a standard for joy and a standard for sorrow, and that he could never forget.

It is difficult really to see Geoffrey Cliffe, the villain of the piece. At a critical moment, when we were in "the midst of some disagreement with America, a whirlwind was unloosed, and, as it happened, Geoffrey Cliffe was riding it." Lady Kitty would be fatally attracted by a rider of whirlwinds, and, from the moment of meeting with Cliffe, her doom might be regarded as sealed. Mary Lyster's manœuvres to keep two such firebrands apart could but be futile; so, though it is not quite believable, she might have been guilty of the act that brought them irrevocably together. She had ample provocation to ruin a woman who had done her out of two lovers, and perhaps she thought it no harm to hasten the predestined; still, her revenge was shameless, and makes the way found by the lurid actress, Mlle. Ricci, to pay off her score against Cliffe, appear dignified, even noble.

The grand society that Lady Kitty dazzled, offended, and shocked is described with suitable leisure, and each individual's feeling and opinion about her help to vivify her and show her off. The set is, of course, political, always more or less agitated by a foreign question at the point of crisis. For the great social functions where her world congregates, Mrs. Ward throws wide the big front door, so that her public may flock in and satisfy its curiosity. This is the sort of stuff supplied by the page:

"There could be no question that in all external matters Lord Parham was that evening magnificently entertained by the Home Secretary and Lady Kitty Ashe. The *chef* was extravagantly good; the wines, flowers, and service lavish to a degree which made both Ashe and Lady Tranmore secretly uncomfortable. Lady Tranmore in particular detested 'show,' influenced as much by aristocratic instinct as by moral qualms; and there was to her mind a touch of vulgarity in the entertaining at Haggart which might be tolerated in the case of financiers and *nouveaux riches*, while, as connected with her William and his wife, who had no need whatever to bribe society, it was unbecoming and undignified."

Such a passage intimates familiarity with "external matters" pertaining to the aristocracy, and also intimacy with the inward breast. It conveys to the waiting public a bland assurance that the author has "been there," that she "knows it all."

DYER'S EVOLUTION OF JAPAN.

Dai Nippon: A Study in National Evolution. By Henry Dyer, C.E., M.A., D.Sc. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xvi., 450.

The scope of this work is shown by the titles of its twenty chapters. They are: Introductory, Fall of Feudalism, The Japanese Mind, Transition, Education, Army and Navy, Means of Communication, Industrial Developments, Art Industries, Commerce, Food Supply, Colonization and Emigration, Constitutional Government, Administration, Finance, International Relations, Foreign Politics, Social Results, The Future, Recent Events. The chapter on Recent Events was appended to explain the main events just before and after the outbreak of war with Russia. The Introductory chapter tells about the author and his work in Japan, the purpose being "to bring my readers within the sphere of my mental environment." He came to Japan (1873) to organize at Tokio the College of Engineering under the Department of Public Works. As principal of that college, he stayed in Japan about ten years, resigning his position "for personal and family reasons."

While the author seeks "to indicate the forces which have been at work in bringing about what is admitted to be the wonder of the latter half of the nineteenth century, namely, the rise of Japan as a member of the comity of nations, and to note some of the chief results," his aim is, not to write a history of modern Japan, but "to supply some materials for such a history by a preliminary study of the dynamics of the subject." He realizes that the task set for himself is complicated and difficult, but he finds the main force in "Bushido," "the sense of honor which cannot bear to be looked down upon as an inferior power" and which creates "the intense loyalty of the people." To this are added "great intellectual ability" and "great power of foresight." But would not "pride" better express the meaning shown by the context for "sense of honor"? Similarly, when we read, "The two predominating features in Japanese national life are therefore patriotism and loyalty, and these to a large extent explain the circumstances which led to the overthrow of the Shogun and the restoration of the Emperor as the centre of executive authority in Japan," troublesome questions arise. Where were this patriotism and loyalty during the two hundred and sixty-five years of the Shogunate? Were they, after all, not a product of "Bushido," or was there a modern "Bushido"? Besides his curious conception of facts, the author thinks that, in estimating the chief forces in national evolution, "the value of opinions expressed must depend, to a very large extent, on the personal experience of the writer"—surely a new historical canon. Beyond this, it were bootless to set opinions against those of the author about the "inner forces which have been most powerful" in making Japan.

But in fact few readers are likely to measure this work by the standard set up by the author. Most readers will value it for the facts and the suggestions it contains. Looked at in this way, two merits lift the work above most of the books on Japan. It is a serious effort by one who has had a good opportunity to know Japan. It brings together a vast deal of information which the general reader seeks, but which must otherwise be sought in a wide variety of sources. Furthermore, most of the abundant statistical data are drawn from official sources, and are brought fully up to the date of publication. On what may be called the concrete aspects of the subject, each chapter gives a good summary view. The chief facts concerning the growth of institutions are woven into an interesting narrative. Untrustworthy in theories, perhaps no other single volume gives so wide and correct a view of the main facts in the several phases of Japanese national life. Since busy people need summary views of large subjects, they will find this one of the best works of the kind on Japan. But pictures suggested by such works are rarely in every way lifelike. The best use of space is, therefore, to point out wherein this book seems likely to mislead the reader.

The trustful Western reader is likely to feel abashed by this book. He is likely to be weighed down with a sense of inferiority —partly of guilt, partly of relative mental and moral weakness, partly of impracticable, if not even low, ideals. On the other hand, he will get only a vague conception of the Japanese. He will find them in most things superior to the men he knows; but the picture will be blurred, and the Japanese will remain incomprehensible. Such impressions result, not merely from statements of the author, but also, and perhaps even more, from actual and implied comparisons and from the general spirit in which he writes. His picture of the moral guilt of European States in their treatment of Oriental peoples is not overdrawn; but the implication that Japanese are wholly incapable of such things is not consistent with the author's reference to Japan's relation to Korea. In respect, not merely of things peculiarly Japanese, but also of institutions taken by Japan from the West, the reader is both told and made to feel that the West has much to learn from Japan. On the other hand, the author gives the impression that Japan got far less from the West than is generally supposed. Thus, he quotes Hearn to the effect that, after all, there was really no revolution in Japan, and that, for the most part, the new things introduced were in neither nature nor effect fundamental. But, if the changes in Japan have not been more numerous and far more radical than those caused by the break-up of feudalism in the West—if they have not affected institutions, customs, and modes of thought—then they are measured by standards not known to ordinary students, and the Japanese themselves, in their new codes, their new system of education, their new political and economic institutions, their daily practices, are vainly chasing illusions.

In his interpretation of Japanese motives and ideals, Mr. Dyer has mainly followed Nitobe, Hearn, Okakura—men of poetic gift —and so his picture lacks nothing in the way of color and proportion. He shows how Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism, by a sort of chemical action, crystallized into "Bushido" and the Japanese spirit—in short, made Japanese motives and ideals. How these ideals as such compare with those of Christianity, he does not say. But he ventures "to affirm that its [Bushido's] principles entered more deeply into the national life of Japan than do those of the religion we profess into Western civilization." What is most misleading is the failure to keep clear the fact that these are ideals. The author himself is thus misled. A seeming recognition of this fact elicits from him a tardy disclaimer that he is "placing the civilization of Old Japan or of China before that of the West." Let the author himself tell how far apart were the ideal and the real. To illustrate the spirit of old Japan, he speaks about *katakiuchi* (which he calls "redress," but which means killing an enemy in *revenge*) thus: "Redress did not descend to mere personal revenge, for it was justified only when it was undertaken on behalf of superiors and benefactors. 'One's own wrongs, including injuries done to wife and children, were to be borne and forgiven.'" Later, he says: "I can recall the Satsuma men, with their swaggering gait and sometimes scowling aspect, and one was thankful when one got safely past them in the streets; for there was no saying what an angry samurai might do on the spur of the moment." Again: "There can be no doubt that mere bravado and a domineering spirit led to a reckless use of their swords by the samurai class." Similarly, under the glow of his worded ideals, the author tells us that "the Japanese samurai, and to a very considerable extent all other classes in the country, were fairly well educated"; that "the mind was trained in such a manner that it obtained the capacity to undertake any study to which it was directed." But, later, he says: "It was curious to note how much the people were the slaves of mechanical methods in their mental training. . . . Learning by heart and copying constituted the greater part of the education of the Japanese youth, and the teacher did nothing to stimulate original thought." Then he quotes from the Imperial Rescript on education: "For farmers, artisans, and merchants, and also for women, learning was regarded as beyond their sphere, owing to some misapprehension in the way of school administration. Even among the higher classes much time was spent in the useless occupation of writing poetry and composing maxims, instead of learning what would be for their own benefit or that of the State." We may believe the Rescript as against the author.

For him the test question is: "Have they [the Japanese] been gainers by the changes?" The main trend of his feeling seems to be that Japan lost more than she gained. But, as the changes are in a sense the price paid for her continued existence "as a separate nationality," he reluctantly accepts the hard bargain. Not unnaturally some curious standards had to be set up in order to maintain this mental attitude and also avoid self-contradiction. Thus, economic gains disappear before logic like this: "We have also seen that the prices of nearly all the necessaries of life have risen, although not so much as the wages, so that on the whole the economic condition of the majority of the people has improved. On the other hand, their wants have also developed, and it is doubtful if there is a large proportion who find themselves better off than they would have been under the old conditions." Thus, it seems,

when wages rise faster than prices, it can only better the condition of people if they do *not* satisfy more wants! Also, the economic condition of the people improves, and yet the people do not find themselves better off than before. Besides, we read: "Sanitary conditions have been bettered, the quality of the food of the majority of the people has improved, and more attention is now being paid to systematic physical development than was the case under feudal conditions, when it was for the most part confined to the samurai class." So, also, with regard to mental, moral, spiritual and social well-being, the standards which show the superiority of the old conditions are a little hard to grasp. These standards are that "intellectual activities and material means are not necessarily the accompaniments of moral and spiritual development"; that "many found pleasure in their work, and they asked for no other blessedness"; that "life was simple, and wants were few"; that "artists were able to work in a leisurely manner and give full play to their genius," while in exchange for their products "they had a sufficient allowance to meet their small personal wants." If these be good standards, the French Revolution was not justified; Europe, like Japan, made a mistake in leaving feudalism; even the Greek and Roman slaves had little cause for complaint! This shows the source of error to be a lack of historical perspective. Like many writers on Japan, the author, as *a mere spectator*, was close enough to Japanese feudalism to be awed by its picturesque outside. He did not look carefully enough at what was within. If "many of the most thoughtful minds in the country look back with something like regret on the old state of affairs," it is like the thrill we have in reading 'Ivanhoe' or looking at the castles on the Rhine. Like us, they would not think of exchanging freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, equality before the law, for more refined art *for the few*, arbitrary government, summary justice and kindred feudal institutions.

Since in Japan *two* universities must serve a population of forty-five millions, it is misleading to read that "the youth of Japan have now opportunities for higher education which will compare very favorably with those of almost any other [*sic*] country in Europe or America." Specimens of logic are, that the quality of Japanese copper causes (?) extensive use of electrical power and development of electrical industries; that low development of commerce in Old Japan was the consequence (?) of the low social position of merchants and speculators. Errors occur. Tea is declared the most important export to America, while its value is less than a fourth that of silk exports to America. The number of *Kotogakko* is stated (incorrectly) as six (p. 84) and (correctly) as eight (p. 88). There are other errors, inconsistencies and curious specimens of logic. But most of the facts concerning Education, Commerce, Transportation, Finance, and such subjects are correct, and it is for information of this kind that the book has its chief and real value. If it had less of the personal element—the first personal pronoun singular appears almost as many times as there are pages—it would please the reader more and be none the less convincing.

The Women of America. By Elizabeth McCracken. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It is a pity that those old Greek satirists who were so profoundly impressed with the uselessness of women (Simonides of Amorgos for instance, or Phocylides, or Hipponax) cannot read Miss McCracken's book. Simonides took ten types of women and compared them each with an animal—the pig, the dog, the ape and so on—all in the most unflattering terms. Only one in ten could he find to admire—the busy housewife, the type of the bee. The rest were greedy, vain, back-biting, dangerous, and tedious companions. Miss McCracken takes thirteen types of American women and finds them all excellent save only one. No superlatives can be found to exhaust their good qualities; America is in their hands, and, being there, is perfectly safe. We are reminded of the remark of a very sensible woman who, last autumn, having listened patiently to several members of the Peace Conference making speeches to an audience of young women, and assuring them, on the honor of American men, that the whole future of America depended on their pleasure, with many variations of the theme, at last, in her turn, rose and said abruptly, "Girls, don't be misled by all that flattery"—a warning that was greeted with prolonged applause.

Miss McCracken set out on a tour to study the American woman, and found her almost without a flaw. She found prairie towns in Nebraska permeated by Shakspere through the influence of the Women's Shakspere Club, a whole community transformed by the presence of a single college woman, libraries everywhere due to women, women everywhere reading the books in them. There is a refreshing absence of statistics and a good deal of platitude in her evidences, but the book, "Germanly speaking," as De Quincey would say, lets itself be read. It is the view of an emotionalist with a fixed idea, but not unobservant. We have said that Miss McCracken found one flaw; there is one reservation in her panegyric—*surgit amari aliquid.* The political women enjoying the franchise in Colorado she sadly admits have sunk to equality with men. It is, indeed, a case of "women, once our superiors and now our equals." Ten years of suffrage in Colorado have, says Miss McCracken, injured the women, whatever may have happened to politics. But politics has not escaped unscathed.

"Public life in Colorado is hysterical. . . . The simplest discussion of the most trivial matter is marked by a breathless tenseness out of all proportion to the occasion. I very soon found in Denver, for example, that it was unwise to put questions to any woman whomsoever regarding any public issue, if another woman at all likely to disagree with her chanced to be present. Instead of hearing one reply, or even two differing replies, I was obliged to listen to a long, excited and chaotic argumentation between the two women pledged to opposite sides of the situation."

"I grant that you may have influence, but *we* have power," said one of these female-suffragists to Miss McCracken. The women philanthropists of Denver, if we may believe the writer, "do it to get votes." "How sweet she is with that baby!" I said to a woman standing near me. "Yes," replied the woman, with a sudden accession of interest and curiosity, "she is. And I hadn't supposed *she* was looking for a new office!" In short, Miss McCracken agrees with the Colorado husband who remarked, "Women don't change politics as much as politics changes women."

There are so many types of American women that it would have been impossible to describe them all in a volume of less than 400 pages. The chapter on "Women in the Professions" says nothing about women who are teaching in colleges or managing them. There is no account of the industrial woman, whether employed in a factory or taking a part in the management of large business concerns. The typewriter is ignored. The domestic servant who makes or mars so many thousand lives is left out of range. In fact, the book has far too wide a title; it merely touches the fringe of the skirts of the great, complex, bewildering, many-sided American woman whom Miss McCracken travelled West and East and North and South to discover and verify and describe.

Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

There is no good reason why the author should not give us a second book on the Hardy Garden, the first was so good. Moreover, she has had in the case of this, as of the first, the help of Professor Chandler in providing excellent illustrative photographs. Some of the recent books on gardening read much like expanded catalogues of nurserymen and seedsmen, the element of inflation consisting largely of that kind of experience the recital of which lightens the daily journey of the suburbanite—or else exasperates him beyond reasonable control. A friend of ours, whose train to and from the city carried the usual number of amateur gardeners with precocious vegetables and early fruits, was wont to obtain from his seed merchant the very *latest* and, so to say, *slowest* varieties of everything. His late sweet corn just escaped the first frosts and afforded him a topic of conversation when his rival passengers had to confess that their summer was past and their harvest was ended.

The author of this work places before us her quiet statements in an unobtrusive and instructive manner, and, here and there, gives touches to her sketch which make the book more than usually readable. She insists with some show of reason that a woman's heart in gardening is with her flowers and shrubs, and the raising of vegetables is only a propitiatory offering to the other members of the family. In taking women through her garden, she says, she "has never heard one ask about the vegetable garden, but she cannot recall a single instance of showing the flowers to a man who failed to inquire with a strong note of interest about the vegetable garden." We wish we could quote at length the pleasant account the author gives of the home itself and its surroundings. The following outline sketch will sufficiently indicate that the story of the garden and the home has been written by a sympathetic and keen observer. The mare driven by the author is an animal of great intelligence, and has come to know its daily and its Sunday tasks very perfectly.

"The mare is a creature of superior and somewhat lofty manners, and not only domineers the other horses in the home stable,

but fairly browbeats those with whom she comes in contact in the church sheds. They, faithful creatures, mow great fields of hay, plough, and draw heavy loads; and the light task of taking their families to church makes Sunday for them a day of rest. My petted animal hears their tales of the hard week's work, and recounts to them her life of ease, telling how her only labor is to take her mistress upon pleasure drives. But last summer her pride met with a downfall and her haughty spirit was brought low. The weather being very warm, I bought her a hat, bound the holes cut for her ears with red, and adorned it further with a gay red *chou*. She wore it proudly for a few days; then came Sunday. Out of the church shed she came that day with a sadly subdued air; seemed to have no spirit; hung her head, and returned home so dejectedly that I feared she might be ill. The next day the united strength of two men could not put on that hat. She had been laughed at and jeered at by her companions in the shed for her frivolity in taking to millinery, so that her pride was broken and she learned the lesson of meekness."

The Law of Foreign Corporations and Taxation of Corporations, both Foreign and Domestic. By Joseph Henry Beale, jr. Boston: William J. Nagel. 1904.

It is safe to say that this book, on which the author has been engaged for years, will be welcomed by the profession for which it has been written. There is, we believe, no other which covers the field explored by Mr. Beale, to the exclusion of other topics, and this fact alone would make the work professionally important. The subject itself, especially in this country, bids fair to occupy bench, bar, and Legislature more and more as time goes on, for this country may, without paradox, be called the home and nursery of foreign corporations. In this country alone of great modern commonwealths, every State jurisdiction is a "foreign" jurisdiction in every other State; and every corporation chartered by one State is a foreign corporation in every other. The complexity of the jurisprudence which this system produces can hardly be exaggerated, and it is made more complicated still by the concurrent existence of still a third (Federal) jurisdiction, with a constitution, laws, and courts of supreme authority in certain limited directions, although, as a rule, this is not the authority from which a corporation derives its franchise. Our foreign corporations, too, being, in the ordinary sense of the word, domestic corporations, Mr. Beale is quite justified in attributing to the law of his subject great practical interest. It is by "foreign" corporations that an enormous part of the business and commerce of the country is carried on. The subject of taxation is naturally involved, especially as the provisions of the Constitution of the United States affect the right to tax. It should be added that the author has devoted considerable space to the statutory provisions of States and Territories, as well as of Great Britain and Canada. "A knowledge of the form of statute on which the decision is based is necessary for an understanding of many important authorities on the law of foreign corporations."

Without going into details, we may call attention to chapter xxx., on Taxation and Interstate Commerce, as specially valuable just now that States are laying about them in every direction for new sources of revenue. The taxation of "franchises" has divided the Supreme Court as effectually as the questions of colonial expansion. A State may tax a foreign corporation, but it may not regulate interstate commerce. After an elaborate review of the cases, Mr. Beale's conclusion is that a tax upon a foreign corporation, to be valid, must fulfil two requirements: first, it must be levied equally upon domestic and foreign corporations; second, "it must in substance be a means of making property within the State bear its share of the burdens of government, or of paying for the grant of special privileges or for special services not connected with interstate commerce. If the tax fails in either of these respects, it is a tax on commerce, and is invalid."

Mediæval Art, from the Peace of the Church to the Eve of the Renaissance, 312-1350. By W. R. Lethaby. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xviii., 315.

Mr. Lethaby is author of a small volume, published in 1892 and entitled 'Architecture, Mysticism, and Myth,' and another of 1893 entitled 'Leadwork: Old and Ornamental, and for the most part English.' In 1894 he acted with Mr. Harold Swainson, since dead, in producing one of the most valuable monographs we have, 'The Church of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople,' not fully described without citation of its second title, "A Study of Byzantine Building." He has appeared as editor of a valuable and unique set of manuals, "The Arts and Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks," of which three volumes have been reviewed in these columns during the last two years; and now he joins the very well-chosen group of authors who furnish the red-covered volumes of another series of books on Fine Art—that to which belong Gronau's 'Titian' and Holroyd's 'Michelangelo' —with his 'Mediæval Art,' a work of great research and of singular thoroughness.

Two apparent characteristics of Mr. Lethaby are a laudable willingness to take pains, and a marked readiness to adopt positive opinions—to reach final conclusions and avow them. As to the first point, it would not need much study of the book before us to convince the reader that the monuments have been carefully studied and minutely compared, the latest as well as the old standard authorities consulted, the religious and racial influence weighed. As to the second point, it requires some explanation, for we would not give the impression that our author is hasty in his conclusions. He is, we think, one of those students who are quick to see a positive evil, or a positive good, in a race, an epoch, a tendency—quick to find it and bold to announce it. That habit of mind seems to Americans who are taught rather in the Continental schools than by British example, a peculiarly national one. We expect the Englishman to believe in an unhesitating way certain doctrines about mediæval and other literature, scholarship, philosophy, and fine art. Thus, we find a continued acceptance of views announced forty years ago by James Fergusson, a pragmatical and self-satisfied writer having little real insight into architectural conditions; and in new English books and periodicals we meet with the reiteration of doctrines embodying conditions and beliefs announced half a century ago, in the days of the Gothic Revival, of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, of the writings of William Rossetti and Burges, Morris and Palgrave, Pugin and Lord Lindsay. In short, American students of art matters are rather apt to find the English writers doctrinaires.

Now there is, as one might expect, a certain mysticism combined with this tendency to firm conviction. By "mysticism" we mean the tendency to find in the work of art certain thoughts or utterances which are not visible to the bodily eye. "Wherever, in Italy, we see a school of architecture in course of formation, we shall find that it has its roots in a fresh Byzantine impulse" (p. 91); the bronze font at Liège is "the most remarkable work of art, in an historical sense, of any known to me" (p. 216); Ruskin, "who, at least, was a supreme judge of beauty" (p. 92); "the principle [of Gothic design] was exactly that of natural growth" (p. 169); "one feels that this dazzling mixture of blue and ruby was made use of by a deeper instinct than taste. Such windows seem to fulfil an active part in cathedral ritual—an incense of color" (p. 180)—these quotations show, not unfairly, the tone of conviction and, as it were, illumination in which this treatise is composed. We may add the curiously hasty assumption that the circle of black and white inlay with the sun and zodiacal signs in the pavement of the Florentine Baptistery is studied from a stained-glass rose window (p. 102). It is not merely that a resemblance is pointed out, but that inferences as to date are drawn from it.

The book is divided into twelve chapters, of which the first deals with the age of Constantine. The words of the title, "Peace of the Church," refer, as it seems, to the declaration of Constantine and his colleague, Licinius, that Christianity should be tolerated in the Empire. Four chapters following this treat of the Romanesque and Byzantine—that is, the Western and Eastern—round-arched styles, which followed that of classical Rome. Then comes chapter vi., which deals with the peculiar characteristics of the later Middle Ages, not in architecture alone, but in art conceptions generally, and the reasons for the rapid spread of Gothic architecture, when fairly developed. This chapter introduces the treatment of Gothic art, which fills the second half of the volume. The discussion of it stops with the fourteenth century, and is, in so far, one more disappointment. When shall we see a book that will give its proper place to fifteenth-century art? Let it be called Early Renaissance, as French writers are often inclined to name it, or Developed Gothic, or simply the Flamboyant style, it deserves analysis and criticism as well as the art of any *Décadence* that has ever been, and there is always much beautiful work in the times of *Décadence*.

There are 66 full-page, half-tone prints and 125 text cuts, some of which show, we think, Mr. Lethaby's own handiwork. His illustrations in firm line are recognizable here to those who have studied the cuts in the 'Sancta Sophia.' His selection of material indicates that large knowledge of the monuments and the authorities to which allusion has been made. If any bad tendency may be thought to exist in the enthusiasm, the ready conviction, the inspired tone of the book, the good tendency is at least as noticeable. Where else are such hearty words of praise of the noblest works

of mediæval men? Nowhere, surely, have the Pisan group of cathedral buildings, or the apse of Beauvais, or the cathedral at Laon, received more sympathetic and affectionate words of praise.

Inner Jerusalem. By A. Goodrich-Freer. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. xv., 388.

The object of Miss Freer's book is to describe Jerusalem as it is to-day. She appears to have visited the country for the special purpose of writing a book, which differs, nevertheless, from that of the ordinary traveller in that she spent two years at Jerusalem investigating and studying. She tried to enter into relations with all the various creeds and communities in the Holy City, so as to absorb, if possible, their point of view, and she seems to have written her chapters about some, at least, of these different nationalities during or immediately after her period of special affiliation with them. As, furthermore, she wrote with the intention of publishing her accounts of them separately in periodicals (in point of fact only one chapter was so published), the effect produced is somewhat as though a representative of each nationality had written a chapter about that nationality. We see its virtues and few of its faults, and consider it largely for itself, without regard to its relations to the others. The style, however, is the same throughout—amusing and light, without being irreverent.

Now and then Miss Freer makes use of historical and learned material, as in the chapter on the history of the Franciscans. In general she avoids archæological and historical disquisitions and discussions, not, as she says, because she is not interested in those topics, but because others have treated them or can treat them better. Her object is to present a picture of the Jerusalem of to-day, its inhabitants, its social life, its customs, and its religious practices.

She is in general tolerant and kindly toward Jews, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Abyssinians, Armenians, Moslems, the peculiar American colony, to the care of which has been entrusted for some years the public-school system of Moslem Jerusalem—in fact, toward every one except her own compatriots, the English; but for them, and especially for the English missionaries, she has hard and even unjust words and judgments. As a result of this attitude of easy tolerance there is generally an apparent lack of strong conviction or deep feeling, but once she is roused to burning indignation, namely, in the chapter, "Martyrdom in Jerusalem," where she describes the disgraceful disturbances at the Holy Sepulchre three years since, when the Greek monks endeavored to take possession by force of the outside flight of steps, which it is the privilege of the Latin Franciscan monks to sweep. Five Italian Franciscans, two Germans, one Frenchman, one Spaniard, one Hollander, two Russians, three Syrians, and one Englishman were more or less seriously injured by stones thrown upon them from above, or wounded with clubs and daggers in the hands of the Greek monks. This fracas attained international importance, because, inasmuch as France, through her latter-day relations to Russia, failed to champion, as of yore, the cause of the Latins in Palestine, the German, Italian, and Spanish Governments interfered and took charge of the cases of their respective subjects. It may be added that no real punishment was inflicted upon the offending monks, and that the Greek community in general viewed this violent onslaught upon the Latins with favor. Such is the bitter rivalry for possession of the sacred sites in Palestine, and so much has the religion of sacred relics, rites, and sites superseded the religion of life! In her account of this fracas, Miss Freer has made use of a manuscript narrative written by one of the Franciscans of the Convent of St. Salvador.

As a woman, Miss Freer enjoyed certain special advantages for the study of the domestic life of the Moslems, and the description of a Moslem wedding at which she assisted, even to taking part in attiring the bride, is peculiarly interesting.

Despite her lack of familiarity with the Arabic language, she found means of communication which were, on the whole, satisfactory for her purpose. Her transliteration of Arabic words is somewhat erratic. As she herself says, it reminds one of the elder Weller's account of the spelling of the name of that illustrious family. For all practical purposes, however, it represents the sounds with sufficient accuracy. But by what perverse ingenuity was Miss Freer led to revive the obsolete *scirocco*, which has no justification either in sound or in etymology?

Our author finds some amusement in the American method of choosing consuls, and the lack of dignity and form characteristic of American consular representation. Although American subjects (almost exclusively Jews, be it said), many of whom cannot speak English and very many of whom doubtless obtained their naturalization papers by fraud, are very numerous, America alone among the Powers represented in Jerusalem has no consular residence. A good word is spoken for the curious "American Colony," commonly called Spaffordites, of dubious repute and yet abounding in good works, educational, benevolent, and industrial. While commending the work of the American "School of Archæology, opened in 1900, which receives, irrespective of religion, nationality, or sex, all students who are graduates of a university of recognized standing," Miss Freer remarks that "it has no local habitation and only one professor, annually renewed, and, however learned, as new as are his pupils to the Holy Land" (p. 4). Unfortunately, this is likely to be the case until increased interest shall enable the directors of this school to provide, as at the similar schools in Athens and Rome, a resident director. The German Archæological School, which has a resident director, is mentioned in terms of unqualified approval, as is also the admirable archæological and Biblical work done by the Dominicans at St. Étienne.

While unhampered by prejudices which prevent intimate social relations with the American Colony, with Latin and Greek monks, with cultivated and intelligent Jews and native Moslems, as are her English compatriots in Jerusalem, or so Miss Freer claims, she was so far limited by social restrictions that all she saw of Jerusalem in the case of each nationality appears to have been what may be called its upper section. The ignorance and need, the curious superstitions and religious vagaries, the vice, the crime, the misery, do not appear in her pages, or at least are merely referred to. The book gives a pleasant and entertaining and, in spite of its limitations, probably the best available picture of actual living conditions in Jerusalem at the present day. It is well got up and satisfactorily illustrated.

Modern Advertising. By Ernest Elmo Calkins and Ralph Holden. (Appletons' Business Series.) D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

The series in which this book is published appears to have been designed for those who wish to advertise their own businesses. The contents of 'Modern Advertising' imply that it is more particularly addressed to business men disposed to employ an advertising agent not only to deal with mediums, but to plan their campaigns or coöperate with themselves in such planning. Assuming this to be its object, we can say it probably serves its purpose. It must accordingly exhibit the art as it is practised by agents and accepted from them; not strictly the art of advertising, but of joint advertising and sales-management. Not unnaturally it commends such performances as "Uneeda Biscuit," "The Smile that Won't Come off." "Sunny Jim," "The Road of Anthracite," etc.; and such a periodical as the *Ladies' Home Journal* as "the highest type of an advertising medium, well edited, with great influence, a circulation reaching well-educated, well-to-do, intelligent, American women"; . . . and "the people who read it are of the better and more discriminating class." It would be out of place for a book like this to lay down the lines on which salesmanship by print may exercise itself to the best advantage; this will be very clear if we add—in the long run.

In the effort to make a book, there is a whole chapter on Definition of Advertising, another on the History of it. The authors appear to think that engravings, "designs," "display," and smartness, are about the whole thing. It does not occur to them that good advertising is, essentially, giving such information as will enable the reader to buy intelligently, with the equivalent in print of a salesman's manner, or something more substantial, to win confidence. They know nothing of candor and fairness, and the exhibition of them in the style of writing and in the typography, as the essentials of proper advertising to extend the area of trade wherever want exists. They know nothing of what the world has lost by the general lapse from such candor and fairness on the part of advertisers. This remark on a certain class of advertisement stands for the book: "The more complete and enthusiastic the description, the larger the returns from the advertising." Enthusiasm and returns!

Strangely enough, there is not a word about book advertising; the class of trade advertising which has least felt the degrading influences of the "expert" advertisement-writer, is not even mentioned—unless Booklover's Library advocacy is book advertising. Medical advertising also is slighted, perhaps for the opposite reason.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Felix. Marriage and Divorce. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Arnold, Birch. Birch Leaves. Detroit: Franklin Press.
Ashe, Sydney W., and J. D. Keiley. Electric Railways. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Baldwin, Charles Sears. How to Write. Macmillan Co.
Bangs, J. Kendrick. The Worsted Man. Harpers. 50 cents.
Barry, William. Ernest Renan. Scribners. $1 net.
Beach, Rex E. Pardners. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Bell, J. J. Mr. Pennycook's Boy. Harper's. $1.25.
Brownell, W. C. French Art. New ed. Scribners.
Carey, Charles. The Van Suyden Sapphires. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Clouston, J. Storer. The Lunatic at Large. F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.
Comstock, Anna Botsford. How to Keep Bees. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Cooper, Edward H. The Twentieth Century Child. John Lane. $1.50.
Corelli, Marie. Free Opinion. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Davis, Edward Ziegler. Translations of German Poetry in American Magazines. Philadelphia: American Germanica Press. $1.65 net.
Doyle, Edward. The Haunted Temple. Knickerbocker Press.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Duniway, Abigail Scott. From the West to the West. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Earle, C. W., and others. Garden Colour. Dutton. $6 net.
Edwards, Amelia B. Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys. Dutton. $2.50.
Farquhar, Edward. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Friend, Emil. Masks. Chicago: Geo. W. Ogilvie & Co.
Fullerton, Edith Loring. How to Make a Vegetable Garden. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.
Gordon, Armistead C. The Gift of the Morning Star. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Greenidge, A. H. J. A History of Rome. Vol. I. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Hale, Edward Everett, jr. Dramatists of To-day. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Hale, William. A Dauntless Viking. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Hall, R. N. Great Zimbabwe. Dutton. $6 net.
Heath, Dudley. Miniatures. Putnams. $6.75.
Hewlett, Maurice. Fond Adventures. Harpers. $1.50.
Hornung, E. W. Stingaree. Scribners. $1.50.
International French-English and English-French Dictionary. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. $2.
Jefferies, Richard. The Pageant Summer. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.
Jepson, Edgar. Lady Noggs, Peeress. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Johnson, Wolcott: An Old Man's Idyl. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1 net.
"Katharine." Letters from an Oregon Ranch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Mathews, Shailer. The Messianic Hope in the New Testament. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.
Mathews, Frances Aymar. The Marquise's Millions. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Meredith, Katharine Mary Cheever. The Wing of Love. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Mitchell, Lucy M. A History of Ancient Sculpture. New ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4 net.
My Automobile: A Handy Record. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Nichols, Francis H. Through Hidden Shensi. Scribners. $2 net.
Noble, Esther Gideon. Macbeth: A Warning against Superstition. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Parmele, Mary Platt. A Short Story of Russia. Scribners. $1.
Rice, Wallace. The Athlete's Garland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Rosadi, Giovanni. The Trial of Jesus. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.
Rose, Mary. The Women of Shakespeare's Family. John Lane. 50 cents net.
Selections from Standard French Authors. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55 cents.
Smith, R. Bosworth. Bird Life and Bird Lore. Dutton. $3 net.
Stephens, Kate. American Thumb-Prints. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Stevenson, Robert Louis. Father Damien. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.
Strong, Isobel. The Girl from Home. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Watson, James. The Dog Book. Part I. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.
Wharton, Edith. Italian Backgrounds. Scribners. $2.50 net.
White, Fred M. The Crimson Blind. R. F. Fenno & Co.

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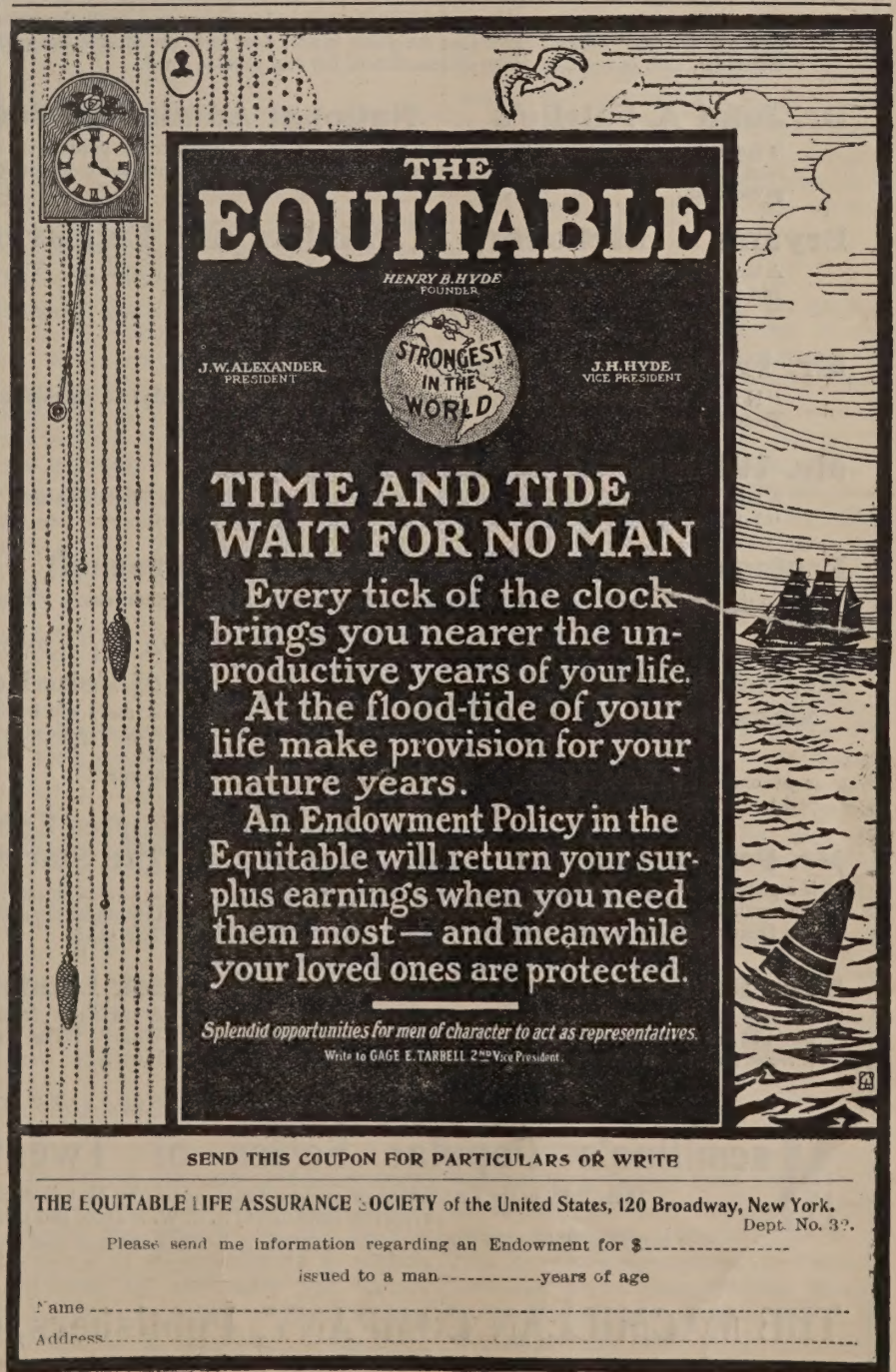
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1905.

The Week.

The *Herald* of April 25 made the startling allegation in its news columns that Mr. Herbert Bowen, the United States Minister to Venezuela, had preferred a very serious charge of personal corruption against Assistant Secretary of State Loomis. In brief, according to this account. Mr. Bowen found himself estopped from further proceedings in the matter of the asphalt case now before the Venezuelan Supreme Court because President Castro possesses a check for $10,000 paid by the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company to Mr. Loomis while he was representing the United States. It was further alleged that this is only a part of the money given to him by that company, and that details of the scandal have been sent to all the chancelleries of Europe by the foreign diplomats at Venezuela. Still further allegations were to the effect that Mr. Loomis bought up a claim against the Venezuelan Government for a small sum and then used his official position to collect it; also, that Mr. Loomis contracted to bring about a settlement of a Venezuelan debt of ten millions, in return for which he was to receive about $1,400,000. Mr. Loomis's categorical denial of these charges clearly placed upon the diplomat the duty of proving his case or retiring from the service. He has accordingly been recalled for that purpose by Secretary Taft, and it seems unlikely in any event that he will return to his post.

The strike of the Chicago teamsters presents the usual incongruity between the smooth official deliverances and the lawless, non-official acts of a desperate body of would-be job-monopolizers. The Chicago Federation of Labor, by formal resolve, has requested President, Governor, and Mayor to "investigate existing conditions in Chicago" before complying with any request made for military protection. If the striking teamsters can win by peaceably withholding their service, there is nothing standing in the way of their success. A regiment under arms on every thoroughfare could not prevent the teamsters from winning, provided there is not an adequate supply of teamsters to be had outside the unions. The real reason for their expressed desire for official investigation before an order is given for military protection is, clearly, the fear of the unionists that without violence they must lose their fight. The shooting of the Grady brothers on Sunday on the suspicion that they were connected with an obnoxious firm of employers, and the killing of Peter Klausen, who was guilty of the crime of driving his own wagon, point significantly to the real cause for the union protest against military protection. The pathetic report of Mayor Dunne's "peace committee" would seem to imply that the employers are more obdurate than the teamsters in refusing to assent to arbitration. The unions are quite willing, according to the peace committee, to submit the controversy "to persons commanding the respect and confidence of the community." If the unionists, after killing several such persons, are willing to submit the controversy to others of the same class, the magnanimity of the unions certainly deserves the highest laudation.

The new arbitration agreement adopted in the building trades of this city appears to be a victory for the unions. The plan which it supersedes ignored practically all their rights. It was arbitration only in name. The unions were not consulted when it was framed, and had little to do with its enforcement. Nominally, it provided for the arbitration of all labor disputes, but the machinery was carefully kept in the employers' hands. Thus, the old arbitration board had a permanent secretary, but his salary was paid by the employers, and his office was at the headquarters of the Employers' Association. It is not strange that such "arbitration," instead of permanently settling labor disputes, should have constantly fomented them. The new plan is the result of the joint deliberation of unions and employers. Provision is made for a general arbitration board, whose office shall be on neutral territory, the expense to be shared equally by masters and men. The fight now ended was largely between the employers and the walking delegates. The old arbitration treaty, it was said, would end the rule of the Parkses and the Weinseimers. Hence, it was specifically provided that "business agents" should not serve on the arbitration boards. In the new plan, however, that clause is omitted. A new section declares that "business agents of the unions, parties to this plan, shall be permitted to enter all shops, buildings, or structures" under the jurisdiction of the association.

This is not the only ominous feature. The real issue involved in the recent struggle was whether building in New York was to be monopolized by certain employers on one hand and certain unions on the other, or whether the old system of unfettered competition was to prevail. It was a question not only of the closed shop, but of the closed industry and the closed city. In specific terms, the old arbitration treaty provided that employers should hire only of those unions which were parties to it, and that all agreements existing between the men and contractors should continue inviolate. These latter agreements, it was no secret, assured monopolies on both sides—the bosses promising to employ only certain men; the men, in turn, to work only for certain employers. The matter is put not quite so bluntly in the new plan. The employers, however, promise to employ only union men, and numerous other stipulations make it clear that only those unions which are parties to the agreement are intended. New unions, too, are to be admitted only by the consent of the general arbitration board, or as the result of a special arbitration proceeding. Labor conditions in the building trades are reported improved, but not much encouragement is to be drawn from this new plan, which means the return of the walking delegate.

Mr. Carnegie's great fund for pensioning professors is characteristic of the donor in that it makes for efficiency. No one with the slightest acquaintance with college life can have failed to note the number of professors, worn out in the service and long past their highest usefulness, who continue on sufferance simply because, without their salary, their provision for old age is inadequate. The handling of such cases is one of the most difficult points of college management, for kindness to the superannuated professor frequently means lowering the whole tone of instruction. Mr. Carnegie's fund, which he placed in the hands of a large committee of college presidents, aided by a handful of financiers, changes the situation completely. The annual income of $500,000 will provide annuities, or supplement existing ones, for about three hundred beneficiaries. And since State and sectarian colleges are expressly excluded from the deed of gift, this will provide an average of, say, two retiring pensions for each eligible college. But by no means every professor should be retired at sixty-five, the age contemplated by the donor; nor does every superannuated professor need a stipend. Accordingly, the provision is much more adequate to the need than the statistics might seem to indicate. Furthermore, figures have rather little to do with the case; the presence of a single inefficient professor may mean that an entire department is demoralized, and that a quarter of the instruction afforded to successive classes is worthless. The terms of Mr. Carnegie's

letter show that, while he had efficiency chiefly in mind, he was by no means oblivious to the pathos of lives broken in the drudgery of the classroom, and maintained in relative penury by salaries no longer earned.

In giving his reasons for vetoing the bill depriving the Board of Aldermen of the right to pass upon franchises, Mayor McClellan has made very skilful use of the arguments at his command. His hot attack upon the Pennsylvania Railroad is not without foundation. It is, indeed, regrettable that such radical legislation should have emanated from the office of the Pennsylvania's counsel. Moreover, we have another case of hasty resort to some new governmental device just as soon as one portion of our legislative machinery fails to work smoothly. The Mayor is quite correct in saying that the evil influences which have been brought to bear upon the Aldermen will now be focussed upon the Board of Estimate. His contention that a large body is safer than a small one in such matters is not, however, sound. Public opinion can be concentrated more directly upon a mayor, a comptroller, or a borough president than upon the alderman of an outlying district. Mr. McClellan stands on firmer ground when he argues that the better way to correct misconduct on the part of officeholders is by improving their character rather than by stripping them of power. The achievements of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago are in point here. It is to be noted, however, that there is no evidence that the Pennsylvania has attained its ends by the use of money, while there was a genuine public demand for the change outside of the railroad's offices.

Mr. Bonaparte's references, at the dinner of the National Municipal League on Friday night, to the childlike faith with which we Americans turn with eternal hopefulness to one cure-all after another to heal our municipal sores, ring singularly in unison with the Mayor's protest. Dr. Adler was ready to face the awful charge of being pessimistic, and spoke the truth when he pointed out afresh that our greatest need is an enlightened public spirit, and that there are precious few signs of it. Supposing that the bulk of the business men in this city had desired the passage of the connecting-railroad franchise sufficiently to give a little time to it, does any one believe that it would have been proposed to deprive the aldermen of their franchise powers? The very slight interest taken by most of the press and the public of this city in the meetings of the Municipal League also speaks volumes. The sessions should have been largely attended. Every one familiar with American conditions knows that upon our solving our municipal problems correctly depends the stability of our national institutions. Not only should the League have had a warmer welcome, but its membership should have been largely increased. It is doing an admirable and much-needed work, and it ought to have all the money and members it needs.

In reporting unanimously for the removal of Justice Warren B. Hooker, the Assembly Judiciary Committee has followed the only course really open to it. No one can longer doubt that he has been guilty of conspiring to defraud the Federal Government and of other irregularities which prove him unfit for the bench. The evidence has been carefully reviewed by the grievance committee of the State Bar Association and by the Assembly committee, and each of these bodies has found against him. Two members of the Assembly committee hesitated, not because they regard Hooker as innocent, but because they are not sure that Section 6 of Article xi. of the Constitution applies to this case. Justice Hooker can gain nothing by contesting the decision against him. Through political influence he might be able to muster a few legislators to his support, but their votes could not save him. By quibbling he might secure a respite, but in the long run the courts are bound to hold that the Legislature has power to remove a justice who—whatever may be said in defence of his rulings—is personally corrupt.

By the appointment of Mr. C. F. McKim and Mr. Thomas Hastings as professors, the School of Architecture of Columbia University assumes a more distinctly professional character. These eminent architects will conduct ateliers in which the students will work on problems simulating those that confront the architect in practice. Evidently, this sort of training is to an architect what clinical experience is to a physician, and it has been a weakness of the Columbia course hitherto that, though excellently equipped in the history and theory of architecture, it has not had adequate facilities for exercises of a practical sort. The innovation, then, is by no means a renunciation of the former policy of the school; it is merely an improvement along lines of demonstrated usefulness. This reform is of more than architectural interest, because the two ateliers may be the forerunners of a new school of art. If the alliance now under discussion is effected, the schools of painting, sculpture, and engraving now conducted by the National Academy of Design will come under the jurisdiction of Columbia, and the classes will run parallel with those in architecture. We have already pointed out that the training of professional artists alongside of candidates for the traditional academic degrees is an anomaly in education. The plan, however, must be judged on its merits and by its fruits. We desire only to add that the success of an architectural school as a university department by no means promises that of schools of painting or sculpture.

"I have little faith in restrictive legislation of any kind, but very great faith in the removal of the cause," said ex-Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island a few days ago to a Springfield audience in a speech on "Corruption in American Politics, with Remedy." He cited, as an illustration of the loopholes to be found in any restrictive law, the "Tasmanian dodge" to cheat the Australian ballot: A specimen or imitation ballot is secured and given to a voter, marked as desired. The voter casts his marked ballot and returns to deliver over to the party worker the unmarked ballot given him by the election officers. The party heeler marks this and sends a second voter in. Thus a chain of voters is started, each of whom is bound to "deliver the goods." Dr. Garvin proposes to remove the temptation to buy votes by the establishment of larger election districts. "In a word," he said, "there should be a general ticket for the whole city [in the case of a municipal election], and each elector should be allowed to vote for but one person, making his choice from the entire list of candidates." He believes that popular candidates would then be sure of election without resorting to bribery.

One Southern editor has, as he himself confesses, obtained some idea "of the narrowness which goes with ignorant [color] prejudice, and which makes the discussion and the solution of the race problem so difficult in the Southern States." He is Desha Breckinridge of the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald*, son of the late Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. Writing as an unbiassed editor should, Mr. Breckinridge commended the selection of Dr. Hunter, a high-minded and able colored physician, as a delegate from Lexington to the tuberculosis convention in Atlanta, and also urged his appointment as a member of the local Board of Health. Mr. Breckinridge promptly heard from the "please-stop-my-subscription" reader with whom all editors are acquainted. This one told Mr. Breckinridge that he was surprised and astonished at any Kentuckian holding such views or *daring* to express them. To this the editor replied in an editorial breathing the characteristic fire and vigor of his family, and declaring that, as long as he had any subscribers, he would express what he felt on this or any other question, and those who did not like it might cancel their

subscriptions as speedily as possible. More than that, Mr. Breckinridge flatly averred that "there is no nigher duty the white man owes his own race than the duty of doing all within his power to aid the negro race." Finally, the editor treasonably declared that Dr. Hunter is a more valuable member of the community than the white man who protested.

In the ordinary way of business, the Insular Bureau announces to American sculptors the opportunity to compete for a monument to José Rizal. His fellow-countrymen have raised a great subscription in order that the figure of their typical patriot may always be seen in Manila, and, with a spirit worthy of him whom they would commemorate, they seek simply the best artist for the work. Art, unfortunately, knows little of national metes and bounds, or there would be a certain incongruity in a compatriot of Otis and Lawton perpetuating the memory of the poet-reformer. José Rizal, by his education, represented the fine flower of European culture. Moreover, nothing could have more effectually saddened the dreams he entertained of a gradual progress for his countrymen than the spectacle of rulers come from the land of liberty who exceed even the proscription of the Spanish régime. Thus the visible presence of Rizal in Manila will be at once a condemnation of those who seized the islands out of greed, and a rebuke to those who so despair of his people as to seek to keep them in indefinite tutelage. An American sculptor with a sense of irony and pathos could ask no more complex and yet alluring subject than a statue of Rizal to dominate Luzon as she has been Americanized.

For five years we have had the tariff treatment of a most favored nation at Germany's hand—a privilege that is to terminate upon notification less than a year from now. Then the revised customs schedules, which are in the main higher than before, will be applied in their full severity to our exports. On the part of Germany this marks the withdrawal of a one-sided concession made in the hope of a comprehensive reciprocity treaty. Naturally, Germany is mindful of the fate of the other reciprocity conventions, which still sleep in the Senate pigeonholes. And now, as she goes upon a higher tariff basis, and makes reciprocity treaties with all the Central European Powers, she declines to hold out longer to us a hand we have shown no disposition to take. That the effect upon our export trade to Germany must be disastrous, will be evident upon an examination of the new maximum duties. The duty on wheat, for example, has been raised by 57 per cent. Of wheat we sent over in the year ending June, 1904, 7,490,648 bushels, of a value a little less than six million dollars. The possibilities of this trade are shown by the figures of 1902—19,725,674 bushels, valued at nearly fifteen million dollars. What will become of this trade when the wheat fields of Russia and Austria-Hungary receive a tariff preference may readily be imagined. The American hog has always been a sufferer in Germany; under the new schedules the persecution of that noble beast is intensified threefold. In 1904 our exportation of hog products, in spite of vexatious discrimination on alleged sanitary grounds, considerably exceeded $18,000,000. In 1906 we shall have to face a duty raised from an average of 5 to a minimum of 12.50 marks on every imported porker, with corresponding increases on butcher and kettle products. We have indicated merely two points at which our trade is menaced. Unquestionably there will be bitter complaint when the pinch is actually felt, and recriminations against any insolent foreign application of our own tariff medicine to our own case. The more reasonable attitude will be to recall that the agrarian lobby is doing in Germany precisely what the manufacturing lobby is doing here; and, finally, that the damage is not beyond repair, for Chancellor Bülow professes entire willingness to negotiate a new convention. In any case, reproach of a Reichstag revising the tariff up would lie very ill in the mouths of Senatorial standpatters.

Frankness and even a studied insolence, as Lord Robert Cecil maintained long before he became a foreign minister himself, have their place as auxiliaries of diplomacy, but it is a question if these qualities have ever been so lavishly used in a minor controversy as now, by Germany, in the case of Morocco. Certainly, the interview imputed to Count von Tattenbach-Askold, chief of the special mission to Fez, is hardly exampled for offensive plain speaking. He complains of an international conspiracy against German trade, protests in especial against the British tariff preference in South Africa—a slap direct at Downing Street; asserts that there is "an attempt to introduce the same policy [of discrimination] in Morocco"—a charge of bad faith against both France and England; finally, proclaims the integrity of the Sultanate, and invites his Shereefan Majesty to call an international conference—a deliberate attempt to set aside the Anglo-French agreement. This inflammatory utterance may be only an individual indiscretion. If so, Count von Tattenbach-Askold should be recalled. If he is not, it will be an indication that the Kaiser means mischief in Morocco, and that the clamor for the open door is only a pretext for malign political activities.

Conflicts between the Turkish garrisons of Western Arabia and the desert tribes are of constant recurrence, and the present disorders are exceptional only in their degree and because they fall in a time when the international balance in Asia is wavering. The Sultan's tenure of the coast strip is of the flimsiest, as is shown by the capture, after something like a regular siege, of the capital of the province of Yemen. In fact, the Sultan retains possession of the littoral chiefly because England is unwilling, until forced, to handle so turbulent a population. There are also strong sentimental reasons for leaving Mecca nominally in the hands of the greatest Muslim potentate. So far there is no news indicating that England will depart from her policy of abstention. Secure in the possession of Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, she has just experienced in Somaliland the expense of bringing wild tribes to terms. As before, the Sultan will probably be left to handle his rebels in his own way. Only a serious assertion of foreign pretensions would stir Downing Street, and this, in spite of the Moroccan manœuvres of the Kaiser and the visit of the Shah to St. Petersburg, is as yet only a remote possibility.

The Constitution now offered to the Transvaal, three years after the signing of the treaty of peace at Vereeniging, falls far short of the expectations of that treaty. It is the political legacy of Lord Milner, and proves that his administration can have little furthered the work of conciliation. Suspicion appears in every stipulation of the new Constitution. The Transvaal is not to control its own finances. In this matter the Governor enjoys exclusively the initiative. Nor will this nominally self-governing colony even fix the conditions of the franchise. Former burghers have the right to vote, and white male persons of British birth possessing $500 or paying $50 rent; but no legislation granting privileges or imposing disabilities upon the blacks is valid without the consent of the Home Government. The Volksraad itself is small, consisting of some thirty elected members, besides some nine official members, who should easily dominate its proceedings. Such is the self-government which England deems it safe to extend to Oom Paul's people. In fairness it should be said that the Colonial Office regards this concession merely as a beginning. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton promises a greater measure of liberty when the wounds of war shall have been more fully healed. This statement should be regarded as the answer to Gen. Cronje's charge of perfidy. In fact, the pledge of self-government made in the treaty of peace was cautiously guarded as to times and seasons, in mindfulness of the dear cost of the colony.

OUR FISCAL DILEMMA.

As the fiscal year approaches its close, the Republican leaders are manifesting no little anxiety about the growing deficit. Secretary Shaw's official estimate of it was $18,000,000, but it is already $30,000,000, and there are still two months and more before the final figures can be known with certainty. Even if the estimate of the Actuary of the Treasury should prove correct, and judicious timing of disbursements should somewhat curtail the magnitude of the deficit, "the little gap between the pants and the vest" is not officially expected to be below the $23,000,000 mark. It is all very well for Mr. Shaw to make a brave face at the wry figures, and to speak of it "as of small moment" to "a great and prosperous Government"; but the truth is, there is no way for a party whose stock in trade is its alleged capacity for successful finance, to maintain its prestige with the people unless it can make both ends meet. And the problem of making the blanket of revenue cover the bed of expenditure is causing some strenuous tugging at the fiscal bed-clothes.

The causes of the deficit are too well known to need more than passing mention. First of all is the swollen expenditure necessitated primarily by the militant policy of the Administration. Gunpowder, guns, and battleships cost money, and in the end the cost of glory, as Sydney Smith reminded his countrymen, is taxes. Besides the exorbitant outlay caused by our strenuous foreign policy, the Dingley tariff wall is so high as to cut down seriously the influx of imported goods. The total tariff revenue is a product of two factors, the volume of dutiable imports multiplied into the average rate of duty. The fact that the Dingley tariff makes the last factor high, operates also to make the first factor far smaller than it would otherwise be. The result is a smaller product in terms of revenue than might result from a lower rate of duty. Swift's dictum that in the arithmetic of the customs two and two do not always make four, but sometimes only one, is admirably exemplified in our case.

In the abstract the remedy for the situation is simplicity itself, but in the concrete circumstances a teasing puzzle. Curtailment of expenditure would be the dictate of a prudent individual who discovered he was spending more than his income. But it has long been Republican doctrine that what would be prudent in the case of a frugal private household becomes folly when applied to the affairs of "a great and prosperous nation." The Republican leaders on all hands are at least agreed on this, that the remedy for the situation is to be found not in curtailed expenses, but in increased taxation. But here the limit of agreement is reached, and the financial wiseacres split into two factions, one demanding an overhauling of the Dingley tariff, the other the opening up of new sources of revenue in the shape of import duties on tea and coffee, or additional taxes on beer and spirits.

This alternative offers grave difficulties to the Administration from a tactical partisan standpoint. The "stand-patters," with Mr. Shaw at their head, supported by such financial lights as Speaker Cannon, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Grosvenor, stand aghast at laying impious hands on the sacred Dingley schedules. "The disturbance of business conditions" has been so long a choice arrow in the quiver of the protectionist archers that they regard it as little less than suicidal to make a present of this poisoned shaft to their political adversaries. The longer heads on the Senate Committee on Finance, such as Allison, Aldrich, Burrows, and Spooner, know that the outcry against "tampering with the tariff" is one of those common arguments convenient on the hustings, but not binding on practical financiers. As against the "stand-patters," the "friendly revisers" have this advantage, that they could trim out some of the obsolete schedules that are absolutely prohibitive, and then pose as champions of the consumer. The Aldrich crowd is also shrewd enough to perceive how widespread and deep-seated is the public irritation at schedules which allow Trusts, while extorting monopoly prices at home, to dump their surplus output on foreign markets at lower prices.

The revisionists may also point out that the plan of Mr. Shaw to impose duties on tea and coffee would sin against another cardinal catchword of the traditional Republican policy—namely, "the free breakfast-table." This hypocritical plea has more than once availed to keep protective abuses intact when a surplus threatened the Treasury. If the laborer is not only to taste the tariff in his sugar as at present, but to catch its flavor in his tea and coffee, what becomes of the protestation that the Republican ægis is over the board of the workingman? If beer is selected to bear the additional tax burden, the campaign check of the brewer is jeopardized, and the cohorts of Gambrinus are challenged.

It is really very hard that a Government cannot devise some scheme analogous to Thackeray's plan for the individual on "How to live on nothing a year." The Republican plight is indeed piteous. Whither shall they go from perplexity? or whither shall they flee from factional difference? If they ascend up into the heaven of the Dingley schedules, plagues are there; if they make their bed in the hell of taxes on consumption, behold they are there. If they take the wings of the morning coffee-cup and dwell on the tax-yielding powers of tea, even there shall discord lead them and a tight hand shall hold them. Fortunate it is for the Republicans that they are confronted with their fiscal worries in a time of general industrial activity. Let a reaction in trade set in and the deficit which now disturbs their dreams will haunt their waking hours. Such a calamity, it is to be hoped, we may avoid for years to come. But Fate has more than once proved a jester, and what a sorry ending it would be to the present Administration to go out amid execrating cries of "the Roosevelt deficit," or, worse yet, "Roosevelt soup-houses."

A CHECK TO UNION TYRANNY.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Lochner versus New York is of far-reaching importance. Lochner had originally been convicted in the Oneida County Court of a misdemeanor in employing in his bake-shop an employee for more than sixty hours in one week. By section 110 of the so-called Labor law of this State it is forbidden to either employer or employee in the bakery business to contract for more than sixty hours' labor per individual per week. Lochner's conviction on appeal was reaffirmed, first by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, Fourth Division, and again by the Court of Appeals. The case was finally brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, which reversed the previous decisions on the ground that the aforesaid section, No. 110, is unconstitutional as denying the right of contract, and so violating the liberty of the individual guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. The final adjudication of the case checks the insidious advance of union tyranny hitherto made under the cloak of the police powers of the State. The decision is also a tonic revindication of the doctrine of individual liberty.

To appreciate the scope and bearings of the decision several important circumstances must be borne in mind. The set of the current of speculation and legislation has for many years been against the doctrine of individual liberty in industry. The Janus-faced attitude of thinkers a decade or two ago was indicated by the Duke of Argyll's dictum that the two great discoveries in government during the nineteenth century were the harmfulness of restrictions on trade and the necessity of restrictions upon labor. This cautious discrimination among doctrinaires soon yielded to the jauntier aphorism—"When in doubt, kick Cobden." Consequently the factory laws were read as a burial service over the doctrine of *laisser faire;* and, except for Herbert Spencer and a few other old fogies, the imprescriptible rights of the individual were lost sight of in the solicitous anxiety manifested for the health of "social tissue."

This situation created an opportunity of which labor unions quickly availed themselves. The State had already intervened on behalf of women and children, and had rightly limited the conditions under which they might labor. Partly on the ground that adult male workers were also the wards of the State, and partly on the ground of preserving the public health and morals, a vast number of similar statutes was enacted. Overcrowding, defective ventilation, insufficient sunlight, inadequate fire escapes, and poorly screened machinery typified the most plausible and least injurious forms of this legislation. The eight-hour day for public employees and for miners and other workers in extra-hazardous industries served as a wedge by which the unions sought to lay down the conditions under which all toil might be performed. To the same class of questionable laws belonged those which prescribed certificates of competence for an ever-growing class of workers. Even janitors of apartment houses, barbers, and blacksmiths have been included in this category. The police power of the State had been stretched in many of these instances to warrant restrictions upon the adult male individual's right to sell his labor when, where, and as he would.

The bakery case practically forced a sharp alternative on the Supreme Court. It had either to lie down and allow these barely disguised attempts at union tyranny to walk over it roughshod, or to bring up the unions and their subservient legislatures with a short turn. The majority of the court chose the latter course. After dissipating the hazy and attenuated contention that the object of the law was the preservation of the public health, Mr. Justice Peckham says bluntly: "Statutes of the nature of that under review, limiting the hours in which grown and intelligent men may labor to earn their living, are mere meddlesome interferences with the rights of the individual. . . ." This sounds for all the world like Adam Smith in 'The Wealth of Nations,' where he says: "The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property. It is a manifest encroachment upon the just liberty both of the workman and of those who might be disposed to employ him."

The dissenting opinion by Mr. Justice Harlan is founded upon the assumption that "this statute was enacted in order to protect the physical well-being of those who work in bakery and confectionery establishments." How unsubstantial this assumption is can best be shown from the majority opinion, which cites the other sections of the law providing for the most careful construction, drainage, ventilation, plumbing, and inspection of bakeries. A gleam of humor is imparted by the very minuteness of these provisions, which decree *inter alia* that "no domestic animals, *except cats*, shall be allowed to remain in a room used as a biscuit, bread, pie, or cake bakery." "There can be no fair doubt," says Mr. Justice Peckham, "that the trade of a baker, in and of itself, is not an unhealthy one to that degree which would authorize the Legislature to interfere with the right to labor, and with the right of free contract on the part of the individual, either as employer or employee."

The main effect of the decision, as has been pointed out, will be to stop the subterfuge by which, under the pretext of conserving the public health, the unionists have sought to delimit the competition of non-unionists, and so to establish a quasi-monopoly of many important kinds of labor. But the decision suggests one or two curious queries to the lay mind. Should we have been at the absolute mercy of the unions if the Fourteenth Amendment had never been adopted? Another puzzle connects itself with the closeness of the decision—5 to 4: how is the attitude of the individual judges to be explained? On the old theory of the Roman jurists that the law is the embodiment of the Universal Reason, such an inquiry would smack of the profane. But along the lines of the more mundane theory of Mr. Pickwick's counsel that "a good, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of," an explanation may be ventured. Mr. White, the only Democrat in the minority, was perhaps influenced by the States Rights contention that it falls properly within the competence of the State, and not the Federal, Government to determine the conditions of employment. The rest of the dissenting justices were doubtless swayed by their general inclination towards paternalism.

THE NAVY AS A BUSINESS ORGANIZATION.

Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce has contributed to the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute* a criticism of "The Department of the Navy" which should be read by all those who are convinced that State or municipal ownership of railroads and other industries is the cure-all for our latter-day political evils. The Navy Department is to a large degree in business. It is not only manufacturing warships of all sizes, but is doing a very large repairing business at its dozen or more shipyards. It employs thousands upon thousands of skilled laborers, giving them a short working day and the best possible treatment. Moreover, its officers are noted for their integrity and high character. "Grafting" is generally believed to be confined within the smallest possible limits, and as a commercial organization the Department is free from the unpleasant features accompanying industrial competition. In repairs alone it can count on an enormous business annually, and one that grows automatically as our fleet increases. It is estimated at eight millions of dollars for the fiscal year 1905-6.

Obviously, the history of the Navy Department affords an unexcelled opportunity to see just how the Government conducts a strictly business enterprise. What is the record? Rear-Admiral Luce, who has been in the service since 1841, has no difficulty in showing from official reports that the entire business organization of the navy has been and is wholly unbusinesslike, wasteful, and extravagant. Not only is the responsibility divided among eight bureau chiefs, but those officers work in the main independently of each other, with the result that no one person, least of all the Secretary, can be held responsible for the efficient dispatch of business. The Secretary himself, generally a lawyer, is usually helpless in the hands of the bureau chiefs, whose discussions, when it comes to planning new ships, seem often endless. Some Secretaries have struggled to bring about a better state of affairs; others have given it up as useless. Secretary Whitney was one of the former. He was scandalized by the conditions he discovered on assuming office in 1885. He declared that over seventy-five millions of dollars had been expended "on the construction, repair, equipment, and ordnance of vessels, which sum, with a very slight exception, has been substantially thrown away." To illustrate the "follies of the Department," Mr. Whitney showed how the *Omaha*, an obsolete wooden vessel, had been rebuilt at a cost that would have paid for a fine steel cruiser. The whole record he declared to be "one of mismanagement, of wasteful expenditure, of injudicious and ill-advised disposition of public moneys."

Despite Mr. Whitney's just indignation, only one reform was accomplished beyond the purification of the navy yards and the ending of much wasteful expenditure. The Department's business methods were improved by placing the purchases of the several departments in the hands of the Paymaster-General. Up to that time each bureau chief himself bought what was needed—a policy that would have wrecked any private corporation in short order. But the bureau system remained to vex Secretary Tracy, who reported in 1889 that "the details of administering the navy, as an existing force, its vessels in commission, its officers, and its crews, were scattered, without system or coherence, among a variety of officers, bureaus, and boards." He found cases where ships had received simultaneous orders from three different bureaus which were so directly contra-

dictory as to be impossible of execution. Naturally, there was "delay, confusion, changes of plan, and additional expense," precisely as is the case to-day. Mr. Tracy instituted a board of construction, but even with this improvement it happened that the hulls of the monitors *Puritan* and *Terror* were rebuilt by one bureau while their antiquated and worn-out engines were allowed to remain by another, with the result that two otherwise splendid vessels were practically useless in the Spanish war.

Fourteen years later, in 1903, another Secretary, W. H. Moody, repeated the criticisms of twenty-five years ago, and expressed his dissatisfaction at finding eight bureaus working independently and unrelated to one another. For these evils, Rear-Admiral Luce has his own remedy, with which we shall not concern ourselves here. We would merely bring out that, after twenty years of agitation, the Navy Department is still organized in such a way as to make efficient and economical conduct of its business affairs impossible. By concentrating all its efforts it has, it is true, succeeded in constructing the battleship *Connecticut* at the Brooklyn navy yard about as fast as the *Louisiana*, which is being built at Newport News by a private company. But when the Department called in expert electrical engineers—from civil life—to advise it about the consolidation of the power plants at its navy yards, it was found that the establishment of one central station would save the Government $30,000 a year at the New York yard alone. It is needless to say that if that shipyard had been privately owned the consolidation would have been made years ago.

Exactly the same condition of affairs exists in the army. Not even Mr. Root could bring about a consolidation of the four separate bureaus which pay the troops, supply their food, their cooking utensils, and their clothing. Yet to this malorganization of the War Department more than to anything else was due the sad waste of life, the disgraceful confusion and disorder of our brief war in 1898. The same vicious system remains to-day, improved only by the creation of a General Staff. Government works everywhere are wasteful and extravagant, even where there is no corruption. A contractor of wide experience remarked the other day that he would undertake the construction of the Panama Canal at what it would cost the Government to do the work, and make a handsome profit. If the United States Government cannot conduct its business affairs any better than this, what prospect is there that such municipal governments as those of Chicago and New York could do as well in the lighting or transportation fields?

THE THEATRE TRUST ON VIEW.

Comparatively few persons, probably, outside "the profession," have taken the trouble to wade through the testimony in the undignified theatrical lawsuit which was concluded last week before Justice Fitzgerald in the Supreme Court after a considerable number of sittings. To the ordinary layman a good deal of it must have seemed nearly unintelligible and wholly uninteresting, unless he happened to be a partisan of either of the disputants. And yet the matter was one in which everybody having any interest in the theatre, and indirectly the public at large, is deeply concerned.

Not, indeed, in the rights and wrongs of the particular case under consideration. The questions whether or not a partnership existed between two rival managers, whether one or the other got more or less than his own proper share of the profits, or whether there has or has not been double dealing, may be left to the law for a decision which will affect only the contestants. But when the very existence of the theatre, as a reputable and artistic institution, is seen to be threatened by a system which deprives it of growth while exhausting its energies, there is sound reason for public anxiety. The revelations made in the court proceedings touching the nature and operations of the various syndicates in the Theatrical Trust contained nothing that was new to the initiated. All along it had been known that the primary object of the organization was the establishment of a high protective monopoly, the concentration of the management of the theatrical show business of the country in the hands of a small speculative group, and the abolition of anything like successful competition. But few, except those immediately affected, realized how completely that object had been attained, until it became the subject of legal investigation.

Without pretending to divine the exact truth in a mass of confusing, muddled, and contradictory evidence, it is possible to grasp certain salient facts. First, practically all the best theatres in all cities and towns of considerable size in this country—the few exceptions are not enough to modify the general situation—are controlled by a close corporation. No independent manager can occupy one of them without submitting to terms which must strip him, even in the most favorable conditions, of nearly all his profits. If he will not concede them, he must either take his attraction to an inferior house or build a new one. In the next place, the Trust, having capital and credit, is able to secure the American rights of all the most promising works by the leading foreign dramatists, and thus minimize the risk of production. These are almost sufficient to supply the theatres in their vast circuit and are moved on in rotation from city to city until their drawing powers are exhausted. When there are not enough foreign plays to go round, the deficiency is supplied by a few domestic playwrights who have been fortunate enough to enjoy the confidence of the syndicate since its inception. For outsiders there is very little chance, simply because there is no market for them.

Thus it appears that the Trust dominates the theatres, selects the pieces that go into them, owns the men who write them, and, as a matter of course, the actors who perform in them. It is in the position of an absolute dictatorship or tyranny. Now a dictatorship of any kind, to be beneficial, must be able, wise, and benevolent. Which of these qualifications has been manifested by the administration of the Trust? What has it done for the art which it has taken under its tutelage? By its policy of enforced long runs, it has almost stopped the production of capable actors. By its artificial creation of stage reputations, it has grossly debased all former standards of acting. By its prolonged neglect of the imaginative and literary drama it has made the proper performance of it almost impossible. There is not to-day a single first-class actor of tragedy or of the older comedy in the country. Such sound, all-round players as remain to us are survivors of a preceding generation. The vast majority of our younger and even of our middle-aged performers can neither move nor speak except after the manner of their personal and daily habits, simply because they have had no incentive to learn even the rudiments of histrionics. Elocution is almost a lost art, actual impersonation is scarcely dreamed of. The very meaning of the word "interpretation" seems to be unknown.

Undoubtedly the dictatorship has exhibited one kind of ability—the capacity to organize and execute a scheme for killing opposition, reducing expenses, and monopolizing the profits. Credible report says that the prominent members of it are rich. That, fortunately, is no proof of the permanent success of their system. Their intellectual and moral calibre has been exposed mercilessly in this court squabble. It is plain that their one motive has been that of immediate gain by the crudest and most short-sighted methods. They have had no thought of the interests either of theatrical art or of the theatrical profession; or of anything save the accumulation of money. But to achieve this end they are surely but slowly killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, by alienating the public on which they depend. Sooner or later there will be a crash, and a new and wholesome theatre will arise slowly from the ruins.

If there were no other question involved than that of a commercial failure, the end might be awaited with pa-

tience. But, unhappily, the condition of the theatre—an institution which can never be wholly suppressed—is a matter of the gravest public importance. Whatever may be its powers for good—and its devout supporters believe that it ought to be and might be, as the embodiment of all the arts, one of the most potent educational influences in a well-organized state—there can be no question concerning its infinite potentialities for mischief. It is monstrous that in a country in the forefront of civilization it should be merely a speculative device for money-making, a commercial pander to the lower instincts of humanity. From year to year it is becoming more inane in its trivialities, more audacious in its indecencies, until a latter-day comedy is as unclean in spirit as some of the Restoration pieces. No other result could be expected from the directorate of a body of men anxious only to please the majority, uninfluenced by artistic sense or aspirations, and quite unconscious of public responsibility.

MONEY FOR SMALL COLLEGES.

The small colleges are just now attracting much attention from professional philanthropists—a term which Andrew Carnegie would bitterly resent. Following Mr. Carnegie's announcement that the slackening demand for libraries has forced him to the small college as an outlet for his accumulating millions, D. K. Pearsons of Chicago has just announced gifts aggregating $135,000 to five small Southern colleges. He had previously said that he would "pick out the very poorest and most worthy." Mr. Pearsons, of course, did not intend to convey the impression that poorness is a proof of worth. He has studied college administration too long and too carefully to fall a victim to that fallacy. Both he and Mr. Carnegie must be keenly aware of the fact that the cause of education would be greatly advanced if some of the smallest and poorest colleges, instead of being helped to prolong a miserable existence, were kindly chloroformed. There are parts of this country where two or three struggling colleges, occupying much the same local field, might well be merged into a single institution—still small enough to satisfy the most exacting taste.

The arguments in favor of the small college may almost be taken for granted. Not every boy is fitted by temperament or training to profit by the advantages of Harvard or Yale. For certain types of character the supervision exercised by the faculty and the more intimate community life of the small college are very wholesome. Another consideration, as Mr. Carnegie notes, is that at the big colleges sport is too generally supplanting study as the subject of chief interest. On the other hand, the small colleges, as James Bryce has said, "set learning in a visible form, plain, indeed, and humble, but dignified even in her humility." To these advantages add simplicity of living and a thoroughly democratic spirit—commoner in the West than in the East—and you often have the ideal conditions for training a sturdy American.

But the problem of maintaining a college is not what it was fifty years ago, or even sixteen years ago, when Mr. Bryce wrote the words just quoted. The days when a few inspiring teachers and an outfit of textbooks would do the work have passed forever. Extensive libraries and laboratories must be heavily endowed in order to keep pace with the rapid progress of modern science. Thus it has come about that "universities" which were once the pride of booming Western towns are now ridiculous in everything except their aspirations. Not every thriving railway junction has developed into a Chicago that is willing and able—with subsidies from the oil, wheat, beef, and iron trades—to support a substantial seat of learning. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of colleges are now worrying along, hand to mouth, nothing but a monument to the misdirected ambitions of real-estate speculators or to the wasteful rivalry of sects.

Depressing statistics as to the conditions in the South were prepared in 1901 by Prof. E. H. Babbitt, then of Sewanee, but now of Rutgers. He worked through the catalogues of forty-four of the strongest and most enterprising colleges for white students in all of the States that belonged to the Confederacy except Virginia. He found that a few colleges had an endowment of between two and three hundred thousand dollars, a few others had half that, and many had none worth mentioning; that the average amount of instruction in a Southern college was not more than the full work of six men; and that there were probably not more than 4,000 students who could pass the standard admission requirements. In material equipment (buildings, library, laboratories), productive funds, numbers and quality of faculty, and students, the Southern colleges are, says Professor Babbitt, "pathetically poor." What is true of the South, be it remembered, is also largely true of the West, and to a certain extent of the East. In brief, "there are not students enough for the colleges, and there are too many colleges for the students."

The remedy which Professor Babbitt proposes is the remedy which we have suggested: there are, he notes, "a Methodist tree, a Baptist tree, and a Presbyterian tree, crowding one another and getting puny and unsound; where any one of them would grow into good timber if the others were sent to the woodpile." He would have a benevolent despot, upon the advice of an expert commission, pick about twenty of the strongest institutions and equip them adequately for college work. The rest could be turned into either preparatory or scientific schools, or else entirely blotted out. This plan is, on the face of it, revolutionary; but it is none the less deserving of serious consideration. The colleges themselves will not voluntarily undertake the process or combination, differentiation, and extinction. Local, religious, and personal jealousies would be too strong, even in the celestial minds of alumni, trustees, and professors. The college that is least worthy of the name, that is in every way inferior to such academies as Exeter and Andover, is the very one which would cling most desperately to the title, would be most reluctant to relinquish its right to confer worthless degrees.

Thus the problem is complex and difficult. To persuade one institution to drop its preparatory department, another its collegiate department, a third a pretentious conservatory of music, and a fourth some flabby courses in engineering, is a task requiring both diplomacy and money. Old teachers would have to be suitably provided for, specific endowments would have to be guarded, and innumerable prejudices allayed. To accomplish these beneficent results by an appeal to right reason and pure altruism is an obvious impossibility. Money sufficient to maintain the teachers and officers already attached to the several institutions and to guarantee success after reorganization would be a *sine qua non*. Above all, time would be needed to bring men to an understanding of the benefits of proposed changes. A large fund, wisely administered for a generation or two, might help to perform miracles.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

SPRINGFIELD, April 28.

A cordial invitation from the local Biblical Club easily induced the Oriental Society to depart from its accustomed haunts and meet this year at Springfield, Mass. Hitherto the usage has been almost invariable to foregather at some university centre. Academic influence, however, is, after all, not remote from Springfield, and professors from Amherst and Smith gave the wonted collegiate touch to the hosts' genial welcome.

About the usual number of papers was presented, some by title only, as the writers were abroad. The Oriental Congress at Algiers, meeting at the same date, carried off several members, either as delegates or as unofficial representatives of the American Society. It has, happily, been a long time since the Society met deprived of so many conspicuous scholars, among whom were the President, Dr. Gilman, and President Harper, both of whom hoped to be present. Several of the forty-four papers announced thus fell out. Of the whole list of papers, nine or ten were of general character, falling into neither the Semitic nor the Aryan

pigeon-hole. One such (unfortunately read by title only) was the study of an early form of religion by Professor Toy, the first American scholar to contribute articles of value to the new "science of comparative religion." Another was Professor Jackson's solution of the names of the cities from which, Marco Polo says, the Magi came to worship the Infant Christ. Other studies especially interesting to those concerned with this subject were grouped together to be read at one session. Four of the lady members of the Society contributed papers; Miss Morris giving a continuation of her Dyak studies, Mrs. Ruutz-Rees discussing a difference in Aryan and Semitic thought, Miss Grieve speaking of some religious aspects of the plague in India, and Mrs. Mumford presenting (through Dr. Gray) an elaborate paper on the Japanese sword and its history. Problems still unsolved in Indo-Aryan cosmology were stated by Professor Warren. Professor Lanman, editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, gave an account of the history and progress of the work under his charge—how great a share of the labor in each volume falls to the editor in such a publication few perhaps stop to realize—and also made a short address on the lessons to be learned by the West from the East. A graphic description of the sacred tree usually ascribed to the Assyrians, by Dr. Ward, proved of equal interest to Semitic and non-Semitic auditors at the "Religious Section," and (since all claim the Hebrew heritage) the same may be said of Prof. H. Preserved Smith's paper on Hebrew polytheism.

The Mohammedans appear to have a special facility in developing weird forms of Biblical and Persian tales, an instance of which was shown in the paper by Professor Torrey on "Og, King of Bashan" in Mohammedan legend, the only essay in this field presented at the Meeting. Several descriptive papers swelled the number of Semitic contributions. Professor Prince, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Robert Lau, gave an account of the Pierpont Morgan axehead, a Babylonian relic; and Professor Barton had a paper on some inscribed objects in the collection of Mr. Herbert Clark. Palmyrene tesseræ and Palmyrene inscriptions in the Metropolitan Museum were the subjects of papers by Dr. Spoer and Dr. Arnold, respectively. Only one paper touched on China, a discussion of traces of Babylonian influence, by Dr. Carus. Egypt was represented by Professor Müller in a report on a mission for the Carnegie Institution, and by two resident members, Dr. Reisner, with an illustrated lecture on the cemetery of the First Pyramid at Gizeh, and Mr. Lythgoe, on a prehistoric cemetery at Naga ed-Dêr. The Chicago University expedition to Babylonia was the subject of a paper offered but not read by Professor Harper. Interest in the Philippines was increased by means of a paper on Bisayan dialects by Dr. Blake, and one on the Mangyans by Dr. Gardner of Mindoro. The latter, a newly elected member, presented the Society with an almost unique collection of inscriptions, scratched on the outer rind of a split bamboo. This collection contains short poems and a syllabary, hitherto unknown, carefully explained in Dr. Gardner's accompanying essay on the savages (?) who thus essay literature.

Announcement of projected work was made in several instances. The "Ancient Record Series" was announced by Dr. Breasted. Part of the 'Mir'ât uz-Zamân' of Sibt Ibn ul-Jauzî will be edited, as announced by Prof. Jewett, from a MS. in the Yale University collection. Some interesting specimens of the work were read to the Society. Dr. Bolling purposes, in conjunction with Dr. von Negelein, to edit the Atharva Veda Parisistas; and Dr. Barret will soon bring out a transliteration and text edition of the first book of the famous 'Atharva Veda' of Kashmir, extant only in one precious copy. The latter scholar also discussed some Śārada manuscripts of the Kāthaka Grhya Sūtra.

As the most "popular" paper of the Session, may be designated the brief but forcible presentment of certain facts by the Rev. Dr. Peters, whose paper was entitled simply "The Nippur Library." Dr. Peters claimed that the result of the various expeditions (as far as the determination of location of most of the tablets said to be of the Library goes) is negative; hence it is impossible to say that we have a "business section," etc., of the Nippur hill. "Our information is so imperfect," he said in conclusion, "that it is impossible to assert that these deposits made a temple library. . . . It appears to be impossible to rely upon statements made by Dr. Hilprecht unless his statements can be checked and verified by others." Despite the eager expectations of the reporters, there was no action taken by the Society in regard to the claims made on either side in the controversy concerning this subject. Great as was the interest felt by individual members of the Society in the question whether the Nippur Library is all that it is claimed to be, it was not felt that the Society as such was competent to pass on a matter still *sub judice*. Individual members of the Society, however, had no hesitation in expressing their opinion, to the effect that one cannot trust the statements made in regard to the tablets by the discoverer of the "Nippur Library." There appeared to be no one of all the Orientalists present to deny that Dr. Peters was right in his various condemnatory statements.

Turning to less exciting themes, Professor Oertel's "Contributions, Fifth Series," continued the important work on the 'Jāiminīya Brāhmana' with which the subscribers to the *Journal* have long been familiar. It was also a pleasure to have in Dr. Gray's new drama of Rājasekhara a continuation of the excellent work previously accomplished by the same scholar. Readers of the *Journal* may now have the rare delight of seeing "first translations" of specimens of Sanskrit drama hitherto buried, as far as the non-Sanskrit part of the Society and general public are concerned, under the incubus of titles such as "Viddhaśālabhañjikā," and a text to correspond. The Prākrit text of the drama of this name formed the subject of a special paper by Mr. Haas. Drama also occasioned the "Critical Notes" by Dr. Ryder, on the better-known Hindu play called "The Play Cart," and lyric poetry inspired Dr. Spooner's study of a commentary on the "Cloud-Messenger"; while Yoga philosophy led to Dr. Woods's able discussion of the date of the 'Yoga-Bhāsya' and of the life of Paramārtha. It is noticeable that so many papers by younger Sanskrit scholars were concerned with Hindu belles-lettres, almost to the exclusion of the once all-absorbing topic of the Vedas; just as the Avesta at this session was barely represented by "Notes on some Persian references to Zoroaster," contributed by Dr. Yohannan (who also read a second paper on an Oriental charm) and by Professor Jackson; though the veteran Professor Mills of Oxford sent an elaborate "Pahlavi text," similar to those previously published by the same scholar.

Technical Semitic papers, in the absence of so many Semitic professors, were naturally fewer in number than usual; but Professor Lyon's "Assyriological Notes," Dr. Arnold's note on "Solomon's Horse-trade," and Dr. Blake's discussion of a Hebrew idiom, showed that the Aryans were not having it all their own way. Dr. Langdon, to complete the Semitic list, also had a learned paper, unintelligible, even in its title, to any save the initiated Babelist. Only one review was presented, by Prof. T. F. Wright, that of Dr. Peters's recent volume on the painted tombs of Marissa, discovered by Drs. Peters and Thiersch in 1902. The corresponding secretary of the Society discussed a Sanskrit text, and traced the implied myth of the Fountain of Youth in Oriental and Occidental legend.

The "milk in the cocoanut" of the general papers capable of interesting non-specialists may be condensed as follows: The Magi's three cities are Savah (southwest of Tehran), Avah (southeast of Savah), and Kashan (Cassan), "about three days' journey" from Savah in the direction of Yezd. The worship of Bel of Nippur was not, in Professor Lyon's opinion, unduly depreciated by Hammurabi in honor of Marduk, as has been maintained by Assyriologists; nor can we claim entire originality for the Code of Hammurabi. The difference in Aryan and Semitic thought emphasized by Mrs. Ruutz-Rees consists in the trend of Aryan thought being toward subjectivity, that of purely Semitic thought toward objectivity. In early Hebrew polytheism, Professor Smith said, much indirect evidence regarding the religion of Israel before the exile is to be found in the interpretation of names of people and places. Some names of gods were deliberately suppressed. Others were twisted, or retained with a harmless meaning. Professor Torrey's paper on Og described the giant as being saved from the flood and his name perpetuated as that of a mountain. The greatest harvest god of the Dyaks was shown by Miss Morris to be an exact exponent of the more civilized condition of the agricultural Dyaks as compared with the jungle Dyaks and their malevolent deities.

The Society had the pleasure of seeing, under the guidance of Mr. Smith, the admirable Japanese collection of that gentleman, to whose courtesy the Society was indebted for the use of the Art Museum in which the sessions of the Meeting were held. Dr. Gilman resigned as president of the Society, but was reëlected to serve for one year. In accepting the resignation of Mr. Van Name from the librarianship, the Society gave hearty expression to its recognition of a long term of devoted service on the part of one of its oldest members. The Society adjourned, after an unusually pleasant Session, especially favor-

ed by the weather, to meet again on April 19, 1906, at New Haven.

THE CONGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGY.—I.

ATHENS, April 7, 1905.

The first International Congress of Archæology has now assembled, and its work begins to-morrow. International it veritably is, since there are, among its 600-odd delegates and 200-odd associate members, representatives of all the established polities that derive through Greece their civilization from the Mediterranean area—all, excepting Spain and her former colonies. Were there but one Spanish delegate, he might stand for numerous South American communities, just as the large British contingent stands for various British colonies otherwise unrepresented. Portugal has one representative, who may be supposed to answer in the rollcall of the nations for some of the too remote communities of the Americas. Otherwise, the Western Hemisphere, so far as it has been penetrated by the energizing ideals transmitted through the Hellenic dispensation, is solely represented here by the twoscore delegates and associate members from the United States. Russia has the advantage of being close at hand, but her contingent would be smaller than ours if we deducted the Greek delegates, several of them from Odessa, once a stronghold of Hellenic activity, and never untenanted since then by Greeks. Not unnaturally, the Greek members of the Congress slightly outnumber those of any other single nationality. Practically all the representatives from Turkey (Samos, Chios, Cyprus, and Egypt come under that designation as well as Crete) should be added as of the Hellenic brotherhood. This brings the Greek membership very nearly up to one-third of the whole. From China none has appeared, nor has Japan any representative. This could hardly be otherwise, even if Tokio were less preoccupied and closer at hand.

Apart from Greeks, the Germans and the French are numerically the strongest here, being about equally represented, if Austria be distinguished from the more purely Teutonic German Empire. After Greeks, French, Germans, and English come the Italians, who have nearly sixty members present. The Russians and the Americans muster about forty each, and then comes Denmark, closely followed by Belgium and Switzerland. Holland and Sweden muster five and four respectively, Rumania sends two delegates, and even Bulgaria is not unrepresented, in spite of the desperate conflict now going on in Macedonia.

A most appropriate prologue to the execution of the official programme took place yesterday afternoon at the house of Mr. Demetrios Bikelas, the well-known president of the Society for the Distribution of Useful Knowledge, where the newly arrived delegates were hospitably received, and enjoyed their earliest opportunity of meeting a warm Athenian welcome, since all Athens stood by him to greet them. Then came an official evening reception by the rector of the University, in the fine hall familiar to frequenters of Athens. The attendance was numerous, and the prolonged presence of all the members of the royal family appropriately indicated that these constituted authorities have the social success of the Congress at heart. Its success otherwise has been assured beforehand by the active committee of reception, upon which, among other members, are the directors of all the foreign Schools, and by that indefatigable organizer of committees and programmes, Mr. Kavvadias, whom we all have known so well for years as the director of all Greek museums and archæological work.

To-day, the first day of the Congress, is also the Independence Day of Greece, which is always celebrated on "Lady Day," the feast of the Annunciation. Accordingly, there was at 10:30 A. M. a most imposing "Te Deum," or, rather, a doxology (since Greek and not Latin is the order of the hour). The whole town, including many scores of singing and parading school children, as well as the majority of the delegates, assembled in the Metropolitan Church, where there was a military service, attended by the King. The singing showed by its genuinely religious quality and real excellence how completely recent changes have removed the reproach of nasality and lifelessness once perhaps attaching to services here. The doxology, although, of course, no part of the programme of the Archæological Congress, certainly brought a moment of most appropriate solemnity.

At 2:30 P. M. the delegates and associate members gathered on the floor of the Parthenon to hear from their president (Diadochos), Prince Constantine. He rose in his father's presence, and read, in clear tones which made it easy to follow the modern Greek idiom used, a remarkably well-conceived allocution, declaring the Congress open. There followed a brief discourse on the progress of archæology by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Carapanos, known as the excavator of Dodona. M. Kavvadias then spoke feelingly in making the members free to use the museums. Both of these last speeches were in French. Next came a speech in German by Dr. Dörpfeld, who passed in review the work done at Athens and in Greece by Germans. His tribute to Ludwig Ross was peculiarly happy, as were his words about K. O. Müller, and his characterization of Ernst Curtius as the latter-day winner of an Olympian crown of immortality. Then came, in the order of their seniority of appointment as heads, Dr. Wilhelm of the Austrian Institute, Mr. Bosanquet of the British School of Classical Archæology, and Mr. Heermance of the American School. Mr. Bosanquet was far more catholic than Dr. Dörpfeld in his tribute to workers of all nationalities. Mr. Heermance sincerely expressed the gratitude of Americans for the generosity shown in the gift of its present site to the American School of Classical Studies, and of the amenities and harmonious courtesies which have so happily characterized the intercourse between the American and the other Schools at Athens, and classed himself among the juniors who had to thank an elder generation for museums and for an established body of scientific work. He also spoke of the broadening effects upon studies at American universities produced by the School, and of the enthusiasm felt in America for Hellenic ideals. The junior head was M. Holleaux, director of the oldest established of all Athenian Schools. In an admirably conceived address, he spoke of what Greece has been and is to France and Frenchmen, and, after a most courteous expression of gratitude to the Government of Greece, ended with two verses of Chénier. Proceedings then closed with the naming of the presidents of the seven sections into which the Congress is to be divided. Among these are Dr. Evans, MM. Collignon and Maspéro, and Profs. Percy Gardner, Wilamovitz-Moellendorff, Robert Waldstein, and J. R. Wheeler.

The day has ended with very telling illuminations, torchlight processions, and various popular demonstrations, which, although always in order on "Independence Day," have been entered into with exceptional enthusiasm because of the Congress. One feature, has, indeed, been especially added—the illumination of the whole Acropolis with Bengal lights, accompanied by fireworks. Admirably as this was managed, the effect, although curious and interesting, was not very impressive. Simpler arts are best resorted to when so unsurpassed a monument as the Parthenon, with the Propylæa and the Erechtheum, is concerned. The whiteness of newly fallen snow, with a clear sky beyond; the downward-flashing sun breaking through clouds, the brilliant moonlight of clear summer nights in Attica—these will always show the Parthenon at its best. For, with its affiliated ruins, it seems to have passed beyond the compass of human ingenuities, and to keep company with the elements which have marred its completeness only to gild it with colors requiring no enhancement.

LOUIS DYER.

Correspondence.

THE PHILIPPINE CENSUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reference has been made in the *Nation* to the report of the census of the Philippines as giving a too favorable impression of the condition of the Filipinos, the number of women wage-earners being taken in support of the assertion. The summary issued by the Census Bureau for the use of the press contains a similar instance. From the school schedules it appears that 5 per cent. of the civilized population (350,000) is enrolled in the schools. But, under a different heading, we are told that "the number attending school, as shown by the population schedules, is 811,715. This number far exceeds the returns shown on the school schedules, probably because the calendar year does not conform to the school year." This may be a satisfactory explanation, but to the ordinary mind it is simply a cogent proof that the returns are untrustworthy. Could it be otherwise with the work of 7,500 natives, absolutely without experience and having the inaccurate Eastern mind?

B. B.

BOSTON, April 30, 1905.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S DEGREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the close of the note on Joseph Jefferson, in your issue of April 27, we read: "Mr. Jefferson received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard ten years

ago." Your contributor fails to say that he received the same degree from Yale three years before. ALBERT S. COOK.

YALE UNIVERSITY, April 27, 1905.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIDOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is one application of Mr. Carnegie's wise and munificent gift which I hope is not impossible, since it seems to me the most desirable, but which is not mentioned in the donor's letter.

The professor is the chief hero on the stage, but not the real chief sufferer, in his long, serene career of honorable poverty. He is not supposed to be aware, even, that his food is plain, his shelter humble, his life monotonous. He has at least one decent suit for public occasions. The precious books which only he would open he can usually order for the college library, and even keep them, a year at a time, on his study table. But real self-effacement, silent deprivation, painful economy, are the lot of his wife. Surely, every one who is left a widow after her silver wedding-day, at any rate, has earned the half, if not the whole, of the modest old-age pension her man would have shared with her. She can hardly hope that any prosperous generous soul among the old students will remember her, whom they will barely have seen. Even her mental resources for self-companionship in solitary age have been largely sacrificed in homely devotion.

We believe nearly every professor, if compelled to choose, would say: "Make it certain that my wife, rather than I, will be a helpmeet, not a burden, if either must sit lonely, in old age, at the hearthside of a grandchild, or among stranger folk still."

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

BROOKLYN, May 1, 1905.

SYDNEY SMITH AND THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very pleasant to see, among your reviews a week or two ago, a just tribute to the brilliant parson of Foston-le-Clay. The present age remembers Sydney Smith chiefly for attempts at great reforms, but persons familiar with his career will recall many noble efforts at small ones, so I cannot refrain from drawing your attention to his courage in ridiculing the excessive devotion of the English schools to the dead languages. When we bear in mind the courage it has taken today in many scholarly men to plead for broader and more modern studies at the expense of Latinity, we may realize what it required in Smith 100 years ago.

It is impossible, even for such of us as devoted hard early years to the ancient languages, to avoid laughing at his arguments or illustrations. What derision he invokes by referring to the old scholar who had little admiration for Frederick the Great because, with all his victories, it was doubtful whether he could conjugate a Greek verb correctly! After pointing out the absurdity of incessantly making Latin verses, he says of the English student:

"His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe."

FREDERICK BAUSMAN.

SEATTLE, April 20, 1905.

Notes.

Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston, announce 'Science and a Future Life,' by Prof. J. H. Hyslop, and 'Ethics of Imperialism,' by Albert R. Carman.

The more than twenty years that have elapsed since the late Lucy M. Mitchell's 'History of Ancient Sculpture' appeared, obviously tell heavily against its reissue now, unchanged and unextended (Dodd, Mead & Co.). One has only to turn to Crete in the index for a few scattering notices, to perceive how one huge chapter of archæological discovery has grown up in the interval, with no slight contributions to the subject of this work. But what has not the spade done elsewhere in two decades to enlarge the material or alter the criterions of criticism? Even the elaborate notes and references and tables of museums have suffered from the march of time. The general index and the cuts offer a certain facility for reference, and the index of citations from the classic authors may be allowed to be absolutely unaffected by temporal considerations.

Mr. T. B. Mosher, Portland (Me.), has brought out with his customary taste a reprint of Stevenson's 'Father Damien,' prefixing Clifford's portrait of Damien, and extending Col. Prideaux's bibliography of this piece. "There are," he remarks, "apparently no translations of the *Letter*." This is well for Stevenson, as no writing from his pen is so disagreeable, not to say repulsive, in tone. A similar get-up, in smaller form, has been given by Mr. Mosher to 'The Book of Heavenly Death, by Walt Whitman, compiled from Leaves of Grass by Horace Traubel.' In this medley, all sides of Whitman except the lyrical are manifest. There is a good bardic portrait of him at the front.

The editor of 'American Book-Prices Current," Mr. Luther S. Livingston, not satisfied with that meritorious labor, has undertaken to combine selectively his own series with the English of corresponding title, and with earlier sources antedating both. Of the four quarto volumes to result we have the first—A to Dick—'Auction Prices of Books' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). This is one of those enterprises concerning which the bare statement as just made is all-sufficient for the connoisseur, while absurdly disproportioned to the toil and expense involved. Mr. Livingston and his publishers are to be thanked heartily, and we trust they will have no difficulty in disposing of the 750 copies to which the edition is limited. We will only remark further that the Bible sales require 26 pages, Boccaccio 8, the Bewicks and Brownings 6, Cruikshank 4½, Burns 4, the Arabian Nights 2½. The highest price paid for any work of Bryant's was $130, and his general valuation has been low. The first London edition of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' (1888) fetched $19.50 in 1896, and ranges from that sum to $12.

Retrospective reviewing, nowadays almost a forgotten art, is yet preserved in a volume of essays entitled 'Literary Portraits,' by Charles Whibley (E. P. Dutton & Co.). These scholarly studies deal with Rabelais, Comines, Montaigne, and kindred worthies, with the intruding exception of Casanova, here in much better company than he deserves, even though his blackguardism is, in part at least, sedulously veiled. By far the most important, as well as bulkiest, contribution to the collection is furnished in Rabelais, and represents him, in accordance with the best French scholarship, as much more than the ribald shaveling of tradition, delighting chiefly in material grossness. Mr. Whibley dwells on the wisdom of the "abstractor of quintessences," whose fight against the shams and hypocrisy of his day was conducted in a spirit of genial humor, and not in morose indignation. The respective merits of Urquhart and Motteux, as translators, are still disputable points. The Frenchman took, on the whole, fewer imaginative liberties with the original than did his predecessor. In the essay on Montaigne we are introduced to the man, rather than to the philosopher of always elusive attractiveness. No doubt, the self-revelation of the first of essayists is enticing; but a far deeper, a more enthralling, study carries one on to the discussion of the conflicting currents of thought to which the conditions of the time subjected one of the subtlest of skeptics, who seems seldom to have been troubled with the anguish of *spiritual* perplexity. That Mr. Whibley is interested in undecisive writers may also be conjectured from his treatment of Burton and his 'Anatomy.' Several of the essays are suggestive of the prefatory function.

One more superfluous example of literary indiscretion appears in 'The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet,' by Henry Wellington Wack (Putnams). It begins with eighty-nine pages of somewhat rambling introductory narrative, dealing chiefly with a sufficiently familiar liaison of no very exceptional character, followed by a collection of passionate feminine love-letters of no particular character at all. The bare statement that Hugo had an extra-conjugal Egeria—an Aspasia, in fact—who remained constant to him for fifty years, is readily comprehensible to any reader of artists' biographies, without the help of documentary details. What M. François Coppée means by giving the publication his solemn sanction is not so easy to understand. A number of photographic illustrations of persons and places have some value; but we were under the impression (from Marzials's 'Life of Victor Hugo') that the statue in the Place de la Concorde for which Mme. Drouet served as model was Lille, not Strasbourg.

First catch your hare, is Prof. William Z. Ripley's motto in his 'Trusts, Pools and Corporations' (Ginn & Co.). In order to conduct economic instruction successfully in the descriptive field, we must have raw material. This material is to be found in public documents, in legal decisions, and in the periodicals; but a class of one to two hundred men cannot make use of it. Hence, it is necessary to reprint from these sources such facts as are relevant to particular inquiries, so selected, arranged, and condensed as to be easily available. As

Professor Ripley justly observes, the testimony taken in leading cases in the courts is rich in important facts which of course cannot appear fully in the decisions. Such matter is really the basis of economic generalization, and it is certainly desirable that students of economics should have their attention directed to it. Another purpose to be furthered by such a publication is the creation of a public opinion in favor of a reasonable policy of public control over monopolistic and corporate enterprises. There is certainly danger from a public opinion favoring unreasonable control, and every attempt to substitute reason for emotion and violence is to be commended. While this compilation is planned for use as a text-book, it will be found convenient by journalists, and it may be commended to all who wish to know more of the truth concerning industrial affairs than they can learn from the daily papers.

Lawrence Duckworth's convenient manual of 'General and Particular Average' (London: Effingham Wilson) has reached a second edition, and is vouched for on the title-page as "entirely rewritten." The appendix contains the York-Antwerp Rules, 1890, and a number of forms in common use, revised to date. The subject is a very technical one, and the author has the essential gift of clear and concise statement.

In dealing with the 'Catalog of the Gardiner Greene Hubbard Collection of Engravings,' issued by the Library of Congress, it is difficult to resist dwelling upon the beauty of the mechanical execution of the volume. The large type and arrangement of sizes and forms, the handmade paper, the generous page and broad margins, are notable examples of what can be done in the Public Printing-Office, and certainly mark a great departure from the styles of that office to which we have become accustomed. The plan of the compilation was very generous, and included the catalogue proper of engravers, an index of engravers under a chronological scheme, by centuries, an index of artists, a portrait index, and a list of authorities. No similar catalogue exists of an American collection of engravings; it will, therefore, prove a convenient book of reference for collectors. As Mr. Hubbard's taste was very catholic, he wished to obtain good examples of different schools and engravers to illustrate the progress of the art. Of the 2,700 prints listed, only 114 are assigned to American engravers; but the work of German, English, and French engravers is well represented. The collection was presented to the nation in 1898 by Mrs. Hubbard, and in default of a national art gallery the Library of Congress was the most fitting place of deposit. How far it will compare in number or in quality with collections such as the Claghorn collection it is difficult to say, but it certainly does offer an unusually good basis for study and growth in a place central for investigators. The Catalogue will serve to describe the Hubbard collection, and incidentally to indicate the needs of the Library in one line of its activities. The editor of the volume is Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, who is in charge of the collection.

The ninth volume of the new 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon' (Lemcke & Buechner) completes the letter H and advances to Ionicus. Long articles are comparatively few, and, as usual, favor is shown in this regard to mechanical and industrial processes and to natural history, the latter affording occasion for many striking color plates. Of the maps, one shows German Southwest Africa, and last year's native rising there is described in the fresh article *Herrero*. Among the tables is one exhibiting the Hohenzollern branches. The article on Hawaii falls short in not characterizing the method by which the "republic" was proclaimed, or recording Cleveland's repudiation of the abuse of the navy and the flag. That on Holbein's Dance of Death might have referred to the preservation of the original designs. Under Homœopathy are given statistics of the considerable stand maintained by this system of therapeutics the world over. Hypnotism is considered at some length, and its extensive literature indicated. A curious theme is illustrated in "Hydrologische Versuchsanstalten," or the establishments for testing the behavior of floating models of ships, such as the North German Lloyd supports. The letter I naturally introduces a large number of phrases and proverbs in Latin and other languages; thus we have the true origin assigned to "Il y a des juges à Berlin" and "In necessariis unitas, etc."

A book of considerable merit upon the relatively obscure colonial possessions of the Portuguese is 'As Colonias Portuguezas: Geographia, Physica, Politica e Economica,' by E. J. de C. e Vasconcellos. It has already passed into a second corrected and augmented edition. The sub-title well describes the scope of the work, which, curiously enough, is modelled upon German colonial handbooks, reviewed from time to time in these columns, whose object is to spread practical information about national possessions. The treatment is minute and careful; first-rate maps of the several possessions are given; and the text of the 1869 "decreto organico das provincias ultramarinas" is supplied for the student. Being so much later than the exhaustive work of J. de Andrade Corvo, this volume furnishes the best available information which we have met with concerning the present-day Portuguese colonies.

We are glad of the opportunity to congratulate the editor and publishers of the Chicago *Dial* on the first quarter-century of its existence as a critical magazine—now the only one (not the organ of a firm) concerned with books alone. It has been fortunate, for the maintenance of high ideals, in having the same editorial direction from the beginning, namely, that of Mr. Francis F. Browne, also the chief owner, and so with a guaranteed independence.

Mr. Albert Matthews has, in the April number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, an interesting and fairly persuasive paper on the naming of Hull, Massachusetts. His object is to remove the support of Thomas Morton (in his 'New English Canaan') from those who think that coast town was so named—from having been called Nantasket—as early as 1637, whereas it was formally named by the General Court in 1644. The passage from Morton, in a nautical figure describing a prudent captain who was debating whether to execute the Court's order of deportation against the lord of Merrymount, speaks of "this proper Mariner" being "resolved to lye at Hull rather than encounter such a storme, etc." If Hull be written with a small initial, the phrase becomes one very common to the period, with the meaning of to ride out a storm with struck sails, or similarly to drift in a calm.

The "Diffusion Society" of China, which is supported chiefly by foreigners from Great Britain and the United States resident in China, shows in its seventeenth annual report (for 1904) what, besides its own work, has been done in twelve months by the various publication societies, clerical and lay, for the information of the Chinese people. As against 913 works, of a character more or less religious or proselyting, translated into the standard Chinese, there have been 1,481 works of science or general literature composed or translated, which Chinese can read. Of these the Diffusion Society has issued 387, and the Educational Association, having similar aims, 185 publications. In the Diffusion Society's list for 1904, making a total of 19,256,800 pages, are such books as 'Elements of Civil Government,' 'Brief Lives of the American Presidents,' 'Women in All Lands' (seventeen volumes), 'The German Empire,' *Review of the Times* (2,730,000 pages), and the *Chinese Weekly* (1,280,000 pages), all by Dr. Young J. Allen, an American scholar who, with his corps of native assistants, has been active in China for over thirty years. Other books are: 'Universal Civilization,' and 'The Indian Empire' (2,520,000 pages), by Yin Pao-Lo. Among the reprints (11,425,500 pages) are 'Nature Readers,' 'English Law in China' (4,584,000 pages), 'Handy Cyclopædia,' 'Geography for Home Readers,' 'Joseph Neeshima,' 'Elements of Practical Electricity,' etc., etc. All the best books thus issued are at once pirated by native publishers, Hangchow having reprinted six different editions of one book. Thus the sales of a good scientific work are fivefold that by the original owners. Many Chinese scholars coöperate with the Diffusion Society. Among the various reforms discussed in the pamphlet of fifty-three pages is the anti-footbinding work of Mrs. Archibald Little, which seems to be making extraordinary progress, being backed unanimously by the Mohammedans and largely by orthodox Confucians.

Evidently the academic youth of France is thinking of other things than "revenge." The Association Générale des Étudiants de Paris, under the direction of Professor Couchand, formerly lector in the University of Göttingen, has arranged for a "scientific" journey by German students and professors to Paris and the historic sites of Western France, to cover some twenty days during the present spring. The journey will take the visitors to Normandy, Anjou, Touraine and the banks of the Loire. In the University towns of Paris, Caen and Rennes special receptions for the German students will be held by the French university men. One of the purposes of the expedition is to cultivate good relations between the student world of the two countries. Arrangements have been made to accommodate sixty, but no more, on this novel international academic expedition.

The Academic Bureau of Information (*Auskunftsstelle*) established some time ago in connection with the University of Berlin was evidently a desideratum in the world of scholarship. Not only do from thirty to forty students and professional

men daily apply there for information, but communications come from all parts of the world pertaining chiefly to university affairs. Answers are returned only to questions which deal with scientific matter. The Bureau has sent a circular letter to all scientific bodies, corporations, etc., throughout the world, and is in a position to receive reliable information from all quarters.

What seems to have been the last remnant of the old Latin "Zopf" of the German learned world has recently been abolished, when it was made optional by the Church dignitaries of Wirtemberg for the participants in the annual theological tournament held under the auspices of the Deans to use the Latin or the German language. Ever since the days of the Reformation the use of Latin has been compulsory in these discussions. The change was the result of a general petition for it.

According to the report of the Commissioners of the Nobel Fund, the money at their disposal for rewards this year will be 690,446 kronen, as compared with 704,-242 last year, or an average of 135.089 for each of the five recipients. The decrease is owing to the taxes which the Government of Sweden has begun to collect from the Fund.

The Summer School of Library Economy conducted at Amherst College by Mr. W. I. Fletcher enters this season upon its fifteenth year, and will be held from July 3 to August 11.

A Good Roads Conference has been called by the College of Agriculture of Cornell University to meet at Ithaca May 16 to 19. "This conference or school," as the circular calls it, will be free to all comers and will be addressed by many experts. Information may be obtained of Mr. L. H. Bailey, Director of the College.

—William Garrott Brown begins in the May *Atlantic* a history of the Tenth Decade of the United States, confining the initial paper to a kind of panoramic presentation of conditions at the close of the civil war. Magazine history does not stand in very high repute, thanks to the taste for sensational narrative and catchy illustration, but the *Atlantic* and Mr. Brown should be able to redeem it if redemption be possible. The Schiller anniversary draws forth two very readable papers, "Schiller's Message to Modern Life" and "Schiller's Ideal of Liberty," by Prof. Kuno Francke and William Roscoe Thayer, respectively. Schiller's message lies in his conception of beauty as the mediating agent between the sensuous and the spiritual; his appeal to the best, the most moral, the most human in man; his longing for equipoise, totality of character, oneness with self. He makes no vain attempt to turn the wheels of time backward, like Tolstoy in his glorification of primitiveness of existence, nor does he point to a dim and shadowy future. Rather, his philosophy guides with a steady hand toward an ideal that is at once definite and within our reach, a free, noble, progressive, self-restrained manhood. Paul Elmer More writes of the centenary of the birth of Sainte-Beuve. Jefferson B. Fletcher of the department of comparative literature in Columbia University traces "An Unrecognized Affinity" between Newman and Carlyle. One who is editorially certified as an associate professor in one of the largest and wealthiest American universities, demonstrates in detail, under thirty-one different heads, that a college professor needs a salary of about $3,150 in order to live in a condition consistent with proper self-respect, bring up a small family, and leave a small amount to his children at the end of, say, thirty years of service. His own salary has averaged $1,328.15, with an average expense of $2,-794.27, entailing an annual contribution of $1,466.12 from private means for the privilege of enjoying the blessings of the teacher's life.

—The May *Harper's* presents about the usual makeup, with an attractive selection for the reader of short stories, and one poem of real merit, but with no special features of compelling interest. Our territorial expansion has been so insistently exploited that a reference to Prof. John Bassett Moore's paper on the subject may possibly be taken as a warning. Nevertheless, the article is well worth reading by any one who wants a simple outline of the facts, minus the usual admixture of jingoism. Professor Moore thinks that the problem of the Philippines was simplified by taking the whole rather than a part, thus avoiding the friction which might have arisen from having Spain as a neighbor in a continuous archipelago; but it is to be remembered that all or part was not the alternative. Dr. Alden, aside from his editorial department, contributes a brief paper on Subiaco, with five half-page illustrations in tint. Mrs. Ward's serial is concluded in this number, and those who have been chafing at the injury done by over-early publication in book form will doubtless now forget their grievance.

—In the *Century*, Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee continues her account of the experience of the American nurses in Japan, describing chiefly the success of the Japanese in preventing disease and in saving the lives of the wounded. She rightly takes the ground that, after playing the rôle of teacher to Japan for so long, the United States should with becoming humility admit the demonstrated fact that the pupil has bettered his instruction in certain points, and should consent to a reversal of the relation. Happy will Japan be if, among her prophylactics, there be found one to avert the political degeneration so regularly appearing among the after effects of war. Otherwise her brilliant sanitary success of the past year will hardly prove permanent. Some enterprising grafter supplying first-aid bandages of dirty material could alter the vital statistics very materially. Manager Stone describes at length the efforts for a free news service from Russia to the outside world. The Associated Press, he claims, is at present almost a recognized branch of the diplomatic service, usurping the functions of the officially commissioned diplomat, and incidentally making for universal peace by keeping the intelligent masses of all countries informed as to what is going on, so that unnecessary strife cannot be engendered behind closed doors, while the conservative elements of society are ignorant of the danger.

—'The Life of Hugh Price Hughes,' by his daughter (A. C. Armstrong & Son), should delight the lovers of huge books; on a topic not quite of prime importance, most readers might prefer less liberality both of form and of matter. Yet Mr. Hughes (1847-1902) was a notable man, whose interests and activities took a wide range. A leader of the Wesleyans, long head of the West London Mission and editor of the *Methodist Times*, his deepest devotion was to an ideal or "Free" Church, unestablished and probably invisible. "He was a prophet, criticised, misunderstood," and "his life was a continuous strife," yet happy, with "a great following and rare rewards." The motto, from one of his sermons, "Not self-assertion, but limitless self-suppression, is the secret of life," seems scarcely appropriate, for he was not a man to be suppressed by himself or anybody. Dr. Joseph Parker, in 1896, hailed him as "our firebrand," and exhorted him to "burn on." Yet for so positive a person he (as here presented) is somewhat elusive, perhaps in part from his covering so much ground—it might be unfair to say that he rode too many horses at once. He discoursed (p. 366) on Buddhism and Schopenhauer, on Giordano Bruno and John Bright, on Mazzini and Ruskin, as well as on Tennyson and Browning. He said there were "two great tyrannies," the clerical and medical professions; yet he scornfully refused offered assistance at a service from a brother who was not accurately vested and coated. Art, too, was in his province: "The genius of Michael Angelo awed him, . . . but he did not love it as he did that of the Bellinis, or Raphael, or Andrea del Sarto." Botticelli perplexed him, but he greatly respected Andrea Pisano; yet a dilettante moved him to cry, "O that I had known Praise-God Barebones!" Like other strenuous folk, he had too many ideas for all of them to be sound; thus, he found in F. W. Robertson a "lack of vigor," due to his rôle as "exponent of the Gospel of Suffering"—as if that were all of the Brighton preacher. His wide sympathies with liberalism were in conflict with his dominant regard for "Evangelicism"; he admired the Broad Churchmen, but they bothered him. Through all this, one sees Mr. Hughes as in a glass of uncertain color, for his admiring biographer is also his interpreter and critic, and a person of superior claims on her own account. She tries to set down all her father ever did or said, with little order of time and not too much of logic; yet large abstractions obscure practical details. The table of contents gives as little guidance as may be; chapters are headed "The Age of Chivalry," "Inner Side of the Age," "The Catholic Idea of the Church," "The Imperial Idea of the State." Thus the book is not for him who runs; perhaps it was intended for an inner circle of Nonconformist *cognoscenti*, who can appreciate the happy union of orthodox piety with originality, of world-wide culture with Puritan principle. But at whose death was it truly said (p. vii.), "He was the most human saint that ever lived"? Is the reference to Mr. Hughes, or to his Master?

—Mr. T. Sturge Moore's 'Albert Dürer' (London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Scribners) is a singularly illusive book. It is a stoutish volume of over three hundred pages; and while all the words in it are intelligible, the exact thing that was intended to be expressed somehow escapes one. Again and again the reader follows along a course of thought that seems to be leading somewhere; he waits for the definitive summing-up that shall show just where he was being carried—and the path sudden-

ly vanishes, leaving him baffled. He begins to wonder, at last, whether the fault is not his own rather than the author's, and it is only a trial of some clearer writer that can restore his confidence in his ability to read understandingly the English language. Mr. Moore's aim is avowedly to give an appreciation of Dürer "in relation to general ideas," and he evidently regrets that "too much space has been given to the enumeration of Dürer's principal works and the events of his life, without either being made exhaustive." We must confess that we have found these parts of the book refreshing from their comparative simplicity and clarity, and a welcome interlude in the struggle with general ideas. One does, however, get from this volume certain impressions of Dürer's position as an artist and of the meaning of his theories. Perhaps the most important thing in it is Mr. Moore's explanation of Dürer's canon of proportion, which he believes was intended rather to be departed from than to be adhered to. It was a kind of standard such as every artist, consciously or unconsciously, carries in his head, for the measurement of individual variations, and its use was to make these individual variations more instantaneously perceptible by providing a norm from which they could be conceived as departing. Doubtless, also, it would tend to discourage too great divergence, and to keep the artist within the bounds of moderation. So conceived, the canon was a more rational and possibly useful thing than we have been in the habit of considering it. Mr. Moore is not of those who feel that the world is a gainer by the narrowing of Dürer's art and life, which followed his return from Venice to Nuremberg, and he thinks that something much greater and finer than anything the artist actually produced might have come of his settling permanently in Italy. A few works, notably the "Portrait of a Lady seen against the Sea" in the Berlin Gallery, lend color to this view, and one would wish to believe that Dürer was great enough to have absorbed the teaching of Venice without losing his own individuality. The book is illustrated with many good reproductions of Dürer's paintings, drawings, and engravings, and, above all, with four engravings on copper which look good enough to be from the original plates and may possibly be so; the information afforded on this head is vague.

—A first fruit of the tercentenary of 'Don Quixote's' publication is offered by Albert F. Calvert in his 'Life of Cervantes,' published by John Lane. It is well that Mr. Calvert in his preface should be as modest as he is elsewhere brief, for his book throws no new light upon "the maimed one of Lepanto," and contents itself with paraphrasing the more substantial accounts of H. E. Watts and James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. With some simulation of scholarship, however, this 'Life' lacks its essence. The bibliography of Don Quixote is a second-hand compilation, and the table of Cervantes's proverbs meagrely condenses such lists as may be found in any of the modern English versions of the classic or in separate works like Burke's 'Spanish Salt: A Collection of All the Proverbs in Don Quixote.' Further, Mr. Calvert's literary backgrounds are vague and ineffective. In the pardonable desire to exalt his hero, he disparages everybody else. The great Lope (here generally referred to simply as "Vega") is liberally anathematized, and at length receives the *coup de grâce* in this astonishing statement: "It may be said that not a line of Lope de Vega's prodigious output is now either read or discussed." Towards Avellaneda's spurious continuation of 'Don Quixote' Mr. Calvert feels so mortal an antipathy that he regards it as the father of all literary frauds, declaring that, had it sought only to skim Cervantes's market, it still "would have been almost unparalleled at that period in the history of letters." Apparently he forgets the earlier and notorious experience of Mateo Aleman of Seville, who found his 'Guzman de Alfarache' continued by another, and who rallied to the defence with an authoritative second part. Again, to those who appreciate the very considerable influence exerted upon other literatures by Cervantes's 'Novelas Exemplares,' it is disconcerting to be left with the bald remark that "they have achieved little popularity out of the Peninsula." Other errors, presumably of proofreading, abound. Tirso de Molina becomes "Tirso de Malina" (p. 1); the 'Viage del Parnaso' is the "Viaja" (p. 68); Tarragona is "Tarragoza" (p. 72); the Dulcinea del Toboso hails from "Tobosco" (p. 80); Don John of Austria's title remains inexplicably half-Spanish and half-English (p. 9); the Casa de Medrano is spoken of as though it were a street (p. 45); the word *affaire* becomes "affairé" (p. 21); Spenser is printed Spencer (p. 2); there are occasional grammatical slips (pp. 29, 79); and in two consecutive lines we hear of "nautiating" imitations and "omniverious" readers (p. 52). Indeed, to the scholar, the only recommendation of this 'Life' will be the more than thirty illustrations it contains, comprising several portraits of Cervantes, and reproductions of early title-pages and cuts from rare or curious editions.

JOHN BELLOWS.

John Bellows: Letters and Memoirs. Edited by his Wife. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904.

Wherein lay the special charm and attractiveness of John Bellows?

His life, his influence over others, and his whole way of thinking give the answer. The secret of his charm and of his power is to be found in the intense vividness of his nature. His brain, his heart, and his soul were full of life.

> " 'Tis life whereof our veins are scant.
> 'Tis life, more life, for which we pant."

If this be true, the man who is, above all men, alive, is certain, when vividness is combined with the simplicity of perfect disinterestedness, to exert over his fellows an almost miraculous power of attraction.

Consider in this light the outward career, uneventful as in one sense it was, of John Bellows.

The son of a Quaker schoolmaster in the small Cornish town of Cranborne, Bellows was at fourteen apprenticed to a local printer. He had gained from his father's instructions rather less of direct knowledge than one might have expected, but he had the inestimable benefit of being trained by a man of high principle, and by one of those rare teachers whose aim it was to make his pupils observant and to help them to think. After fourteen, all that John Bellows learned was the result of his own unaided labor. At the most critical age of his life we see the vividness of his nature. He was a good youth, brought up under Quaker influences, but he could not accept any belief which he did not feel to be real. For a short time he was attracted towards Churchmanship, but he thought the matter well out. He passed in early youth from a nominal to an actual—that is, vivid or living—belief in the truths of Quakerism:

> "I read," to use his own words, "Barclay's arguments especially, and with them the texts both of the New and of the Old Testament which he cites, till, after many anxious days and nights, the light shone on them steadily and brightly as the sunrise in a cloudless sky, and I was made as sure of the truth of what the world calls Quakerism as I was of my own existence."

An experience of this kind has even an intellectual effect which has been too little noticed. It gives energy to the whole of a man's character, it stimulates all his intellectual powers; and this is the more certain to be the case when the convert—if one may use the expression—from nominal to real belief has taken hold of a creed which in no way discourages the pursuit of truth. The reality and the simplicity of Quakerism are visible at every step of the career of John Bellows. All his work as a printer was thorough and good; it gained him, not indeed wealth, as wealth is reckoned by millionaires or by their thousands of admirers, but independence and the means of leading his own true life. His French Dictionary, the book by which he will live in the world of letters, bears the impress of his character. He imagined to himself a model pocket dictionary, filled with excellencies and ingenious devices for aiding the reader not to be found in any other work of the same kind. He had to begin with no great knowledge of French; he made himself an excellent French scholar by working at his dictionary. The labor often seemed hopeless. A friend (Professor Blackie), who saw the scheme of the work, displayed prophetic insight:

> "I see," he wrote, "that you have a dash of enthusiasm about you, and that you will go through with your book for the love of it, whether it ever pays you or not; but I think I can promise you, from what I see of its plan, that, within twelve months from the time it is published, it will be all over the world as the best French dictionary ever printed."

This forecast has been fulfilled to the letter, and the words, "you will go through with your book for the love of it," give the secret of everything which Bellows did. All his work was done for the love of God and of man, and he went through with it for the love of it. He came across Roman remains at Gloucester. He knew little of Latin, but his fervent imagination forbade him to follow the example of most men and to leave unnoticed the notable things which in his case almost literally lay at his feet. By studying the Roman antiquities of Gloucester, he seized hold of one side of Roman history, and made himself an authority with men of learning on the history of the Roman settlement in Great Britain, and especially on all matters connected with the military system of Rome. Thus he became the friend and the valued correspondent of men such as Max Müller and Dr. Hübner,

They must have felt at once that they had met with an inquirer whose knowledge was real knowledge, grounded on the facts before his eyes; who knew and took account of the deficiencies of his own education, but was inspired with the true historical spirit. The present and the past were in his mind linked together; he needed no lecturer to warn him that there was no break to be found between ancient and modern history. He knew apparently little Latin. Latin or Greek books were known to him mainly or wholly from translations; but then, he knew the contents of these translations in a way in which many good scholars fail to know the contents of the originals. Statius, for example, and Strabo, whose writings we may confidently assert have in many cases never been read by Oxford first-class men, were to him as alive and full of interest as is Gibbon or Macaulay or Carlyle to ordinary English readers. Wherever he travelled (and he travelled much), facts learned from ancient authors were before his mind. By their aid and by his own vividness of conception he, so to speak, heard wherever he went the tramp of the Roman army and saw the progress of the Roman Empire.

But, though his studies show the liveliness of his intellectual interest, John Bellows was no mere student. His knowledge gains its reality from the fact that, under the pressure of duty as well as of sympathy with every one who needed help, he took an active part in every public concern which seemed to him to offer an opening for aiding the oppressed, or which raised a conflict between right and wrong. His journeys to Russia were truly missionary expeditions. He and his companion, Joseph Neave, spent time, money, and toil, and at times risked life and health, that they might bring help to the victims of despotism and persecution. What was the measure of their actual success will never be known till the time has passed when the statement of facts might expose to peril the persons to whom they brought help, and from whom they received aid and information. But the journal and letters of John Bellows, characterized though they be by a silence and self-suppression as rare as it is admirable, bear witness to two facts, that the Quaker missionaries labored heart and soul for the promotion of justice and humanity, and that they carried help, comfort, and even consolation, to sufferers who may well have believed that no one cared for the wrongs they endured. For these labors of humanity, Bellows is certain to receive eulogy not greater than deserved, but assuredly greater than he either claimed or desired: nothing is more remarkable than his studious and emphatic rejection of the notion that philanthropic acts are the same thing as religion. He no doubt will receive far less general sympathy in regard to his strictly political efforts. An ardent Unionist cannot expect the admiration of any fervent Home Ruler. A Quaker who, though he held war to be inconsistent with the highest form of Christianity, yet urgently maintained that politicians who did not reprobate war as wrong in itself, had no right to denounce the war with the Boers as marked with inhumanity or injustice, cannot receive the applause of one who held, rightly or wrongly, that the South African war was needless. All that need here be insisted upon is that Bellows, whether as a politician or a philanthropist, was all of a piece. He may have committed errors of judgment, but he was absolutely free from either self-interest or partisanship. He exerted an influence of a kind which could never be gained by any politician, because he appealed with unrivalled force to the moral convictions of Englishmen, and, as every one who knew him felt, had no concern but for the promotion of righteousness.

But here we turn to what was really the essence of the life no less than of the charm of John Bellows—his vivid and living religious faith. Quakerism is to outsiders, such as is the present writer, apt to seem a drab-colored faith. A Quaker is to ordinary observers a benevolent and humane person. He wears, or used to wear, a peculiar dress; he says "thou" or, rather, "thee" where the rest of us say "you"; he will not "swear," though he will "affirm"; he is, above all things and on all occasions, a devotee of peace. These peculiarities belong, or did belong, to a Quaker; they are several of them admirable, but they are none of them very interesting. They lack interest because they are the embodiment of rules which conceal rather than illustrate the principles they are meant to exemplify. Even to some Friends, as we may conjecture, these precepts have taken the place of the fundamental ideas which to George Fox and his immediate followers constituted the essence of Quakerism. These ideas can never lack interest; they can excite opposition even where they do not gain sympathy, but in reality it is impossible that they should not often arouse not only attention but sympathy. For ideas or truths that at one time were the peculiar property of Quakers, possess a very significant affinity with certain modern beliefs about God and man. Now the salient feature of John Bellows as a representative of Quakerism was that, while he was in one sense a very strict Friend, the vividness of his imagination and his faith enabled him to go back to the principles on which Quakerism was founded. He escaped from precepts to doctrines, from the letter to the spirit.

Even to illustrate this characteristic at all satisfactorily would require more space than can be conceded to any writer in the *Nation*, and would lead to the consideration of topics hardly suited for the pages of a newspaper. One example must suffice. On nothing did John Bellows insist more consistently, both by word and by action, than on the "great truth" taught by the early Friends, that we "should endeavor to walk according to our *measure* of light, and the state in which we are"; whence he drew the inference that "few things do more practical mischief than the notion that because we are not what we ought to be, it is of no use trying to do anything until we are." This faith looks like a truism; but, let it once be put into practice as it was daily by John Bellows, and we see that it affects the whole theory of religion and the whole conduct of life. For one thing, it breaks through the hard line drawn by many sincere Christians between the converted and the unconverted; who, in the words of John Bellows, "make out, resting upon a *half truth* (which is often a *whole lie*) that anything and everything the latter do is wholly displeasing to God. But they entirely ignore what Fénelon bore witness to—that God speaks in the hearts of the unconverted in a variety of ways, *to draw them to Himself*. If there is *any measure* of yielding to this drawing, does it need argument to prove that, *in so far*, the person who endeavors so to yield is acceptable to God?" What is of far more consequence than even the preventing a real distinction from being turned into a misleading division is, that this doctrine affects the whole conduct of any Christian teacher. This was so at any rate with Bellows. Not his intellect only but his imagination and his soul seized firm hold of the belief in the measure of light. Hence he could tell strange Russian Jews, who at first looked upon him with suspicion, that their duty was to believe in and practise all that was best in Judaism. He could do much more than say this. Though he could speak only through an interpreter, he could bring home his conviction to his Jewish audience so that they blessed him for his message, and realized perhaps for the first time all that a good Jew and a real Christian had in common. He could tell Tolstoy's daughter without any compromise of his own firm Trinitarianism that, though he trusted she might see more light, her one duty was to follow the light that she did see, and wait till God showed her more.

The 'Letters and Memoirs' of Bellows literally teem with examples of the way in which this belief in the measure of light brought him into unity with, and enabled him to arouse all that was good in, men of different creeds and of different races. With no class, one would think, must a Friend find it harder to deal than with soldiers. To John Bellows the matter presented no difficulty whatever. He met two English soldiers on the way to their homes before joining the army then fighting the Boers in South Africa. The men would no doubt soon be engaged, and might likely enough die in battle. He showed them in the first place great and practical kindness. He then wrote them a letter which was certainly kept and could hardly in any case have been forgotten. Take but a few words from it:

"*If* you should [thus die], get this thought fixed firm in your hearts beforehand, and you will find it will hold you up even in death—that God who made you is as near to you as his own breath is, and that His Spirit keeps in touch with your spirits: so close in touch that He does not even need a cry from the lips to reach Him, only . . . a determination to trust in His goodness and mercy, . . . or, to put it into Bible words, He is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto Him: and in His own words, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out.'"

This language, some logician will tell us, cannot be reconciled with Quakerism. The words might and assuredly would have been applied by the speaker to Boer soldiers going to join the native army, no less than to the soldiers of the Queen. They are, like every word uttered by John Bellows, vivid words of life, spoken by a man who was himself full of life.

DILL'S ROMAN SOCIETY.

Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. By Samuel Dill, M.A., Hon. Litt.D., Hon. LL.D., etc. Macmillan. 1904.

With the time and energy spent upon the subject, it might seem a matter of surprise that the facts of Roman society have not

long ago been duly assorted, labelled, and put upon the shelf; but the wraith is not at rest even yet. Under the influence of common historical tradition, it is hard to think of anything good at all in connection with an age and an empire which put a Nero and then a Domitian at the head of the civilized world. Andrew D. White, in commenting upon the famous satirical tractate in which a clever German professor used the faults and follies of Caligula to condemn by inevitable suggestion the career of the German Emperor, has recently said: "As men began to think, they began to realize that the modern German Empire resembles in no particular that debased and corrupt mass with which the Imperial Roman wretches had to do, and that the new German sovereign, in all his characteristics and tendencies, was radically a different being from any one of the crazy beasts of prey who held the imperial power during the decline of Rome." There are not wanting among recent critics, on the other hand, those who assail with great vigor the trustworthiness of the evidence on which such an unfavorable view is based. Even Nero has found an apologist in an Oxford devotee of historical research, and it is now generally admitted that much of the odium has been lifted from the memory of Tiberius, though we may not follow Mr. Tarver in setting him up as the ideal Roman. Evidently, then, the problem of Roman society under the Empire has not reached a state of stable equilibrium, and Mr. Dill cannot be accused of spending his years in flailing away at straw from which the grain has already been exhausted. And in spite of the words of Dr. White, the differences between the society of Rome and that of the German Empire or any other modern civilized nation are not so great as to deprive the lessons of the former time of a very vital bearing upon the problems of our own.

The author's general method is similar to that of his study of Roman society in the last century of the Western Empire, published six years ago. In the present volume, his materials are grouped under three main headings, Social Life, the Gospel of Philosophy, and the Revival of Paganism. We may take the phrase of Horace, *aurea mediocritas*, as the key to his general attitude towards the many debatable problems naturally arising in such a series of studies. Rome was neither the Sodom and Gomorrah which the Christian moralist is readily tempted to paint it as an effective background against which to display the comparative purity of New Testament morals, nor yet was it the paradise of virtue which it might have been, had its best pagan preaching been a correct index of its actual life.

Professor Dill does not, of course, attempt any unified characterization of his period as a whole. "The truth is, that society in every age presents the most startling moral contrasts, and no single comprehensive description of its moral condition can ever be true." There is certainly contrast enough between Nero and Marcus Aurelius, "the tyranny of one of the worst men who ever occupied a throne," and the "mild rule of a Stoic saint"; but even here we are cautioned against the hasty conclusion that the change at the head marked any deep-seated moral revolution among the masses. The old Roman character was a stubborn type. Contemporaneously with the brutalized court circle around a Nero, it could preserve a respectable nobility of no mean numerical proportions, either geographically aside from the reach of infection or morally immune, There was the idle mob of poor in the city, living upon the largesses of those who had an interest in the purchase of its favor, but there were also, in districts remote from the city's demoralizing influences, thousands of industrious families digging an honest living out of their little farms after the humble and self-respecting manner of the older days. And if the mephitic exhalations from Nero's circle could not rot the good all out of his empire, neither were its baleful elements withered away under the healthful moral sunshine radiating from the court of Aurelius.

But, without any revolution radically affecting the great mass of the population, Professor Dill does find certain moral forces so busily at work as to constitute a distinctive feature of the period. The dominant attitude of those who thought seriously upon such matters was one of sincere groping for a better foothold than the traditional faith had been able to furnish. The Roman religion spent itself upon the outward act of formal worship, the technical fulfilment of a vow to do some specific thing; it set up no ladder for the soul that aspired to climb above the earthy level, held out no sure promise of a recompense beyond the grave for the hungry spirit that could find no satisfaction in the paltry pleasures and rewards of the present life. Hence the eager turning to the various faiths to which imperial expansion gave an easy channel of entrance from the East, such as the religions of the Magna Mater, of Isis and Serapis, and preëminently of Mithra. In some of these cases, of course, the higher element desired came freighted with accretions that wrought disastrous demoralization; but in the aggregate there was a real moral gain, and especially so in the introduction of Mithra, the God of Light, whose robes had been kept comparatively clean of the licentious contaminations from which the religions of the East so easily suffered. This tendency among the choicest spirits to turn to other gods for the higher things, naturally put the devotees of the national faith on their mettle, and the revival of paganism which began under the influence of Augustus, largely from political motives, was marked later on by a sincere attempt to prove the old religion adequate to the satisfaction of all legitimate demands of the soul.

The one seriously vulnerable point in Professor Dill's method, we think, lies in his attempt to treat this phase of his subject entirely aside from its connection with the existence and rapid growth of Christianity in the Empire. It had become a noticeable factor in the life of the capital at the beginning of his period, and it was seriously worrying the governors of the provinces long before the period came to an end. It is hardly logical to assume that the clutching at Mithra for a better life in this world and a more confident assurance of immortality had nothing to do with the existence of a faith which put its main emphasis upon these very points. There is a strong scientific presumption that such an element must have reacted vitally upon all lines of moral development, in some way or other, and to eliminate it from the discussion is to insure inadequacy, if not inaccuracy, from the beginning. We may agree with the author, and with M. Boissier, whom he quotes in justification, that the historian of the Antonine period is free to treat paganism apart from the growth of the Christian *Church*, but the Christian religion and the Church as such have never been exactly identical, and the one has been excluded quite as strictly as the other. It would have been better to brave all controversial difficulties and present the matter whole.

Recent criticism has brought it about that the attitude displayed towards Tacitus is, within due limits, a very fair test of the fitness of a writer to deal with the period which Tacitus covered. For centuries his burning words were read with no thought of due allowance for the personal equation, and the result was a greatly distorted view of Roman history at some of the most important points. Then careful scholars began to read him with a better appreciation of his temperament and his point of view, and to correct his biassed opinions from his own conscientious statement of facts. At once a third class sprang forward, actuated perhaps too often by what Professor Dill calls "the scholarly weakness for finding a new interpretation of history," ready to fling his hitherto honored statue down the Gemonian stairs as that of an intentional traducer of his people and their rulers. To accept the one extreme or the other is to go hopelessly astray from the very start, and Professor Dill is too competent a scholar to do either. Indeed, it would be hard to find a better brief summary of the character of Tacitus as a historian, both in his merits and in his defects, than is presented in a few pages of the opening chapter. We commend these pages especially to those narrow-visioned critics who have not been able to realize that historical justice to Tiberius involves no serious detraction from the fame of one of the most effective and suggestive writers of history who ever lived, whether in ancient Rome or in any other land or age. The key, of course, lies in recognizing him primarily as a moralist. "The ideal which he is avenging is not a political but a moral ideal. The bitter sadness is that of a profound analyst of character, with a temperament of almost feverish intensity and nervous force." During the period covered by his historical studies, the transmission of the imperial sceptre had been attended by a personal descent in moral level in every case save that of Vespasian, and the outlook was certainly not hopeful.

It is easy to assume too radical a divergence between the Rome of Tacitus and that of the younger Pliny, and we are not sure that Professor Dill is careful enough to present the two writers in their proper relation. It did not fall in Pliny's way to present the dark features of Roman life so prominent in Tacitus, but there is ample evidence in his letters of his knowledge of the existence of those features. His moral nature, though of equal fineness, was not so insistent. He lays the burden of the time aside and tells us cheerily of many things that pleased him; but that burden was bound fast upon Tacitus by the hand of inevitable Fate, and the evil which he was thus forced to denounce precluded more than a merely incidental expression of counterbalancing good. The close and lasting friendship between the two was no doubt based upon moral and political views es-

sentially harmonious, and we but throw dust in our eyes if we imagine serious variation.

In general, it may be said that Professor Dill is quite happy in his treatment of the names which belong to the literary history of Rome as well as to its social history or its politics. It takes a broad mind to sympathize warmly with the moralizing of Seneca, and still to appreciate heartily the mire-stained pearls of the 'Satiricon' of Petronius. The repugnance sometimes expressed towards Seneca tries his patience: "His apparent inconsistency has condemned him in the eyes of an age which professes to believe in the teaching of the Mount and idolizes grandiose wealth and power. His rhetoric offends a taste that can tolerate and applaud verbose banalities with little trace of redeeming art." The forced and extravagant character of his rhetoric is of course admitted, but the sincerity of his moral teaching is vigorously defended. "The Christianity of the twentieth century might well hail with delight the advent of such a preacher, and would certainly forget all the accusations of prurient gossip in the accession of an immense and fascinating spiritual force." There was a consuming moral earnestness in his preaching, we are told, firing it with the emotion of modern religion and driving it down to the roots of conduct, where lie the fundamental principles which are true for all ages alike. Whether this is fully warranted or not, it is well that a Christianity somewhat overloaded with the characteristic Anglo-Saxon intolerance should be called back to a careful review of some of the more important visions of moral truth which have been vouchsafed to seeking souls generally discredited as outside the pale. Even in Petronius Mr. Dill finds indications of commendable moral purpose.

"We may perhaps surmise that he was at once perverted and disillusioned, alternately fascinated and disgusted by the worship of the flesh and its lusts in that evil time. . . . Is it not possible that the gay, elegant trifler may sometimes have scorned himself as he scorned his time? Is it not possible that along with other illusions he had parted with the illusions of vice, and that in the 'Noctes Neronis' he had seen the adder among the roses? He has written one of the keenest satires ever penned on the vulgarity of mere wealth, its absurd affectations, its vanity, its grossness. May he not also have wished, without moralizing in a fashion which so cultivated a trifler would have scorned, to reveal the abyss towards which a society lost to all the finer passions of the spirit was hurrying?"

This and the volume of six years ago, though free of any statement to that effect, convey the impression that the author intends to fill the intervening gap at least, if not also to go still further back and give a volume to the century from Julius Cæsar to Nero, thus covering the social development of the Empire from its beginning down to the cessation of its formal existence in the West. Doubtless there were personal reasons compelling the illogical order in which the different divisions of the period have so far been taken up, but it is a misfortune, nevertheless. The forces Mr. Dill deals with were continuous in their development, and could best have been investigated and presented to the reader by following the current. In conclusion, we want to emphasize the point that this volume is not a mere raking over of dry bones, with nothing but an antiquarian interest for the reader of to-day. It is more vital to the student of modern social, religious, and political tendencies than a large share of the strictly modern sociological theses, studies, and dissertations now issuing in such profusion from the workshops of the doctor-making universities. And, aside from its inherent importance, its thoughts are so lucidly and attractively expressed that no intelligent reader, whether a Latinist or not, can fail to find it pleasant reading.

The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy and the Rise of the Secret Societies. By R. M. Johnston. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Mr. Johnston's first book dealt with the *Risorgimento*, and his second with Napoleon. In his third he brings Italy and Napoleon together by sketching the annals of that short-lived state which, after having Joseph Bonaparte for its first ruler, passed into the hands of the more brilliant and daring Murat. Nelson's relations with the Neapolitan Bourbons, the feats of Fra Diavolo, and the tragedy with which French pretensions to Southern Italy closed, are all familiar subjects; but when we turn from the picturesque and anecdotal side of Neapolitan affairs during the Napoleonic period to the details of domestic reorganization, we enter a region which, for most readers, is *terra incognita*. Mr. Johnston's efforts would have been well put forth had he done nothing more than revive the memory of one quiet and patriotic reformer, Giuseppe Zurlo.

When the French Revolution broke out, there was no part of Europe which required renovation so badly as the realm of the two Sicilies. Taine has given us, in his 'Ancien Régime,' a long series of graphic statistics concerning the misapplication of public funds in France and the unfortunate consequences of privilege. In many of the German states the general conditions were equally bad, and sometimes may even have been worse. But northern Europe never suffered quite so severely from the operation of outworn feudal customs as did Naples and Sicily in the second half of the eighteenth century. On the whole, we have found Mr. Johnston's first chapter a more striking piece of portraiture than any other portion of his two volumes. Taking up the state of Naples in 1805, he shows how feudal tenures of fifty different kinds

"involved services in person, payments in kind and in money, under more than 1,400 specified heads. . . . There was a tithe on hens, a tax for keeping them within doors, a tax for setting them, for killing them, on their eggs; in some baronies it was forbidden to dispose of them; in another, the right of taking as many of them as the Baron required was asserted. . . . Fuel was taxed as thoroughly as food: hearths paid toll, while even pine cones and dead leaves did not escape detection. . . . At Tufara the peasant was made to pay for the notable privilege of throwing the *immondezze* of the household out of the windows into the street, while at Conversano the cause of sanitation was dissimilarly advanced by the Baron, who exacted payment for the privilege of constructing a drain."

Of course, people like the *lazzaroni* of Naples do not want to be reformed, nor are they quick to appreciate the benefits of a decent administration even when these are thrust upon them. The chief interest of this work centres in the activities of men who sought to give Naples something of the blessings that France enjoyed under the Code. In times past, historians have lavished too much notice upon Mary Caroline and her inconsequent husband, Ferdinand—a man who could cheerfully go hunting while the funeral of his nearest relative was proceeding. Of far more consequence than this self-indulgent Bourbon and his meddlesome queen—of far more consequence, indeed, than Joseph Bonaparte and Murat—are the statesmen like Roederer and Zurlo, who strove with sincere purpose to clear away the evil heritage of thirty centuries. Roederer, working under Joseph, did a good deal to improve the financial condition of the kingdom, but the most lasting results were attained during Murat's régime by a Feudal Commission meeting under the direction of Zurlo.

"In a little more than a year this court disposed of no less than 5,000 cases. . . . The records of the Feudal Commission are voluminous; they are to be found in ninety-six printed volumes and about 5,000 bundles of documents now stored at the Archivio di Stato at Naples. . . . What was perhaps most noteworthy in Zurlo's conduct of this essentially revolutionary work was that he never allowed his zeal for reform and for improving the lot of the peasantry to outstrip his sense of justice and equity. He knew how to refuse the tenant an unjust release as well as how to compel the Baron to contribute his due to the prosperity of the community."

"When uplifting, get underneath" is the shaft launched by a modern satirist against dilettante benevolence. Zurlo certainly got underneath, but the spirit of self-help was even less apparent among the subjects of Murat than it had been among the subjects of the Spanish Bourbon, Charles III. Mr. Johnston's second volume takes up the Carbonari movement which succeeded Ferdinand's restoration in 1815 and culminated in the revolution of 1820. While it is hard, at this time of day, to take characters like Pepe and Rossetti very seriously, the Carbonaro Parliament throws more light upon the Neapolitan attitude towards and capacity for democracy than does any other incident which is connected with the revolutionary movement in Southern Italy. Never has a genuine aspiration for freedom been more highly colored by the ridiculous and the grotesque. For the amusement of Italian students we append a delightful squib which Mr. Johnston has unearthed from the manuscripts of 1820. After the Austrians had chased such of the genuine Carbonari as remained into the mountains of the Abruzzi, the following jest went the rounds of the capital:

"Pulcinello malcontento
Disertò dal reggimento,
Scrisse a mamma a Benevento
Della patria il tristo evento.

Movimento, parlamento,
Giuramento, pentimento,
Gran fermento e poco argento,
Armamento e nel cimento
Fra spavento e tradimento
Siam fuggiti come il vento.
Me ne pento, me ne pento.
Mamma cara, mamma bella,
Prega Dio per Pulcinella."

Mr. Johnston has a great aptitude for the description of campaigns, and gives us an excellent account of the fighting which attended the French occupation of Southern

Italy. Here Murat stands out above and beyond all others, nor has Mr. Johnston neglected to emphasize his best qualities as a ruler. For ourselves we must say that the general reform of Neapolitan administration under French influence seems a much more notable subject than is afforded by the personal experiences of any single actor in this drama, and accordingly we have laid most stress on the motive of reconstruction. Altogether, Mr. Johnston's work is a distinct contribution to knowledge, and strengthens the favorable impression which has been made by his previous books.

Theodore Thomas: A Musical Autobiography. Edited by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Probably the most extraordinary thing about the life of the late Theodore Thomas was that, until prostrated by his last illness, he was never absent from, or late at, a concert or rehearsal during a period of more than fifty years. Mr. Upton gives some striking examples of his tremendous strength. On one occasion, finding his progress on the sidewalk impeded by four ruffians walking abreast, he flung two of them against a building, while the other two went sprawling into the gutter. On another occasion he placed his hand flat down upon a table, and, raising his third finger, brought it down with such force as to make the glasses on the table fairly dance. It was this strength and robust health that enabled him to bear a burden of labor for half a century that would soon have broken down any ordinary person. And his mind was made of the same tough fibre:

"I guess I am a little blue to-night," he once said to Mr. Upton. "I have been thinking, as I sat here, that I have been swinging the bâton now for fifteen years, and I do not see that the people are any farther ahead than when I began, and, as far as my pocket is concerned, I am not as well off. But," and he brought his powerful fist down on the table, "I am going to keep on, if it takes another fifteen years."

Most fortunate it was for the cause of music in America that Theodore Thomas had such strength of body and mind, for he was doing pioneer work in a most unpromising soil—"doing the kind of work for music in this country that the first settler does who ploughs his furrows in the primeval wilderness." When he first came to New York, it took vessels six weeks to cross the Atlantic, and pigs ran through Broadway. For a musician the only resource was joining a brass band and playing for parades or for dancing, or in the theatres. In the autobiographic sketch which takes up the first 113 pages of volume i., Thomas tells us how, when he had to play all night at a ball, he looked on this "as a mode of practice." Once, when hard up, he fiddled in the bar-room of a hotel till he had gathered in what he needed. Later, when he had got as far as giving concerts in New York with William Mason and others, he did not hesitate to stand at a street corner distributing circulars—an interesting detail not mentioned by Mr. Thomas or his editor.

The first conductor who played with a large orchestra in New York was Louis A. Jullien. One of his pieces was a "Fireman's Quadrille," during the performance of which an alarm of fire was regularly sounded, and a brigade of firemen appeared in the hall! Thomas was one of Jullien's violinists for a time, and this may help to explain why he himself, in 1867, when he gave his Terrace Garden concerts, once created a sensation by making the piccolo players climb up into the trees before the piece began. On another occasion the tuba player had been sent behind the audience into the shrubbery. When he began to play, the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music, and tried to arrest him. "I shall never forget the comical scene," Thomas writes, "as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the irate policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there as he ran." Possibly it was in consequence of the talent unexpectedly shown by Theodore Thomas in this line that Barnum one day called on him to engage him for a tour of the country.

"After he had gone, and I had recovered from my astonishment, can anybody blame me for feeling properly elated that the greatest manager of the greatest menagerie on earth considered me worthy of his imperial guidance, and was willing to place me advantageously before the public beside the fat woman and the elephants!"

The life of Theodore Thomas thus had its comic episodes, but for the most part it was serious, not to say pathetic. His disappointments were numerous, and it was not till a few weeks before his death that he reached the goal he had striven for all his life—a permanent orchestra in its own hall and with a fund sufficient to take away all worry for the future. One of his greatest disappointments was the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. The musical programme had been planned on the grandest scale, but "the undertaking was a dismal failure, and the orchestra had to be disbanded at the end of July." This, and later experiences at Chicago, convinced him that people "go to a World's Fair to see and not to hear; to be amused, not to be educated"; and when he was consulted, in 1904, by the commissioners of the St. Louis Exposition, he advised them to give plenty of military music out of doors, which advice the commissioners wisely followed. In such cases Thomas felt himself helpless; he could not compete with all the rival "shows"; but in his life-work as a whole he was successful in convincing thousands that if they would only come to him to be educated, they would remain to be entertained and delighted.

Nothing in these volumes is more suggestive than the reference to his method of coaxing people to his concerts. He liked to give his audiences something "to chew on," as he used to say—but not too much at a time. He put the best music in the first or second part of the programme, and filled the third with popular delicacies, so that the hearers could not get away from the better music without giving up the tinkling tunes. He knew that if they thus heard the good music repeatedly, they would soon learn to prefer it to the syllabub. In his little essay on Programme Making, in the second volume, he explains why Beethoven and Wagner became the pillars, as it were, of his programmes: "Beethoven answers a double purpose: he gives delight to the educated, and teaches the uneducated," while Wagner "represents the modern spirit, and his effective scoring makes the desired climax. Wagner excites his hearers, especially the younger generation, and interests the less musical." But while these were the "pillars," Thomas had room for all the others, of whatever time or country. The second of Mr. Upton's volumes, which is mainly taken up with the best of the programmes arranged by Thomas during half a century (there were over 10,000 to choose from!), attests the great conductor's catholicity of taste, and forms an invaluable document for historians, conductors, and musicians in general. Mr. Upton quite properly says that they form "a complete musical education system."

The Elements of Railway Economics. By W. M. Acworth. Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

An intelligent man, if he will apply his mind for a few hours to the study of this little book, may have a clearer understanding of the problem of railway rates than is now manifested by the President and Congress, by the Supreme Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and by most of our public speakers and newspaper editors. Mr. Acworth complains that he was forced to prepare this essay by the lack of a text-book on the subject; but we have no condolence to offer him. He has explained a difficult problem with such admirable lucidity as to bring it within the popular comprehension, and he would have been censurable had he hid his light under a bushel. While his book may have been intended for his students at the London School of Economics, and while its illustrations and applications are primarily English, the American people stand in especial need of its lessons, and their need has never been so great as it will be during the coming years.

The fundamental truth which our people commonly fail to grasp, and which Mr. Acworth establishes in a manner absolutely conclusive, is that equal rates for transportation are impossible. Were all merchandise alike, there might be some approximation to equality; but goods differ in bulk, in weight, in perishability, in value. Iron will bear a rate that coal will not, coal will bear a rate that stone will not, lumber will bear a rate that firewood will not, wool will bear a rate that cotton will not. It is a common belief that rates should be proportioned to mileage; but the claim will not bear a moment's examination. Suppose a railroad joining two cities between which there is communication also by water. It is evident that if the railroad is to carry freight between these points it must be at a rate as low, or nearly as low, as that of water carriage. It is probable that unless the railroad obtains much higher rates for traffic to and from intermediate points, it cannot be operated at all. Forbid the railroad to grant special rates, or rebates, in competition with the water route, and you require it to earn all its revenue from the interior traffic. Hence it must charge higher rates for this traffic; while if it were allowed to compete with the water routes it would earn additional revenue, and would thus be enabled to make lower charges to the intermediate points. And what is true of the competition of water routes is also true of the competition of other railways, and even of highways.

Few railways are operated to their full capacity. They could move more trains, they could move more cars to the train, they could put more freight in the cars which they do move. Suppose a freight train returns empty from its destination; the cost of moving it is nearly as great as if the cars were loaded. If by allowing a rebate of one-half, or of nine-tenths, of the regular rate, a return train-load of freight can be procured, it will pay to allow the rebate. And it will pay not only the owners of the railroad, but also their other customers, who are very likely complaining of the rebate; for the increased earnings of the road tend to bring about reduced charges. In fact, it might almost be said that no road can reduce its charges except by increasing its earnings; and earnings are increased by accepting all the traffic which can be handled—at any rate which produces any profit whatever. Mr. Acworth's demonstration of these truths is beautifully simple, and it would be a fortunate thing for our country were it brought to the public attention. When we consider that our Government is now largely engaged in transporting mail matter; that it charges thirty-two times as much for some kinds of this matter as for others; that it charges as much for carrying a bundle a mile as for three thousand miles; that in many cases the rate of charge is two or three hundred times, sometimes a thousand times, as great as in others—when we consider all this, it is certainly remarkable that any one should propose to make the equalization of railroad rates a Governmental function. Yet this proposal may be carried into effect unless our citizens are willing to listen to men like Mr. Acworth, who are at the pains to present in a few words the lessons derived from a long experience.

Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattle-ways. By A. J. and G. Hubbard. Longmans. 1905.

"We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dew-pond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only the close-bit thyme that smells
Like Dawn in Paradise."

We wonder how many persons who read this stanza in Mr. Kipling's fine poem "Sussex" understand what he meant by the third and fourth lines. The word "dew-pond" has so far escaped the net of the compilers of the Oxford Dictionary, but it still has a chance to appear under "pond." In the work cited above, the authors endeavor to solve the question of the water-supply of the Neolithic dwellers in hill-encampments on the Downs in the South of England. There were apparently no wells, and they had to depend on the "unfed" artificial dew-pond. The art of making these has never quite died out in England. There are still wandering gangs of men whose trade it is to construct for farmers a pond which, in however dry a situation, will contain more water in the summer heat than in the wet winter season. The supply is independent of springs or rainfall. The dew-pond makers

"hollow out the earth for a space far in excess of the apparent requirements of the proposed pond. They then thickly cover the whole of the hollow with a coating of dry straw. The straw is then covered by a layer of finely puddled clay, and the upper surface of the clay is closely strewn with stones. The pond will gradually become filled with water, the more rapidly the larger it is, even though no rain may fall. . . . During the warmth of a summer day the earth will have stored a considerable amount of heat, while the pond, protected from this heat by the non-conductivity of the straw, is at the same time chilled by the process of evaporation from the puddled clay. The consequence is that, during the night, the moisture of the comparatively warm air is condensed on the surface of the cold clay. As the condensation during the night is in excess of the evaporation during the day, the pond becomes, night by night, gradually filled. . . . In practice it is found that the pond will constantly yield a supply of the purest water."

From all which we may justly conclude that labor was more available than boring tools for Neolithic man, and that even now there is a good deal of leisurely and cheap labor in the South of England.

Closely connected with the dew-ponds are the cattle-ways down which primitive man drove his herds from the entrenched settlement to water. These ponds were always outside the earthworks, and were themselves sometimes fortified. As for the encampments themselves, the readers of Mr. Hardy's 'Mayor of Casterbridge' will remember his description of the huge, mysterious earthworks outside Casterbridge (which is, of course, Dorchester). Maumbury Ring, as it is called, is an oval structure measuring 218 by 163 feet. Its embankment is about thirty feet high. At the northeast there is an opening some thirty feet wide. Mr. Hardy always refers to this Ring as a Roman amphitheatre, but the present writers maintain that it is a solar temple, one of the earliest of its kind, having the orientation of Stonehenge and originally holding a sun-stone in its eastern cleft; the stone itself was still to be seen in the eighteenth century. Where Mr. Hardy and the majority of antiquaries see "the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery," our authors, carrying their imaginations further back, behold hordes of Neolithic men. Just so were their settlements constructed. All through the Downs can be traced vast hill-encampments, in some cases as old as the Egyptian pyramids, and built, it must be remembered, without metal tools. Specimens of their flint tools have been found in the neighborhood. The remains of dew-ponds are always to be found near them, with the cattle-ways as has been described.

The whole study is well worth reading even by those who have no immediate interest in antiquarian topography. There are numerous and very clear photographs of dew-ponds both dried up and still in commission, and of those imposing embankments wherein primitive man toiled to entrench himself and his cattle against wild beasts and hostile neighbors.

Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum, and A History of Classifications of the Sciences. By Robert Flint. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

A Syllabus of Certain Topics of Logic. By C. S. Peirce. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1903.

Judicious and thorough, the historical part of Dr. Flint's volume satisfies well the conditions that are most essential to a satisfactory history of any department of philosophy. Devoted students of the subject, the few there are, will not need to be told this. It is not merely that Dr. Flint's skill in the clear presentation of the history of philosophy is known to them by his 'Vico,' his 'Historical Philosophy in France,' and his 'Philosophy of History in Europe,' but that for now nearly twenty years they have had the larger and major part of this very work at their elbows, undeterred by its obliging them to harbor volumes of the old-fashioned review in which it first appeared, ponderous volumes—in their avoirdupois we mean, and not merely in their tone. A certain tell-tale redolence of the quarterly-reviewer clings to Dr. Flint still, in a habit of pronouncing judgment concerning questions of philosophy and criticism without having submitted much evidence, if any, to the judgment of the reader, to whom alone it really appertains to pass judgment. This harmless addiction is certainly not a mark of great philosophical strength, nor can that quality be claimed for Dr. Flint; but it has been one of the foibles characteristic of Scottish philosophers, and we all know how the stock of one or two or these has been rising of late in the world's market of criticism. That man has not learned to read philosophy to serious purpose who, other things being equal, does not more enjoy, in a discussion of a *purely theoretical* question, to read that from which he deeply dissents than that with which his own opinions mainly concur. Besides, Dr. Flint's habit brings along with it that sturdy Scottish freedom of private opinion which does not quail before the face of any host of authorities—a trait, for all its amusing us at times, which in a historian of philosophy is as valuable to his student, after those of thoroughness, level-headedness, and fairness, as any that occur to us, simply because the writer who possesses it suggests ideas, while he who follows the great authorities suggests nothing to the student who reads their works for himself.

If Dr. Flint asserts many things which, so far as appears, he is unable to prove, they are for the most part propositions which recommend themselves to natural good sense, and thus at any rate suggest interesting questions. He has attempted no classification of his own, and, as long as he has not been moved to do so, we need not lament it. In this and other historical works he has employed his philosophical capacities with such wisdom as to render them more conducive to philosophical progress than those of many a more vigorous thinker, though it be only indirectly, by the pabulum his works afford to the more vital thought of others. We must say, however, of this book that its utility would have been appreciably enhanced if an appendix had exhibited the schemes of those classifications which are described merely in general terms in the text. Moreover, we should have preferred an alphabetical index to the analytical table of contents that is furnished; but why might we not have had both?

As for fairness, perfection in this virtue is as unattainable as in any other. Dr. Flint is a professor of theology, and it is to be presumed that some cause renders it more difficult for divines to be fair than for other men. We quote the passage which seems to be the most suspect in this respect of any in the book:

"We now reach Auguste Comte, than whom,

perhaps, no one has done more for philosophy as positive. He owes the high place he holds among philosophers to the power and skill and general truthfulness of his elaboration of the doctrine of the so-called positive sciences as a whole, not to the merits of his treatment of the particular problem of the classification of the sciences. He claimed, but had no right whatever to claim, that he originated the classification which he adopted. If that classification possess any merits, they must be ascribed to Dr. Burdin, who conceived it, and to Saint-Simon, who first received and published it; not to Comte, although he showed how much could be made of it. . . . The classification cannot be dissevered from the celebrated 'law of the three states.'"

As to this law, M. Lévy-Bruhl remarks that it

"had been anticipated and even already formulated in the eighteenth century by Turgot, then by Condorcet, and by Dr. Burdin. Comte, nevertheless, takes to himself the merit of the discovery. As he is generally most precise in doing full justice to his precursors, we must admit that, according to him, none of them had seen the scientific importance of this law. It certainly is one thing to gather the notion of a law out of a number of facts, and another to understand its capital importance, and to discern in it the fundamental law which governs the whole evolution of humanity."

It will be seen, from this admission of a writer who, though not a Comtist, is extremely favorable to Comte, that no charge of unfairness on the part of Dr. Flint can be sufficiently supported upon his rather harsh phrases. It is by no means beyond a doubt that the general truth of the Comtian classification depends upon that of the law of the three stages.

It may very likely strike the general reader that the classification of the sciences must probably be a very small matter to have a history that can be expanded into a book. How many such classifications have ever been proposed in all, he may ask? Dr. Flint does not tell, nor can the reviewer; but the latter has examined upwards of a hundred that may fairly be said to be independent of one another. Of titles of publications approximately covering the question, Dr. Ernest Cushing Richardson, in his book called 'Classification,' enumerated about half as many again; but these are not all independent. Their multitude will not appear surprising if one considers that, in the first place, the different writers aim to make their several classifications subserve several widely distinct purposes, and that their theories of the nature of classification in general are very diverse; that, in the second place, the general word "science" means, for some, what *scientia* and *ἐπιστήμη* meant for the ancients, while for others it means, with Coleridge, systematized knowledge, and, with a third party yet, the whole business of research as an existing activity; that, in the third place, those who entertain substantially the same notion of science in general, may nevertheless differ as to the nature of "a science"; and that, in the fourth place, while the majority of those who attempt to classify the sciences have in view all possible sciences, there are not a few who intend only to enumerate those which have hitherto developed somewhat extensive doctrines. Thus there is no lack of substance for the history.

The second title at the head of this notice is that of a brochure distributed last winter, which gives an outline sketch in four pages of a somewhat elaborate inquiry into the relations of the actual living and advancing studies as they are conceived by the researchers themselves. The outline embraces only theoretical sciences of research; but the study on which it is based allots considerably more space to the practical sciences.

Dr. Flint's essay on philosophy as *scientia scientiarum* sketches his own notion of what philosophy should be. There is little argument in it, and that little rather inconclusive.

Manual of the Trees of North America (Exclusive of Mexico). By Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. With six hundred and forty-four illustrations from drawings by Charles Edward Faxon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The times are ripe for this book. In this country there is an increasing interest in forestry and in trees as trees. The large and expensive volumes of Professor Sargent's 'Silva of North America' are now accessible in public and private libraries throughout the United States and Canada, to those who wish to identify the native species of ligneous plants; but, from the nature of the case, such consultation must needs be in the house. Every lover of trees desires to take into the field some convenient guide which can answer a good share of his questions offhand. This task of providing a handy book of reference in field-work fell naturally to the author and illustrator of the 'Silva,' Both have done their work well. While disagreeing wholly with certain features of the nomenclature both in the 'Silva' and in this Manual, and not favoring the splitting up of certain species, we are far from withholding hearty praise to the industry which has brought this mass of materials together, and to the marvellous skill of the artist, who has given to all the sketches, more than six hundred in number, a delicacy and strength which belong to the very first order of illustration.

According to the classification now generally adopted by naturalists as exhibiting best the evolutionary relationships of vegetation, this volume begins with the Pines and their allies, close cousins to the Ferns and *their* kindred. Then come the Palms and the Yuccas. From these we pass to the Walnuts, Willows, Birches, Beeches, Oaks, and Elms, concerning all of which the amateur desires to know much both in summer and in winter. In the new classification of plants, known as Engler's, and here used as the basis, one comes next to the Magnolias, Sassafras, Witch-hazel, and Plane-trees. And now we are brought face to face with the groups which will cause much perplexity among the students of this treatise, namely, the Thorns. The genus Cratægus, the common Hawthorn, everywhere known for its fine foliage, handsome flowers, and richly colored fruits, is here made to pay the penalty of its caprice. Many of the species are extremely variable, diverse characters appearing sometimes on the same plant. Doubtless writers have hitherto been too conservative, making fewer species than this polymorphic genus is entitled to; but one shudders at the thought that the genus as represented in North America (exclusive of Mexico) is here divided into 131 species, to all of which names have been given, for which descriptions have been made, and illustrations drawn. A fate worse than that which has befallen the genus Rubus (the Bramble), at the hands of certain botanists in the Old World, has befallen our hawthorns. It is to be feared that our amateur botanists will now treat the hawthorns as Old-World botanists treat the brambles, namely, they will let them alone, since the identification of species based on very minute characters is hardly more attractive as a branch of study than the matching of patterns anywhere. One thing, however, is brought out clearly by such a presentation of slight characters in a genus—the point of view is everything. Otherwise it would not be possible that the genus Cratægus, when reviewed in Engler's 'Pflanzenfamilien,' should be credited with only forty species for the whole world, and should, besides, have its identity lost by being merged with another genus, Mespilus. In the Manual, the genus not only preserves its individuality as a genus, but is stated to contain within the limits mentioned more than one hundred and thirty species.

It is highly probable that in the genus Cratægus and the near of kin, the Brambles, we have some species *in the making*. Such mutations are attracting great attention in certain quarters, and deservedly: a minute trustworthy pictorial record of such changes and changings must have its value. To Mr. Faxon's unerring eye and pencil we owe such a record. It will be very interesting to see how many of these species will stand the test of the short period which will elapse before a second edition of the Manual is called for. It is noticeable that a few of the new species of Cratægus even recently described have fallen by the way, or perhaps have been assigned to other positions in the list. It is worthy of mention that a recent treatise on the Plants of the Southern States contains more than 180 species of Cratægus within those limits alone. This must be interpreted, we think, that, in the recognition of species, the personal equation as well as the point of view is an important factor.

The Italian in America. By Eliot Lord and others. New York: B. F. Buck & Co. 1905.

The authors of the above work have done a service to students of Italian immigration in bringing together in book form the data, statistics and information relating to Italians in the United States which have from time to time appeared in American magazines and reports. In this compilation, some parts are taken bodily from other works without citation of the sources or even the use of quotations marks. But the labors of others are here presented in logical sequence and in a sympathetic spirit, resulting in an interesting and readable book.

The design of it is stated in the preface to be to "present clearly the contribution of Italy to American development and citizenship." In fact, however, the compilers do not and cannot carry out such purpose. It is too early to examine the effects of Italian immigration on our country; all that can be done is, as is here actually done, to present the ethnic and historical antecedents of the Italian, which are certainly in his favor, and to study what the Italian immigrant has been doing

here in the twenty-five years since his advent. Some popular fallacies in the mouths of people who ought to know better, such as the assumption that the influx from Italy is affecting racial character, are ably exposed. But the popular ignorance regarding the stranger within our gates seems so ingrained that it is doubtful if even the mass of evidence gathered in this book will convert the unconvertible. The protectionist tendencies of the nation undoubtedly affect public opinion regarding immigration. "America for Americans" is still the favorite phrase, and no amount of proof of the desirability of foreign recruits, such as is presented in this book, will affect preconceived opinions.

Mr. Eliot Lord's chapters on "The Flow of Emigration" and "The Inheritance and Progress of United Italy" are forcibly written. On the other hand, "Causes and Regulation of Italian Emigration" is a rather feeble summary of the existing Italian Emigration law and its application. The causes of the drifting of Italians to our cities are sufficiently explained, and the success of certain experiments in agricultural colonization interestingly set forth. But one looks in vain for an answer to the really vital query, "How can the Italian immigratory current be turned towards the country?" The success of the Italian agricultural colonies at Independence (La.), Bryan (Tex.), Greenville, (Miss.), Vineland (N. J.), and Asti (Cal.), is given undue importance and a misleading significance. These colonies represent a class of immigrants different from the great mass of their countrymen who come here. The latter, it is true, are peasants, but peasants without means to speak of, and looking for work which will yield immediate profit. To expect these to buy land, even on the most generous terms, and to wait till the first crop for profits, is to misunderstand the character of such immigration. This fact seems to have escaped our authors, and their work is silent on this, the most pressing and important question. When they affirm that the real problem is one of distribution rather than of restriction, they only restate the question in different terms. What we must know is how to obtain such distribution. We believe it is at present impossible through what might be called natural methods, both because the demand in the cities is still active, and because the demand from the country is not made sufficiently attractive. The New Orleans and Erwin lynchings of Italians have had a direct economic effect, for it will be long before Italians will care to take chances in what they still think "a wild section." The book is lacking in another essential—a study of the second generation of Italian immigrants. That generation has done enough already to deserve attention, and would be a fairer and safer test of the desirability of Italian, or of any other, immigration. Mr. Barrows's chapter on "Pauperism, Disease, and Crime" is a noteworthy contribution, from a most competent source, to a subject about which there is both confusion and prejudice.

The book is not free from dubious assertions, such as that the Italian Government "is moving vigorously for the protection" of its forests, or that the Ministry of the Interior is directly interested in the application of the Italian Emigration law. Likewise one might challenge the statement that "the organization for self or coöperative help is now widespread" among Italians here, or that "the innate bent of the Italian for politics is, in truth, strongly marked, and nowhere is this more plainly shown than in America." The last chapter, on "Privileges and Duties of Italian American Citizenship," is rather meaningless except as a poor example of spread-eagle Americanism. It bears evidence of the best intentions, but breathes a spirit of "benevolent assimilation" in striking contrast to, if not in contradiction of, that of the preceding chapter on "Progressive Education and Assimilation."

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The Week.

The strike of the union teamsters in Chicago seems to have originated in a sympathetic movement intended to constrain the employers of the garment workers to grant their demands. The teamsters themselves had, in the first instance, no quarrel in any way relating to their own pay, hours, or conditions of work. Whatever the grievances of the garment workers may have been, the Teamsters' Association took part in a fight in which it was not primarily concerned, and in consequence incurred the responsibility of a third party which makes the redress of others' wrongs its object. The limitations upon the sympathetic strike are not slight. If the doctrine is pushed to the limit, it would justify the attempt to paralyze all industry at the instigation of a single body of workers. To involve industries only slightly related to the original source of trouble, thus widening the circle of hardship to the general public, imposed a responsibility upon those precipitating such a struggle which can neither be disguised nor forgotten.

The resort to violence by the teamsters induced the Employers' Association to import strike-breakers from the outside to man their wagons and make delivery of goods. The question of thus superseding workers who have given up their jobs cannot be properly approached, still less solved, by any sentimental gush about aliens "taking the bread out of the mouths" of home workers. It is not out of the mouths of workers, in any case, but of quitters, that bread is taken; and until it is established that there is a certain kind of property right in a particular job, the denunciation of the strike-breaker is simply wasted breath. Philosophic sociologists may differ whether the tenure of a job should be grounded on any other basis than mutual consent. Such tenure hitherto in human history has existed very widely. The industrial system consecrated to the theory was known as slavery, and there are those who argue that a beneficent reproduction of that discarded system might be found in authoritative or compulsory arbitration. But this is a long way off from the Chicago situation. What that city needs is public peace and order, not based on the distant echo of the late election that "the city owns the streets," by which plea fearsome Chicago papers argue for the restriction of civic hostilities to vacant lots or to the suburbs, but on the unassailable right of the individual citizen to be protected by law in his rights of life, property, and liberty. The real friend of the worker, union or non-union, is he who repels every shadow of attack upon the individual's right to decide for himself, uncoerced by social tyranny, when, where, and how he shall work.

The statement filed with the Senate committee last week by the Interstate Commerce Commission has an important bearing on the question of new railroad legislation, because it brings out the nature of the complaints investigated under the existing law. Curiously enough, the number of formal complaints of unjust or unreasonable rates decided by the Commission, with or without hearing, is almost exactly equal to the number of complaints of unjust discrimination so settled. Of the cases taken to the courts, fifteen involved the question of unreasonable or excessive rates, and thirty-two that of unjust discrimination; but while the ruling of the Commission was sustained in only three of the excessive rate cases, it was upheld in eight of those dealing with discrimination. All the witnesses who have testified before the committee have made a sharp distinction between these two problems, and have undoubtedly done much to clear up the general haziness as to the real source of existing evils. At least a month more must be devoted to taking testimony. When we remember the cheerful alacrity with which the House passed the Esch-Townsend bill last winter, the Senatorial patience under this burden of testimony becomes indeed impressive.

Mr. James J. Hill, in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce last week, made one strong point against the plan of Government rate-fixing for railways. The ability of the railways to finance their necessary improvements and reëquipment, he contended, would be threatened with destruction under such a plan. This argument had immediate reference to the doubt which would certainly spread through the investing community about an enterprise whose revenue-earning power was to be governed arbitrarily by an outside commission. But the reasoning may be carried further. One of the most interesting and most wholesome developments in railway finance, during the past five or six years of prosperity, has been the increased use of earnings to pay for improvements. This reversed the policy of twenty years ago, when our railways were frequently in the habit of issuing bonds for all expenditure of this sort, and using increased earnings merely to swell their dividends. The upshot of that policy was disastrous; the load of mortgage indebtedness proved in the end too great for the industry to bear. The wiser policy of the present day has kept down dividends as compared with the "boom times" of the eighties, but it has placed the railways in a position, physical and financial, which is happily altogether different from what they then occupied.

There are exceptions among the railways of to-day, but the fact that companies which have not pursued such a policy have incurred severe public criticism, and have been adversely rated on the Stock Exchange, shows the trend of feeling in the industry. The point to notice is, that pursuance of this prudent policy has depended wholly on maintenance of the companies' earning power. A commission, scaling down rates, from time to time, to what it might deem a reasonable basis—even to a basis providing for moderate dividends—would still have the power to cut off wholly such use of current income, leaving the companies to pass or reduce their dividends, or to throw on their capital account the entire burden of new equipment and construction. This is but one of many directions in which the proposed rate-regulation act, designed to correct abuse, might easily end by only crippling. The danger is too serious to incur lightly, when the abuses which the proposed law seeks to remedy may be dealt with by the proper use of the machinery already in the Government's hands.

The Supreme Court handed down on Monday an opinion giving finality to the decision of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to exclude Chinese from entering the United States, even though the Chinese thus debarred are native-born citizens of this country. From the decision of the Secretary there is no appeal, nor any recourse to the courts, even to substantiate the claim of citizenship. Justice Holmes, who delivered the opinion of the majority of the Court, said that, even assuming for the sake of argument that Ju Toy was entitled to the protection of the Fifth Amendment, "due process of law" does not require in his case a judicial trial. This decision is very similar to the one rendered in the case of Sing Tuck versus the United States, and is equally to be regretted. Justice Brewer, with whom Justices Day and Peckham agree in the dissenting opinion, presents very cogently the argument that the majority decision is a denial of Constitutional rights to a member of a despised race. In brief, Justice Brewer contends that

there can constitutionally be no punishment except for crime; that Ju Toy has been judicially pronounced innocent of any crime; that he is subjected to the punishment of perpetual exile from his native land, and is denied the protection of either a grand or petit jury. To all intents and purposes, the decision gives summary and final power to an administrative official to exile forever a native-born citizen of the United States of Chinese extraction, in case the Chinaman ever dares to venture beyond the national boundary line. The decision is unworthy of the Court.

"Sam Fessenden's political heir" is the designation applied to Representative Frank B. Brandegee, who has been selected by the Connecticut Legislature to succeed the late O. H. Platt in the United States Senate. The suspicion that Fessenden's withdrawal from the contest a few days ago was not simply the act of a "quitter"—a tribe cordially hated by the Almighty, as Fessenden emphatically declared in 1896—but a shrewd move to block the State "machine," is apparently confirmed. Brandegee's work as Fessenden's political lieutenant in the contest for the gubernatorial chair in 1900, when the latter's rival, George P. McLean, was elected, is recalled, as well as Brandegee's activity in the contest last January, when he worked with the faction opposed to ex-Gov. Bulkeley's election to the seat of Gen. Hawley. The fact that ex-Gov. McLean was the leading candidate before the caucus at this time gave Fessenden the opportunity for hitting back he has long waited for. Relying upon the argument that Hartford was not entitled to both Senators, the Brandegee-Fessenden combination was enabled to win. Mr. Brandegee is well spoken of in Congress, though his service there has not been conspicuous. As for the effect of the selection on politics at home, we have at least the hope expressed by State Senator Paige at Hartford on Friday, that the new machine will not "hog it" over the State as did the old.

Gov. Deneen of Illinois, in his campaign speeches last fall, declared that he should regard his administration as a failure unless it gave the State a reformed primary. After nearly four months of wrangling over the details, a direct primary bill has at last been agreed on by the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the leaders of the House and Senate. It applies to all cities, towns, and villages of more than 1,000 population, except Chicago. For county officers the party central committees shall decide whether nominations shall be made directly or by a county convention. The Illinois legislators did not follow the new Wisconsin law to the point of abolishing the State convention, but the voters are to express their choice on the several candidates for the gubernatorial nomination. If one candidate secures a majority, it is to be a binding instruction on the delegates from any locality, while a mere plurality will be regarded as merely an expression of preference. The same rule will apply to Congressional nominations. The most interesting feature is, perhaps, the direct vote for United States Senator. As a State Senator in charge of the bill said, it is "merely to be considered an expression of opinion." This was hardly necessary, as, without an amendment to the Federal Constitution, it could not be legally anything else. But a Legislature will be extremely unlikely to disregard the instructions of a State primary. Here we have another advance in the remarkable movement which is indirectly bringing the choice of Senators into the hands of the people.

Such performances as that at Albany on Thursday lead men to say in their haste that representative government is a failure. The Legislature voted to take certain powers from the New York Board of Aldermen because that body is incompetent and venal. Moved by exactly the same argument, the people might vote to abolish the Legislature. The defeat of the bill for cheaper gas in this city is as shameless a display of corruption as this State has witnessed for many years. The investigating committee had found abundant evidence that the quality of gas is below specification; that the price is extortionate; and that the Consolidated Gas Company is using its monopoly franchise as a letter of marque. Honest men proposed to stop this robbery, but the New York State Senate, led by the notorious McCarren, promptly took sides with the plunderer and against the gagged and bound consumer. Those who followed McCarren offered no defence of their course, for none is possible. Of the Tammany Senators, five were deaf to Mayor McClellan's appeals. Further comment is superfluous; for everybody knows by what argument the gas lobby persuaded men to this treachery.

We extend our hearty sympathy to those ill-treated Senators at Albany who, having sold themselves to the Gas Trust and done their very best to obey its orders, are now denied their thirty pieces of silver. Is there no longer honor among thieves? We decline to believe it. Probably there is merely a misunderstanding, such as a confusion of the retaining fee and final payment. Should it prove otherwise, we hope the injured Senators will sue their employers. They have an admirable case, for here is plainly a breach of contract of a very reprehensible nature, such as could not fail to enlist the sympathy of any court. If, for the sake of avoiding notoriety, they should forswear legal remedies, we would urge the Trust's Senators to console themselves with the thought that, after all, the most important anti-Trust bill was lost, and that the corrective powers, if not the constitutionality, of the new Lighting Commission must yet be tested. Perhaps Gov. Higgins's high praise of the late Legislature because it was not more corrupt, and because there was, after all, a limit to the bad bills it passed, may also somewhat console the patriotic statesmen who must face irate constituents "not nearly as rich" as they confidently expected to be a few days ago.

The Corrupt Practices bill introduced by Senator Brackett was left to die. In burking this measure the Republican leaders have given notice that they do not wish to check bribery at the polls. Although no law can serve as a substitute for an alert public conscience, this bill, drafted by experts, was admittedly a long step in advance of present legislation. It had passed the Senate. The Assembly did not dare defeat it by a direct vote, and therefore tried the trick of an amendment, which would necessitate reprinting and delay. This action, bad enough in itself, is still more sinister as evidence of the attitude of the Republican bosses. The party has been in office too long in this State; its power is too uncontrolled; it is suffering severely for want of an intelligent and able Opposition. In cool and cynical contempt for decency, the Odell machine is a rival of that of the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania.

As further evidence of her recuperative powers, Baltimore voted last week to spend $13,000,000 on civic improvements, in addition to the $9,350,000 advanced directly after the fire fifteen months ago. Ten millions are to be used to build a modern sewer-drainage system, two millions are to be devoted to opening streets and developing property in an annex to the city, and one million is for the initiation of the system of parks and boulevards as planned some years ago by Frederick Law Olmsted. Of the money appropriated last year $3,350,000 was for the widening of streets and other improvements in the burnt district, and $6,000,000 for new docks and the improvement of waterfront streets. Naturally, the newspapers which have all along advocated these public improvements are elated, and the *Sun* dwells upon the fact that of the 23 candidates for the City Council recommended by the Municipal League 11 were successful. The fact that the Democrats came into the control of both branches of the City Council, and will work with a Republican Mayor in forwarding the im-

provements, is not regarded by the *Sun* as likely to cause a hitch. The responsibility of installing a proper drainage system, which has hung fire for years, will be shared by the Mayor and Council, and, as the *Sun* puts it, "the official who permits politics . . . to stand in the way of this great work can only be regarded as a public enemy."

Our readers will remember that Gov. Vardaman was, on February 23, called from his family circle in the executive mansion at Jackson, Miss., to prevent the lynching of a "black brute." A long letter from a white clergyman describing that night of horror and telling how he, a teacher of the doctrines of the Prince of Peace, tried to stay the Executive's hand and begged him to let lynch law take its course, was printed in the *Evening Post* soon after, as a curious study in clerical morals. Now it appears that the negro, Johnson, who was accused of the crime and who narrowly escaped lynching because, it is believed, of Gov. Vardaman's stand, has been tried and acquitted. The woman who claimed to have been assaulted failed to identify the prisoner, and he was allowed to go free. This is gratifying and encouraging for the future. Had not the Chief Executive of the State interfered, another case of wanton killing in hot blood would have been added to the long list of innocent persons who have been lynched because the color of their skins and the passions of the white mob prevented their having even a chance to prove an alibi.

The unchecked progress of the Undesirable Aliens Bill has given Mr. Chamberlain a chance to break the fiscal truce. On Tuesday week he advocated strongly the exclusion of cheap labor from England, and added that the next step must be to exclude the products of cheap labor. Whether Mr. Balfour accepted the interpretation of his bill as a first stage towards protection, the dispatches do not state. For the bill itself certain considerations speak loudly. The English working class is fairly homogeneous, and has neither the faculty of absorbing immigrants, nor, by moving up a rung in the industrial ladder, of making a place for them at the foot. Immigration, then, is, potentially at least, a disturbing factor. On the other hand, it should be said that England is obviously so bad a field for immigration that she has practically suffered little or not at all from that cause. So far as the Aliens bill is sincere, it represents chiefly the general uneasiness provoked by Mr. Chamberlain's jeremiads. As a sop to labor from a party daily increasing its unpopularity in that quarter, it has an obvious tactical value. The bill naturally has been eagerly opposed by such Liberals as Mr. Bryce and by such Radicals as Sir Charles Dilke, who fear that exclusion, which they regard as unnecessary, will compromise that right of asylum which England has proudly held out to all the world.

Full reports of the interpellation on the Moroccan affair in the French Chamber of Deputies make it clear that M. Delcassé's quickly withdrawn resignation was in the nature of a personal protest against the kind of treatment the Chamber accorded him. On both the Nationalist and Socialist side of the tribune the attempt was made to show that he had bungled the affair. He was taunted with the delay in arranging at Fez a treaty conformable to the Anglo-French agreement. M. Jaurès reproved him for failing to consult Berlin, and implied that the embarrassing activities of the Kaiser were the natural result of an elaborate plan to ignore Germany. Even M. Rouvier was forced to admit an overture of an unusual sort; he had invited criticism or comment from Berlin on Mediterranean matters, and apparently still awaits a response. M. Delcassé, not a little surprised at finding himself represented as a firebrand, appealed to his record of mediations and direct arbitrations—a long and notable one—and placed his resignation at M. Rouvier's disposal. It was most fortunate that he was not allowed to resign on a point of personal pique, just as events were showing that he had been no less the friend of France than of peace. One has only to recall the remarkable visit of King Edward to France, the impending military solemnities held at the request of the young King of Spain, and the credible rumor that Italy and France will jointly undertake the pacification of Crete, to realize that, in the Mediterranean, France was never stronger than she is to-day. The report of a Balkan *entente* between Italy and Austria, while unconfirmed, is, even as a rumor, an indication of the increasing isolation of Germany. These, as M. Delcassé justly observed before Parliament, are facts which should weigh against M. Jaurès's theory of the civilities due the Kaiser.

French discussion of the Kamranh Bay incident shows an inclination to construe the duties of a neutral with rather dangerous liberality. The *Temps* asserts that France not only has not given, but will not give, assent to the rule limiting a belligerent's stay in a neutral port to twenty-four hours. Such a practice, it is pointed out, greatly favors England, with her worldwide network of coaling stations and harbors of refuge. Pressure in behalf of the twenty-four-hour rule naturally comes from so interested a party; nations insufficiently provided with naval stations must on their lives stand for a less rigid policy. Summing up, the *Temps* holds that a neutral can be held to nothing more than a loyal attitude towards both belligerents; that she must therefore be the sole judge of the duration of her hospitalities, and that her only concern is to prevent a visitor from making martial preparations under cover of asylum. The vagueness of this principle as compared with the clear-cut rule under which England proceeds, will escape no observer. Evidently the French plan of indefinite asylum opens the way to all sorts of covert assistance to a belligerent, and makes for suspicion. It is in every way unfortunate, also, that France has made the precedent for this kind of latitude in the case of an ally. With the English maintaining a strict rule, and the French virtually none at all, unhappy possibilities of misunderstandings and rancors are always present. The French contention shows the greater need of an international conference to establish a standard having the weight of law.

The demonstrations in Warsaw, apropos of the anniversary of the promulgation of the Polish Constitution in 1791, will find an echo in provinces where Poles abound, from Lithuania to the Ukraine, but also beyond the frontier, in Posen and East Prussia. The Poles are watching their opportunity; and while it would be rash to predict a fourth Polish insurrection, it is evident that the ultra-conservative element in the party is giving way to the National Democrats and the Socialists. The Polish National Democrats in Russia, in formulating their "irreducible minimum"—a promise of loyalty to the Government "as far as consistent with the interests of Poland"—have virtually declared, through their committee, for final independence. They profess indifference to the agitation for freedom in Russia proper, and have on various occasions advised the Warsaw students to abstain from manifesting sympathy with their colleagues in the Russian universities. Never was the Russification of the provinces containing Poles more complete than now. In the South, where, before the insurrection of 1863, the Poles owned 90 per cent, of all the land, they have now about 40. In Lithuania and White Russia the Polish landowners have gradually, by due process of law, been deprived of 8,000 square miles of property. In those provinces no Pole is allowed to enter the public service. He cannot purchase land, nor loan money on it, nor farm, nor administer land belonging to a Russian. If he sells property that came to him by inheritance, it must go into Russian hands. Prussia's policy, initiated under Bismarck, of devoting a large fund— a year or two ago increased to 200 million marks—to the purchase of Polish estates in Posen, has borne similar fruit.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN RUSSIA.

The Czar's Easter ukase proclaiming complete religious liberty throughout his dominions is the most important and far-reaching event which Russia has experienced in centuries. The emancipation of the serfs fifty years ago alone can be compared with this emancipation of the spirit, which must inevitably reflect itself in every vital relation, as well as entail notable administrative changes in many directions. Toleration has been the principle of the Russian Government towards all religions, while firmly upholding the State Church; and the chief avenue of St. Petersburg, the Nevsky Prospekt, has often been called "Toleration Street," because of the prominent Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches which adorn it along with the national cathedrals. But toleration has never included the right, on the part of a member of the State Church, to leave that church and enter another without forfeiting his civil rights; neither has it included the right of any other church to proselytize. Marriages between members of the Russian (Eastern Catholic) Church and of any other Christian church must heretofore, in order to be valid, be performed by a priest of the Russian Church (though a supplementary ceremony in the other church, as a mere form, was not prohibited), and the children of such a marriage had to be brought up in the Russian Church. Occasionally this law was not enforced; and on the western border, where intermarriages with Roman Catholics from Poland are frequent, boys were permitted to be reared in the faith of the father, the girls in that of the mother. All this is altered by the new edict: marriages may now be legally solemnized by the clergymen of any church, and children may be reared in any faith. If one parent leaves the Russian Church, the children remain in it with the other parent; while if both parents leave it, the children's religion becomes that of their parents.

So far all is plain sailing. The difcult problems which must lead to new laws of marriage and divorce arise in the cases of union of members of the Russian Church with non-Christians. Up to the present time there has been no way in which an Orthodox Russian could marry a Jew or a Jewess, unless the latter was previously baptized. On the other hand, it must be stated that, if a Hebrew joined the Russian Church and the other party to the marriage remained in the Hebrew faith, the marriage was not annulled—on the Scriptural principle that a believing husband or wife might convert the unbelieving partner. It is obvious that civil marriage, hitherto unknown, must be introduced to meet such cases as these; and in its train must follow civil divorce. The complications will, no doubt, be great; but both reforms will be welcomed by the best religious element, inasmuch as it will obviate the necessity of bestowing the blessing of the Church under conditions which are distinctly contrary to the canon law and to the conscience of the officiating priest, as now too frequently happens. Marriage is regarded by the Church as a sacrament, and, according to the canon law, there is but one cause —the Scriptural one—for dissolving it. In practice, however, several other reasons are recognized by the State: such as the absence in exile (as a criminal or political offender) for five years, or simple desertion for a stated period. Priests have been obliged to do violence to the ecclesiastical law and their own consciences by performing the marriage ceremony for persons thus affected, whom they regard as bigamists.

The Old Ritualists or Old Believers, who have been oppressed in various ways and in varying degrees under different reigns since the inception of the sect in the time of Peter the Great's father, will now obtain recognition of their episcopate and priesthood, and the marriages celebrated by their ecclesiastics will be regarded as valid. The differences between them and the State Church are essentially trivial, of usage and detail, not of dogma, and have never really warranted the restrictions imposed upon them. These differences do not go beyond the manner of crossing with two fingers instead of three, on the part of the Old Believers, and stiff adherence to the letter of the Scriptures and service-books, of which other lands offer plenty of examples. This sect, as well as the Roman Catholics, the Jews, Lutherans, and other sects, will now be able to obtain ready permission to erect churches, chapels, synagogues, or houses of prayer in greater numbers than heretofore, and in towns and on sites hitherto restricted.

It remains to be seen whether the ukase has conferred upon the Hebrews of the Empire much more than the rights above mentioned in the case of the other sects. Had the Pale of Settlement been abolished, and entire freedom of domicile included, that fact would surely have been stated in the dispatches thus far received. In a measure, however, the ukase, even in its available form, contains an implied guarantee of future revision as to the whole status of the Hebrews. The problem is not simple nor religious, the Pale of Settlement and the restrictions imposed upon the Hebrews having been originated and persisted in for economic reasons. The conferring of civil rights through baptism exclusively has represented a sort of force exercised by the State upon the Church, and has, unfortunately, complicated the situation by imparting to the restrictions imposed upon Hebrews the appearance of being founded solely on religious intolerance. The immediate result of the new edict will indubitably be that many baptized Hebrews who have been converted merely as a matter of expediency, will now revert to Judaism. On the other hand, there are, probably, Hebrews of the highest character who will embrace Christianity, now that any misunderstanding of their motives is impossible.

The most interesting feature of the ukase, and most pregnant for the future, is its effect upon the State Church. The amazing but incontrovertible fact is that that Church is now placed at an immense disadvantage, and left trammelled, in comparison with the status just vouchsafed to all other religions. The Church may and does expect numerous secessions of persons with whose temperament or convictions it is not in consonance; or of those who have entered it from other than purely spiritual motives. Meanwhile, it is left largely powerless to employ the methods for retaining its members which the rival churches will employ to estrange them, and will so remain until its long-cherished aspiration of separation from the State and complete independence shall be realized. Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate and established the Holy Synod because the troubles between his father and the Patriarch Nikon had taught him that danger to the State might arise from the conflicting interests of the Church and the blind loyalty of the masses to the latter. But that danger is entirely eliminated. What the clergy of the Russian Church now desire is an elective Patriarch who shall have free access to the Emperor, with power to present the Church's views directly to him, instead of being reduced to the necessity of communicating with him, as now, solely through a layman (the Procurator), who, however devout and devoted to the interests of the Church, must of necessity regard matters, to some extent, from the worldly point of view. An elected Council, composed of bishops, priests, and laymen, to discuss ecclesiastical affairs and govern the Church, is also desired; and that all bishops shall be elected to their dioceses and priests to their parishes, instead of being, as often now, practically appointed by the civil power.

Thus freed from the civil bureaucratic power which, as chancellery, prepares measures for the consideration of the Holy Synod, and absolutely severed from the State, the clergy would be able to act strictly in accordance with canon law, which is at present impossible in some cases where Government officials are concerned. For instance, they would be free to refuse to perform an uncanonical marriage ceremony for an official, where now such refusal would constitute technical disobedience to the civil laws. They would be able, without being misunderstood, to discipline and excommunicate Government officers (who now rank as their unassailable com-

manders), or undesirable persons of whatsoever position, in cases of extreme infraction of the Church laws, or for heresy or abuse. The general result would be that the Church would undergo a revival, both intellectual and spiritual, of incalculable importance to the Empire and to Christianity.

THIS YEAR'S BALLOT AGITATION.

It was to be expected that the politicians whose calculations were upset by the unprecedented amount of independent voting in last fall's election would turn their attention very promptly to the machinery by which such unexpected results were brought about. From the other side, too, came in several quarters a demand for a system that would make non-partisanship easier for the future. The ballot laws have therefore received this winter at the hands of various State legislatures a good deal more scrutiny than the changes actually made would indicate.

The official ballots used in the various States differ very greatly in respect to the premium which they put on voting the straight ticket. It was a significant fact that of all the States which elected Democratic Governors along with Republican Presidential electors, or otherwise gave unusual exhibitions of independence, only one, Missouri, belongs in any of the classes which make it difficult to split a ticket. Almost as soon as the Legislature met in that State, agitation was begun against what the Kansas City *Star* called the "un-Jeffersonian" ballot. The citizens of Missouri having awakened at last to the fact that it was possible to vote for a Presidential candidate of a party without simultaneously accepting all its other nominees, fair play demanded that this disposition be given a better chance in the future. Mr. Folk's victory was doubly remarkable from the fact that every one of his Republican supporters was put to the trouble of writing in the Governor's name on the Republican ballot. A change to some more enlightened method of voting was earnestly urged, but without result, for the State Senate, where the old Democratic ring was still intrenched, quashed the ballot-reform bills very promptly.

In Colorado much the same thing happened. The hearings in the Peabody-Adams contest made plain the weaknesses of a system so far from real secrecy that voters on the witness stand were able to identify their own ballots, and handwriting experts to reject dozens at a time as the work of a single person. An intelligent effort was made to secure consideration for a carefully-drawn bill on the lines of the Montana law. This would have provided a ballot like that of New York, but with the party circle omitted, so that the straight-party man and the independent would be required to make the same number of X marks in order to vote. But a Senate and Assembly torn by the violent factionalism of an election contest were fatal to careful consideration for such a measure.

Thus failed the most important of the attempts made this year to improve bad ballots. In two of the States which had particularly good ones, the reverse process was tried. In Minnesota, where the candidates' names are grouped by offices, and there is no provision for voting a straight ticket at one operation, an effort was made to introduce the party column in the form of a voting-machine bill which practically would have made the design of any particular machine adopted supersede the State statute if it chanced to be provided with levers arranged on the party-column plan. Luckily, the significance of the bill was discovered in time, and the trick defeated.

But in Rhode Island, a Republican Governor having been elected for the first time since 1901, one of his first acts was to recommend a revision of the ballot laws, and lately Mr. Utter had the satisfaction of signing the bill which carried his recommendations into effect. Rhode Island, with all its political faults, has in the past been distinguished for a good deal of independent voting. In the city of Providence a great body of citizens has long been in the habit of picking out desirable candidates of various parties for local offices, while Gov. Garvin's two elections, when all or nearly all the other State officers and a majority of the Legislature were Republicans, were remarkable "off-year" achievements. There are very few matters, however, in which the average man is more prone to follow the line of least resistance than in the marking of his ballot. In proportion as the changes in the Rhode Island law make it easier for the citizen to vote a straight ticket, they are strengthening the hold of the Aldrich-Brayton organization.

For this reason, the change deserves more attention than it has yet had. It must be explained, to begin with, that several of the alterations made in the law—as for instance in the provisions regarding the count of votes and the rejection of improperly marked ballots—were sadly needed; but as these could have been secured quite as well without any change in the general plan of the ballot, they do not offset the objections to the latter. To illustrate the difference between the old and the new ballot, take the hypothetical case of two voters. A, who desires to vote a straight Republican ticket, and B, who prefers Democratic nominees for the offices of Governor, Attorney-General, and Representative in Congress. Suppose, also, that in this particular election ten offices are to be filled. Under the old ballot, A and B must each make ten marks, and are forced, in doing so, at least to run their eyes over all the names printed. Under the new ballot, A will make a single mark at the head of the Republican column. B will do the same, afterwards crossing out the names of three candidates in that column and marking opposite the corresponding Democratic names.

The process of splitting is thus more troublesome than in New York State by reason of the trouble of erasing the names not wanted in the selected column. The trouble is little enough, in any case, the friends of this form will say. But it is not, as a matter of fact, the mere mechanical difficulty, but the fear of invalidating their ballots, that causes voters to take the simplest way; and the fact that a large proportion of them do so is indisputable. Four States last year chose electors, Governors, and State officers with a ballot resembling the one Rhode Island has just abandoned, five with the one she has just adopted. In the first group the average proportion of voters who recorded their choice at once for a Democratic Governor and a Republican President was about 19 per cent.; in the second it was about 8 per cent. In the first group the amount of discrimination exercised by voters among the various State officers averaged 12 per cent.; in the second group only 5 per cent. And if the candidate for Governor be left out of the calculation, and the figure be taken to represent the discrimination among minor State offices, it is on the average 6 per cent. in the first group to about 1½ in the second.

The same thing may be shown in another way. In 1901 Dr. Garvin, then defeated, ran 5.24 per cent. ahead of the lowest member of his State ticket; in 1902, at his first election, 10.14 per cent.; in 1903, 7.09 per cent., and in 1904, though again defeated, 9.83 per cent. In all the elections of the last four years, in the States using the form of ballot prescribed by the new law, there is only one instance in which a Governor ran more than 5 per cent. ahead of the lowest member of his State ticket. That was in Michigan last year. It would be absurd, of course, to argue that merely by the adoption of a model ballot independent sentiment in politics can be generated; but few realize the degree to which the form of ballot affects the manifestation of that sentiment.

EXPERIMENTAL MUNICIPALIZATION.

Chicago's dramatic pronouncement by popular vote in favor of municipal ownership and operation of street railroads has apparently distracted general attention from the interesting and novel stage of the same agitation recently reached in Cleveland. Mayor Tom L. Johnson, it is true, has gained no little notoriety in the past for his persistent advocacy of a municipal system of trans-

portation, and for his equally persistent contention that a uniform three-cent fare is perfectly feasible. After a great many moves and counter-moves for position, the Mayor and the Cleveland Electric Railway Company have apparently got into touch with each other. The president of the company, Mr. Horace E. Andrews, requested a parley with the Mayor to discuss the renewal of franchises "on a business basis." At least one of the franchises, that for Central Avenue, so the Mayor asserts, had already expired, so that the company was virtually compelled to take the initiative. Every year that elapses brings the remaining franchises so much nearer their expiry, the last terminating in 1927. Mr. Andrews proposed that the company's franchises be extended twenty-five years, and in return promised a fare of about four cents —the present fare, including transfers, being five cents. The Mayor declined to consider a renewal of franchises on less than the three-cent fare basis. This Mr. Andrews declared to be impossible. Thereupon the Mayor suggested an alternative proposition, at once novel and seemingly capable of very promising extension and development.

The Mayor's proposal contemplates the renewal of the company's franchise for twenty-five years provided the company will turn over its property, including the franchise, to a holding company which is to guarantee the interest on the company's bonds and the regular dividend of 5 per cent. on the company's stock. The holding company is to be essentially a board of trustees mutually agreed upon by the city of Cleveland and the Cleveland Electric Railway Company. This board of trustees, or holding company, besides operating the road and paying the dividends and interest aforesaid, is to provide for all needed improvements and extensions. Should it have any surplus after meeting these fixed charges and providing for extensions, it is to devote the surplus to retiring the bonds from time to time, and to reducing the fares if such reduction proves possible. The mayor insists that experiment will demonstrate within five months the practicability of the three-cent fare. In short, the Mayor's plan is that the company, instead of taking the chance of contingent gain or loss, shall accept the guarantee of a definite income yearly; that the city, instead of making terms with the company for franchise grants, shall take the chance of getting an equivalent for its grant of franchises in lower fares; and that, by means of a holding company mutually acceptable to the city and the railway corporation, the business shall no longer be operated for profit, but at cost, including in cost the fixed charges on both stocks and bonds. Default in the payment of interest or dividends, or failure to maintain the property, will work a forfeiture of the holding company's lease, and reinstall the present Electric Railway Company, which will take possession again and operate the road for the unexpired period of the twenty-five years of the franchise. The Mayor also tacks to his scheme an option by which the city may purchase the property outright at its present value at any time within twenty-five years in case the Legislature of Ohio within that time authorizes municipal ownership of street railways.

We do not pretend to pass judgment upon this particular proposition, which has been, however, under consideration by the directors of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company. The valuation of the corporation's property which is implied in the option of purchase will doubtless be a material consideration. Moreover, the chance of legislative action allowing the option to be closed, as well as various other factors, makes of little value the opinion of any one but an expert acquainted with the Cleveland situation. But the Mayor's proposition is exceedingly ingenious, and several features of it may be employed to advantage in solving the whole question of public-service corporations.

The first feature of the scheme which makes it worthy of consideration, if a city is bent on experimentation in the domain of municipal public-service industries, is its tentative character. If the operation by the holding company, alias the board of city trustees, proves a failure, the city is not indefinitely saddled with a losing venture whose deficit must be made good out of the proceeds of taxation. Failure of public management to make receipts cover expenses, and to maintain the physical property, ousts the city control and reinstates the private corporation. If such change of control can be effected without delay, the plan virtually gives the city power to conduct an enterprise while it shows its capacity for the task, and no longer.

A second feature of the plan which merits consideration is the joint nomination of the holding company. The management of the present street railway corporation may be reasonably trusted to assent to the appointment of none but capable transportation managers. The city, on its part, at least under such jealous advocates of its rights as Mayor Johnson, will not be likely to assent to any one who will not reasonably safeguard the city's rights. Politics and patronage will certainly be less able to play a malevolent rôle than under an elected city board, or even under a board or commissioner whose appointment comes as the reward of party service.

The most cautious and unbiassed students of municipal monopolies have always insisted that the success or failure of city ventures in that field depended simply on management. The malign influence of politics and a scale of remuneration inadequate to secure for municipal enterprises the same grade of directive ability as private corporations command, have always been put in the forefront of adverse conditions. Both drawbacks seem fairly to be surmounted by this plan. The "holding company," so called by reason of its joint origin, in order to successfully administer its business, can and must be fairly free from "politics." Its peculiar status, being a private corporation in one aspect and a public trust in another, ought to enable it to employ freely such business methods as efficient administration requires. Unlike a regular city bureau, it will not be cumbered by the vexing restrictions imposed on a regular city department. If municipal operation is capable of successful extension, the Johnson plan affords a scheme of organization in some important respects superior to any previous models.

THE CONFERENCE FOR SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

The Conference for Education in the South, held at Columbia, was an unqualified success. The prime object of such a gathering is, of course, to promote education. An exchange of courtesies between residents of different parts of the country, and a more cordial understanding of the difficulties under which each section labors, are highly desirable things, but they are accidental rather than essential. The root of the matter is to set people to thinking, talking, and working for education. The Conference was rich in by-products, so to speak; but above everything else it accomplished its first purpose. Its effectiveness was increased rather than diminished by a few newspaper attacks.

In a democracy no great movement can succeed unless it wins popular support. Leaders there must be, but their voices cry in the wilderness until the hosts are ready to follow. The problem in this particular case was to rouse the listless thousands, to bring home to their hearts the conviction that for them and their households the school is the way of salvation. Our modern machinery for doing such work is public discussion. Whatever men may think at the outset, however misguided their views, let them debate the question in the street, on the platform, and in the press; sooner or later—such is the very theory of our government—they will arrive at a sound conclusion. A vigorous opposition, then, that forces men to give reasons for the faith that is in them is a thousand times better than inert unanimity. In the South, as in States like Pennsylvania, general discussion is specially needed. The overwhelming dominance of a single party has inevitably

narrowed the range of thought on all political and social questions, has robbed the population of some of that training in civics which is the privilege of every community where the independent voter holds the balance of power. Thus it comes about that the Charleston *News and Courier*, the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, and their disciples have rendered valuable service to the cause against which they have fought. They have helped to move the stagnant waters, to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance, to provoke the indifferent into zeal, and to make the epithet "Ogdenite" a term not of reproach, but of honor.

The mere existence of a sentiment against the union of friends of education, North and South, in common endeavor is one of several proofs that persons presumably well-informed, to say nothing of the rank and file, fail to realize how much must yet be done for the schools of the South. First slavery and then the ravages of war set the country back economically by a whole generation. The South has not had the money to develop its educational plant, a fact which the most progressive Southerners admit without qualification. Moreover, the rural schools are not only poor, but poorly attended. One of the ablest speakers at the Conference, W. H. Hand, superintendent of schools at Chester, S. C., made a plea for compulsory education. He began by remarking that the North and the West had ceased to argue on the desirability of compulsory education, but already took his proposition for granted. The South Carolina Legislature, however, in spite of agitation of the subject, and in spite of the enlightened views of Gov. Heyward, is still sitting in darkness.

This backwardness is not due wholly either to poverty or to undervaluation of education, though the large percentage of illiteracy among the whites themselves is a sign of apathy which cannot be mistaken. The situation is complicated by the presence of the negro, whom bigoted members of the superior race would keep in ignorance, on the theory that schools are too expensive a luxury for black folk. To devise a school system which shall save the whites and not the blacks is a task of such delicacy that a few surviving reactionaries are willing to let both perish together on the pathless mountains. The fear, then, that misguided or malignant Northerners will enter like a serpent and destroy a Southern paradise by giving the negro the fruit of the tree of knowledge, is a factor still to be reckoned with in politics. It prompts suspicion of educational projects. It compels even the liberals to tread warily. Apparently in deference to this prejudice, no negro spoke at the Conference, and the colored people stayed in the "nigger heaven" of the theatre where the sessions were held. And yet the most rabid negrophobe cannot deny that negro educators, and thus indirectly the whole South, might have profited by the discussions; and that, as a class, negroes, as much as the whites, need stimulation and also instruction in sound ideals of education.

The great majority of the speakers at the Conference were, very properly, Southerners. The Northern visitors came to learn, not to teach. The specific lesson depended, of course, on the pupil himself. None, however, could fail to be impressed with the magnitude of the task before the leaders of education in the South, and with the splendid energy and courage with which, in a land devastated, drenched in blood, robbed of the flower of its youth, crushed by poverty, dependence, and ignorance, they have taken up their burden. Men like President Alderman of the University of Virginia, President Denny of Washington and Lee, Chancellor Hill of the University of Georgia, and Booker Washington — to name only four of many conspicuous figures—have faced disappointments and discouragements that would have defeated all but the bravest. They have battled through evil report and good, through dark days and bright; and they have discovered afresh the old truth that it is not mere money that builds schools, but men and ideas. While the South possesses these, all things else shall be added unto it. These strong souls, the champions of education, are the real reconstructors of the South. To fortify them, to hold up their hands, is a privilege which any man might covet.

THE LEXICON OF YOUTH.

Periodically the discovery is made by some literary light that the average person's vocabulary is preposterously small. Within a few weeks the collection of words which the contemporary young man has at his command has been stated at sixty-five or less. This is very much the lowest estimate ever made, and, as such, deserves consideration; but since each new edition of a dictionary published contains at least a few hundred more words than its predecessor, the problem is evidently not one of production, but of distribution. There are words in plenty if people would only make use of them.

Even if the typical specimen of the generation now coming of age is only half as well off as Kipling's civil servants, with their equipment of "one hundred and fifty words and the adjective," the situation is not altogether hopeless. George Ade has declared that he made a European trip with pleasure and profit, knowing only "nine words of French and the names of twenty things to eat in German." If the young man has chosen his sixty-five words wisely and well, he may be a more useful citizen than his neighbor who does not put his greater fluency to good uses. Besides, these critics are speaking of the number of words which the young man will use, spontaneously, out of his own head. There are hundreds of others which he might put into a letter—an application for a new job, for instance. He certainly understands thousands of others. Does any one suppose that Shakspere used in familiar chat at the Mermaid Tavern all of the 15,000 words with which the rhetoric text-books credit him?

The occasional efforts which are made usually by advanced students of English, to determine accurately the scope of the vocabularly of some everyday man or woman, often give curious results. Thus, a candidate for a degree in a Western university once tried to gauge the verbal equipment of his father, who was a locomotive engineer, a man of intelligence and character, but of small literary education. The student's first idea was to keep by him a pocket dictionary, direct the conversation whenever he could into unusual channels, and then check off every new word his parent used. But after some months the number of words so marked was still preposterously small. Family pride rebelled at such a result. Besides, the method was extremely slow, and there was always the possibility that hundreds and thousands of additional words lay just beneath the surface, waiting for the proper stimulus. Therefore, the procedure was abruptly changed, and the subject taken into the confidence of the investigator. The pocket dictionary was brought out from its hiding-place and read aloud to the student's father, every word for which he could give a reasonable definition being checked off. The result was that, instead of ranking with savages and school-children, the test indicated that the old engineer's command of language approximated that of Addison or Lamb.

Being a purely abstract personage, who cannot be haled before a board and examined, this "average man" has to put up with a good deal of abuse which he does not deserve on the score of ignorance and illiteracy. A few years ago two English playwrights engaged in earnest argument regarding the actual speech of artisans and small tradesmen. One of them had criticised a certain bit of the other's dialogue as "stilted." The argument into which he had plunged, however, had the effect of making him listen to the talk on the tops of omnibuses. He ended by withdrawing his slur entirely. The immediate cause of his apology was, if memory serves, the construction, "Nor do I believe," used in an offhand way by some member of the very class whose speech he had accused his brother dramatist of misrepresenting. He found that expres-

sions conventionally regarded as purely bookish were really used colloquially by all sorts and conditions of men. The speech of folk of the humbler sort cannot be reproduced merely by putting in their mouths short and common words and simple constructions.

How much may be made of a small vocabulary may be learned by a glance at some of the tongues which offer least range of choice in words. The language which secures the maximum efficiency at the minimum tax on the memory is perhaps the Chinook jargon, which is the medium of intercourse between whites and Indians and between different tribes of Indians throughout the Pacific Coast region from Oregon northward. The vocabulary of this remarkable language contains only about 400 root words; all ideas of greater complexity being expressed, if at all, either by combinations of these or by circumlocutions. It is not a language of subtlety or delicate shading. Yet every activity of human life is covered by it after a fashion. It serves the purposes of a multitude of commercial transactions in furs, ammunition, provisions, whiskey. The native gives the white trader, trapper, or miner directions for finding his way in a language in which "Illahee" stands indifferently for the earth and, practically speaking, the fulness thereof—town, neighborhood, field, place, locality, and all related ideas. Sermons are preached and books of hymns written in this same Chinook, though the single word "tumtum" denotes the heart and its beating, the soul, and all spiritual attributes whatsoever.

The decline in the old art of conversation is a phenomenon universally deplored. We have known college students who felt so strongly on the subject that they have kept special books in which to note every new word encountered for the later enrichment of their discourse. But effect must not be mistaken for cause. If the young man has something to talk about, he will somehow find words to put it in, while, if he has not, even his sixty-five will serve him very comfortably.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS AT ATHENS.—II.

ATHENS, April 10, 1905.

At the general session held in the University Hall last Saturday morning, the Diadochos, Prince Constantine, was in the chair, while many addresses of congratulation were handed in. Then came the address of welcome, delivered by the Rector of the University of Athens, and containing a bare statement of the creditable record of modern Greece in archæology, with generous appreciations of assistance derived from foreign scholars. Rector Lambros showed equal tact when he made allusion to the struggle for independence as having liberated the Acropolis, so that Independence Day might usher in a festival truly Panathenaic, because all civilized nations had responded to the summons and were joining in it, as the spiritual sons and common defenders of ancient Athens—chips of the old Hellenic block.

First to respond was M. Collignon, president of the French Academy of Inscriptions, who spoke for all societies and learned bodies of Europe and America. After a tribute to the labors of living Greek archæologists, he augured success for the future from the union of hearts which made the present congress possible. The answer, in English, was from Prof. Percy Gardner, speaking for all universities in Europe and America. His theme, thoughtfully dealt with, was that "the noblest study of mankind is man," and that Athens was the inevitable meeting-place for the first archæological congress, since the beauteous fragments of ancient Greece first taught archæologists to use their eyes, and mankind first learned from Greece to think methodically. What Olympian and Delphian assemblages did for ancient Greece, our modern congresses did, he claimed, for Europe, whose peoples were bound together by common Christianity, and also by their common growth from seeds derived at the time of its splendor from ancient Hellenism. He closed with greetings from the universities of the world to the spiritual nurse of them all. "Without Athens," he said, "we should all be living on a lower spiritual and moral plane, nor do we fail to wish the flourishing University of Athens a constantly increasing depth of intellectual life, an ever widening range of influence."

The third answer was that of Dr. Kyriakos, who saluted the Congress from his Holiness the Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople and from the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Jerusalem, with whose greetings he coupled those of many educational centres in the Greek Levant, and those of the Philological Society of Constantinople, the Evangelical College of Smyrna, and other bodies whose delegates were in attendance. The Patriarchs welcomed the invitation to participate in this Congress. Its labors had their blessing and their prayers for a fruitful consummation, because the traditions of the Greek Church, for which they stood accountable, had ever sought to blend Christianity with the lore of ancient Hellas. Gregory and Chrysostom compassed this harmony. Next, in Byzantine days, Photius, Gennadius, Eustathius, and Scholarius achieved the like, while Eugenius, Boulgaris, and his fellows, in the days of enslavement, still taught the same lesson of harmony. "St. Sophia," he said, "was reared under the invocation of divine wisdom in Christ, while the Parthenon was the home of the personified wisdom of the ancient Hellenic mind. Each is to-day an acropolis of the genuine spirit of Hellas." The whole Greek race, be it scattered never so far, was stirred, he said, by the impulse which gathered this Congress at Athens—stirred and inspired by the ideal of a resuscitated life for the glories of ancient days. Devotion to Hellenic antiquity and love of the Blessed Gospel animated every orthodox Greek, while St. Sophia and the Parthenon were charactered side by side upon all loyal Hellenic hearts.

Besides the reception of written addresses, the further business transacted concerned the association of two new presidents with each of the seven named in my last letter at the meeting in the Parthenon, and the further nomination of four presidents-at-large. Profs. Percy Gardner and Carl Robert were associated with M. Collignon for the Classical section. For the Prehistoric and Oriental section of M. Maspero, Drs. Furtwängler and Evans were named. Messrs. Milani and Babelon joined Dr. U. von Wilamovitz-Moellendorff in the section of Coins and Inscriptions, while in that of Excavations and Museums Dr. Waldstein was reinforced by Mr. Cecil Smith and Dr. Montelius; for the Byzantine section Dr. Ouspensky was assisted by Messrs. Marucchi and Strzygowsky. To Messrs. Pignorini and Conze, in the two remaining sections of Geography and of Teaching, were assigned respectively Dr. Keil and M. Radet, and Profs. J. R. Wheeler (Columbia) and Von Duhn (Heidelberg). Professors Mahaffy, Von Stern (Odessa), Reisch (Vienna), and Hampel (Budapesth) were named presidents-at-large. In order to make the list of twenty-five presidents widely representative, the Athenian committee, including all heads of schools and all Greeks, passed an ordinance of self-exclusion. All the presidents were needed at one time or another, because of the appreciable distances separating the several rooms assigned for the sections. The Classical section was housed by the University, while the no less sumptuous *aula* of the Parnassus Society accommodated the Prehistoric and Oriental section. The Archæological Society welcomed the section of Excavations and Museums, and the Academy found ample room for the Byzantine section. The French and the German Schools respectively took in Coins and Inscriptions and Geography, while the section of Teaching met in the National Library.

All these preliminaries over, the Congress repaired to the English School, and was joined in the Penrose Memorial Library by the Diadochos and the whole royal family. Proceedings began with a sketch of the history of the British School, addressed to the president by Mr. George Macmillan, delegate of the Hellenic Society and Hon. Secretary of the Committees of the British School and of the Penrose Memorial. The royal president cordially responded; declared the Library open by unveiling the memorial tablet, and announced the intended gift from the Greek Archæological Society of a bust of Penrose. Mr. Cecil Smith then gave some account of the Macmillan Hostel (of which, as first planned, the library was to be one wing), and referred to the laying of its cornerstone by the Diadochos. A very touching appreciation of Penrose was then given by M. Homolle, who was followed by Mr. Heermance with a few words of fraternal congratulation to the British School. These were corroborated by Prof. J. R. Wheeler, who drew attention to the significant disappearance of the wall formerly dividing the now united holdings of the American and British Schools. Last came genial words from Dr. Conze, eulogizing Penrose, and suggesting schemes of coöperation among all the Schools at Athens.

There was barely time to reach the several meetings of the four sections by five o'clock, when work began. At the Arch-

æological Society's room Dr. Furtwängler talked of his excavations, past and present, at the temple of Ægina; and recent excavations in Egypt by Professor Petrie and Dr. Grenfell were heard from, although the latter could not be present at the congress. At the French School MM. Babelon and Théodore Reinach discoursed upon coins, while Professor Ouspensky, at the Academy, described an illuminated "Octateuch" from Constantinople, and advocated dropping the name of "Byzantium" in favor of "Christian Greece" for the archæological period of that section. Acting upon the same proposal made by M. Bikelas, it may be remembered that the late Lord Bute entitled his translation of the former's 'Byzantina,' 'Seven Essays on Christian Greece.' The fourth meeting was that of the section of Classical Archæology, where, in the presence of the royal family, Dr. Dörpfeld argued against the current notion that the customs of burial and cremation were successively practised and abandoned in the Greek world. Such oscillations of funeral observance were inconceivable. He made sure of a custom which began with partial burning and proceeded to burial. Mr. Montelius was slightly skeptical, and Dr. Evans instanced sudden epidemics of cremation—one of recent date, near Belgrade, the other in England, under Henry II. In both cases the motive was fear of ghosts, who could be laid only when the flesh of the dead was consumed. M. Homolle followed with a circumstantial justification of the rebuilding, now in progress at Delphi, of the Treasury of the Athenians, and the Ephor General of Antiquities, Mr. Kavvadias, gave an interesting account of the recent reconstruction of the Temple of Apollo at Phigaleia. Thus ended the first day's work. In the evening there were receptions at the various Legations, where nearly all the members of the Congress met and compared notes.

Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon saw the Congress making a pious pilgrimage to Eleusis—a feature in the programme happily borrowed, be it said, from that of the Educational Congress held here last summer. Yesterday evening was less mystically bestowed upon entertainments offered at the French and German Schools, and this morning saw work begin again at 10 in four sections, which also held afternoon sessions from 5-7, at which hour a fifth section also met. In the morning session of the Classical section M. Collignon spoke of a lekythos in the Louvre, entering into important details concerning the gradual substitution of shading for the sharp outline of the earliest style of painting. Dr. Waldstein argued that the east pediment of the great Olympian temple was really by Pæonius, and exemplified a loose or flaccid treatment of flesh observable also in the Olympian Nikë; while Dr. Jörgensen submitted to the Congress a publication by the sculptor N. K. Skovgaard advocating an entirely new and very effective grouping of the extant fragments of the west pediment of the same Olympian temple. In the afternoon session of the Prehistoric and Oriental section. Dr. Montelius discoursed on the Mycenæan age, and was followed by Dr. Evans's account of the nine periods through which the potter's art at Knossos passed, the last of them corresponding to the Mycenæan period elsewhere. Dr. Evans offered also a protest against the purely "philological" school of Egyptian chronology, and urged the necessity of taking Cretan monuments into account and of calling in "a new world to redress the balance of the old." Proceedings closed with Dr. Dörpfeld's account of and comparison between Cretan palaces and the place at Tiryns.

To-day's amusements have been first an evening reception now in progress at the house of the mayor, accompanied by torchlight processions and illuminations, and, secondly, this afternoon's performance of the "Antigone" in the brilliant stadium by the society for the performance of Attic dramas. It had the vivid charm of living speech, and all its noble sentiments were applauded to the echo by crowds which packed all the seats at the curved end of the stadium, where Dr. Dörpfeld's views about stage and orchestra had been carried out faithfully under his supervision. The result has made him no converts, for the altar blocked the view, the actors were constantly confused with the chorus, while the entrances and exits were ineffective. The costumes left much, indeed, to be desired, even apart from the disillusioning effect of Attic sunlight upon modern wigs and false hair—masks and buskins would really be less disconcerting. The performance itself was creditable—a vast improvement upon the "Philoctetes" as performed here sixteen years ago by students of the University.

April 13.

Since my letter of last Monday night, there have been, besides various sectional meetings, two joint sessions—one yesterday evening, and one which closed the Congress this morning. It is noteworthy that, in the meetings of the Prehistoric and Geographical Sections, Athenian scholars contributed a lion's share of the more important proceedings. Dr. Stais was heard on the Antikythera bronzes, and gave an illuminating and quite new account of the gold ornaments found in Mycenæan graves by Schliemann; recent finds in Bœotia, Naxos, and Thessaly were discussed by Professor Tsountas, Dr. Stephanos, and Dr. Sotiriades, who also spoke about Kallion, in Ætolia, and the destruction of the Galatians. The contribution of Professor Æginetes, director of the Observatory, discussing the Athenian climate in ancient times, was very important and original. Greek scholars have also done much in the Byzantine Section, although its three closing sessions of yesterday and the day before were alike notable for extremely valuable contributions by Russian delegates, who again monopolized the closing session of the Geography Section—one of the most interesting of the Congress.

One American, however, Professor Frothingham, was heard from, and much heeded, in the Byzantine Section on Tuesday, having already discoursed on Triumphal Arches in the Classical Section. A communication made yesterday morning in the last-named section by the present writer prevented his hearing Miss Harriet Boyd, whose account of Gournias was given at the same hour in the Prehistoric Section and aroused much interest. The remaining three sections—Inscriptions, Excavations, and Teaching—have had only two sessions each since Monday. The closing session on Inscriptions was memorable for the suggestion by M. Holleaux of a Lexicon of Epigraphical Greek, and Dr. Hiller von Gaertringen's plan for a compendiously printed Corpus of Inscriptions.

Three social events must be recorded: Tuesday afternoon's joint garden party at the English and American Schools; a reception and ball in the "Actæon" Hotel, at New Phalerum, given on Tuesday evening by the President of the Reception Committee and Mme. Pesmatzoglou; and this afternoon's garden party, given at Kephissia, by the Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Carapanos. Moreover, in addition to the fixed sessions of the Congress, there took place yesterday, between its morning and evening sessions, two events of much scientific interest. Mr. Bikelas introduced to its members M. Gaston Maspero. Surrounded by the educational materials and models of the Society's museum, this great Egyptologist gave a memorable *causerie* on the education of children in ancient Egypt. His conclusion was that, although there was little or nothing to be borrowed from Egyptian practices, the enormous difficulties patiently surmounted by learners in Old Egypt and other Oriental lands, as well as the incontestable fact that education in those remote days reached the masses, might well spur us on to redouble our efforts in extending and improving education for the masses in our own time and after our own fashion. Meanwhile Dr. Svoronos, who made no communication otherwise during the Congress, spoke in the numismatical museum housed at the Academy on a series of coins lately acquired by a German museum, and showed them to be forgeries. Dr. Svoronos thus corroborated the case which Mr. Cecil Smith and Professor Petrie had already made out in the section on Excavations and Museums. They both suggested common action among all museums for various purposes, and especially as to forgeries, favoring a scheme by which every museum should bind itself to notify all others of counterfeits. Mr. Cecil Smith also urged a uniform system of cataloguing.

This last proposal and other practical suggestions and projects for the advancement of science were adopted at this morning's session. It was also then and there decided to hold the next congress at Cairo, not sooner than two or later than five years hence, according to the convenience of the Egyptian Government, which had empowered M. Maspero to welcome the proposal of Cairo as the next place of assembly, in case it was made. As there is a Congress of Historians fixed for three years hence at Berlin, the second Archæological Congress will probably assemble four years hence. In addition to the plan above described and proposed by the section on Excavations and Museums, the joint meeting adopted from the Byzantine Section (1) a project for preparing an Iconography of the Byzantine Emperors, the execution of which was entrusted to a committee consisting of Messrs. Krumbacher, Schlumberger, Ouspensky, Millet, and Frothingham, with Rector Lambros as secretary; (2) M. G. Millet's project for a Corpus of the Inscriptions of Christian Greece, to be prepared by M. Millet. Finally, a scheme from the Geographical and Topographical Section for the determination of place-names in ancient Attica was adopted, as proposed by Rector Lambros.

LOUIS DYER.

EARLY PRINTED BOOKS IN THE CHANTILLY LIBRARY.

PARIS, April 20, 1905.

The inventory and description of the various works of art left by the Duke d'Aumale to the Institute with the Château of Chantilly began with the two magnificent volumes on the pictures, by M. Gruyer, member of the Academy of Fine Arts. M. Gruyer described afterwards in a special volume the miniatures of Jean Foucquet; he gave in a fourth volume an account of the curious collection of portraits by Carmontelle. The series of quarto volumes, magnificently brought out by Plon, was continued by the description (in two volumes) of the manuscripts kept in the Library of Chantilly, by M. Delisle, who was still at the time the head of our National Library in Paris. No better choice could have been made; M. Delisle has a world-wide reputation, and all his works readily find a place in all the great libraries, in Germany, England, Italy—I may perhaps add, America.

A new volume has just appeared, with the title, 'Le Cabinet des Livres Imprimés antérieurs au milieu du XVIe Siècle.' In the preface, M. Delisle writes:

"The curators of the Musée Condé were appointed not only to maintain the order in which the founder had arranged his admirable collection; they have also for their mission to describe them, as well in order to make their importance known to the public as to facilitate their use by writers and artists. The Duke d'Aumale was not content to declare that such were his intentions; he had begun to write and to have written for him catalogues which were to be published. The friends whom he charged with the execution of his last wishes have resolutely entered on the path of which he traced the first lines."

M. Delisle very modestly calls the two volumes describing the manuscripts "the personal work of the Prince." They are really a joint work. It is quite true that the Prince did undertake the description of his seven hundred manuscripts; but his work was interrupted by death, and it was finished and to a very great extent enlarged by M. Delisle. The Library of Chantilly is composed of nearly 25,000 volumes, in two very distinct parts. On the ground floor, in a room which served as a theatre in the time of the last Condé, there is a collection of books in current use, chiefly on history and literature. On the second floor of the Château is a long gallery prepared to receive the books which were particularly rare and valuable, the historical bindings, the books adorned with miniatures, etc. The roof of this gallery is finished with coffers, in which, under the Duke d'Aumale's directions, were painted the arms of all the companions of the Great Condé; on the chimney-piece, which is at the end of the gallery, there is a magnificent and life-like bust of Condé, in terra-cotta, which time has so darkened that it looks like bronze. This gallery receives the light from five windows, which open on the inner court of the Château.

The books are not placed in a methodical order, but still, as the Duke left them, according to their size, so as to produce a more harmonious effect. He himself knew his books so well that he never had any hesitation in finding those he needed or liked to see. M. Delisle has thought it necessary to commence a methodical catalogue with the most ancient series, by far the most valuable. The middle of the sixteenth century has seemed to him the limit to adopt; it corresponds exactly with the end of the reign of Francis I., the appearance of the first works of Ronsard, which are characteristic of an important evolution in French national poetry, with the abandonment of Gothic characters in French printing-offices, and with the transformation of the art of printing. Before entering into his description of books, M. Delisle has been moved to give some details concerning the way in which the Library of Chantilly was formed. The Duke d'Aumale had been a brilliant student at the Collège Henri IV. in Paris, and acquired there a decided taste for history, for Greek, Latin, and French literature. He had, however, spent the early years of his youth in Algeria, where he had to make war as Governor, and afterwards to organize the administration of the colony. It was only after the Revolution of 1848, when he was in exile, that he felt his true calling to become a bibliophile. As early as November, 1848, he gave his first instructions touching the books which he had left in France. He also conceived at that time a desire to write, from original documents, a history of the Princes of the House of Condé.

"My great momentary preoccupation is my work. My manuscripts are here. I should like to explore everything that appertains to the seventeenth century, and particularly to the Great Condé. I believe that to be the most salient part, and that I ought to begin with that. My intention would be to collect, to put in order, and to publish the curious and inedited documents, adding to them notices and historical views of my own; and I am anxious to begin soon. But I fear that I shall not find at Claremont the place necessary for this kind of work. At present I am obliged to leave my manuscripts in a warehouse in London; I shall take them away when I have a house of my own."

Meanwhile the Prince, who had but slender resources at that time, bought a few books in London, and among others Brunet's indispensable vade-mecum for bibliophiles, the 'Manuel du Libraire.' At the beginning of 1849, while still maintaining his residence at Claremont, he took, in Northumberland Street, London, a small residence, where he placed his books and manuscripts. "The manuscripts," says M. Delisle, "had real importance; the same cannot be said of the printed works." The rare and curious printed books of Chantilly were bought by the Prince after 1849, at first during his exile and afterwards when he returned to France. He followed all the great sales which took place during nearly half a century. In 1849 and 1850 he was occupied chiefly with his manuscripts, and worked often with one of the keepers of the British Museum. "I amuse myself," he writes, "in the evening by cataloguing my manuscripts." He made discoveries in them, and researches of all sorts. He wrote to his old preceptor in Paris:

"I have had a scruple about the exaggerated price of books. I know that rare books are dear, as well as fine bindings; but I love them both, especially when they are united, and I am willing to give the price for it. . . . You are right in telling we not to yield too much to the attraction of books. It is a taste which does not much suit the present time; *sed homo sum.*"

The manuscripts with which the Duke d'Aumale was so much occupied immediately after his arrival in England were the remnants of the library of the Princes of Condé. There were among them the archives of the Montmorencys and the archives of the Condés, besides a numerous series of manuscripts on vellum or on paper, some of the Middle Ages, some of modern times, full of theological, scientific, literary, historical texts and documents. The manuscripts with painted miniatures formed an important series. The library of the Condés had, besides, a valuable collection of printed works, beginning with the sixteenth century and considerably increased in the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. During the Revolution, all the manuscripts were consigned to the National Library. They were returned to the Prince de Condé in 1814. The vicissitudes of the most important books are told at great length by M. Delisle, in the introduction to his Catalogue; many books of the old Condé library were sold even in foreign lands, in England, Belgium, and elsewhere. The rarity of the bookbindings executed for the Constable de Montmorency is explained by the unfortunate changes made towards 1770 in the bindings of the library, in order to render them more uniform. Many fine bindings of the sixteenth century (the golden era of binding) were sacrificed to the fashion of the day. At the close of 1851, the Duke d'Aumale bought the Standish collection, which had been left to King Louis Philippe by Frank Hall Standish, a wealthy Englishman, who was a great lover of France. This collection had to be sold by the King's executors, and the Duke acquired it, though he had but the vaguest idea of its contents. He bought also what had been saved of the books of the King, after the pillage of the Palais Royal and of the Château de Neuilly; a part of those books came from the fine library created in the Château de Rambouillet by the Count of Toulouse, and which had fallen to Louis Philippe in the heritage of the Duke of Penthièvre.

Among the Duke's purchases we must cite the fine library of Cigogne, which he bought *in toto*. M. Cigogne was a stockbroker of the Paris Bourse, who had formed an exclusively French collection of books chosen with exquisite taste. No modern bibliophile has shown more preoccupation with what is called the *condition* of a book—an expression which applies to the material parts, such as width of margin, perfection of binding, etc. He was merciless to books which had the slightest defect, and he accustomed all modern bibliophiles to be very careful in their selection. He died on the 20th of March, 1859. The famous bookseller Potier prepared the catalogue of his library, and the books were to be sold at public auction when the Duke d'Aumale was so fortunate as to obtain the whole collection from the heirs at the price of 375,000 francs, which seems extremely moderate, when compared with the prices which such books as those of Cigogne now obtain at public sale.

M. Delisle gives many particulars about the installation of the Duke d'Aumale's library at Twickenham, where a special house was built for it; about its final installation in the Château of Chantilly; the importance which the Duke attached to the illustrious primitive owners of his books; his researches concerning the first books printed

in France; his relations with the famous French binders of books of our time; the plans which he had formed for his catalogue. This introduction by M. Delisle will be read with much profit by all those (and they are becoming more numerous every day) who are devoted to the noble study of bibliophilism.

Correspondence.

THE NEW YORK APHRODITE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Those of your readers who have followed the discussion in the public prints concerning the origin and merits of the marble statue lately exhibited in New York, and representing an Aphrodite closely resembling the Venus di Medici, will be interested to know that a full account of this statue can be found in the 'Strena Helbigiana' (pp. 188 ff.), published in 1900. This account was written by Professor Milani, the director of the Royal Archæological Museum in Florence. According to Professor Milani, this statue is first mentioned in 1357 by Benvenuto da Imola in a commentary on the tenth canto of Dante's "Purgatorio." In 1591 it belonged to Baccio Valori. From him it passed into the possession of the Palazzo Montalvo in Borgo degli Albizzi, in Florence. About 1898 an antiquary, named Volterra, in Florence, gained possession of it, and from him it passed into the hands of Mr. Linton, the present owner.

Professor Milani points out in the article referred to that the statue is probably a Roman copy of a Greek original, and that it bears striking resemblance to a bronze statuette on a Roman fibula which belongs to the period of the Republic. He further states that an analysis of a head in the possession of Lord Leaconfield in London shows certain characteristics in common with this head, and suggests a Praxitelean origin or style. That the marble of this statue is Pentelic or Parian, Professor Milani is inclined to doubt.

It seems strange that our American archæologists should not have recalled or known of this publication of the statue by the Florentine scholar. It was brought to my attention in a conversation with Professor Milani, who at once recognized the resemblance between the photograph of the statue, which I had brought from New York, and his own reproduction some five years ago.—Yours very truly,

Martin L. D'Ooge.

Athens, April 21, 1905.

Notes.

Shortly forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'A Wanderer in Holland,' by E. V. Lucas; 'Norway,' illustrated, by Nico and Beatrix Jungman; and 'How to Know Wild Fruits,' by Maude Gridley Peterson.

A group of essays, 'The Life Worth Living,' by Thomas Dixon, jr., and 'Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know,' edited by Hamilton W. Mabie, are announced by Doubleday, Page & Co.

James Pott & Co. announce 'To-day on the Nile,' by H. W. Dunning; 'The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain,' by Ralph Adams Cram; and 'The Japanese Spirit,' by Okakura-Yoshisaburo.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. undertake a number of monographs "dealing with the origin and development of a single literary *genre*," *e. g.*, 'The Ballad,' by Professor Gummere; 'The Novel,' by Bliss Perry; 'The Lyric,' by Prof. F. E. Schelling; 'The Short Story,' by Prof. W. M. Hart; 'The Essay,' by Ferris Greenslet, etc., etc. A bibliography will accompany each treatise.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publish this month 'The Interdependence of the Arts of Design,' by Russell Sturgis; 'A Selection from the Great English Poets,' by Sherwin Cody; and 'Iowa: The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase.'

A number of British amateurs have undertaken the task of reproducing notable drawings of the Renaissance, and, claiming the patronage of one of the earliest and greatest collectors in this kind, call themselves the Vasari Society. Mr. Sidney Colvin has accepted the chairmanship, and, appropriately, the first year's publications will be taken from the British Museum drawings, of which he is keeper. In this first instalment we shall have Pisanello, Jacopo Bellini, Piero di Cosimo, Leonardo, Titian, Timoteo Viti, Hans Holbein, and Guardi, among others. The intention is not to compete in fields covered by similar publishing clubs, like the Dürer Society or the Arundel. Collotype will be the medium of reproduction, and, wherever it seems possible or desirable, the original colors will be followed. Drawings of 10x12 inches or less will be collotyped in exact scale. The annual subscription is $5, which may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, G. F. Hill, 10 Kensington Gardens, London, S. W.

The Scribners have reissued Mrs. Burton-Brown's 'Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum' in a cheaper form, adapted for the pocket. The preface by Comm. Boni is now omitted, and the author of the book has availed herself of the opportunity to make such brief changes and additions as were necessary in order to extend her account over the work of 1904. A comparison with the first edition shows also that the wording has frequently been improved, and correction made of a number of misprints and other errors, such as we noted in our mention of the book upon its first appearance, a year ago. There is yet something to be done in the same direction.

The demand for Dr. W. Cunningham's 'Growth of English Industry and Commerce during the Early and Middle Ages' (Cambridge [Eng.]: University Press; New York: Macmillan) has warranted a fourth edition of volume i. of this instructive work, an invaluable companion to the political history of the period. We greeted the third edition in 1896. The revision has been mostly in matters of detail. Novel features are an appendix on the Florentine wool trade, a map of a normal virgate or yardland in the Hitchin common fields, and a frontispiece photograph of the Clothall fields, showing open fields and "balks." The present effort in England to check immigration *en gros* of undesirable needy foreigners contrasts with the immigration of alien craftsmen in Norman and Angevin times as exhibited in appendices E and F ("Protection of Native Industries").

The 'History of the United States from 986 to 1905,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William MacDonald (Harpers), is mainly a continuation of Mr. Higginson's 'A Larger History of the United States of America to the Close of President Jackson's Administration.' The preface speaks of "revision"; but the revision is apparently confined to the recasting of phrases. Six new chapters have been added, bringing the story down to the present. Externally these chapters conform to the earlier ones, but the treatment is less partial, and they reflect present scholarship much better. The illustrations are numerous; many of those from the earlier work have been excluded, however, and a number of new ones added.

A second edition of 'The United States under the Constitution,' by C. Stuart Patterson (Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.), is, the author says, "to a great extent a new book." The first edition, which appeared in 1888, has been not only revised, but "largely rewritten." The author's work is reinforced by notes and references to additional authorities by Robert P. Reeder. It is a compact treatise on constitutional construction under our system, and brings the subject down to the latest dates—those of the "Insular" cases and the Northern Securities merger. The subject is one of the most difficult in the law, and if anybody were equal to the task of developing a consistent theory from the cases, the author might claim the distinction.

With Nuttall's 'Journal of Travels into the Arkansas Territory during the Year 1819' (1821), and James's 'Account of an Expedition [Long's] from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains,' 1819, 1820 (1823), Mr. Thwaites's 'Early Western Travels' (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.) revert to standard works depicting wilder scenes, the haunts of the aborigines. Both are lithographically illustrated. Of Long's expedition we have volume one, three more being in reserve. Of an Iowa chief, we read on page 266: "We showed him our books of engravings, with which he was highly pleased. The Indians, almost all of them, delight to look over engravings, particularly those which represent animals; they are not soon fatigued when employed in this way."

The fourth volume of Mr. Thwaites's admirable edition of the 'Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) finishes, in the double narrative, with the monotonous winter sojourn at Fort Clatsop, and introduces the arduous return journey. Fort life was favorable to natural-history description, which quite outbulks the narrative of petty events, and is constantly illustrated by Clark's skilful pencil on the large and on the small scale, as shown in facsimiles. On resuming the march, the leaders' medicinal knowledge availed more than force or "magic" to procure favors of the reluctant "nations" encountered.

Dodd, Mead & Co. meet a presumed demand with a little book for pouch or pocket, 'My Automobile: A Handy Record.' It consists one-half of blank pages, for sketches of the several tours according to an engraved example, but has pages for a photograph of the vehicle, a description of it, and a list of repair stations, besides the Records proper. There is a pocket in the cover for a map. Companionable with this is a smaller 'New

York Official Automobile Register and Tourists' Guide,' for 1905, a new venture. It contains the official registry of automobiles from 1 to 16,154; an alphabetic local guide with indication of hotels and communications; forty-one measured routes in detail; lists of associations; customs regulations; supply and repair shops; and New York automobile legislation. It is issued by the Hall Publishing Co., No. 150 Nassau Street.

Mr. William T. Comstock, No. 23 Warren Street, sends us the sixth annual edition of his 'Architects' Directory and Specification Index,' for 1904-5. The novel feature is the inclusion of landscape and naval architects—numerically of about equal strength. The specification index is to manufactured materials and equipment of all kinds.

From these small volumes we pass to the mammoth 'Knauer's Manufacturers of the United States,' now in its fifth issue (New York: Manufacturers' Red-Book Publishing Co.). This is a mine of information and direction for articles and trades and manufacturers and exporters, filling more than 2,300 quarto pages. The number of manufacturers alphabetically listed and classified is nearly 514,000.

E. P. Powell's 'The Orchard and Fruit-garden' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) covers a very wide range of cultivated plants, taking in not only our fruits of temperate climates, but also dates, olives, pineapples, bananas, and a few other tropical productions. The illustrations are for the most part good and are well chosen, and the practical directions are generally judicious. The manual ought to be of considerable assistance to the large class of amateurs who are fond of watching their gardens in process of formation. There are many people who learn a foreign language much more readily from a dozen elementary manuals than from one well conned. In all probability, every amateur who uses this book will have also at hand a shelf filled with the excellent modern works on fruits and fruit-culture, and perhaps either the English or American 'Cyclopædia of Horticulture.' This book is well worth a place on that shelf.

The very handsome edition of the 'Works of Charles and Mary Lamb,' edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas (G. P. Putnam's Sons), several volumes of which have already received notice in these columns, is now brought near completion by the publication of two volumes of correspondence. A Life of Lamb, in preparation, will complete a work for which every lover of Elia will thank the accomplished editor. This correspondence is to a large extent new to the public. It comprises the letters of Mary Lamb, correspondence with the Wordsworth family and the Moxons, with many other pieces of great interest never before published. The letters bring the real living Lamb before us as nothing else could do. In his essays and other writings, spontaneous as they seem, there is always the literary touch, the consciousness of the public eye; but here we have the mood of the hour, the whim of the moment—things that he would never have said if he had thought twice, and things of which he would never have thought if he had tried to think of them. Perhaps no single friend could have known him as well as the reader who here takes the place of all his friends. The editor has used extraordinary pains to make clear the innumerable allusions to persons and things well known to the correspondents, but unknown to us—a task the labor of which no one who has not undertaken the like can possibly appreciate. The illustrations, as in the preceding volumes, are excellent and full of interest.

In a little volume called 'N-Rays' (Longmans, Green & Co.), Mr. J. Garcin has shown his French tact in book-making by simply translating Blondlot's papers just as they stand in the *Comptes-rendus*, which gives the book a life and interest that no literary make-up could ever impart. The N-rays, so called from the town of Nancy, in whose university M. Blondlot is professor, are simply light-rays; but they can scarcely be described as ordinary light, since (unless there is a misprint of cm. for mm.) they can be detected after passing through a thickness of over two feet of metallic copper. They are ultra-violet rays. An ordinary eye with an ordinary spectroscope can hardly (without fluorescence) perceive any light of lesser wave-length than 400 micro-microns. (A micro-micron is a thousandth of a micron, and a micron is a thousandth of a millimeter.) About eighteen months ago the Smithsonian Institution published a research by Dr. Victor Schumann, showing that by replacing the glass lenses and prism of a spectroscope with lenses and prism of fluor-spar, and by exhausting the air to a high vacuum, the spectrum of hydrogen could be photographed as high (*i. e.*, to as short a wave-length) as 100 micro-microns. Long before that point is reached, air has become absolutely opaque, even in layers a hundredth of an inch thick or less; so that not a scintilla of such light reaches us from the sun. But now these new N-rays, whose wave-lengths range over more than two octaves, from 18 down to 3 micro-microns, pass through air with perfect ease, and are observed by Blondlot with a prism and lenses of metallic aluminium. They are found in sunlight and in various artificial lights. They are absolutely cut off by the thinnest film of pure water, but pass through it readily if a little (even a very little) table salt be dissolved in the water; and they are faintly perceptible to a good eye if it be reinforced by placing behind it an artist's power of seeing without looking. The means of experimentation may be reduced to extreme simplicity, and all that is requisite for it is actually bound up in the volume—the instrument itself, we mean. These rays ought to become the rage.

Students of the American Revolution will be interested in the pamphlet recently published by the Library of Congress under the title 'Some Papers Laid before the Continental Congress, 1775.' The papers here published are: The Declaration on Taking Arms, July 6, 1775; Franklin's Articles of Confederation, July 21, 1775; Reports on the Trade of America, July 21, October 2, and October 13, 1775; Report on Lord North's motion, and reports on the Committees on Recess and Unfinished Business. The value of the pamphlet lies principally in the care which has been taken to show the evolution of the final document in each case from the first draft through the intermediate forms. It is much to be hoped that the Library of Congress may be able to increase its activity in this kind of work very greatly in the future.

We have received No. 1 of Papers and Proceedings of the three-year-old Bergen County (N. J.) Historical Society, a modest publication, containing, among other matter, Mr. W. A. Linn's researches concerning Baron Steuben's connection with Hackensack. This serious and solid study makes all the more regrettable a grave defect in Col. W. D. Snow's Report of the Committee on Colonial and Revolutionary History and Historical Places. The reporter goes out of his way to give fresh currency to a manifestly fraudulent letter attributed to Cotton Mather, concerning a threatened arrival of Quakers at Boston by sea, and the bloodthirsty measures he records and approves for heading off the calamity. This document, condemnable by its style, is a condensation of one that first appeared in the Easton (Pa.) *Argus* of April 28, 1870. It has been exposed again and again as a complete and palpable forgery. At the date of the letter (September 15, 1682), Cotton Mather was a youth of nineteen, an age ill fitted to engage in such piracy. The second number of the above Society's Proceedings should contain a proclamation of the truth in this matter.

The annual report of the Providence Public Library, the twenty-seventh of its veteran librarian, Mr. W. E. Foster, shows steady development and growth in every branch. The larger use of it did not come about by the simple means of multiplying popular books. The accessions of fiction were only 393 volumes out of a total of 5,326, and the fiction circulation was the lowest in the history of the Library, 53.82. An instance of the successful way in which the valuable contents are brought to the knowledge of readers is the alphabetical index of more than 500 references to works on "civic art" prepared in connection with an exhibit on that subject. The industrial, as well as the educational, interests of the city are cared for, and the use of the industrial collection increased 20 per cent. last year, while designers of jewelry and silverware are constantly employed in the Art alcoves. The total number of volumes in the Library is 115,349; or, if the "deposited" collections be included, 133,000.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's presidential address, as read to the American Historical Association last December in Chicago, is given in full in the *American Historical Review* for April. It is in general an argument for a philosophy, as opposed to a science, of history, and is strewn with many illuminating sentences. Mr. Smith had searched our latter-day juvenile text-books in American history with an eye to their fostering anti-British sentiment. He found this greatly diminished. The books were not rancorous, but dry. "For writing children's books special genius is required." He would "emphatically acknowledge Carlyle's greatness as a teacher of history. In picturesqueness he has hardly a peer. . . . I would venture to commend [his 'French Revolution'] as a valuable training in its way for the historic sense." "In the sentiment and style of Mommsen's 'History of Rome' we perceive Germany passing from the metaphysical to the militant, and hear the tramp of the German armies marching on Paris." "Through all this, mankind, or at least the leading members of the race, have been struggling onward to social, moral, perhaps spiritual life. Are things tending to

a result answerable to the long preparation, . . . or will the end of all be the physical catastrophe which science tells us must close the existence of the material scene? That question not even a 'Cambridge Modern History' attempts to answer."

The results of the National Antarctic Expedition are summarized in the *Geographical Journal* for April by its leaders. Capt. Scott dwells chiefly upon the ice-problems, his most interesting points being the evidences that the great ice-barrier is afloat and that the glaciers are dwindling, or, in other words, that the vast ice-formations are not the result of present-day conditions, but are the rapidly wasting remnants of a former age. Mr. Ferrar describes the physical geography of the region, and Lieut. Royds the meteorology of the winter quarters of the *Discovery*, with some incidental graphic details of the company's life. The rehearsals of the entertainments, the concerts, theatricals, negro minstrelsy, were in a hut, and "as in this palace of varieties there was invariably a temperature of —20 degrees and below during the time we were rehearsing, it was no great pleasure playing the piano." There are also papers on the distribution of seals and birds, and on the biological collections. A review, by Mr. R. N. Hall, of his eight years' researches in the ancient ruins in Rhodesia more than confirms the earlier reports of their magnitude and the architectural skill of their builders. The Zimbabwe temple is now generally admitted to be the finest and best preserved example of a Nature-worshipping shrine known to the world. Capt. Rawling narrates the principal facts of his expedition in Western Tibet, and the Rev. H. S. Cronin contributes a study of Ptolemy's map of Asia Minor with a view to discover his method of construction. An interesting and valuable feature of this issue is the large number of photographic illustrations.

Lord Cromer's annual report on Egypt, just published, is largely occupied with a discussion of the needed reforms in the Capitulations and Mixed Tribunals. In his chapter upon the Sudan, he calls attention to the rise in six years of the revenue from $40,000 (£8,000) to nearly $3,000,000 (£576,000), the result, he believes, of a policy of low taxation. Of this in such countries as Egypt and the Sudan he has been the persistent advocate during the whole of his administrative career. He holds that it brings tranquillity in its train; that it is an essential to steady and continuous moral and material improvement. Expenditures on objects, however desirable in themselves, should be postponed rather than that the principle of maintaining taxes at a low figure should be infringed. Egypt has now passed out of the first stage of development, and the Sudan is rapidly approaching the time when there can be an increase of expenditure, in order to carry out various reforms and improvements. An indication of the progress in Egypt is the interest taken in these reports, which Lord Cromer endeavors to render a means of political education to the Egyptians themselves. They are now eagerly read and discussed in the native schools and colleges, and the report of last year was translated into Arabic by one of the principal native journals.

The library of Michael Bernays, late professor of German literature at Munich, has recently been presented to the University of Chicago. As Bernays worked entirely from the comparative point of view, and specialized in the eighteenth century, his collection, which consists of some 9,000 volumes, is rich in original editions of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Haller, Bodmer, Breitinger, etc.; Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Marivaux, etc.; Metastasio, Alfieri, Gozzi, etc. It further contains many valuable German periodicals of this epoch, and an important collection of the works of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, etc.

—The May *Scribner's*, in response to the suggestions of the season, puts its emphasis largely on out-door topics. Its best work in illustration is a series of eight photographs taken by Dwight L. Elmendorf at the edge of the Grand Cañon and printed in tint. (The old *Scribner's Monthly*, it will be recalled, was the first of the magazines to present the remarkable features of the Grand Cañon to the reading public.) A comparison of these photographs with the illustrations which accompanied Major Powell's description of the Cañon, impressively discloses the progress which a few decades have seen both in nature photography and in its application to magazine illustration. Connolly's rather harrowing sea story, "Dory-Mates," taxes belief in the possibility of a sailor lost at sea in a dory rowing steadily for six days and nights, his hands frozen fast to the oars during the last third of that time and his dory-mate lying frozen to death in the stern. Prof. George P. Fisher contributes his recollections of a visit to Washington during the Compromise debate of 1850, digressing into a defence not exactly of Webster's position in that debate, but of the integrity of the motives which led him to take that position.

—At length there is a prospect that within a few years we shall be provided with that much-needed book, a lexicon, which shall also be a complete index, to the poems of Virgil. The Yale doctoral dissertation of Dr. M. C. Wetmore, called 'The Plan and Scope of a Vergil Lexicon' (New Haven), defines the principles in accordance with which he is preparing such a work, and illustrates these principles by specimen articles in which ten different words are fully treated: six substantives, one adjective, two verbs, and one preposition. These are submitted to the consideration of scholars, whose criticisms and suggestions are invited by the author. It may be said at once, however, that, guided as he has been by the advice of Professors Morris and Oertel, he has developed a plan which must meet with general approval; above all, scholars will welcome his decision to make the treatment of each word formal in its arrangement rather than logical, thus leaving as little room as possible for the debatable ground of subjective interpretation. This arrangement commends itself in all the specimen articles, unless possibly in the case of the preposition, which is *ab*. Here the arrangement of the prepositional combinations according to the dependent word rather than according to that by which the preposition is introduced, seems to us of very dubious advantage over the usual method. For the rest, our strictures are confined to small details. Under *fluvius*, on page 26, what is the principle on which the ablatives are arranged? Under the usage of *video*, the first section is perhaps superfluous, especially in view of Æn. x., 790, which is classified under the third section. On page 116, the heading of the eighth section is inconsistent with that of the ninth and following sections; it should read, "With one object and a predicate." The word "after" in such expressions as "dative after verbs," "after adjectives," and the like, we hope will be abandoned altogether. Usually and more correctly the word "with" is employed by Dr. Wetmore. A certain number of Germanisms disfigure the treatise, such as "time nouns," "the *videre* article," and indeed its very title, "Vergil Lexicon." Such things are growing too common in the writings of our younger scholars.

—Finally, we suggest that Dr. Wetmore should, before he begins to print, consider carefully a scheme of typographical devices which will save the eyes and the time of those who are to use his book. We understand, of course, that his specimens are not printed in the form in which they will ultimately appear; at present they are set up with an extravagance of space which actually obscures what ought to be made perfectly clear. He must, for instance, decide what use is to be made of italics, and state somewhere exactly what his usage is. Shall the word under treatment always be italicized? or shall italics be employed for the word which introduces it? or shall they be reserved for variants? In his specimens he seems to be governed by no rules in this matter. It is probable, also, that full-faced type may advantageously be employed to draw attention to certain specified details. The absolute neglect of the science of typography in the new Latin Thesaurus is a dreadful warning to all who are planning lexicons of any kind. We expect better things of Dr. Wetmore, who shows himself well qualified for the useful work which he has undertaken.

—Literature in themselves, though not primarily so intended, the Psalms have called into being a huge literature—or what may be called thus by courtesy—in many tongues. They have been the occasion of learned treatises and "elegant" essays beyond numbering, though perhaps not of many works at once elegant and learned. Dry-as-dust commentaries have been written on them, and fervent appeals to the emotions they so readily arouse. If the theme can be held to admit new treatment, Mr. Rowland E. Prothero has done that surprising thing in 'The Psalms in Human Life' (London: Murray). With skill, sympathy, and infinite patience he has traced the influence of this great hymnary upon successive generations, from Origen to our day. The list of his "Principal Authorities" (in Appendix A) covers eighteen pages, and includes well over 300 books cited; yet his touch is as far as possible from pedantry. He combines research with popularity, and the many who will use his volume may be instructed as well as edified. He can quote from Byron and Borgia, from such perfunctory pietists as Queen Elizabeth and Henri IV. The hand of the scholar, the man of letters and of modern ideas is visible throughout; that of Dean Stanley's biographer may be seen in his rapid glance at the bigotries of Past or Present. Thus: "To men of Luther's temper, leaders of

the New Learning were cowardly palterers with truth. He denounced Erasmus as 'a very Caiaphas,' and . . . prayed for a curse" upon him; "to him also Sir Thomas More appeared 'a cruel tyrant.' Yet here again the Psalms were common ground." And as to the Boers: "Treachery, guile, cruelty . . . are not inconsistent with religious sincerity, when minds of a peculiar type and training are imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament, or convinced that they are fighting the Lord's battle against His enemies." The book was first printed at the end of 1903, and has been much praised by the British press, which cordially recognizes its eloquence, insight, erudition, feeling, interest, and impressiveness. It has been slow in reaching America, where it can hardly be less valued. A second appendix, "to the use of particular psalms," makes it easily available for reference. There is also a good general index.

—Mr. Lang's talent for threading the mazes of the marvellous is never permitted for any length of time to fust in him unused. His latest volume, entitled 'Historical Mysteries' (Longmans), contains fourteen articles, almost all of which have appeared during the past year in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Spain is placed under contribution for "The Murder of Escovedo"; Germany, for "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"; France, for "The Chevalier d'Éon," and three other papers; while the remainder of the subjects are chiefly connected with Great Britain. In the case of the Gowrie Conspiracy, Mr. Lang compacts into a short article a story which elsewhere he has made to fill out a whole book. "The Case of Alan Breck" will interest lovers of Stevenson, taking them back, as it does, to 'Kidnapped' and the murder of Glenure. Subjects like "The Murder of Escovedo" and "The Cardinal's Necklace" have received such illumination from Major Hume and M. Funck-Brentano that few novelties are left for Mr. Lang, save here and there in point of theory—since he is always willing to offer a solution of his own. But in "The Campden Mystery" he has the field more fully to himself. Here the circumstances are decidedly unusual. "The ordinary historical mystery," says Mr. Lang, "is at least so far clear that one or other of two solutions must be right, if we only knew which. Perkin Warbeck was the rightful king, or he was an impostor. . . . The Man in the Iron Mask was *certainly* either Mattioli or Eustache Dauger. James VI. conspired against Gowrie, or Gowrie conspired against James VI., and so on. There is reason in human nature at the back of these puzzles. But at the back of the 'Campden Mystery' there is not a glimmer of reason or of sane human nature, except on one hypothesis, which I shall offer." In 1660 a certain William Harrison, living in Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, disappeared under circumstances which suggested foul play. Almost immediately afterwards his servant, John Perry, laid an accusation against his own mother and brother, who, with himself, were presently hanged for murder. Two years later Harrison returned with a cock-and-bull story of having been abducted by three horsemen, carried by them on their steeds to Deal, and shipped off to Smyrna, where he was sold as a slave. Considering that Harrison was seventy years of age when the abduction took place, he would hardly have been good booty for kidnappers. Altogether, it is a very pretty mystery, and furnishes Mr. Lang with the most novel subject that is treated in this volume.

—Prof. Ernst von Halle of the University of Berlin, known to American readers by his work on 'Trusts,' published about ten years ago, is the editor of a volume of nearly 800 pages, with the formidable title, 'Amerika, seine Bedeutung für die Weltwirthschaft und seine wirthschaftlichen Beziehungen zu Deutschland, in Sonderheit Hamburg' (Hamburger Börsenhalle). As its name implies, the book is intended to set forth the commercial importance of the American continent, and it necessarily devotes much space to discussing the question of our competition in European markets, which has almost become a nightmare in the European and especially in the German business world. More than a dozen writers contribute the various chapters. Nearly one-half of the volume is devoted to the United States, forty pages being taken up with an article on our banking system, by Professor Emery of Yale. Of course, there is a chapter on our Trusts, treating first of Trusts in general, and then giving an account, derived from the most recent literature, of the six leading ones, the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Corporation, the Tobacco Company, the Amalgamated Copper Company, the Smelting and Refining Company, and the Sugar Refining Company. The chapter on our Railroads and Navigation Systems is by Dr. Alfred von der Leyen, son-in-law of Friedrich Kapp; and the author of two works on American railroads. The closing article is on the Panama Canal and its importance for the commerce of the world. There are numerous illustrations, mostly portraits, embracing the Presidents of all the American States, labor leaders, and other heroes of the press; also a large folding-sheet, giving the pictures of more than a hundred of the most frequently talked-about Wall Street magnates. These pictures remind one of the plate, 'The Apollo of Syracuse and the Self-Made Man,' inserted by Ruskin at page 131 of his own edition of 'Aratra Pentelici.' A valuable feature of the book consists in the bibliographies appended to the several divisions, and a word of praise should be said of the two indices. Altogether, this work can be recommended as a useful compendium of the latest accessible facts concerning American material and economic interests.

—The Schiller centennial is bringing forth in Germany the usual number of reprints, new editions, facsimile reproductions, and similar anniversary contributions. Among a good deal of this sort that is only curious or of interest exclusively to the antiquarian, there are a few publications of more general import. Professor Witkowski publishes, from a copy by Schiller's sister Christophine, a hitherto unknown version of the earliest poetic effusion of the fourteen-year-old boy, a hymn to the sun, entitled "Aufgang der Sonne," in rhapsodic Klopstockian manner. Dr. H. G. Gräf of Weimar has edited, for private circulation, an unpublished memorandum, by Caroline von Wolzogen, about Schiller's last days, the most significant passage of which reads: "On the last morning of his life he lifted himself up repeatedly, gazed with a noble expression upward, as though he had collected all his strength, and said several times: *Judex.*" Finally, Professor Bernhard Suphan, the director of the Goethe-Schiller Archiv at Weimar, publishes in the *Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft* facsimile reproductions of three important manuscripts: Schiller's own copy of "Die Huldigung der Künste,' which he presented to the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna; Marfa's monologue in "Demetrius," probably the last lines that Schiller wrote; and the original version of Goethe's 'Epilog zu Schiller's Glocke.' Each of these documents Professor Suphan accompanies with minute and careful, one might almost say loving, studies of their personal and literary relations, thus giving a truly worthy tribute to the memory of those days, a hundred years ago, when Goethe and Schiller, as one spiritual entity, stood for the highest ideals of life.

THE ANNALS OF AN AUSTRALIAN COLONY.

A History of the Colony of Victoria, from its Discovery to its Absorption into the Commonwealth of Australia. In two volumes. By Henry Gyles Turner, Fellow of the London Institute of Bankers. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

The self-governing colonies of Britain are among the most interesting political creations of the modern world, and well deserve to have their history written. No history composed in our own days can be final—not so much because the materials are still unpublished (for in these new and popularly governed communities pretty nearly all the important data are soon given to the world), as because we are still too near to the events, many of which can be judged only by consequences that are still unborn. It is well, however, that these events should be forthwith recorded and described by men who have actually witnessed them; men who know the sentiments which they evoked at the time; men who can give us that "contemporary's view" which we often long to have more fully given in the chronicles of distant times, when few wrote, and when most who did write confined themselves to a bare enumeration of facts. The most interesting, if not always the most permanently valuable, histories are those which have been produced during the period described, or so soon after it that the impressions made by men and deeds have not lost their freshness.

Mr. Turner, the author of this book, tells us that he has lived in Victoria for half a century—that is to say, during the whole period for which the colony has enjoyed responsible self-government. He is, therefore, a first-hand witness for the longer and more important part of the whole life of the colony. That life began, in one sense, with the first settlement at Port Phillip in A. D. 1835; in another, with the separation from New South Wales in 1850; in a third, with the new constitution in which full responsible government was granted, by a statute of the British Parliament, in 1855. He has known most of the leading men who have figured in Victorian politics. He has watched their struggles and suffered, like others, by their blunders. He modestly disclaims the title of a scientific historian;

and, though he writes of what he has himself seen and noted, he is certainly not a Thucydides, nor even a Guicciardini, or a Clarendon, or a Burnet, or a Gabriel Hanotaux. He writes none the worse for being entirely unpretentious in manner and style. He is plain, straightforward, with no literary graces, but making his meaning clear, and free from repetition or prolixity. He gives us a good, level narrative which recalls that of another better-known colonial historian, Dr. Theal, who has written so fully regarding South Africa. Without any great dramatic quality, he nevertheless succeeds in giving a pretty fair notion of the leading personages that have figured in Victoria. The portraits are not elaborate. They do not bring the men vividly before us. They are not delicately shaded. But they are sufficient to show the kind of people that come to the top in colonial politics, the kind of gifts that gain, or retain, the admiration or the confidence or the respect—things which do not necessarily go together—of the average voter. Neither is Mr. Turner a philosophic historian. His reflections are sensible, but not profound. He seldom tries to pierce beneath the surface and examine either the general causes that were giving their color to the public life of the colony, or the results upon Australian character of the almost incessant political struggles of half a century, during which a whole new generation has risen up and grasped the helm. He does not seem to know much of the politics of other democratic countries; at any rate, he scarcely ever refers to the phenomena of England and never to those of the United States or France or Switzerland. Still, he has presented us with a solid, useful book, in which those who desire to compare the working of democratic institutions in Australia with those working in America will find much suggestive matter. Such a reader will be struck by the great difference which the adoption of the British system of so-called colonial government has made—how it has caused constant changes of administration and parliamentary crises, and how much less there seems to be in Australia than in America of a regular party organization. Australian statesmen seem to be constantly forming new combinations by which to create and support new ministries, and they are very little hampered in their measures by any such restrictions as State constitutions, and the courts which interpret constitutions, impose on State Legislatures in America. In his references to the men who figure prominently in the narrative, Mr. Turner sometimes excites a slight suspicion of partisanship by the rather sneering tone he adopts towards the objects of his disapproval, such as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Sir Graham Berry. Yet he does not appear to be unfair in his statement of facts. It is only in the way of putting things that he departs a little from the attitude fit to be maintained by an historian who desires to be read in a distant future.

Among these men there are several who are remarkable, but none of the first order of ability for practical success—that is to say, none who combined in high measure the gifts of the parliamentary leader with the gifts of the constructive statesman. Two of the most eminent were Irishmen, first, Sir C. Gavan Duffy, who began his career as one of the Young Ireland party in the later days of O'Connell, though he belonged not to O'Connell's so-called "Moral Force" party, but to the "Physical Force" section of William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Meagher, and John Mitchel. Convicted of treason in Ireland, he lived to be prime minister of Victoria, and afterwards Speaker of the House, and to receive a knighthood from his old enemy, the British Government. Mr. Turner dislikes him, and he doubtless had some of the faults which are associated in Australia as well as in America with the name of "politician." But he was a man of untarnished integrity, a sincere Irish patriot, and personally worthy of respect through the whole of a very long life. The other prominent Irishman, Mr. George Higinbotham, possessed more brilliant gifts, for he was a powerful and impassioned speaker. He was not only a conscientious but a singularly disinterested man, and he won and retained the confidence of the Victorians. But he was a little too uncompromising or idealistic for practical politics, and ultimately quitted that arena, ending his career as chief justice of the colony, and always refusing to receive a title. The best type of the "man-of-business statesman" presented to us is Mr. Service, a Scotchman by origin, clear-headed, practical, independent, upright. His continued influence with the citizens speaks well for their appreciation of these sterling qualities. Against him may be set the figure of Sir Graham Berry, who appears in these pages as the typical demagogue, a sort of Australian Cleon, a strong man, half-educated, and ignorant of economics, rough but vigorous in speech, with a great power of exciting enthusiasm; shifty, adroit, ready to play down to any popular sentiment; unscrupulous in his methods, but free, so far as we gather from Mr. Turner's unfriendly pages, from any taint of personal corruption. He was an Englishman born, and indeed nearly all the men whose careers are described in these volumes were of British birth. It is only towards the end of the narrative that we meet with persons, who, like Mr. Alfred Deakin, recently prime minister of the Australian Commonwealth, and one of the most attractive figures in Australian politics, are thorough Australians, redolent of the new soil.

One is naturally inclined to compare these men, who have given its character to the political life of Australia, and have now built up the new Federal Commonwealth on lines resembling those of the Federal system of the United States, with the creators of the American Constitution. There is of course a great difference between the ideas and habits of thought of the eighteenth century as we see them in Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Roger Sherman, John Adams, James Wilson, Alexander Hamilton, and the rest of that remarkable group, and the ideas and conditions of the end of the nineteenth century. That difference is too obvious to need comment. But when we compare the intellectual quality of the two sets of men, we are struck by the smaller stature of these Australians. Victoria, to be sure, is only one colony. In order to have a proper "stock-taking" of the total brain-power of the country, we should have to include four other communities—New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, and Tasmania. Yet the result of including these, with such capable men as Sir Samuel Griffith from Queensland, Sir Henry Parkes and Mr. Reid and Mr. Barton from New South Wales, would not materially affect the judgment to be passed. The great Americans of the Convention of 1787 strike us as being of a superior order, with wider and deeper thoughts and a larger vision. An Australian may reply that the generation to which Jefferson and Hamilton belonged was quite exceptional, and has perhaps no parallel in the subsequent history of the United States, as perhaps the generation of Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, and William Pitt has never been quite equalled in the subsequent history of England. Still, the fact remains, and will, we think, strike every one who reads this history, that there is something lacking to the public life of Australia which was present in that of the American States in the first two generations after the Declaration of Independence.

In the earliest days of the colony of Victoria, after responsible government had been conferred upon it by the British Parliament, the questions which chiefly occupied and agitated it were connected with the discovery and working of gold, which drew a vast and disorderly crowd of diggers into the country. There were also some disturbances, caused by the proximity of the convicts whom the mother country had unwisely sent to Tasmania (for Victoria herself had not been a penal settlement). Presently, when these troubles were over and gold mining had become a settled industry, carried on by large companies, other controversies emerged which lasted longer. One of these turned upon the occupation of the land, and the claims of the classes respectively called "squatters" (the large holders) and "free selectors." Another, still more important, raged round the fiscal policy of the colony. The early tariffs had been on few articles, and moderate in amount. They were tariffs for revenue; and, in a new country, duties on imports furnish the easiest way of raising revenue. But, in 1865, protective tariffs were recommended to the workingmen as certain to provide for them more work and better wages, because the articles which had up till then been imported into Victoria would thenceforward be made in Victoria, and would supply work to her workers. The workingmen were caught by these proposals, advocated with declamatory eloquence by Graham Berry. Protection was carried, and it has held its ground in Victoria ever since, though often assailed in the Legislature and at elections. According to Mr. Turner, it has proved pernicious, and has wholly retarded the progress of the colony. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is the easiest, and is, therefore, apt to be the most frequently used and the most frequently fallacious, of all sorts of inference. Still, the facts and figures he gives do seem to bear out his conclusion, especially when they are compared with the parallel facts and figures supplied by the bordering colony of New South Wales.

"In 1866, when the first protective duties were levied, the population of Victoria exceeded that of New South Wales by 200,000. Thirty years later it had fallen nearly that number behind the mother colony [New South Wales], though an unhealthy congestion of the people in Melbourne retained for that city a larger population than Sydney [the capital of New South Wales]. In 1866 the area under crop in Victoria was

already 600,000 acres, being just double that of New South Wales. By 1900, according to Coghlan's statistics, the area in the latter colony had grown to 2,400,000 acres, against 3,100,000 in Victoria. When it is remembered that both soil and climate are in the Southern colony [Victoria] immeasurably superior, that it suffers less from droughts, and that the producers are not handicapped by the great distances from market which burden the New South Wales farmer, it is evident that some malign influence must have retarded the growth of this main factor in a country's prosperity. To some extent it was due to want of labor, which had been diverted into more artificial channels. It was, of course, also affected by burdensome duties of from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. laid upon everything used in the process of cultivation. This alone induced many sturdy farmers to betake themselves later across the Murray River, and to risk the more unfavorable climatic conditions. . . . In 1866 the volume of imports and exports of Victoria was very nearly double that of New South Wales. By the end of the century it was, in round figures, £36,000,000 in Victoria as against £54,000,000 in the colony with unfettered trade. . . . A retrospect of more than a generation of protective duties would seem to show that they have not achieved the object for which they were ostensibly imposed, namely, to secure to the Victorian workman the right of manufacturing at least a large part of the goods represented by the £20,000,000 annually paid for imports. The actual increase of population in the interim will not nearly account for the figures, and the inference is that the laws of supply and demand cannot be arbitrarily superseded by any tariff legislation, although demand may be slightly circumscribed by making supply unduly costly. Meanwhile professional classes, the farmer, the miner, and the men who live on fixed salaries bear the impost in the enhanced cost of living, a few manufacturers make large profits, a number of mechanics earn good wages, and thousands of young people crowd into a gorged metropolis and earn a bare subsistence at work which teaches them nothing. Eventually, as improved machinery or periodically glutted markets drive them forth, they join the ranks of the unemployed, one of the permanent evidences of misdirected legislation" (Vol. II., pp. 350-352).

Nevertheless, Victoria still clung to her protective system till, in 1900, the creation of the new Federal Commonwealth of Australia transferred the power of fixing a tariff from the Legislature of the colony to that of the Commonwealth. The colony which adjoins Victoria on the west, South Australia, had also been latterly protectionist. (So is the colony of New Zealand.) The preponderance of protectionist sentiment has given a victory to the protective system in the Commonwealth Parliament, despite the resistance of New South Wales. There is no more singular instance in the modern world than the fiscal history of Australia presents of the power of fallacies to prevent and mislead the masses, because in Victoria it was not by the intrigues of manufacturers or for the sake of pleasing them that this high tariff on manufactured articles was imposed. The appeal was made to the masses: it was the vote of the masses that enacted the tariff.

Constitutional questions affecting the machinery of Government and the allocation of political power have played a less important part in Victoria, because she adopted, early in her career, manhood suffrage. It ultimately became, by the inclusion of women, universal suffrage. (Women now vote in all Federal elections in Australia.) However, a long struggle was waged between the popular House of the Victorian Legislature and the other house, which was elected on a more restricted franchise, limited to persons possessing a property qualification. Deadlocks and constitutional crises were the result. There are now two houses in the Federal Legislature, but both are elected on the same universal suffrage.

The general impression which a perusal of these interesting volumes conveys is not very easy to formulate. We are struck by the almost constant turmoil and by the incessant changes of administration. The average life of a Victorian ministry is given at eighteen months. Even France and the Spanish American republics do not equal this record. There is much unwisdom in legislation. There is sometimes great extravagance, sometimes great incompetence, in the management of finance. A huge debt has been accumulated. The working of the railways by the colony has resulted in a constant deficit, and the public servants have become far too numerous, and a dangerously powerful factor in the whole body of voters. In 1889 there were 31,247 persons in the public service, drawing salaries aggregating £3,452,857 (about $17,250,000); and one in every thirty-two of the entire population (then about one million) was in receipt of Government pay. Many costly experiments, not always successful, have been made in the way of setting the State to undertake work left in other countries to individual enterprise. And it is not cheering to find from Mr. Turner that about one-half of the voters do not trouble themselves to vote unless at some exceptionally exciting moment, when a vote attaining two-thirds is the limit. Nevertheless, it is to be remembered that a high level of integrity appears to be maintained, both in elections and among members of the Legislature and among officials. Elections are honestly conducted. City government is pure. Party organizations have not extinguished the freedom of the voter, though they are said to aim at turning the member into a mere delegate. The forces which make for good and for evil in government carry on a struggle in which victory is perpetually oscillating, just as it oscillates in France and in other places which we know better.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Red Cravat. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Macmillan.

Return. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Little Citizens. By Myra Kelly. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Princess Passes. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Henry Holt & Co.

At Close Range. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Madcap Cruise. By Oric Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

After the Divorce. By Grazia Deledda. Translated by Maria H. Lansdale. Henry Holt & Co.

The Matrimonial Bureau. By Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Courtship of a Careful Man. By Edward Sanford Martin. Harper & Brothers.

Little Stories of Courtship. By Mary Stewart Cutting. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. Sheppard has taken an excellent period for his novel, in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and an excellent subject in the levying of that army of giants who wore the red cravat that meant the King's service. The theme indicated by the title, however, is but one of the topics unfolded to the reader. Frederick William's time was one of picturesquely grotesque customs, his court a beargarden of eccentrics, his violent personality a strong pivot for a story. The first book of the three which compose the novel concerns itself with Wusterhausen and that Baron von Gundling who was at once chamberlain and court fool, a vacillator in love, immensely learned and wholly without sense—with his understudy, Fassmann, the Saxon, the sharp adventurer whose knaveries set in motion the villanies of the plot—with the simple aristocrats and the homely, mother-witty peasantry of a Prussian village. The next book takes us to the great Michaelmas fair at Leipzig, to rub shoulders with all Europe. In this hubbub the love story begins. *She* is an English girl on her way to the Prussian court; *he* an Englishman of exceeding height. Now height was a dangerous attribute in the days when Frederick William's one extravagance was the maintenance of his giant grenadiers, and when his recruiters throughout Christendom, by fair means and foul, were gathering in the victims for a service as monotonous and inglorious as it was oppressive. To the Saxon fair, to pretty English Joan, to her unhappily tall lover, add a jealous rival, a Prussian recruiter with his kidnappers and desperadoes, for the principals of this act, which affords not a few glimpses into the publicities and privacies of a time of mighty stir abroad and a great homeliness at home. The third book minutely pictures the dreary life of the King's "spick-and-span toy soldiers," brings the career of the chamberlain-buffoon to a close among his potations and quotations, and, of course, winds up the love story with an ingeniously melodramatic turn of affairs.

The novel owes much to its setting, and, while a story of adventure, seems made upon almost new lines from its leisurely style. There is ample room and verge enough for the telling of details that indicate careful research. If they lean toward the grotesque, that is owing not to the author, but to his period. The combination of his deliberate manner with his swashbuckling theme puts him into relations with the older and the later schools of semi-historic novelists. This is a position which might precipitate an unskilful author to earth, but, to our thinking, Mr. Sheppard's merits should commend him to readers of both classes.

About the time when Frederick William was dying and bequeathing his giants to his son Frederick the Great, the colonists in Georgia under Gov. Oglethorpe were contending with the Spaniards of Florida for the possession of the coast islands, which to have lost would have been to let Spain loose upon the whole Atlantic seaboard. Out of this struggle is made the historic half of the novel 'Return.' Of this, too, it may be said that it is told in no haste, making liberal delays in the progress of the story for the sake of the story's trimmings—the times, the fashions, the manners. Georgia as it was under its great founder is a pasture relatively new in fiction. Here we see the Georgia of Oglethorpe, Georgia as a refuge for "those persons at home who had become so desperate in circumstances that they

could not rise and hope again without changing the scene and making trial of a different country"—the chosen home of the oppressed Protestant, of Highlander, Lowlander, and German, a colony rejecting slavery, and fighting hostile Indians with friendly ones. Oglethorpe himself moves freely through the pages, nor needs idealizing to fit easily into a romance, guardian of his people's domestic and political interests. Whitefield preaches in the open air, the battle of Bloody Marsh is fought, the massacre at Moosa painfully ends the expedition against St. Augustine, and all serves as a garnish to the love story of Mistress Diana Chaters. Jilted for her sins of flirtation by a young blood, and vowing revenge in the first chapter, she finds herself caught in a coil which is disentangled only in the last. Some of the accessory characters are among the best drawn—notably Lit, the daughter of the old Scotch ex-pirate Buccleugh. The episode of the wild stallion descended from the horses of De Soto and his roving band is admirably told. A tendency to language is occasionally in evidence, as well as an intermittent inconsistency of some language with other language. But these are imperfections not worth insisting upon in a book of fresh, wholesome romance.

Had there been Myra Kelly books a hundred and fifty years ago, how helpful the authors of these and other period-stories would have found them! Writers of historic fiction a century hence will have much specialized documentary wisdom to their hands, and no one who shall be writing of the development of Manhattan Island will venture to omit from his original sources these faithful witnesses to the early status of the Russian Jew, with revealing sidelights upon his fellow-citizen, the young son of Ireland. Studied in the embryonic stage of naturalization—not farther than the First Reader—they stand in instructive contrast with their parents, round whom still clings the atmosphere of the Old World. To forget an old world and assimilate a new is a feat of varying difficulty for varying natures. Speaking generally, little Pat chiefly hopes to be as grand as "me father, the cop." Little Izzy, while not forgetting that the fat of swine "is not fer us," yet looks beyond his parents' condition to something different for himself, and in effect is the would-be educator of his grandfathers. The first condition of solution is statement, and this Miss Kelly's stories picturesquely afford. They pile up material for the future, and are in the present prodigiously amusing.

All is grist to Mr. Hopkinson Smith's cheerfully active mill. We have seen that his Southerners can be matched by his Venetians, his Parisians, his Hollanders; they, again, by his lighthouse-keepers and bridge-builders; and these by his underdogs. For his latest gallery he tells us that he has searched 'At Close Range,' as with a magnifying glass, the secret places of many minds and hearts, with the result of confirming his theory that "at the bottom of every heart-crucible choked with life's cinders there can almost always be found a drop of gold." His optimism does not stop short of the heart of the commercial drummer, a subject far beneath the underdog for picturesqueness, one would say. But the author's point of view, that of sympathy, fun, and sentiment, and his touch, at once positive and light, carry the day. Other types are here besides, some of them already familiar, as gondoliers, Frenchmen intent on the code of honor, a modern Emersonian "Guy," who possessed the "talisman" without always making a strictly Emersonian use of it, and some altogether desirable Life-Saving Station figures. But, be the type friend, acquaintance, or stranger, each individual has found some fresh way of putting himself at the centre of an episode. Mr. Smith not only is a perennial bloomer, but he blooms doubly, in parallel lines. His sentiment is frankly old-fashioned, his catholicity wholly modern. He has the snagless style of long literary training, yet he shuns prolixity. His topics—they are whatever he sees, and he sees with multiplying glasses—overflow the limits of classification, and range to regions alike remote from the drawing-room, the wheat market, the jungle.

From the youngest and noisiest child of invention—the motor car—and the most time-honored device of romance—a device as old as Viola and Imogen—have the authors of 'The Princess Passes' constructed their new story. Aided by the scenery of Switzerland and France and by neat characterizations of men, women, and mules, and abetted by our old friends the Lightning Conductor and Molly, now his wife, it offers a front of airy and charming promise, and dances in graceful mirth down its appointed hour. If the story taxes belief, the characters are lifelike enough to satisfy any novel reader in good standing. Now the motor car eats up the Alpine road with dizzying voracity—the St. Gothard Pass at a meal, the Simplon at a gulp. Now we travel afoot with the hero, his pack mule and his Chamouni muleteer, through Alpine ways of delight. All the intoxication of mountaineering is here, from the thrill of dawn upon the snow range to the content of the omelette and the bed at the day's end. The scenery is more than described, it is conveyed. Switzerland and Savoy may be had by the most sedentary. A gay and breezy fun plays duets very prettily with much genuine enthusiasm for beauty, and makes amends for any overplus of improbability. We may be allowed to wonder where Lord Lane saw a "fading sunset, when a young moon is rising"; and we may express the hope that Molly and Jack will not again defy the law which forbids automobiles on Swiss passes.

Mr. Bates's 'Madcap Cruise' is without doubt an interesting production for a young man of twenty-two. Inherited talent and unusual opportunities of travel may account for much in the book, and we may probably thank the influence of Kipling for the wealth of nautical details. Still, after due subtraction is made, there remains a promising residuum of lively narrative and clear-cut description, written for the most part in excellent English. The story is of a young Bostonian, fresh from Harvard, who successfully pursues his lady-love to the Mediterranean in a yacht, temporarily stolen from his uncle at North Haven. His companion is another Harvard graduate, whose adventures in helping an unprincipled archæologist to smuggle treasures out of Italy provide the most exciting, if also the least probable, chapters. Hardly more credible is the irresponsible fashion in which the hero keeps back a business letter directed to his uncle, thereby unconsciously saving the uncle from ruin. But it would be captious to demand as yet from Mr. Oric Bates a highly developed plot, or much subtlety in characterization. We should rather thank him for a thoroughly wholesome, readable book, and wish him success in the literary career on which he has embarked so young.

Certainly, if the outcome of a divorce law were necessarily as gloomy as that depicted by Grazia Deledda, few would ever have been found to advocate its enactment. The authoress of 'After the Divorce' lays her scene in Sardinia of the year 1907; and, in a very attractive stage-setting, she works out a most unattractive drama. The hero, Costantino, is tried for murder and sentenced to twenty-seven years' imprisonment. At the end of three years his wife gets a divorce and marries again; but within two years more the real murderer makes a death-bed confession, and Costantino is released. The story ends as disagreeably as it began; and even when the hero and heroine are reunited in marriage, we can take no pleasure in them. Only the charm of one or two minor characters, the beautiful pictures of Sardinian scenery, and a certain powerful if sordid pathos, mitigate the general feeling of repulsion, to which the painfully literal translation also contributes. As a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the book is a failure; as a manifesto against divorce, it might be adopted by all good Catholics.

The title of 'The Matrimonial Bureau,' and its covers, which are profusely adorned with hearts and wedding-rings, are not likely to mislead the intending reader with any promise of a serious tale of lovers and the course of their affections. We have never read a more improbable tale, and not often one that so completely failed to amuse. The improbability any one might overlook, but only in consideration of being entertained. We might follow with some interest the schemes of a maiden lady in a remote village to marry off her girl protégées to her eligible male cousins and their friends, provided a certain amount of ingenuity were applied to describing the complications that would naturally arise. But there are apparently no such complications. The young men arrive, drink a great deal of tea, depart with their brides; and no more said. The reader, however, is left asking himself why the idea of a bureau is dragged in to simplify the matrimonial problem for young men and women whose striking characteristic is their readiness to marry at a moment's notice the first person they chance to meet.

Few writers of fiction can be reproached with too light a touch, but we should say that Mr. Martin is one of them. Of the stories in the volume named above, five are love stories of the conventional pattern; the sixth, which describes how a married couple with a very limited circle of acquaintance can rake together the material for a ball at a fashionable New York restaurant, is the only convincing episode in the book. The fact is, that what interests the author is not the hearts of the persons concerned in these five courtships, but the attitude of their friends and guardians—the middle-aged point of view, which he hits off with perfect precision. The lightness of which we complain consists in a sort of matter-of-fact flippancy in treating of the affections of the hero and hero-

ine, which makes the reader feel that he has been defrauded of the appropriate emotions. One sees the young people being gently guided into an alliance by their elders, one hears the sigh of relief with which they are dispatched on their honeymoon.

"They were married in October. 'Charles,' said Mrs. Finch, after the wedding, 'what do you think of it?' 'Excellent plan. . . . They can start in now and live a simple, God-fearing, two-maids-and-a-furnace-man life in town, and by the time Clarkson needs more income I dare say he will have learned how to get it. . . . Anyway, the inconvenience of maintaining a family on a fixed income of any reasonable size is so much greater than the inconvenience of working, that I have little fear but that, barring accidents, he will turn out a useful man.' "

That is the keynote of these brief romances. On the whole, we are driven to the conclusion that the more commonplace treatment, which takes the lovers seriously, and ropes in the parents merely because there must be some background, some relief from the tension of the love interest, is really more entertaining. In a long novel the case is rather different, and the epigrammatic reflections of the middle-aged may be allowed to balance the passion of the young. But perhaps Mr. Martin wanted to show what romance has come to with young people who go to colleges for women like one of his heroines, or with modern young men who, like the hero of another, talk more to their sweethearts about the desirable situation of a house in the Park Avenue neighborhood for men of certain incomes than about the state of their hearts.

There is no lack of sentiment or passion in Miss Cutting's 'Little Stories of Courtship.' Here the young people have it all their own way, and their mothers and sisters are kept in a state of breathless excitement in which the reader is bound to share to some extent. "They were parting. Her white arms were slipping from his shoulders, his were half round her still. The young face of Josephine was raised to the tender, protecting rapture of his. . . . 'Well, we've all of us been there,' said Mr. Belmore sentimentally, breaking the silence that still followed the closing of the door." Perhaps we should observe that these are all provincial stories, and that in the provinces there is probably time for romance. At any rate we believe that this is how it should be done. In a love story let us have as much sentiment as possible; and if even the middle-aged parents can be made to take the purely romantic point of view assigned to them in Miss Cutting's simple but effective stories, so much the better.

BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

A Handbook to Chopin's Works. By G. C. Ashton Jonson. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Beethoven. By George Alexander Fischer. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Beethoven and his Forerunners. By Daniel Gregory Mason. Macmillan Co.

The Art of the Musician. By Henry G. Hanchett. Macmillan.

Opera Singers. By Gustav Kobbé. New ed. Oliver Ditson Co.

Sir Edward Elgar. By Robert J. Buckley. John Lane.

While a good piece of music is sufficient unto itself, most amateurs like to know something about it before they hear it, and it is for this reason that programme notes have come more and more into demand at concerts. Mr. Jonson's 'Handbook to Chopin' is an attempt to do for the home-circle, so far as one composer is concerned, what those notes do for concert-goers—to form a permanent analytical programme, a kind of musical Baedeker through the Kingdom of Chopin. He writes not only for the small number whose technical powers suffice to master this music, but for the much larger number who owe their acquaintance with it to the semi-mechanical instruments which have come into such astonishing vogue within the last three years. He gives a list of books on Chopin, and then proceeds, according to the opus numbers, to describe the 214 mazurkas, nocturnes, valses, sonatas, &c., giving his own descriptions and opinions, besides citing the most interesting and illuminative remarks of the recorded authors. The result is an exceptionally valuable book, which every devotee of pianoforte music should have at hand for daily reference. In the preface Mr. Jonson says: "So great have been the pleasure and profit to myself of the task of preparing this book, that, whether it proves successful or not, I intend, and have indeed already begun, to write similar handbooks to the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, and other great composers"; which is good news.

A satisfactory short biography of Beethoven, summing up in a few hundred pages the substance of what is scattered in hundreds of books and other documents, has long been a desideratum. Mr. Fischer's volume comes, perhaps, nearer the goal than its predecessors, but it need not discourage others from attempting the task. It is a character study rather than a biography and criticism, and there are special chapters on the composer's relations to women, his meeting with Goethe, his methods of composition, his sense of humor. The chapter on humor is one of the best in the book. Speaking of the Scherzo, created by Beethoven, he says: "The satirical, sarcastic humor which escaped him in social intercourse at times, is vented on a colossal scale in the Scherzo, in which he often makes sport of humanity itself, making it the subject of his jest, his ridicule—its foibles being shown up, its follies exposed." A final chapter discusses Wagner's indebtedness to Beethoven. Mr. Fischer seems to have fallen a victim to the umlaut epidemic; he makes Gluck masquerade twice as Glück, and Hummel eight times as Hümmel.

Music lovers might be divided into two classes: those who find their greatest joy in music of which the songs of Schubert and the operas of Wagner are the highest type, and those who prefer purely instrumental music like the symphonies of Beethoven. Mr. D. G. Mason belongs to the second class. "Music," he tells us, "is *always fatally* handicapped by association with words" (the italics are ours), and "the limitations of all vocal music are in many ways serious." These cruel blows at the great song and opera composers occur in his essay on the "Periods of Musical History," which opens his volume. The next chapter contains some exceptionally luminous remarks on "Palestrina and the Music of Mysticism." The modern spirit is then discussed in an antiquated manner. The greater part of the volume is taken up with readable chapters on Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Of special interest are Mr. Mason's remarks on Mozart the man and on the different types of expression in Beethoven's music.

"The statement that music is an art is likely to pass unchallenged." A book with such a sentence at the forefront seems unlikely to appeal to readers of intelligence, but in the case of Mr. Hanchett's volume that unfortunate sentence is quite misleading; there is a great deal in his pages which music lovers will find interesting, particularly those who are given to divining the reasons which prompt men and women to approve or disapprove of a given song or piece. "It is lamentable," he declares, "that the musical standards of persons of good, general education are so shamefully low," and he proceeds to give, in fourteen chapters, a mass of information and hints that would go far toward remedying this state of affairs if his book should get all the readers it deserves. It is really a treatise on how to listen to music. There are few musicians and critics who might not peruse with advantage Mr. Hanchett's remarks concerning the differences between time, metre, and rhythm, which are frequently confused. He comments on the great stimulus given to the study of musical analysis by the numerous lecturers and commentators on Wagner's leading motives. He is liberal enough to see a large and legitimate field for the semi-mechanical instruments: "Hearing music requires practice no less than performing it, and a pianola can give the ear very good practice, indeed." He eloquently defends Liszt (p. 198) against the charge that there is no counterpoint in his music—a charge which has been brought against Schubert and Beethoven too. He observes that "endurance and vogue" are not infallible tests of musical excellence; for instance, "the Gregorian chant [which the Pope has recently tried, with scant success, to reestablish in the churches] is not entitled to a high place in the temple of art—in fact, it may even have its claim to any consideration as an expression of musical art challenged; yet it is very old and very widely in use to-day."

Mr. Kobbé's book on the great opera singers is much more than the usual pictorial souvenir. The text is not a mere filling in for the numerous pictures of the famous artists; besides being full of anecdotes, the compilation is of great value as giving biographic sketches of the singers taken down from their own lips, sometimes with the aid of stenography. The new edition adds the lives of Ternina and Caruso to the earlier list.

It is well known that Norway's greatest composer, Edvard Grieg, is of Scotch ancestry. Apparently Great Britain has tried to get even with the North, for Edward Elgar has a surname of Scandinavian origin. Whether the exchange was a fair one need not be discussed here; Elgar is undoubtedly the musical lion of the hour in England, where all classes, from royalty down, are vieing with one another to honor him. Mr. Buckley's biography is, therefore, timely; it is authentic, too, being based on material obtained from Elgar himself; and as for the comments on his works, the writer says they are the re-

sult of a close study of them extending over nine or ten years. It remained for a foreigner, it seems, to discover England's musical genius. Hans Richter, says the author, "did for Elgar what he had done for Wagner thirty years before. England was won for Wagner by Richter and the 'Tannhäuser' overture. England was won for Elgar by Richter and the 'Enigma' variations." The last chapter is devoted to "The Apostles." There are ten portraits and illustrations.

Economic Method and Economic Fallacies. By William Warrand Carlile. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Whatever we may think of the conclusions reached by Mr. Carlile, we cannot help admiring his courage. Great names do not overawe him, nor is he staggered by diagrams, or algebraic formulas, or the elaborate jargon with which some modern writers on economics carry on their discussions. Doctrines are not venerable to him because they are old, or true because they are accepted. He has his own views, and he sets them forth in good, crisp, vigorous English. If his reasoning is not convincing, that is not because his language is not clear. We may not altogether agree with him, but we know what he means; and his criticisms are well pointed, even if they do not always hit the mark.

Such criticisms are to be found in the chapters devoted to "The Logic of Political Economy." The inconsistencies of several eminent writers are pointed out, and we are told to ask ourselves whether their methods must not therefore be erroneous. It does not follow. Men constantly use language that seems to imply the doctrine of free-will, but even those who hold that doctrine always assume, in scientific discussion, that men are apt to act alike under like circumstances. The fact that Mill appeals to the "man in the street" and the "man with no theory to support," does not prove that popular approval settles the truth of a proposition, or that any economic proposition expressed in language not conforming to popular usage must be false. There are very good reasons for employing words in their popular sense, when that sense can be accurately defined; but the resemblances between objects which cause men to apply to them a common name are often too slight and temporary to furnish a satisfactory basis for classification. Mr. Carlile's position was thoroughly exposed by Socrates, and, though often reoccupied, it can never be held. No doubt, in objective science, formulas must be compared with facts; but we may not infer that "in mental science and in economic theory we should bring all our abstract formulas to the test of conformity with the popular meaning of language." The attempt always leads those who make it into a Serbonian bog of ambiguities.

Let us take the case of the Ricardian doctrine of rent. No doubt this word in the vernacular means whatever is paid for the use of real estate. But it has acquired a specific and very definite meaning in political economy, and while we may regret that the phenomenon has not received a name of its own, it is too late to change. Mr. Carlile, indeed, disputes the existence of the phenomenon. "There appears to be no truth whatever in the paradox that economic rent does not enter into the cost of production." If it does, he insists, it is the cost of production under the most, not the least, favorable conditions that regulates prices. It is true that Adam Smith can be quoted in support of this proposition, and the late Duke of Argyll wrote an elaborate treatise to maintain it. But it has been carefully examined and deliberately rejected. Mr. Carlile admits that we can talk of certain hypothetical land as returning the ordinary profits of capital only, but no rent; but he declares that we cannot illustrate the distinction by any individual instance. *Solvitur ambulando.* Many a farmer in New England has illustrated the distinction, and will to-day speak of fields that "it just pays" to cultivate. Nevertheless, Mr. Carlile's criticism is worth reading. Most of us find it profitable to review, from time to time, the reasoning through which we have attained our creeds.

In his review of modern psychology and mathematical economics, Mr. Carlile is at his best. It is true that several writers have carried their refinements to an absurd extent, and vanish with their science from the ken of the world of affairs in a cloud of logarithms. No one, so far as we have learned, has found these formulas useful in carrying on business. No one, Mr. Carlile observes, has enriched himself by predicting prices by the aid of diagrams illustrating marginal utility. It is easy, given the price, to say that a certain degree of utility exists; but the only way of finding the utility, practically, is to find the price. "We can never say with even any *prima facie* appearance of plausibility that the final degree of utility of any commodity is so much, and that, therefore, its price will necessarily be so much, also. We can only say that the price paid for it was so much, say a shilling, and that therefore its final degree of utility must also have been the exact equivalent of a shilling." The profit of such learning is not obvious, and Mr. Carlile may well complain that "if pure economics has nothing more in it than this, it seems about as useful a study as learning to spell backwards, or to write from right to left after the Semitic fashion."

We should be glad to quote many a trenchant saying both on this matter and on others discussed by this clever writer. But as we should be moved at the same time to controvert a number of his assertions, we think it best to advise those interested in economic inquiries to read the book for themselves. There is a good deal in it. As much entertainment as instruction is to be got from it; and that is saying a good deal. It is dedicated to an American economist, Mr. Horace White.

Trees and Shrubs of Central Park. By Louis Harman Peet. New York: Manhattan Press.

This is a convenient guide through the intricacies of an interesting arboretum. Plans of the different sections, in which the names of the more important single plants and groups are distinctly given by means of numbers and keys, render the identification of the individuals easy and safe. By the help of this handbook it is possible to lay out a series of walks which will give one a clear idea of the wonderful richness of the treasures in trees and shrubs which New York city possesses. The pictures are not very numerous, but they are all from well-chosen points of view.

Here and there one notices a bit of a slip in the text, but there is nothing very serious or misleading. For example, the following good description is not out of the way, but the interpretation is not in accordance with the views of most botanists. The extract is from an excellent account of the mountain laurel (*Kalmia*):

"Come, then, and behold in silence the wondrous work of Nature in the saucer-shaped corollas, rose-flushed with the hues of dawn, that this shrub unfolds to your delighted eyes. Look down into the lovely chalice and follow the windings of that wavy line of rose and faint purple which flushes around the cup like a rainbow over a sky of pearl. See the ten little stamens with their heads all tucked away in little pockets, curved back, like miniature catapults, waiting the touch of the golden bee to set them off, with a shower of pollen from their flying anthers. Touch them with but the tip of your pencil, and the trap is sprung. The golden pollen flies and Nature's end is accomplished. The lovely flowers are succeeded by a woody pod or capsule."

The inference from this spirited description is that the pollen flies to the receptive stigma of the very flower in which the entangled anthers are released. But, as Professor Beale has well shown, the pollen is thrown not upon the stigma, but against the under surface of the visiting bee, and by him is carried to *other* flowers of *Kalmia* waiting to receive it. The straightness of the shooting of the pollen against the bee must have been one of the most fascinating of the illustrations used by the late Mr. Gibson in his lectures.

We cannot too much commend the fulness and accuracy of the lists which Mr. Peet here gives us.

Florence. Painted by Colonel R. Goff; described by Mrs. Goff. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. 1905.

Colonel Goff's watercolor impressions of Florence, published in book form, are an excellent example of how far color reproduction can go towards the exact rendering of work of really artistic merit done without regard to the limitations of the process. It will be, of course, an immense pleasure to travellers to possess such a vivid record of things seen in Florence and Tuscany, for Colonel Goff's pictures include all that is most striking—church ceremonies, flower markets, gardens, flowers, street-sellers, wine-carts, etc., besides the monuments and church interiors, and those exquisite effects of dawn and sunset, so brief that one wonders how they can be truthfully put on paper. Italy is so essentially a country where atmosphere and color predominate in its landscape, a few minutes making squalor out of what has seemed exquisite in pictorial effect, that views so well chosen and so admirably rendered by Colonel Goff's facile brush are especially valuable. It would be unreasonable to expect from any mechanical reproduction the luminous effects and delicate gradations of color, the purity of tint, of the original watercolor drawings. Here and there the values are altered, darks are exaggerated, and yellow tints predominate; one remarks

these shortcomings chiefly in skies and water; the architectural subjects come out remarkably well. Colonel Goff's method of working rapidly with wet color seems to suit the process; in many instances one can see the brushwork. Several of the places given have disappeared—the Mercato Vecchio, in 1884, for instance, before the destruction of the Ghetto; many of them are fast disappearing under the natural impulse of modern Italy for building and better hygiene.

Mrs. Goff's text is full of interesting details relating to Florence, its history, and the subjects of the pictures, and many of these are of Pisa, and Lucca, and Via Reggio, besides the villas and farms of the hillside above Florence. The book seems the most satisfactory of the series.

Copyright Cases: A Summary of Leading American Decisions on the Law of Copyright and on Literary Property, from 1891 to 1903. By Arthur S. Hamlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

Copyright Cases, 1901-1904. By E. J. MacGillivray. Stationers' Hall, London, 1905.

Mr. Hamlin explains that his work is addressed to the layman rather than the lawyer; hence, while including all other copyright cases, those which deal only with matters of practice or of pleading, as well as such portions of the decisions as have to do merely with the technicalities of procedure, are omitted. The attempt has been, while saving the space which would have been required for reporting the decisions in full, to summarize them so as to present something more than a mere digest of the legal principles involved. So far as possible, the wording of the judicial opinion has been retained within quotations marks, and only occasionally has Mr. Hamlin added a note of explanation.

The result is a readable summary of these interesting and important decisions. The date, 1891, on July 1 of which year the so-called International Copyright Act went into force, has been chosen as the convenient point of separation from the considerable mass of American decisions dealing with intellectual property. But the year 1891 did not mark any noticeable division in copyright jurisprudence. In fact, except for a couple of cases dealing with the type-setting clause of the act of 1891, the decisions here reported are not concerned with the provisions of that special enactment. It would, therefore, have been an advantage, when occasion offered, if some annotation had connected the decision reported with the earlier opinions which established the principles followed. The cases are grouped (without any apparent order) under the following captions: (1) Articles Entitled to Copyright; (2) Statutory Formalities; (3) Notice of Copyright; (4) Publication; (5) Transfer of Copyright; (6) Infringement, and (7) Remedies and Penalties. A selection of English cases has been printed in a separate section, and some decisions of the Treasury Department as to importation, together with the Copyright Office edition of the laws in force, have been added. The editor records his appreciation of the need for revision of the laws, and his approval of the recommendation of the Register of Copyrights that a commission be appointed, charged with the preparation of a bill for a general copyright law; maintaining that all existing copyright statutes, except those of the United States, have been the work of such commissions of experts, and that a codification of the laws so prepared might obviate the necessity of the greater proportion of copyright issues which have arisen from the unnecessary complexity of the provisions of the existing statutes, and from the difficulty, and in some cases the impracticability, of fulfilling the obligations imposed by these statutes.

Mr. Hamlin's work, while at the service of any purchaser, was primarily intended for the benefit of members of the American Publishers' Copyright League. The similar compilation, 'Copyright Cases, 1901-1904,' has been prepared for the English Publishers' Association, by Mr. E. J. MacGillivray, whose excellent 'Treatise upon the Law of Copyright' was recently noticed by us. The record begun in this volume with the new century, it is proposed to follow with annual reports of all legal decisions which are of particular interest to publishers. Some cases are therefore included not directly concerned with copyright, *e. g.*, a case awarding damages to an author whose book was not published on the date promised, and a case brought to determine whether a bookbinder has a lien for his charges on the books sent him to bind.

The first case, White *vs.* Constable & Co., is interesting. It was agreed that the author's Irish novel, 'The MacMahon,' should be published on March 20, 1898; but its appearance was delayed until April 18, nearly a month later. The author alleged that the book had thus lost the benefit of the extra demand for light literature created by the Easter holidays, and, further, that as the book was of particular interest to Americans, on account of a description of President McKinley's ancestry, it had lost by the retarded publication a large possible sale in America, owing to the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. It was held that the delay was due in part to the author himself, by reason of his omission to set right an error on the title-page when correcting the proofs, and nominal damages (£5) were awarded.

Mr. MacGillivray summarizes each case in his own words, making no attempt to distinguish the language of the judicial opinions. The rule or principle of law which each case decides or illustrates, is stated as a headnote and printed in italics—a valuable feature, the lack of which is noticeable in Mr. Hamlin's book. The present volume reports 46 cases, of which 35 are decisions by English courts, 7 are American, 3 Canadian, and 1 Australian. The increased citation of American copyright decisions is gratifying. In view of the extraordinary situation in England in regard to the protection of music which we commented on the other day, it is curious that but three or four of the above decisions have to do with musical copyright.

The Dark Ages. By W. P. Ker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

This initial volume of the series of "Periods of European Literature," edited by Professor Saintsbury, is very well done. The author, who is known as a competent mediævalist, combines a first-hand acquaintance with most of his documents and a broad knowledge of literary movements. By wise selection of his materials, lucid exposition, and occasional happy characterization, he maintains the interest even of those who are prepared to find the Dark Ages pretty dull and unprofitable. To say that the book will never mislead the general reader and give him incorrect or one-sided impressions, would be to say that it had achieved the impossible. We sometimes think that no historical generalization is really understood by any one except the man who makes it; and certainly the literature of five centuries cannot be adequately or accurately described in a handbook of three hundred and fifty pages. But scholars are not to be held responsible for all the uses to which their formulas are put by the unlearned. Professor Ker's volume is likely to correct more misimpressions than it creates, and it ought to win new readers to the direct perusal of the writings with which it deals.

We commend the author particularly for insisting upon the continuity of intellectual life in ancient and modern times. Though most of what he says is familiar enough to scholars, it has not yet become a part of general information; and many readers will be enlightened by the opening chapter, in which the elements of mediæval education are traced to ancient Athens, and in which allegory, a typical literary device of the Middle Ages, is shown to have been common in the Greek and Latin classics. "The Dark Ages," as Professor Ker says, "did not invent their own absurdities." But in the matter of allegory we are not sure that he has not overstated the case on the other side; for, after all, ancient allegory did not have the relative importance that belongs to such characteristic mediæval monuments as the 'Divine Comedy' and the 'Roman de la Rose.' Even in so short a sketch as Professor Ker gives of the history of allegory, we think more should have been said of the influence of the early Christian theologians, and we miss the mention of the name of Philo. In another place, too, where the author is discussing the continuity of literary style, we cannot quite agree with him. He appears to hold Gorgias and the classical tradition responsible for all the floridity of the Dark Ages, even in the northern vernaculars. We incline to the view that the Germans and Celts also developed an artificiality of their own. Similarly, in dealing with 'Beowulf,' Professor Ker looks perhaps too readily to the ancient culture of the South to explain the state of manners portrayed in the poem, and even to account for the very existence of extended epic in Anglo-Saxon. But these are all debatable matters.

The author and writings discussed range from Boethius and Cassiodorus in Italy to the Eddas and the Irish sagas in the far northwest. Over this wide field Professor Ker's characterizations are generally judicious, and often have the freshness and vivacity which spring only from personal impressions. Even in Celtic, where his knowledge of the material appears to be less complete and familiar than elsewhere, his habit of direct observation has stood him in good stead. Though he disclaims in his preface any special credentials in the field, his chapter is free from the usual conventional formulas and better than most accounts of Celtic literature of equal length.

Of actual error we think the work will be found to contain very little. On page 146 Professor Ker might have been more

careful to avoid the implication that Adamnan was the author of the vision that goes by his name. The existing text of the 'Fis Adamnan' is clearly Middle Irish; and though an older form may underlie it, it does not purport to be by Adamnan. Again, on page 209, we think the reader will gather the impression that all Irish metre is purely syllable-counting, whereas in fact most of the modern verse is accentual in rhythm. On page 259, too, we believe Professor Ker is in error (though he states the commonly accepted opinion) in attributing so much originality to the author of the Anglo-Saxon 'Genesis B.' We are not prepared to say what was the exact source of the Cædmonian account of the temptation of Adam and Eve, but it may very well have contained some of the elements ascribed by Professor Ker to the "imagination and good sense" of the poet. These elements are by no means without parallel in the literature of the subject.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1905.

The Week.

"A notable public service" has been the general comment on President Roosevelt's brief reply to the Chicago strikers. His words were addressed not only to the teamsters of Chicago, but to members of labor unions everywhere; his reference was not merely to the use of Federal troops to preserve order, but also to local constabulary and State militia. The officers of the law, whatever their name and rank, were, he declares, entitled to the hearty support of every good citizen. President Roosevelt was quick to see the real significance of the strikers' protest against troops, of their quotation from Benjamin F. Butler's incendiary harangue about arms and torches in the hands of the workingmen, of their sneer that a "few soldiers" cannot scare "the men who make armies and compose the flower of American manhood." The memorial which was offered to the President was nothing less than a threat that a Federal regiment, if it came to Chicago, would be received as the aggressor. There was no mistaking the sullen defiance of the question, "Are we serfs that we cringe at the mention of troops?" It was such expressions that shook Mr. Roosevelt from his avowed intention of receiving the petition without comment; and his words had the strength of a moral indignation the more impressive because unpremeditated.

Seventeen men, including the six members of the employing firm, were concerned in the original dispute out of which the great Chicago strike has grown. Thirty-seven men were present at the meeting that voted it. The Chicago *Tribune* has attempted an estimate of the monetary loss caused by the disturbance, and concludes that $2,500,000 a week is near the truth. In the first place, the State Street stores found that their business fell off 10 per cent. or more through sheer unwillingness of shoppers to venture abroad. The railroads are set down for $350,000 loss, the express companies for $250,000, the hotels for $10,000, and the theatres for $3,000. This estimate of loss from decreased business may not be a fair one, for in many cases, doubtless, the figures represent deferred business rather than loss. The freight will have to be moved some time, and the stores are now crowded with customers who are buying to-day what they wanted to buy last week. But the wages directly lost by striking teamsters would have amounted to $51,000, and the assessments on still employed members of the union to $27,000. Meals and lodging for non-union drivers cost $9,000. Finally, 600 special policemen and from 100 to 300 deputy sheriffs were sworn in. For their services the city and county paid $10,790.

It is somewhat surprising that the non-union bread eaten by John Mitchell at the Civic Federation banquet did not stick in his throat and choke him. Manifestly, the present mode of distinguishing the clean from the unclean food for the union man is inadequate to its purpose. As Mr. Mitchell puts it, rather pathetically, "It is unnecessary to say to your committee that the label is not placed on every slice of bread served." Well, if it is not, ought it not to be? True, some people are so fastidious that they do not like the taste of mucilage, paper, and printer's ink, but they are a weak-stomached lot at best. And there are many ways of accomplishing the result. A skilled baker ought to be able to make the label in some darker substance run lengthwise of the loaf, so that it will appear in the centre of every slice, after the style of the confectioners who make a flag appear in the cross-section of a stick of candy. Better still, perhaps, would be the use of some imperceptible chemical. The difference between a "scab" and a union man being fundamental, morally, mentally, and physically, it ought not to be hard to find some element to which they react differently, some industrial litmus which would turn the unionist blue and the non-unionist red.

The President has instructed Secretary Taft that supplies, machinery, and vessels shall, in the absence of action by Congress to the contrary, be purchased in the cheapest market, whether that market be our own or a foreigner's. The organs of protection unblushingly affirm that foreign prices are about 50 per cent. less than domestic prices for the supplies required; that steel dumping cars, for example, manufactured in Pittsburgh, are sold abroad from 30 to 40 per cent. less than in this country; that not only would the ships required cost them twice as much if bought of American builders, but that not until after a delay of eighteen months could they be had at all; and that buying in the cheapest market will materially decrease the cost of building the canal. The instinctive doubt will recur to the private citizen—"If low prices are a good thing for Uncle Sam, why are they pernicious for me?" The particular incident that precipitated the President's order in this matter was the discovery by the Canal Commission that two steamships of the requisite burden could be bought at once abroad for $700,000, or could be contracted for at home at not less than $1,400,000, with delivery guaranteed in a year and a half. Unmindful of the interest of the shipyards of America, unmindful also of the wages thus forfeited by our own workmen, the President ordered the pauper-built ships of foreigners to be purchased, thus committing an atrocious sacrilege in the protectionist holy of holies.

Commissioner Greene's review, at the annual dinner of the Civil Service Reform Association last week, of the extension of the merit system during the last six months constitutes a highly gratifying record, for which Mr. Roosevelt largely deserves the praise. Indeed, the whole note of the meeting was one of enthusiasm and optimism. The recruiting of the Panama Canal force by means of examination is in itself a triumph for the principle. Mr. Roscoe C. E. Brown, Gov. Higgins's excellent choice for one of the New York State Commissionerships, was also able to report gratifying progress. He wisely dwelt, however, upon the most serious problem before the administrators of the civil-service laws—how to eradicate properly the drones, the shirks, and the insubordinates among our civil servants. Until this is solved wisely, the system will not be free from criticism and complaint. Meanwhile, it is pleasing to learn from Commissioner Greene that senseless and prejudiced attacks in Congress, like those of such honorables as Congressmen Grosvenor and Hepburn, have reached a stage where they can be safely ignored. Just and helpful criticism is as welcome to civil-service reformers as it is to all others striving to improve the governmental machinery.

The Congressional party which is to visit the Philippines this summer under the Insular Government's auspices has been growing small by degrees and beautifully less, ever since Secretary Taft announced that its members will have to pay their own expenses aside from transportation. There seems to be also a general disposition to make little of the possible benefits of the trip. Thus, the Indianapolis *News* raises an interesting point. "Congress knows very well what is the matter [in the islands]," it says, "and so does all the world. The protected interests that control Congress will not permit that body to enact the commercial legislation that every governor and every national board has declared is necessary." Moreover, "we do not have to go back of our own official reports to learn that we are not

doing things right, but wrong." "To this is to be added the testimony of every person that has written on the subject from an independent standpoint." What, after all, will the party of Congressmen bring home next fall that they have not already in their possession? That any considerable number will change their views on our general colonial policy, or even on the larger measures growing out of it, is not for a moment to be supposed. Nor will they, probably, learn anything pertinent to the pending questions that they could not have learned at home. But the real function of such trips is not so much to instruct as to interest. The insular problems ought to appear a little more vital to the men who have been on the ground. To the numerous minor measures which Congress insists on keeping in its own hands, these men may be disposed to devote more thought.

The unusual promise of the country's wheat crop, shown by the Government's estimate last week, raises some interesting questions. If present indications of condition and acreage were to hold good up to July, the yield of winter-sown wheat would be the largest in our history. It is too early as yet to make predictions regarding the spring-sown wheat, but preliminary estimates point to an abundant acreage and a condition above the average at the start. The question of a large or small wheat yield, always important because of its bearing on the year's industrial prosperity, has peculiar importance now because of our wheat trade's remarkable position. The past year has been marked by what may almost be called our disappearance from the ranks of great wheat-exporting States. In actual quantity, the wheat and flour sent abroad from the United States, since the harvest of 1904, have been much less than in any year since 1872. During two decades, we have held almost continuously the first place among the producing communities which feed the grain-consuming outside world. But the British trade reports for the first three months of 1905 place this country only fifth on the list, with our shipments falling far behind those of Russia, of India, of Australia, or of the Argentine Republic. In actual value, our wheat and flour exports, since last year's harvest, have fallen $58,000,000 below those of the same months a year ago, and $106,000,000 below those of 1902.

This shrinkage in our export of wheat and flour has been partly a question of decreasing yield; last year's American wheat crop, for example, having been 196,000,000 bushels under the "bumper" crop of 1901. But it has also been ascribed to other causes than accidents of a season. Broomhall, the English grain expert, pointing out a year ago the rise in price of American farm lands, the partial exhaustion of old producing districts, and the great increase in home consumption because of increasing population, argued that the United States must inevitably and permanently lose its position in the foreign grain trade. The past year's results are cited as proof of that theory, and they do in some measure prove it. But sweeping generalizations, in matters of this sort, are hazardous. At the beginning of last year, cotton trade experts, domestic and foreign, were discussing anxiously how the outside world could make good the loss, by American cotton planters, of the power to keep step with the world's increased consumption. By the end of the year a convention of planters was called at New Orleans to restrict the enormous "over-production" shown by the new crop of cotton. The lesson of this experience was, that nature has its own way of solving some of these awkward problems. In the case of cotton, the high prices created by these very misgivings of a year ago were the means of stimulating production to an unheard-of magnitude. It should not be overlooked that the past season's wheat prices have been offering similar inducements.

The assumption in Wisconsin politics just now seems to be that Robert M. La Follette will not go to the Senate at all, but will either remain on the spot as Governor and give up another year to securing the sort of Railroad Commission bill he wants, or will himself become a candidate for Railroad Commissioner. It is not by any means the first time that the politicians have concluded they knew what the energetic Governor was about to do. But if he actually does what they expect, it will, indeed, be something new. It appears, however, that the present session of the Legislature will end leaving the railroad regulation question substantially where it was two years ago. It has been one of La Follette's faults or virtues—depending on the point of view—that he has steadfastly refused to accept half a loaf. He could have had a Railroad Commission bill of a sort in 1903. His opponents say that he refused to accept a compromise merely because he wanted to keep a campaign issue in working order. This year they are saying the same thing of his demand for the bill he wants or nothing. But as one of the opposing candidates for the nomination last summer generously testified, "He is the only man who ever convinced the people of Wisconsin that he was sincere on the railroad question." It will be a strange development if, for all his popular following, he should round out his third term with the most important measure of his programme still unpassed.

Oregon's new direct primary law has had its first trial in the nomination of city officers for Portland, and apparently the experiment was reasonably successful. In the face of an energetic, though scattered, opposition from what was called the "church" element, the present Mayor, Auditor, and Treasurer were renominated by the Republicans—the practical equivalent to election. Mayor Williams, with five opposing candidates, received about two-fifths of the vote. The possibility of just such minority nominations is one of the arguments commonly put forward against the direct-primary idea. Under the still untried Illinois statute, a majority vote in the primary is necessary for nomination to the important offices, and the candidate having less must again submit his claims to a convention. The vote in the Portland primary was approximately a third of that ordinarily cast in the regular election. While this is probably a good deal larger proportion than would attend the old-style caucuses, it is much less than is needed to make the direct primary truly representative. Experience in Minnesota, however, has shown that the primary vote will increase very rapidly as people become accustomed to the system.

The high character of the six Superior Court judges chosen by the Rhode Island Legislature the other day, and Gov. Utter's recent speech advocating a moderate reform of the State Constitution, are among the signs that Boss Brayton's subjects are in rebellion. The independent newspapers of New England find themselves cordially endorsing the choice by the Rhode Island lawmakers of William H. Sweetland as chief justice of the Superior Court, and, as associates, Willard B. Tanner, Charles F. Stearns, Charles C. Mumford, George T. Brown, and Darius Baker. All of the six, except District Judge Baker of Newport, are Providence selections. The Boston *Transcript* reports that "an examination of the personal and professional records of the gentlemen who have drawn these judicial prizes, furnishes presumptive evidence of character, experience, and equipment sufficient to meet the requirements of these responsible positions." The *Times* of Hartford asserts that "Brayton's candidate for chief justice withdrew from the contest before the vote was taken, and the expected conflict between the boss and the State Committee did not occur." To the mind of the Providence *Journal* the choice of these men was "a vindication of the State as a whole . . . against those who have been wantonly vilifying the party leaders and the voters who tolerate them."

Gov. Utter's speech was also intended as a rebuke to those critics who have

censured Rhode Island as a boss-bound commonwealth. But he admitted frankly that the Constitution under which corruption flourishes needs revision. He pleaded for the veto power for the executive head of the State, pointing out, what has become a truism in other States, that, as the direct representative of the people, the Governor should have this restraining influence on legislation. Though he defended the small-town members of the State Legislature as no more venal than the representatives from Providence or Pawtucket, he admitted that these latter cities are not adequately represented. Again, after attacking the Citizens' Union plan for a constitutional convention, the Governor pronounced himself in favor of a different scheme—one providing for the automatic recurrence every twenty years of a convention for revision. These things—the breaking of Brayton's grip on the Legislature, the veto power for the Governor, and such an amendment of the State Constitution as will provide for a more "representative" government—are what reformers have been fighting for in Rhode Island. The Republican organization seems, for the moment, bent on showing what a saint the devil can be when he tries.

By a large majority the National Academy of Design has accepted the proposals of Columbia University to create under joint control a school of the theory and practice of art. The general lines of the federation now formally approved are so familiar that we need only recall that Columbia furnishes a site on Morningside Heights, that the Academy is to build a suitable building for its own schools of drawing, painting, sculpture, and engraving, and also for the Columbia courses in architecture, music, and the history and criticism of art. Both the University and the Academy schools will be organized as the art department of Columbia University, but the Academy will continue to maintain its own instructorships and to nominate the incumbents. The result will be a school of the theory and practice of art more rigidly academic in its management than even the École des Beaux-Arts and the affiliated schools of the Sorbonne and Louvre. Only time will tell whether scholasticism is an appropriate atmosphere for the growth of the artist. Meantime, the Academy solves the rather difficult problem of its schools, and is free to work for a central exhibition building. But this plan must wait until the mooted union between the Academy and the Society of American Artists is effected. If this federation should result in a worthy annual exhibition of American art, the general public will care rather little how the Academy schools were eliminated from the transaction. Finally, it should be realized that nothing like absorption of the Academy has been proposed or contemplated. Under the new arrangement, while entering into a partnership with Columbia which is terminable, it retains control of its present schools, and actually gains greater freedom to exercise its functions as an exhibiting body.

Coming, as it does, so soon after the opportune defeat of our own Niagara grab, the refusal of the Ontario Government to ratify an agreement permitting a Canadian company to develop 125,000 more horsepower from the Falls means much. Dr. John M. Clarke, the State Geologist, contributes to the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly* an article which expresses in mathematical terms his view of the present danger to the Falls. Dr. Clarke quotes "a competent hydraulic engineer" to the effect that the abstraction of 40,000 cubic feet per second from the flow, as measured in past years, will bring the water down to rock bottom on the American fall, and twice that amount will leave the fall entirely dry. The two active American companies are permitted to consume 16,300 cubic feet per second, the three Canadian companies 32,100. This makes 48,000 cubic feet per second out of a total of 222,400 feet, the average of forty years' measurements. The Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Company, for whose benefit the bills of last year and this at Albany were drawn, would consume perhaps 10,000 cubic feet additional, and the projected power stations on the Canadian side, including presumably the plan just rejected, would have added 29,900. As it stands, according to Dr. Clarke, the use of water for power already authorized will leave the American falls "a weakly, thin, white apron of waters," while, had the American and Canadian companies been granted what they asked this winter, they would inevitably have destroyed the fall entirely on the American side, leaving, supposedly, ten feet of water or less on the Horseshoe.

That the Russian Foreign Office regards Washington and the Far East as merely two extremities of the same diplomatic lever is shown by the fact that Baron Rosen, whose most recent embassy was Tokio, is to succeed Count Cassini, who reached Washington by way of Pekin. The choice of two seasoned diplomats trained in Asiatic diplomacy is, in a sense, a compliment. To set against him their strongest men is a sign of the seriousness with which Mr. Hay's Chinese policy is taken at St. Petersburg. Regret for Count Cassini will be personal rather than official. Rightly or wrongly, a habit of mystification at the home office, and possibly a division of authority over foreign relations, makes the position of all Russian diplomats one of peculiar difficulty. For example, although correspondence of a frank sort is the rule between most chancelleries, it is immensely difficult to get written assurances of a substantial kind from Russia. Unquestionably, Count Cassini has suffered at times from the irritation aroused by his principals, and it is probable that diplomacy *à la Russe* can be continued more acceptably by another Ambassador. But Count Cassini departs with the respect due a loyal agent in a contentious transaction, and with the personal good will even of those who were his most vigorous official opponents.

Marquis Bartélemy, a concessionnaire at Kamranh Bay, lets the cat out of the bag. The Russians, he maintained, did not coal and provision through the French; they had no need to do so. Russia had previously bought a tract at the mouth of the Mekong, on which she established a great coaling station. "It was Russian coal on Russian ground," says the Marquis, "and it was loaded on Russian transports. No Russian warship loaded direct from the depot. There was no French violation of neutrality. France could not prevent the Russians taking their own coal from their own property." Upon the novel doctrine of extra-territoriality propounded by Marquis Bartélemy we are not impelled to linger. International law knows no way by which a belligerent can claim immunity for land serving other than a diplomatic purpose. Of course, the French Government could exercise over the managers of a Russian coalyard on the Mekong precisely the authority it could over a French coalyard. The real question is whether France exercised due vigilance to prevent her colonial possessions from serving as a naval base for Russia. In this matter, France has no counter argument against the Japanese protest except that, contrary to the practice of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States—which hold coal to be conditional contraband—France and Russia have never admitted it to be contraband at all. Accordingly, the local authorities at Saigon felt justified in assuming that a great deposit of coal, of whatever ownership and for whatever destination, was an innocent commodity, into the ultimate use of which no examination was necessary. We believe that if the Japanese should claim damages, as by the law of nations they may, an international tribunal would make short work of a plea so feebly grounded in common sense. It will be difficult to persuade the world that a great naval Power like France would have found herself in her present equivocal position, had she not considered that a lax performance of neutral duties sped the cause of Russia in the Far East. For the moment, M. Rouvier has obtained a vote of confidence from the Assembly on this subject.

NIMROD RAILROAD ECONOMICS.

President Roosevelt's Denver speech upon the matter of necessary railroad legislation had about it a very radical ring. Mr. Acworth, the most noted English railroad authority, had no sooner given his evidence before the Senate committee in Washington, on the 9th instant, as to the disadvantages of statutory maximum rates, than his arguments were scattered to the winds by the emergence from the wilds of the "mighty hunter before the Lord." Whatever an analysis of Mr. Roosevelt's plan discloses, the speeches of Secretary Taft before the International Railway Congress show clearly that the Administration is going to make a fight on the issue of entrusting the fixation of rates to a Federal commission. The prospect of a lively tussle between the conservative Senate and the Chief Executive adds piquancy to a situation which in itself is invested with unusual general interest.

One unacquainted with the Federal statute-book might imagine from Mr. Roosevelt's utterances that the whole matter of transportation was *terra incognita* to the lawgiver. Where single individuals or corporations control an important iron highway, it is absolutely necessary, in the President's judgment, that the nation "should assume a supervisory and regulatory function." It apparently lies outside the orbit of Mr. Roosevelt's thought that a very considerable degree of Federal supervision and regulation has existed for eighteen years. But it is wholly in keeping with his temperament to overlook the powers we have, and to fly lightly to others that we know not of.

As so frequently happens, the somewhat sweeping general utterances of Mr. Roosevelt acquire a certain degree of definition and precision when interpreted by the more experienced members of his official family. It is, therefore, to Secretary Taft's inspired description of the Administration's railroad policy that we must look for its precise features. The Secretary's first pronouncement in favor of the Government's setting rates was received amid universal silence at the dinner of the International Railway Congress. After the presiding officer, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, had expressed his vigorous dissent to the general scheme, Mr. Taft in his rebuttal remarked that "what is proposed is only that in litigated cases a commission shall be constituted that shall fix a maximum rate." It is this concrete proposal on which careful attention should be focussed.

Under the law at present the Interstate Commerce Commission may order a carrier to reduce a rate which the Commission has found to be unjust, unreasonable, or unfairly discriminatory. The carrier may appeal to the courts, and continue the obnoxious rate until a final judicial determination has been made. Or the carrier may technically comply with the Commission's order by making an abatement differing by a fraction of a cent from the original rate, and subject the Commission to the endless task of ordering successive abatements. The proposed law would empower either the present Commission or some other Federal tribunal to set a maximum rate which becomes immediately operative, and so continues until and unless set aside by the courts. It must be remembered in this connection that the power to set a maximum rate in a particular instance is apt to be far-reaching. A single rate may be the ganglion of an entire network of interrelated rates, and, if disturbed, may serve to disorder an entire schedule. What are the possible consequences of this power of rate-fixing?

The maximum rate under the proposed scheme may on appeal be judicially determined to be unjust to the carrier. The greater number of cases appealed from our present Commission to the Supreme Court have been decided in favor of the carrier. Who is to pay the carrier for the loss of legitimate earnings during the continuance of a rate ultimately adjudged by the courts to savor of confiscation? A consideration of even greater practical moment attaches to the moral effect on railroads of the fixation of maximum rates by a Federal tribunal. The influences which determine the fixation of rates at present are the necessity of meeting competition by land or water at competitive points, and charging what each variety of traffic will bear at non-competitive points. If an abatement in rates will augment traffic and enhance earnings, the carrier grants the abatement. The average rate per ton-mile has steadily fallen under these conditions from 1.990 cents in 1870 to .763 cent in 1903. Let the railroads once fear that an external power may set a maximum rate, and they will probably proceed in rate-abatements with far greater caution. They will try to set rates as high as the tribunal will permit, and will not experiment with lower rates to catch new traffic for fear these low rates may be made a maximum by the Commission. Since Parliament set maximum rates in Great Britain, the tendency of the companies, said Mr. Acworth in his testimony, has been "to maintain rates at the high level."

The main count in the indictment against the President's plan, however, is not that it will fail of its mark, but that it is pointed at the wrong target. It is the secret rebate that is the chief evil in the present system. What guarantee does Government fixation of rates afford against secret rebates? Discrimination is now practised mainly in three forms—discrimination against some localities in favor of others, against some individuals in favor of others, against some classes of freight in favor of others. Discrimination of the second class is, of all, the most insidious and destructive of fair competition. Such discrimination is simply left untouched by the reformatory scheme of Mr. Roosevelt.

What is Mr. Roosevelt going to do about secret rebates? Here the law is ample. Has he proceeded against the individuals, shippers or carriers, who have violated the Elkins act? It is all well enough to say, as did Mr. Roosevelt in his speech, that his proposal, if enacted into law, would not precipitate the millennium. But while inordinate expectations may heap up "a store of incalculable disappointment," neglect of present remedies in the hope that new ones may avail will be equally disastrous. There is strong warrant for the disapproval of that man's pretensions who proposes himself king over ten cities on the ground that he has been unfaithful in that which is least.

OUR PEACEFUL TARIFF POLICY.

The Protean defence of our protective tariff policy is, in some ways, very like a conjurer's hat or a juggler's magic bottle. Is the martial spirit rampant? Then the demonstration quickly follows that the tariff provides us the wherewithal to flourish the Big Stick. Is a peace conference on the cards? Presto! here are the white silken ribbons of international good-will, in seemingly interminable lengths, extracted from the same receptacle. Do foreign nations snarl at our heels? The prestidigitator pours out heartening patriotic wine from his flask. Is it an international convention of men engaged in facilitating transportation? The loving cup is speedily filled from the same magical source.

Some such reflections must follow the analysis of Secretary Shaw's remarks at the dinner of the International Railway Congress. He truly says that there is no such disturber of commerce as war, and that as a nation advances in productive power the dread and abhorrence of the devastation caused by martial conflict increase. But instead of proceeding to develop what would seem the natural corollary, that whatever makes for increased international commerce makes as well for international peace and concord, the Secretary switches his oratorical powers upon the track of demonstrating that our tariff policy has invariably given no cause of complaint to other nations, because we are uniformly careful to cut down their trade with us to the narrowest limits.

Mr. Shaw apparently thinks that foreign nations are in equity bound to manifest towards us a spirit of friendly consideration because, "with few and unimportant exceptions," our markets give no special "preference to any country or to any epople." If this were historically true, it would at least be surprising. After a man has built around

his estate a ten-foot brick wall, and surmounted the top of it with iron spikes and the jagged edges of broken glass bottles imbedded in asphalt, it is not usual for the proprietor to imagine that the community must entertain for him a neighborly regard because he has provided with absolute impartiality the means to impale any one who would make friendly overtures to scale the barrier. But the Secretary's depiction of our tariff policy in the past will not bear a careful scrutiny. Apart altogether from the present reciprocity treaty with Cuba, which accords a preferential treatment of 20 per cent. on the main Cuban exports to this country, the so-called reciprocity provisions of the McKinley act were a thinly veiled means of waging a tariff war on certain countries. Where the President discovered that certain countries exporting to us particular products levied on our exports to them duties which he adjudged reciprocally unfair, he was empowered to impose a retaliatory duty upon their imports to the United States. It made no essential difference that our tariff club was labelled Reciprocity. It was, in short, an engine of tariff retaliation. Moreover, the present Dingley act provides specifically for the negotiation of reciprocity treaties, and thus sanctions in express terms the use of special tariff schedules as a means of dickering for preferential treatment in international trade.

How potent, moreover, in invoking the hovering presence of the white-winged Angel of International Peace is a schedule which reduces to beggary the tin-workers of Cornwall or the button-makers of Saxony? So long as certain of our tariff duties are avowedly constructed with the intention of driving from the field our competitors in particular nations and in particular branches of industry, it savors either of ignorance or hypocrisy to pretend that our infrequent resort to technical, preferential treatment of particular nations justifies us in posing as "juster than the rest." The Secretary's proud boast that "the United States has never yet levied retaliatory tariffs" is, only with marked exceptions, accurate as to the letter; in spirit and in truth it is essentially false.

Passing over the ill-concealed threat which the Secretary's speech implied, that we should refrain from openly discriminatory tariff legislation only so long as other nations did the same by us, there is another aspect of the bearing of our tariff upon peace which cannot be overlooked: we mean the effect of our present system upon our internal tranquillity. Not only do such tariff monstrosities as ours tend to embroil us with our neighbors abroad, but they create social unrest and dissension at home. It was Bishop Mackay-Smith, in his recent address on "The Church and Public Brigandage," who declared that while we shudder at the corruption of past ages, yet, in our day, "we virtually say that out of a thousand desirable commodities in life, not one shall be imported into America without the consent of a little group of men who have gotten control of that particular manufacture among us." Let us clear our minds of cant in this matter. We have employed our tariff legislation in an unqualifiedly and undisguisedly selfish way to better our own supposed interests, irrespective of the suffering or injury imposed on any other nation. In our selfishness we have shortsightedly overreached ourselves. And we are now paying the cost not only in being subjected to the tariff retaliation of other countries, but in discovering the viper's nest of discontent among our own people.

A RACE BOGEY.

Mr. Sydney Olivier, an English Colonial official, who has for three periods been acting governor of Jamaica, contributes to the April *International Quarterly* a remarkable article on the race question in this country. In writing of "The White Man's Burden at Home," he has the obvious advantage of being a trained foreign observer, free from the prejudices and passions which are apt to beset those who treat at close range the racial relations in America. But Mr. Olivier has not been content to get his opinions about the attitude of the whites towards the blacks in the United States from books or newspapers. On several occasions he has studied the question on the spot, impelled not merely by a personal interest, but by his duty as a Colonial official, to watch recent developments affecting the colored people.

Mr. Olivier does not hesitate to say that on these visits he has found himself "unable to account for an attitude of mind toward the race question which impressed one as superstitious if not hysterical, and which would appear from the tone of the Southern press to prevail widely in America." This is not because there is no race prejudice or hostility towards black people in Jamaica. But such antagonism as appears is unquestionably diminishing, so Mr. Olivier reports. Moreover, a Jamaican of mixed race is not debarred from occupying any position in the social life of the island, including the public service, for which he is qualified. Although the negroes and mixed bloods are in an immense majority (there are but 15,000 whites in a total population of 700,000), it has never been necessary to defend race purity by forcing the individual negro of merit or the race as a whole into an inferior position. Colored men are landowners, clergymen, doctors, and lawyers. Many colored men are magistrates, and some are the chief magistrates in their parishes. The majority of the negroes are peasant proprietors or employees on sugar plantations. Those who rise to high position "associate with the white residents on precisely the same terms as persons of pure European extraction."

Now, according to the theory prevalent in the Southern States, this condition of affairs should have but one result—the decadence of the white race. This has not been the case. While there has been and is intermarriage, especially between colonists of Irish, Dutch, or German origin and negroes, as also between half-whites and women of pure European blood, this ex-Governor of Jamaica has been "unable to recognize that any sort of evil has resulted from their intermarriage: I should rather say the contrary." What is still more important, Mr. Olivier does not find that "social and professional equality between the two races, when resulting from compatibility of temperament and interests, conduces necessarily or strongly to a likelihood of intermarriage." Among the white creoles in Jamaica and other colonies there is a strong repugnance to intermarriage with darker peoples. But as to the mixed race being necessarily "degenerate, deficient, and decadent, both in physique and morals," Mr. Olivier admits that, although he went to the West Indies for the first time sharing the prejudice of this common theory, he has found it impossible to sustain the view after studying the question in Jamaica, Honduras, the Leeward Islands, and elsewhere.

Mr. Olivier has even less sympathy with those persons who would countenance social injustice in order to prevent social equality. As an administrator familiar with judicial statistics, he finds that assaults by black or colored men on white women are practically unknown. The only terrors of Jamaican highways are the white runaways from European vessels. Women and children often live for months on plantations without white protectors, surrounded by colored people. There have been, Mr. Olivier reports, "no savage punishments here, no terrorism, no illegal discriminations against the colored." And he adds significantly, that in his opinion the propensity to the assaults most dreaded by whites south of Mason and Dixon's line is actually stimulated by the very attitude of the whites. He agrees with many psychologists in affirming that there is maintained "a constant storm of suggestion to the most imaginative and uncontrollable of passions in an excitable and imaginative race." "When a class," he continues, "makes the preposterous and self-damnatory announcement to another, *whose women it has continually made the mothers of its own offspring*, that it is of an inferior order, there immediately is aroused all the self-assertiveness of the human claim to equality which is

as fundamental in the African as in any other race." Evidently, Mr. Olivier has been in the South, and has viewed with amazement that double standard of morals which in most circles makes it perfectly permissible to disregard the purity of the negro race while prating vehemently about the need of defending, at any cost, the purity of the women of the white race.

On the political side of the negro problem, Mr. Olivier feels that the bestowal of suffrage upon the newly emancipated slaves was a mistake, and naturally resulted in efforts to cut down the negro electorate "by methods constitutionally indefensible and unjust." But the resulting conditions fill him with alarm. The whites' holding of their position by means of unjust devices gives the negro race "a permanent plea of injustice," and results in a situation "demoralizing in the extreme." Mr. Olivier is even well enough versed in our affairs to see that, in order to justify its position, the minority is "almost inevitably compelled to blacken the character of the colored majority and depreciate their abilities by all kinds of misrepresentations." A truer word was never said on this point. The resulting situation, as Mr. Olivier sees, stimulates hysterics, which vent themselves in "outbursts of lust of blood and torture," and result "in social terrorism and obscurantism." Finally, Mr. Olivier's opinion that the pressure of this terrorism is so great that "sane men in America keep silence, or at best half-silence, in the face of an increasing negrophobia which appears to be developing into a national danger," constitutes a serious warning to be taken to heart by all who believe in the continuance of truly democratic institutions.

A REACTION TOWARDS THE THREE R'S.

"The Proceedings of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland" are not precisely light reading, but the discussion of the simplification of the secondary-school curriculum is pointed and of general interest. Without a dissenting voice, college professors and school teachers agreed that the high-school course has become badly congested, and that the present glut of subjects produces distraction in the teacher and queasiness in the student. President Warfield of Lafayette College illustrated the case by a personal experience: "When my oldest child reached the stage in the grammar grades of the public school that he rose from ten to eleven subjects, I despaired." By especial arrangement the lad's schedule was reduced to four subjects—Virgil, Greek, German, and algebra, upon which rational diet he is now thriving.

To appreciate the absurdity of such a regimen for lads and lasses, one need only recall that five or six subjects simultaneously is a maximum for college students, who are presumed to bring to their diverse tasks better disciplined minds. Even with the deduction of subjects nominally of a recreative nature—drawing, singing, gymnastics, physical culture, and the like—the remainder is a portentous educational bolus for any young person to swallow. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that every high-school pupil should seek a Baconian grasp upon all knowledge, was furnished by Miss Haeseler from the record of the Philadelphia High School for Girls. To meet the demands of educational theorists, "one thing after another was introduced, until, finally, we had a course with cooking and sewing at one extreme, three languages and six sciences at the other, with several commercial subjects in between, besides English, mathematics, history, drawing, music and calisthenics." Happily, the burden was so palpably excessive in this case that the unloading process was prompt; the commercial courses were transferred to an especial school, cooking and sewing gave place to the old-fashioned studies, three foreign languages were reduced to two, and the curriculum became, if still overweighted, yet practicable.

Generally speaking, these teachers noted with praise a tendency to simplify the excessive programmes of ten years ago, and there was much enlightening comment on the causes of what might be called the "haggis" theory of secondary education. It was agreed that, in part, merely the experimental mood of America was responsible. As a people, we dearly love to try things, and in gratifying this passion we have not spared our most revered institution, the public school, having stuffed into it more than it will hold. Furthermore, the public schools are under the strain of providing three curricula—one suitable for the high-school graduate who pursues his studies no further, the others for the student preparing for college or technical school. Thus there has been a double source of congestion: first, the high-school course has been inflated through a false analogy with the college, and especially through a kind of travesty of the elective system; while, second, as the college requirements and those of the scientific schools have been diversified by the substitution of other studies for Greek, by the addition of sciences, etc., there has been great pressure to introduce a similar diversity into the secondary schools.

A great variety of studies, then, must exist in the high schools, whose practical problem is to see that no student gets more than a fair stomachful. In other words, teachers must eschew so-called election, and hold their students to logical groups. On the possible harm of the elective system Professor West of Princeton spoke the following pungent words, which, however contestable in their application to the colleges, are unquestionably valid for the secondary schools. The elective system, he said, is "no system, and not elective."

> "It is not a system, because under it the studies are arranged on the basis of a grand negation—a doctrine of impotence on the part of the university to find out what ought to be first, second, third, and so on, in the order of studies. And it is not elective, because it rests on the student's caprice, and, as one brought up in an old Calvinistic boyhood, I do not understand that this easy-going caprice was what was meant by election."

How necessary such a recall to some principle of selection is, a statement of the reformed and simplified course of the Philadelphia High School will show. All students study during the four years three branches of mathematics, four of history; English, including grammar, rhetoric, composition, and literature; drawing, music, botany, biology, chemistry, physics, physiology, physical geography, and two out of the three languages, French, German, and Latin. To touch upon merely one item, the amount of half-baked, epitomized science with which these Philadelphia schoolgirls are crammed, is enough to make an impressionist out of a Herbert Spencer.

The ultimate cause of this profusion Mr. James G. Croswell of the Brearley School based most philosophically upon our superstitious attitude towards education in general. Failing to perceive its true aims and limitations, we expect of it what can only be furnished by the training of home or the subsequent discipline of life. We expect the child to work out his personal salvation in the short school years, or not at all. Against this fallacy he made a convincing plea:

> "Let us beware of treating the school curriculum like a bottle of some mystic elixir of life; let us not feel that the school curriculum must cover the whole of a child's existence, and give him all his life. . . . You all know what I mean; you know that it is our professional temptation to try to get hold of the whole of a child's life. Teachers often resemble too much in their theorizing people who found hospitals for the abnormal child; we do not trust the American boy to look after any part of himself at all. Now I do not believe personally, from the children I have seen and the children my friends and I were, that childhood now needs so much extra attention from theorists as it is getting."

A little reflection upon the men that were produced under the narrow dispensation of the three R's in the schools, and of Greek, Latin, mathematics, metaphysics, with a modicum of science in the colleges, would show that our American optimism were best proved, not in making the school a substitute for life, but in trusting much to those extra-scholastic processes of education which lie at every man's hand. Such a view will lead to simplification and thoroughness in the curricula of the schools, or, as Professor West cogently summed the

matter up, "The new and hopeful force now beginning to work is a plain, old-fashioned, but very much neglected thing. It is the common-sense of parents, teachers, and pupils, slowly gravitating toward the grouping of a few things of first value, a few central studies taught amply by the best teachers procurable, and conspiring to one end—a great, far-acting and almost forgotten end, namely, an education."

LOQUITUR MR. BALFOUR.

Question time in the House of Commons permits a variety of topics and a discursiveness of tone that go far to relieve the rather sedate proceedings of the mother of parliaments. Sometimes an equestrian member calls the Government to account for the mud in Rotten Row; contrariwise, a question may evoke one of those brief but comprehensive surveys of world politics in which Mr. Balfour excels. Thursday, when the topic of imperial defence was up, furnished such an occasion.

We pass, as of merely technical interest, his project for concentration of the fleet. Such a policy is wholly in line with modern ideas of warfare, which draw the first line of defence, not at the stations of the respective squadrons, but at the points where they can surely deliver an effective attack in the event of war. From this point of view the dispatching of fighting units to distant station service is, in an emergency, an unfortunate dispersion of forces. Of more general significance was Mr. Balfour's comment on the employment of mines in defence. These he considered rather an embarrassment than an aid to a strong naval power, maintaining that loss was as likely to occur to the home squadron from accident as to the enemy from design. On the matter of floating mines in the high seas Mr. Balfour declared his disapprobation with energy. The case, he held, called for an international conference, and for an authoritative prohibition of a practice so inhuman and so dangerous to neutral shipping. In submarine boats, however, Mr. Balfour recognized a means of defence against hostile invasion quite as effective, boat for boat, as ships of the line.

Why the invasion of England should be a periodical cause of apprehension, it is difficult for an American to imagine. One would suppose that an immunity running for more than eight centuries of frequent warfare would have laid that bogey. That it persists, is a sign of the extraordinary capacity for uneasiness which characterizes the island race. Thus, all England from time to time contemplates in abject melancholy the destruction of its commerce, and foemen swarming up through Kent to London Bridge. The sentiment is so thoroughly British as to be almost respectable, and Mr. Balfour demonstrated with considerable gravity that, in Lord Roberts's judgment, it would be a bad business for less than 70,000 men to attempt to land on the Tight Little Isle, and that even so many would hardly get to Billingsgate.

Of more than insular concern was his statement that the Government is on the alert in Afghanistan and fears no surprise in that quarter. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour admitted the failure of diplomatic attempts to check the Russian advance, and estimated, on Lord Kitchener's authority, that, in addition to the regular Indian levies, a contingent force of eight divisions, say, about 80,000 men, should be in readiness for that service. Any diplomatic wavering in Afghanistan would greatly increase the expense and difficulty of the permanent defence of India. The inference was plain that the Government would stand firm at the Afghan border; at this point relinquishing, if necessary, that policy of Platonic protest in the face of which Russia has progressively absorbed all Western Turkestan. The general subject used to be one of considerable irritation to Lord Salisbury, and it is refreshing to find that Mr. Balfour takes the coolheaded view that the Russian advance is instinctive, and not based upon a deliberate plan for the invasion of India.

We have followed Mr. Balfour's somewhat discursive talk at length because it hints at elements of strength in the foreign policy of a Premier whose home policy stands sadly discredited. For the present it is likely that Mr. Balfour will direct the attention of England outwards, that the intentions of the Turk and Greek may compete with the protestations of "passive resisters." It is always an effective argument, applied usually in time of war, not to swap horses when crossing a stream, and Mr. Balfour undoubtedly has a strong apologia at command in pointing to important foreign business yet unfinished, and asking, "Do you wish to turn over to the Little Englanders the renewal of the Japanese alliance, the negotiations at Fez, and the fiscal reforms in Macedonia?" However disingenuous such a challenge, it has a certain political effectiveness, and it has the unquestionable advantage of diverting attention from the seamy side of the present Administration to that fair surface on which are embroidered Mr. Balfour's and Lord Lansdowne's diplomatic achievements. It is possible that the record and prospect may hearten the wearied rank and file of Unionism, and somewhat diminish the urgency of the Liberal attack. But the best Mr. Balfour can hope to do by putting forward his foreign policy as his best card, is to obtain a respite from the Nemesis gathering because of his educational policy at home, the Chinese labor act in the Transvaal, and his lukewarmness before the dilemma of protection or free trade.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1905.

Section Four of the International Railway Congress, which has just closed, dealt with the principles upon which railroad rates should be based, and railroad bookkeeping, wages, and provident institutions conducted—subjects of more than ordinary interest at the present time. They were all, however, treated more or less from a theoretical point of view, and the resolutions reached were invariably of a general and academic character. Still, there was an almost unanimous concurrence of opinion, among representatives of State-owned as well as of private roads, that the less Governmental interference the better. The South Australian delegate, whose Government owns and absolutely controls the railroads in all their departments, said that the principle upon which the colonial authorities acted was that the railroads must pay 3½ per cent. net revenue. When business was brisk, the rates were low; but when business was dull, in order to secure that return on the capital invested the rates were simply raised—a method which would be rather difficult to apply were the Government here to own the 210,000 miles of roads running through sections one of which might be prosperous and another the reverse. The representative of Indian railroads complained that the Government of India not only fixed maximum rates, but, in order to insure a return on the capital invested, hampered the railroad transportation with minimum rates. The result is that, with the enormous increase of business of late, the minimum rate has become an actual detriment, not only to the growth of traffic, but likewise to the revenue of the road, as the main line between Delhi and Calcutta, if rates were lowered, would return, through augmented traffic, a larger net revenue than at present. The Government, though urgently appealed to, has heretofore refused, out of timidity, to either abolish or lower the minimum rate.

But the discussions out of Congress were, we believe, decidedly more animated than those in the Congress itself. At the opening of the Railroad Equipment Exhibit this peaceful and peaceable assemblage was addressed by the two belligerent members of the President's Cabinet, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. That the Secretary of the Navy should have referred to the subject of railroad rates is not to be wondered at. The Secretary of War poked mild fun at his colleague on the subject, but did not give any intimation of the outburst of threatening advice to which he treated his hosts at the banquet given by the American Railroad Association. The subject has been so thoroughly discussed in the public press that it is hardly necessary to reflect upon the apparent discourtesy of charging American railroad men, before their foreign guests, with influencing legislation, presumably by illegal and improper methods. The anomaly was so palpable that a Hungarian delegate, who made the final speech, commented on the peculiarity of American dinners, where, instead of fun

and conviviality being the prominent features, political discussions were indulged in. Presumably, however, Mr. Taft appreciated that it was the only occasion on which he would have an opportunity of emphasizing the views of the Administration before a large body of American railroad men.

There is apparently a curious divergence of opinion between the railroad men and the people at large, if the Administration expresses the public sentiment. Railroad men claim, what every one admits, that rates, as a rule, are low—lower, in fact, than in any other systems of railroads in the world. They claim that secret rebates are seldom given, and, if given, could be no more easily detected under the Townsend bill than under the existing Elkins bill; and that where unjust rates are made, the present law offers the injured party means of redress. Secretary Taft wittily remarked that that is true, but that, for instance, a town against which discriminating rates had been published could probably not obtain relief within five years, by which time, if it were situated in the Middle West, it might be blown away by a tornado.

On both sides there has certainly been a great deal of oratory and ill-temper, very little calm argument, and still less production of facts. That comparatively few cases have come before the Interstate Commerce Commission in the past is used as an argument to prove that comparatively few individuals or localities have considered themselves sufficiently injured to make it worth while appealing to the Commission or the courts for redress. There is no doubt, however, that if more summary jurisdiction were given to a court, and the method of procedure were simpler, there would be more appeals. Whether those appeals would in most cases be decided in favor of the appellant, may well be doubted. It is probably true that the great body of the shippers are satisfied with existing rates. But as long as there is water, and there are centres of land competition, discrimination against a short haul and in favor of the long haul will excite local complaints. To adjust this anomaly was the chief motive for the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and yet, when that body came to consider all the conditions, it justified the railroads in not carrying freight on a mileage basis irrespective of length of haul and terminal distinctions.

Whatever wrongdoing may be occasionally committed, railroad managers should not, as a body, be charged with deliberate and persistent crime. They are trying, with all the experience they possess, to adjust one of the most intricate problems which can face any body of men, that of making rates for two hundred-odd thousand miles of railroad, running through districts whose interests are not only varied, but in many cases distinctly antagonistic. And they are doing this in a manner to return some profits to the shareholders, while developing the territory which their roads traverse and supply; for, of course, on the prosperity of the country which they serve depends the volume of traffic, and, conversely, as is admitted by all, the railroad itself is the most important factor in creating that prosperity. The position of any body of men endowed with the functions which the traffic managers of the country now fulfil, will be that of politicians out of office when they become politicians in office. Out of office the politician, dealing in generalities, can right all the wrongs that the body politic is suffering from. As soon as he is brought face to face with the actual maladies of the patients, and when life or death depends upon his treatment, he finds that the task of curing them is not as easy as he supposed. One thing the commission of Rate-Makers will discover is, that no high-and-dry rule can be applied, or they will kill the goose for the golden egg. They will find that to secure low rates there must be large volume of traffic, and, to secure a large volume, some of it will have to be carried at less than cost, if even reasonable rates are to be imposed for the remainder.

Most railroad men deny that actual private rebates are given to any extent. If they are given, nothing but a rigorous Government audit will prevent them, and this could be made without affecting rates; and if rebates are given, it is doubtful whether they are given more to the large shipper than to the small, for as a rule the large shipper has sufficient influence to secure what he wants and induce the railroad to publish the rate. It is probably the fact that the extraordinary decline of late years in published rates has been secured through the influence of the big shipper, and that the small shipper, if able to do so, has thus benefited by it. The desire of competitive lines to secure the freight of a big shipper has induced public rate-cutting between competitive points. If the big shipper be on a single line of railroad, the dread of exciting and creating a competitive line is as potent as competition in securing low published rates. The big shipper with a large volume of business can thus influence the transportation company when the small shipper would be helpless. That the small man is weak and laboring under constantly increasing disability in this as in other respects, is due to the modern tendency to consolidation. This is his misfortune, and it is perhaps ours, but the railroads are certainly not to blame for it. Under any act the big shipper, through his personal influence and the vast volume of business he contributes, will secure attention, whether the rates be fixed by a traffic manager or a Government commission, and the small shipper will benefit by the energy and power of his more important competitor, and should be thankful. This is on the assumption, which is generally admitted to be true, that the rates he secures are made public and are applicable to all. But if, by private-car line, industrial termini, and too great disparity between full and broken carload rates, he is discriminated against, legislators should devise some method of speedy relief.

There may be great hardships inflicted on the public by this means, but as yet the public has been supplied with remarkably little accurate information. Strange to say, the most costly of all monopolies to the public at large is the Pullman Company's control of through sleeping traffic. But the public complacently submits, perhaps because it thinks it actually knows the worst. The Senate committee has been collecting some information and a great many opinions and a large volume of advice; but before new courts are created and new commissions, with summary powers, are organized, it would seem to be the part of prudence that the public be supplied with actual facts, not on the authority of political orators, but given by witnesses who can testify whereof they know under oath. The result might possibly be as unsatisfactory as Mr. Garfield's report on the Beef Trust.

AN OBSERVER.

THE NEW TOMB AT THEBES.

HARTFORD, Conn., May, 1905.

Every tourist in Egypt knows the valley of Bibân el-Mulûk—the Tombs of the Kings. Every tourist has felt, willingly or unwillingly, the spell of mystery and silence and desolation as he followed the winding paths that led him away from the smiling green fields, up the gently sloping track marked out by the Pharaohs of old, through fold after fold of orange cliffs, blazing under the blue sky. No blade of grass relieves the glare of those dead hills; no living thing is to be seen on their bare sides. A kite, perhaps, hangs motionless in the blank overhead, breaking the silence with his shrill whistle, but other life or motion there is none. Shut in from all the world, the kings of Egypt were laid in their tombs to await their resurrection. The centuries passed on. Some of the tombs were remembered by the priests of later days, and the bodies of them removed for greater safety to the other side of the hills, where they were rediscovered some twenty years ago. Others have been forgotten, and, hidden under drift of limestone rubbish, have waited to reward the patient excavators of to-day. Among these were the tombs of Thothmes IV. and Menephptah, and Amenhotep II., and such was the tomb the finding of which has sent a thrill of excitement through archæologists this winter.

In February of this year the new tomb was uncovered by Mr. Davis, an American, working on a site in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings pointed out to him as "likely" by Mr. Quibell of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities. The tomb itself was of little importance, being small and undecorated, but its contents were of such beauty and value historically and archæologically as to form some basis for the absurd rumor current in Luxor that the solid gold discovered was worth forty thousand pounds.

When the doorway was uncovered, it was observed that one corner of the masonry that blocked the entrance had been tampered with. A little three-cornered hole had been made, just large enough to allow a tomb-robber to creep through, and this had been filled again with small stones and rubbish. Had this robbery been made in the days when the gods of Egypt held sway or by modern Arabs? The importance of the question lay in the fact that ancient robbers would not dare to disturb the essential amulets and charms left for the preservation of the dead, and would confine their thieving to gold, while a modern would be limited only by the size of the treasures he was able to carry away. To the fact that the theft was an ancient one is due the preservation of so much that is valuable to-day. These ancient robbers had crept through the little hole, dragging down with them a good deal of dust and rubbish, which lay scattered about when the modern

excavators broke in. They had broken open the great outer coffins of black and gold with a sharp stone, which stone, marked with the paint of the damaged coffin, testified against them. Much of the costly jewelry that decorated the bodies, they had carried away; the little that remains bears witness to the value of that ancient raid. The gilding from the state chariot they stripped off, throwing it upon the carven bed, and then they crept out of their little hole, which they filled with rubble, and so it remained, lost and forgotten, until to-day.

When the moderns opened the sealed door, they found what confusion might be expected after that hasty burglary. The triple coffins lay open, the covers lying this way and that, and the mummies, partly unwrapped, lying in the broken coffins. Near by were great chests, open also, holding alabastar jars with provisions for the dead to use upon their journey to the judgment, and further, being "justified," to sustain them in the fields of Aalu. Honey, still viscous in a sealed pot; meat, mummied to ensure its preservation and presumably not unpleasant for a mummy to eat; grain in pots, as yet unopened, of alabaster, stone, and glazed earthen ware; great earthen jars filled with numberless little pots all tied up in linen, and little packages, linen wrapped, of food or gifts for the mummy and his wife. The chariot mentioned above lay upon a carved bed, where the ancient robbers had thrown it when they tired of pulling off its gilding or were frightened away from their plunder. It was broken, but all the parts were there, the wheels, the pole and yoke for the horses, the high front and sides of embossed and gilded leather. Near by stood a chest of wicker work with a movable tray, a veritable basket trunk of B. C. 1500. There were chairs of carved and gold-decorated wood, coffers and boxes carved and gilded, and three great beds not unlike the native *angaribs* of to-day; the bed made of wicker work, the head-boards and legs of wood, all of the same lavish magnificence, carved, painted, and gold-covered. The triple sarcophagi, too, were of the utmost magnificence. The outer one, in each case a great chest of wood, was painted black, with bands of decoration in golden figures. The two inner coffins, shaped to fit the bodies, were of black and gold, while the inmost coffins of all were wholly overlaid with gold except for the jewelled necklaces about the necks, which were made of carnelian and glass, inlaid upon the wood.

And within all this magnificence lay the mummies themselves, wrapped in the finest linen that has yet been found in Egypt. What jewels they possess, such as the plate that covers the heart incision and replaces the heart, were of purest gold. The tomb robbers did not find all, or did not dare to take the essential amulets from their owner.

In the corner of the tomb was a heap of down and feathers, the remnants of luxurious cushions; and these were almost the only things that the dry air of the desert has failed to preserve, for the covers fell to dust when disturbed. Among all the treasures and tokens of wealth and magnificence, tokens of good will from princely friends, it is interesting to note one humble offering: at the entrance lay a heap of dried and withered onions, the common "bassal" of the fellahîn, left there, perhaps, by some humble friend of the dead. And the mummies themselves?—great people, surely, by the evidence of all this magnificence. The Egyptologists read the hieroglyphics on their coffins with excitement and growing wonder and delight, for they had found the bodies of the father and mother of Queen Thyi, the rulers of Mitani, that country "between the rivers" whence came the princess, their daughter, to marry Amenhotep III.

Now, Queen Thyi is perhaps the most interesting woman in all Egyptian history, not excepting Queen Hatshepset or the attractive, if disreputable, Cleopatra. What has been known of her was briefly this: She was a princess of Mitani (thought to be Mesopotamia), and the wife of Amenhotep III., whose date in the history books is roughly B. C. 1500. She appears to have been a much-loved and possibly an only wife. As Queen of Egypt, she was obliged to conform to the State religion, which regarded the king as high priest and incarnation of Ra upon earth; but from her after-life it is evident that she never forgot or really laid aside the simpler beliefs learned at home from this stern-looking Semitic father, the owner of the new tomb. Her son, Amenhotep IV., was associated with his father and succeeded him, and at his accession Queen Thyi's real power began. Under her guidance, her son threw aside the religion of his father, the worship of the gods of Thebes, the family of Amen, and in its place instituted the worship of one god, typified by the solar disk. He did his best to stamp out the ancient Amen worship, changing his own name from "Amenhotep" to "Khenuaten," and even cut out the "Amen" from his father's name in Luxor temple. Finally, he and his mother removed their court from Thebes, the priestly city of Amen, to Tel el-Amarna, where they built a temple to the sun disk, and from whence come most of the curious reliefs of the heretic king and his mother worshipping the life-giving disk of the sun.

The finding of these mummies makes clear this much at least: the parents of Queen Thyi were foreigners—witness the name on her father's coffin, which was spelled in three different ways, showing that the Egyptian scribe was puzzled in his transliteration of a foreign name. When the faces were unwrapped, while the woman's, small and delicate, suggested a French woman's in its refinement of type, that of the man was of extraordinarily Semitic cast—a strongly marked hooked nose, heavy brow, and large mouth, with full lips; a face of great power, but not bearing the remotest resemblance to the Egyptian type. A curious detail noted was that the locks of hair remaining were distinctly red in tint, and that there was a two days' growth of beard on lips and chin.

There lay the ruler of Mitani and his wife; but why were they there? Did they come down, like Jacob, to end their days in Egypt, where a beloved child had met with rank and honor? Had they lost sway in Mitani, and sought a refuge in Mizraim, or had they merely come to pay a state visit, and, dying in this foreign land, were buried with such honor as the Egyptians knew how to bestow? The burial was evidently during the reign of Amenhotep III., because the fashionable site for a tomb was then at Thebes. Later, when Khenuaten held sway, the great people of the land were interred at Tel el-Amarna. There is some evidence to show that this was a temporary resting-place only. The great wooden coffins, in their magnificence of gold leaf and black, were still standing on the black sledges that had brought them there, all ready to be dragged up again to the light of day. Perhaps there was a magnificently decorated tomb preparing for them elsewhere, which they were never to occupy, or perhaps this strange king went to his grave, intending, like Joseph, that his body should return to his own land, with all its treasure, its provisions, and its furniture. Who can say?

It seems a pity to have to record that all these wonderful things are now in Cairo, and, after they have been unpacked and examined and written about and discussed, and the museum has been rearranged and enlarged, will be exhibited there. In the present state of the country no other course is possible, and precautions unheard of in law-abiding countries must be taken for the preservation of every find. The danger of thieves among the workmen, or from the neighboring villages, and even of an armed raid from Bedouins encamped beyond the hills, made a guard of soldiers necessary at the tomb from the first moment of its discovery. The head of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities at Luxor, his assistant, the archæologists at work excavating at Theban sites, and two volunteers selected by the head, took turns at watching the tomb, sleeping at the door, and never leaving a packing case or a funerary jar unwatched; and unless it were possible to keep up these extraordinary precautions winter and summer, the treasure must necessarily be taken to a place of safety. Four or five years ago a particularly perfect tomb was discovered and opened. It had remained undisturbed through the ages since the priests had sealed it, as they hoped, forever. The flowers strewn on the coffins still lay upon them, and the boats to ferry the dead stood ready for launching with their freight of bodies. So perfect and undisturbed was this tomb that, by special request of Lord Cromer, most of the funeral furniture was left in place, an iron gate set at the door of the tomb, and a guardian installed to keep the key; and within a week the tomb was broken into, one of the great funeral barques removed, and the mummy, that lay in state upon it, thrown down and broken to bits. Nearly everything that remained in that tomb was then taken to Cairo, and until civilization reaches farther into the desert, until tourists and Semitists and great European museums cease to seize every possible chance to acquire stolen antiquities, the tombs must be rifled by the authorities themselves, and their treasures placed in safety.

It was an immense piece of work to pack every jar and box and chair of the new tomb, to say nothing of the enormous coffins, so that they could be safely carried down over the four miles of desert and green fields, on camel, on men's shoulders or on rollers and temporary rails, across the river to the trains waiting to carry them to Cairo. The work was interrupted not once or twice, but again and again by visitors and grandees of varying magnitude. Nominally no one was allowed to see the

tomb, but every archæologist from up river and down, from the east bank to the west, holders of private concessions and members of the archæological departments from every nation of Europe and from America, considered himself an exception and was courteously admitted. The head of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities came at once to the spot to see whether the discovery amounted to anything; and, on assuring himself of its value, arranged that the Duke of Connaught, returning from an official visit to Khartum, should "open" the tomb as he passed through Luxor. The Duke's party having departed, orders were given to pack everything at once so as to get the treasures safe to Cairo as soon as possible; but the work had to stop again for another English duke, and again for an earl to see what was to be seen, and once more to admit Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French.

There was one delay, however, that is delightful to record. An American artist who was present at the opening of the tomb was allowed to make a sketch of the interior as it first met the eyes of the excavators. He has recorded on canvas just how the tomb robbers had left the huge sarcophagus of gilded and painted wood with the covers broken open and the mummies lying in the wreckage; and, further, he has made two exquisite pencil drawings of the faces of the two mummies, the delicate refinement of the woman's contrasting with the rugged strength and power of this ancient king of Mitani. Perhaps, at some future day, when Egyptians have become a law-abiding nation, his sketch may be used as a guide, the treasures restored to the tomb as they were before, and the king and his consort permitted to sleep there again in peace.

ELEANOR MARGARET FERGUSON.

Correspondence.

LIVING WAGES FOR PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Carnegie's gift of ten million dollars to found a pension fund for the benefit of aged college teachers implies the strongest possible criticism of their present position, and furnishes one of the strongest arguments in favor of proper payment for them. Government servants—in other words, servants of the people—may look forward with no loss of pride to retiring on pensions in old age; for if they and the people agree to accept and to give a low remuneration for years, on the understanding that the survivors will be taken care of, it is their affair. There is also no wound to a man's pride in taking service in a college and agreeing to accept a lower salary for years in order that, in his old age, he may be sure of support by the college which he has faithfully served. But the endowment of institutions for the care of the sick, of the infirm, of the feeble-minded, and of college professors is an entirely different affair. Circumstances beyond their control fix the fate of the feeble-minded, and this is also true in many cases of the sick and infirm. Society should take care of such. But do circumstances beyond their control fix the fate of college professors also? Is it inevitable that they must become public charges unless cared for by relatives or friends? And if this be true, what circumstance or circumstances make this inevitable?

As shown by "G. H. M." in an article in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a college teacher who is married and has any children must supplement his salary in some way or other lest he run into debt. This is pointed to by Münsterberg, in his 'American Traits,' as a grave defect in our educational system, turning aside men, young as well as older, from the investigations which they have the training, the mental ability, and the desire to pursue, to work which will yield a pecuniary and more immediate return. Thus we have successive crops of more or less admirable school-books written by college professors. These books, if successful, yield large returns to the authors as well as the publishers, but they contain few, if any, real contributions to knowledge. Many college teachers deliver addresses on all sorts of occasions, and for all amounts of pay, by this means adding to their meagre incomes at a sacrifice of time, of strength, and of the continuity of scholarly work which they and their colleges can ill afford. A fractional part of the whole body of college teachers is engaged in work more or less in demand by the business world. Engineers, chemists, physicists, geologists, and even biologists of certain sorts, are consulted as experts from time to time about practical problems, and receive corresponding remuneration. Some of these men may employ the long summer vacations in well-paid work; others, by taking leave of absence for a year or two, may in that short time recoup themselves for the small return of years of teaching. Most college teachers, however, have no supplementary income or source of income. The supply of Greek text-books slightly exceeds the demand, and the sale of books making real contributions to science does not encourage author or publishers to over-indulgence in their production. As "G. H. M." points out, the only alternative for the young man entering college work is celibacy or debt.

This is something altogether different from a "vow of poverty." The college teacher need never pray, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," for he can never escape the one nor attain the other, save by the European method of marrying a rich wife. Between the wear and tear and distraction of the fruitless struggle to make the ends meet, and the loss of time and scholarship in the few cases of money-making among college teachers, there is no comparison. The loss to American colleges and American learning by the former is incalculably greater than by the latter. No pension fund promising future support can relieve present distress. The problem is how to pay the grocer *now*, not how to be kept from starving in old age; how to be able to earn money enough to support one's wife and educate one's children, not whether one will outlive the other fellows and get a pension. That one of the keenest, most successful business men of the day so realizes the hopelessness of the college teacher's old age as to make some provision for it, indicates his conviction that something must be done at once to relieve those who cannot now be helped in any other way. For a man approaching old age after years of inadequate pay, a pension is the only salvation. For younger men in the college career, Mr. Carnegie's pension system is not the only salvation, nor the one which the self-respecting and independent man would choose. If Mr. Carnegie had directed his generous gift and the weight of his influence against a scale of salaries which forces the college officer to celibacy or to want, there could be greater satisfaction in the feeling of gratitude and appreciation merited by such a gift. Let the salaries of college men be what they should, with fewer college men if need be, and there would be no occasion to fear an indigent old age.

Very truly yours, G. J. P.

May 8, 1905.

THE ART MERGER IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Noting, in your last issue, the appointment as professors of architecture in Columbia University of Mr. C. F. McKim and Mr. Thomas Hastings, both *in propriâ personâ* well beyond the suspicion of acquiring their practice by dominant low-class political and commercial rather than by artistic and professional regimen—which is more than can be said of some other prominent architects—you then advert, approvingly of course, to the proposed alliance of Columbia with the National Academy of Design. President Butler includes with these the Metropolitan Museum of Art in his scheme for such coöperation as will lead to the establishment of an adequate School of Fine Arts—for all of them, as I understand—and the New York papers generally have discussed the subject appreciatively and with considerable point.

Such a project commends itself to probably a majority of the practitioners and lovers of any of the fine arts—plastic, graphic, tonal, or other; but the movement, to be successful, will have to be managed very carefully. "United we stand, divided we fall," is an old maxim; and every one familiar with the vicissitudes and frequent failures of well-meaning and enthusiastic, but not always far-seeing, art associations in this country during, say, the last two decades, knows how often they have fallen for want of standing together, shoulder to shoulder, in a not invariably appreciative and responsive community; some, indeed, having staying power enough to rise again for another wrestle with untoward circumstance, but more, perhaps, staying prone in final collapse.

Confronting, however, this it may be hoped for majority of well-wishers to an amalgamative art project, it should be remembered that in all bodies banded together for the attainment of a special end there are very sure to be some who are so constituted that their motto is "Stare super vias antiquas, et non quieta movere." They represent the conservative element, which is as necessary for the equilibrium and continuity of any large fraternity as is the reformatory element for its expansion and maximum usefulness. Moreover, it is in this class, rather than in that of the aggressively active, that one is apt to find the majority of those who have longest held the laboring oar in their society, and are the most familiar with its history and current workings. No matter, therefore, how pure and public-spirited may be those ur-

gent for a change of methods and for strength-gaining coöperation with cognate bodies, this conservative element not unnaturally regards them with suspicion, and resents alike the merging of their specific association with any others, and the assumed absorption by those others of the treasures the accumulation and custody of which have been their hobby. They are apt to ascribe only motives of self-aggrandizement to them, and to assign them the rôle of the proverbial bull in the china shop; and naturally their ire is specially aroused if a preconcerted programme for a merger in which they have had no hand is suddenly submitted to them. For the success of a new movement such worthy and faithful standard-bearers must be fairly, squarely, and openly reckoned with from the start, no matter how good the ground and how disinterested the motives of the party intent on beneficent change.

I venture to offer these suggestions to the distinguished promoters of the comprehensive art and educational scheme now under public discussion, because, through the lack, I judge, of such reckoning *ab initio*, I have witnessed repeated failures in similar, if less important, projects—the last time within a few months when, acting as a member of a joint committee of the Historical Society of New York and the Numismatic and Archæological Society on the question of a merger of the two bodies in (as I am individually convinced) the ultimate true interest of both. Not a few laudable and really feasible projects, as much to the real advantage of the opposing factions as to that, both current and final, of the public, have, as every student of history, and not least of art history, knows, been long delayed, even if they have not received their *coup de grâce*, through those rampant faults of human nature, too strong an appreciation of one's own sagacity and rectitude, with too low an estimate of the like in others, and the conviction that there is no right way of thought or action save one's own way.

I have written at so much greater length than I contemplated on a subject deeply interesting to me, as doubtless to so many others, that I must, at least for the nonce, forego what I intended to submit further to your indulgence on several other heads when I cut the leaves of your weekly of last Thursday. A. J. Bloor.

Stonington, Conn., May 7, 1905.

A GRIEVANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The schoolbook publishing business is very largely an industry of the last sixty years. Before that time comparatively few books were published, and those few were inferior in subject-matter and in mechanical construction. Sixty years ago it was not an easy matter for an author to obtain a publisher for his book. The demand was so limited that very little capital was attracted to that line of business. The children used at school whatever happened to be placed in their hands. It was not at all unusual to find several kinds of texts on one subject in the same school; and in the majority of schools the reader, arithmetic, and spelling-book were the principal texts in use. In those days the teaching fraternity were not kept informed even of the little that was being done in the schoolbook world. The practice of sending out copies for examination was almost, if not wholly, unknown. If a teacher wanted to see a new book, he had to send away and buy it.

To-day the publishing of schoolbooks is conducted on very different lines. There is sharp competition among the various houses in securing good books. Great care is exercised and no expense spared in making them as perfect as possible. Generous royalties are offered in order that the highest talent may be secured. Publishers are not content to bring out a book just as it comes from the author's hand. The manuscript is passed upon by competent critics, and, if it is found wanting, either in subject-matter, form, or adaptability to the needs of the classroom, it is carefully revised. Large sums of money are often expended in perfecting a manuscript. Money is also spent freely in illustrating and manufacturing the schoolbook of to-day.

As soon as a book is published, it is sent out liberally to teachers and school officials and followed up by intelligent agents—usually college men. This, it will readily be seen, is a heavy expense. Indeed, the cost of putting a book upon the market is so great that there is no certainty of any profit accruing either to author or publisher until it has proved its wearing qualities in the schoolroom. It takes four or five years for a book that is used extensively to pay back the original investment; and unless it holds the market for another five years the profit on it is small.

Competition has been so sharp that publishers have vied with each other in sending out their books very liberally for examination. So long as they did not get back into the market, the publishers were justified, in a measure, in their liberality, for this method brings to the attention of teachers and school officials the latest and best educational thought as nothing else can. But a serious menace has arisen to this custom. Several firms have recently been established whose practice it is to correspond with and visit teachers and school officials for the purpose of buying from them the books which have been sent for examination. So freely have these examination copies been distributed that thousands of teachers have found themselves burdened with books which they could not use in their work, and which were consequently of little or no value to them. Moreover, this liberality on the part of the publishers has naturally given the impression to the teaching fraternity that the cost of these books is trifling; and they have thoughtlessly sold them into the market without realizing the injustice they were doing to both author and publisher. So successful have these firms been in their canvass that it often happens that, when an agent has secured a good adoption, the publisher does not sell a single copy of the book introduced. The order goes to the dealer, who is able to sell the books at a large discount and yet make a larger margin of profit than the publisher would expect to secure. Now, these books were given away as complimentary copies for examination in the first place, and so the author received no copyright. In the final sale they are handled by these dealers, who of course pay the author no royalty. Consequently the author is robbed of the reward of his labor and skill, and the publisher is deprived of his legitimate sales. It will thus be seen that the very liberality of the publisher has become one of his heaviest burdens.

Unless something can be done to discourage the practice of selling these examination copies, which has now assumed such large proportions, publishers cannot continue their present custom of sending out books so freely. Either the recipients must refuse to dispose of them or publishers must limit their number. From an intimate knowledge of teachers and school officials, extending over a period of more than forty years, it is my belief that, when this matter is once called to their attention, few, if any, in the entire length and breadth of this land, will, for the small profit accruing to them, do such grave injustice to author and publisher as this practice has been shown to be. Edwin Ginn.

Boston, May 11, 1905.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, of which notice was given in your issue of April 4, took place in Mandel Hall, at the University of Chicago, upon the 5th and 6th inst. The proportion of members present was large, the registered attendance being 167. Professor Pais of the University of Naples (now lecturing at the University of Wisconsin) was kept away by temporary illness. Otherwise the papers were given as announced, namely: "Herodotus and the Oracle of Delphi," by Prof. Arthur Fairbanks of the University of Iowa; "The Subjunctive in Consecutive Clauses," by Prof. J. J. Schlicher of the Indiana State Normal School, Terre Haute; "The General Linguistic Conditions of Greece and Italy," by Prof. C. D. Buck of the University of Chicago; "The Present Imperative and the Aorist Subjunctive in Prohibition in Greek Dramatic Poetry," by Prof. J. A. Scott of Northwestern University; "Syllabification in Latin Inscriptions," by Prof. Walter Dennison of the University of Michigan, with a "Supplementary Note on Syllabification in Latin Manuscripts," by Prof. W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago; "Latin Composition in Secondary Schools," by Prof. B. L. D'Ooge of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich; "An Experiment in the Teaching of First and Second Year Latin," by Professor Hale; "The Present Status of the Leukas-Ithaka Question," by Prof. W. G. Manly of the University of Missouri; "Virgil's Epic Technique," by Prof. Gordon J. Laing of the University of Chicago; "Pompeii and St. Pierre," with lantern illustrations, by Prof. F. W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan.

On the evening of the first day, an address was delivered by Professor Shorey of the University of Chicago, upon "Philology and Classical Philology." The presiding officer was Prof. A. F. West of Princeton, who fortunately happened to be passing through Chicago at the time. At the conclusion of the address, a reception was given to the Association by the University of Chicago, in Hutchinson Hall. After the reception, a very successful "smoker," with informal addresses, was

held at the Quadrangle Club, with Professor West in the chair.

At the meeting of organization, held on the second morning, Prof. W. G. Manly of the University of Missouri, with whom the movement originated, was elected president for the coming year. Twenty-two vice-presidents were appointed, one from each of the States included in the territory of the Association. Of these officers, Prof. A. T. Walker of the University of Kansas was elected first vice-president. Professor D'Ooge was elected secretary and treasurer. An executive committee of five was also appointed.

The most important business before the organization was naturally the question whether it should offer itself as a branch-member to the American Philological Association, or should have a separate existence and a separate organ of publication. Before the meeting, there had been doubts on the part of a number of persons; but the strength of the movement was so apparent that, from the opening of the first session, so far as the writer is aware, opinion was unanimous that the organization must have an independent existence and an independent means of publication. It was also felt by every one that a single yearly volume containing the papers given at the meetings would not suffice, but that there must be a publication, appearing frequently and at regular intervals, which should afford a means for the active interchange of opinion. A resolution was therefore passed, without a dissenting voice, that the Association should publish a journal, to be issued in eight numbers of not less than twenty-four pages each, and to contain articles, reviews, notes, communications, and editorials, of a kind adapted to appeal to the teacher as such, in school or college. The offer of the University to guarantee this journal financially for a period of five years was accepted. The first number is expected to appear in January next. W. G. HALE.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1905.

Notes.

The volume of Dr. Sandys's 'Harvard Lectures on the Revival of Learning,' to be published by Macmillan Co., will embrace "Petrarch and Boccaccio," "The Age of Discoveries," "The Academies of Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome," "The History of Ciceronianism," and two other chapters, plus a seventh on "The Study of Greek," with a sketch of the European diffusion of the new learning. The same firm announces 'The Foundations of Sociology,' by Prof. Edward A. Ross of the University of Nebraska.

A new volume of verse, 'From the Book of Valentines,' and another of prose essays, 'The Poetry of Life,' by Bliss Carman, are in the press of L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The sum of $300 will procure to subscribers a ten-volume collection of 'Portraits Russes des XVIIIe et XIXe Siècles' (Leipzig: Karl W. Hiersemann; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The text, in each case "a short biography, based upon careful historical researches," will apparently be supplied by the editor, the Grand Duke Nicolas Mikhailovitch, who draws upon his own private collection as well as from other sources—in oil, water-color and gouache. The size is quarto. The publication will be in parts (volume one is already out), and will cover six years. The more than 2,000 portraits will be reproduced in phototype, and well reproduced, to judge from the specimen plates.

The publication, in twelve volumes octavo, of the Proceedings (*Atti*) of the International Congress of Historical Sciences, held at Rome in April, 1903, will soon be completed. The eminence of many of the contributors is so evident that our principal American libraries will presumably wish to procure complete sets of the work. Two volumes are devoted to history, and one each to the history of literatures, archæology, numismatics, fine arts, music and drama, jurisprudence, geography, philosophy and religions, and physical, mathematical, natural and medical sciences. An introductory volume will describe the Congress. The work is issued under the direction of the Italian Government, and may be subscribed for through the Libreria Loescher, 307 Corso Umberto I., Rome.

There lies before us a circular letter from the Committee for the Establishment of an American Section in the Municipal Library of Frankfort. "Being convinced that the dissemination of a more perfect knowledge concerning the political, social, economic, and intellectual life of the United States of America is urgently desired in Germany, and also that no German city is better fitted as a centre for such purpose than Frankfort-on-the-Main, situated as it is in the heart of Germany, a committee has been formed to accomplish this end." The proposed American Section of the Frankfort Library will be devoted more especially "to the philosophical, historical, judicial, political, industrial, commercial, and sociological literature of the United States." The activity of the committee will be directed towards two ends—first, towards the collection of a fund for the purchase of American literature, and, second, towards securing for the Library as gifts the publications of American governments, Federal, State, and municipal, educational and scientific institutions and associations, chambers of commerce, etc. The circular, which is signed by the chairman of the committee, Dr. Adickes, Mayor of Frankfort, points out that the Frankfort Library is open to every one, free of charge, and that its large reading-room is always accessible to the public. Mr. James Speyer of Speyer & Co., New York, represents the committee in this country.

Dr. Keltie, editor of the 'Statesman's Yearbook,' is able to make a brave showing of revision for the current forty-second annual issue (Macmillan). The Australian Commonwealth begins to take a statistical place in the matter of commerce; various articles furnish fresh information on the European Eastern question, about the French colonial development, the Philippines, etc. Among the introductory tables is one of "important losses" in the first year of the Russo-Japanese war—meaning in ships only. Japanese reticence leaves several items debatable. The preliminary maps, grouped together, have, among the most interesting subjects, the army divisions of the United Kingdom; railroad schemes in the Near East, particularly the great lines projected to connect the Black and Caspian Seas with the Persian Gulf; world areas of cotton-growing, and of wheat and meat supply for Great Britain—that of wheat being much the least in British possessions; and some boundary adjustments in South America, by treaty or arbitration, viz., between Brazil and British Guiana on the one hand and Bolivia on the other. From map and text together, we judge that the King of Italy's decision debarred Brazil from the Essequibo watershed for which she contended.

Anthologies of descriptions of places are not always satisfactory, because they are likely to be too scrappy or too unequal in style. But Miss Esther Singleton has, in 'Venice as Seen and Described by Famous Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), made a book that is charming to read anywhere, and will be useful for travellers in Venice to consult. She has chosen nearly fifty pieces, written by authors from Dickens to Mr. Horatio Brown, and of such length that they do not lose their literary quality. By a logical arrangement, she has made these selections give in turn the general history of Venice, and describe its monuments, works of art, and environs. You visit the Rialto with Yriarte, the tombs of the Doges with Taine, the Grand Canal with Gautier, St. Mark's—and many other spots—with Ruskin. John Richard Green outlines for you the historic contrasts between Rome and Venice, or the place of Tintoretto among painters; J. A. Symonds describes Venice by night; Molmenti takes you to the patricians' palaces; Havard is your guide on the Campanile—alas! now fallen. Clear half-tone views really illustrate this excellent compilation, in which alone are lacking citations from Mr. Howells, Mr. Norton, and some few other Americans, in order to be complete. The exigencies of copyright may have caused their exclusion.

The reflections of Mr. Charles H. Harvey in 'The Biology of British Politics' (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners) do not go far to remedy what he alleges to be the great defect of politics—*i. e.*, that it is still only an empirical art. The Darwinian theory was scarcely necessary to teach us that the success of a nation, as of an individual, largely depends on adaptation to environment, and Mr. Harvey's application of this doctrine to the present needs of the British Empire will appear to many readers a discovery of the obvious. Even an evolutionary philosopher, however, may light sometimes upon a mare's-nest, as when this writer finds that, owing to the increasing importance of the Pacific, "the long coast lines of the British Empire there will require, more than ever before, the absolute supremacy of the British navy." While it comes short of its professed aim, the book is of service to the student of politics, as giving a clear and convenient outline of the changes in international relations during the last century.

When the second edition of Sir George Trevelyan's 'History of the American Revolution' was noticed in these columns, we were not in a position to collate the original Part I. with the new Volume I. so as to pronounce on the revisions as mentioned by the author. This we have now done, and do not hesitate to say they have been performed in a truly careful and judicious manner. The sections have been broken up; the first chapter, which had been obviously written in continuation of the au-

thor's 'Life of Fox,' has had its contents transferred to more appropriate parts of the text, to an appendix, or to the notes. These two receptacles contain matter from other chapters of Part I., and have been enriched, as has the text, by many valuable illustrations, both lively and grave. A passage about George Selwyn appears to have been wisely sacrificed, while excellent pages on Burke and on Fox himself are new. The reference in the appendix to Franklin's use of the coat in which he stood Wedderburn's attack, is specially valuable; and many slighter touches, to which the author modestly asks attention, well deserve it. As our recent notice called attention to some uncorrected errors, it is only fair to say that many others in Part I. have been expelled.

The Geographical Society of Baltimore has set a notable example in the publication (through Macmillan) of a handsome quarto volume on 'The Bahama Islands,' edited by Dr. George Burbank Shattuck, head of the Society's expedition to the archipelago—dispatched on June 1, 1903. The materials here elaborated were necessarily gathered in the brief space of five weeks, dependence being placed upon a sailing vessel. The work was well distributed among specialists adequately equipped with apparatus, and the result is a monograph of high and varied interest and general readability. The illustrations are numerous and admirable, often colored, and there is an abundance of maps and diagrams. The range is exhaustive, from the physiography of the islands to their history, "with a special study of the abolition of slavery in the colony"; from climate and magnetic observations and kite-exploration of the mosquitoes (a chapter quite novel to science); from fossils to tides and benchmarks, etc., etc. Some of the most beautiful plates are of floral vegetation and of gaudy fish. This survey will suffice to show the value of the report, which space forbids us to undertake to review. We will cite the remark that none of the fifteen species of mosquitoes collected were distinctively Bahamian. "All have a North American distribution," some a tropical. Dr. Howard is engaged upon a North and Central American and West Indian mosquito monograph under a grant from the Carnegie Institution.

In modern legal education, selections of cases play a leading part, and their name is legion. One of the latest which have reached us is Mr. Courtney Stanhope Kenny's 'Selection of Cases Illustrative of the English Law of Tort' (Cambridge [Eng.] University Press; New York: Macmillan). The author has lectured on this subject at Cambridge for ten years past, and is at home in his subject. His illustrations consist of only some two hundred cases on the law of tort, but by means of them Mr. Kenny manages to cover the whole ground, first giving the general principles (Liability—Liability as Affected by Status—General Exceptions to Liability—Remedies), and following this with the usual analysis of the various kinds of torts (Assault, False Imprisonment, etc.). The headnotes take the form of a running and concise exposition of the law. This method works better with some cases than with others. Thus, "An act otherwise lawful is usually *not* rendered a tort by its causing damage" (Holmes *v.* Mather, p. 1) is a concise and clear statement; the same can hardly be said of the headnote prefixed to the well-known *Mogul* steamship case (p. 195). As a compendium the book is excellent.

Harrison Weir's 'Poultry Book,' which Doubleday, Page & Co. have been issuing in parts, is now gathered into three superb volumes, constituting the most impressive and important contribution to the subject of domestic fowl ever undertaken. The illustrations in color and in black and white, by Harrison Weir and others, reach a level of excellence that will remain the standard of comparison until some vastly superior process of pictorial reproduction is discovered. The topics treated cover every contingency and safeguard in the selection and breeding of domestic fowl, including pigeons. The work contains also a chapter on the rearing of pheasants, an industry destined before long to be of great importance; the propagation of this species for private preserves being yearly on the increase. The general use of the incubator has opened fresh possibilities to the amateur or professional breeder of domestic fowl. Even ostriches are now hatched in these machines. Pigeon eggs are exempt only for the reason that the young of that bird are fed upon predigested food supplied by the parent. The superiority of artificial over natural incubation is now no longer contested. The incubator, therefore, has become such a weighty factor in the poultry industry that 'The Poultry Book' has given the subject the attention it deserves. It is impossible to discriminate in the great mass of valuable information contained in these volumes, or to indicate where the treatment of one subject surpasses another in completeness. No detail, however minute, is omitted; even the general reader will find much in it to interest him.

In his Providence *Book Notes* for May, Mr. Rider carries back sixty years the first appearance in print of the word *gavel* in the sense of hammer, which is peculiar to the United States. Dr. Murray had to put up, for a definite quotation, with the *Nation* of 1866, though Worcester had caught the word. Mr. Rider has discovered it in a Masonic work, the 'Freemason's Monitor,' Providence, 1805 (p. 36): "The common gavel is an instrument made use of by operative masons to break off corners of rough stones," etc. The author, Thomas Smith Webb, proceeds to symbolize the tool for "free and accepted Masons." Its earliest assignment to a presiding officer must still be sought.

As one would not naturally look for etymologies in an appendix to the Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries for 1904, we will notice that the derivation of *alewife* is there discussed by Dr. Theodore Gill, in a sketch of the State Ichthyology of Massachusetts. In no carping spirit Dr. Gill takes up the derivations which Dr. Murray recorded without being satisfied with them, and summarizes his own contribution to the same subject in *Notes and Queries*. Instead of being American, he states that *alewife* is an old English name that still survives in southwestern England; it has for centuries been current with *alose, allowes, allow, oldwife*, etc.; but as to just how it was evolved, "further investigation is required," as Dr. Murray said.

Museumskunde is the name of a new quarterly journal (Berlin: G. Reimer) devoted, as its name shows, to the interests of museums and museum workers. The initial article in the first number is a description of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, by its director, W. Bode. The Museum has recently been installed in a new building, and this gives Dr. Bode an occasion to remark on the fact that many large museum buildings, such as the Louvre, the National Gallery, the Old Pinakothek, have served as models for others, and to warn against attempts so to use the present building. The peculiar shape of the ground where it is built, and the particular character of many of its collections, presented problems which had to be solved in a somewhat unique way. The author aims to make clear these conditions. In another article, entitled "Das Nächstliegende," Dr. A. Lichtwark of Hamburg makes a plea for historical museums of local art. Mr. F. A. Bather, in discoursing on Museum Reports, asks why they are so dull? Mr. Bather acknowledges, of course, that some reports do afford really instructve reading for the working curator; they come, he says, chiefly from America. The journal contains the usual department of book reviews and notices, and, in addition to this, a list of articles selected from general scientific, chemical, and technical journals which offer something of interest to museum administrators; particular attention will be given to methods of conserving and to the work of the museum chemist.

At Rossleben, on the Franco-German border, a new pedagogical experiment is being made that is attracting considerable attention. As the result of an agreement by the French and the Prussian Governments, a young university graduate from France has taken a position in the German gymnasium at Rossleben, for the purpose of giving, without cost, practical instruction in his native language. In the same way a German philologian goes to a French secondary school designated by the French Government for the purpose of giving practical instruction in German. M. Maillet, Licencié of the Paris Sorbonne, is already at work in Rossleben. It is hoped to extend this international exchange of languages and courtesy.

The Milan Exposition of 1906 is to improve on that at Turin in 1898 in one particular: it will attempt a still more impressive showing of the activity of three million Italians abroad. A retrospective survey of Italian greatness outside the peninsula, in every age and country, will also be furnished. The propaganda of the Dante Alighieri Society in and out of the kingdom will be conspicuously represented.

The first modern performance of Greene's romantic comedy, "The Honourable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay," was given at Champaign, on May 8, under the auspices of the English Club of the University of Illinois. At the same time appeared an acting version of the play, prepared by T. H. Guild and F. W. Scott of the department of Rhetoric and English respectively. In this version, which is based upon the text of the play in Gayley's 'Representative English Comedies,' the sixteen scenes of the original are divided into the conventional five acts, with two or three scenes in each act. The omissions, amounting to about a third of the whole, were dictated by considerations of modern taste, verbal clearness, and dramatic effect. Throughout, the editors have aimed at producing a version that would afford amusement to a modern audience without doing violence to

the spirit of the original, and the evident pleasure with which the performance was followed was sufficient justification of the methods. The success of the magic scenes, which did not appear at all childish as one literary critic has characterized them, was pronounced; and, throughout, the figure of Bacon held the interest and sympathy of the spectators. It seems probable, after this highly successful first attempt, that Greene's charming play will be given a place among the pieces occasionally produced by amateurs, even though it may never be recognized on the professional stage.

—In the April-May number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* are printed the regulations of the Bureau of information for the Libraries of Germany which was established recently as a kind of appendix to the Prussian *Gesammtkatalog*. While that catalogue represents only twelve of the largest libraries of the kingdom of Prussia, the Royal Library in Berlin and the eleven university libraries, the Bureau is the agent of not less than seventy-four libraries in all parts of the German Empire, and it is expected that many more will join in the near future. The purpose of the Bureau is to foster intercourse between libraries and students, more particularly to give an inquirer information as to where he might find a given book. The information is obtained either by ascertaining through the 'Gesammtkatalog' whether the book is to be found in any of the libraries represented by it, or, if not, by inquiring at that one of the other participating libraries in which it seems most reasonable to expect to find the book in question. Of the books whose whereabouts still remain to be ascertained, lists will be printed from time to time and sent to the various libraries. A charge is made of ten pfennigs for each title. This number of the periodical contains also the new statutes for the Royal Library. They contain many regulations which must seem antiquated to American librarians, especially the one that requires a request for a book to be sent in two hours in advance, and that full title and other particulars be given even when the call number of the book is known.

—Mr. Berenson's 'Lorenzo Lotto' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) appears the third time from the press, about ten years from the date of original issue. Meanwhile the main contention of the book, the reconstruction of the school of Alwise Vivarini, has been generally accepted, and the volume itself has gained through the discovery of new works and the swelling of the illustrations from thirty to sixty-four. As in a former review, we doubt the application of the Morellian methods to portraits; and, so far as one may judge by reproductions, several of the portrait drawings and paintings attributed to the pervasive Alwise seem to us merely nondescript. The work, however, remains a model of systematic investigation in a field in which mere impressionism has often confused counsel, and we record with some regret a rather curious instance in which Mr. Berenson slips into the kind of offhand error his example has done so much to rebuke. Every lover of Lotto will remember the portrait, in Vienna, of a man in three aspects. Mr. Berenson admitted it tardily into the canon, characterizing it as an "interpretation of a commonplace, prosperous person." When it is realized that Mr. Berenson's book proves abundantly that Lotto was neither prosperous nor commonplace, and that Mr. J. Kerr-Lawson, in the *Burlington Magazine* for March, has shown most ingeniously that the picture contains a rebus— a lotto box—which marks it as Lotto's portrait of himself, a sign-post of humility is set up for all critics. As a matter of fact, the portrait shows a man of the burly, yet sensitive, type of the late William Morris, whom it strikingly recalls.

—If we examine the 'International French-English and English-French Dictionary' published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, in this city, we learn from the title-page that the French pronunciation has been in charge of Prof. Paul Passy of the University of Paris; the English, of Prof. George Hempl of the University of Michigan. The preface is signed by Robert Morris Pierce, and dated New York. Before reading this, we may ascertain for ourselves that the one-volume work has been compactly designed; that it neglects etymology altogether; that it eschews definitions in favor of synonyms; that it records irregular inflections; that it always spells the word out in full in illustrative phrases (a very laudable practice); that a list of French-English proper names is intercalated between the French and English sections. The page is in two broad columns, facilitating the assignment of a single line to a large proportion of the vocabulary. The full-face letter of the rubric contrasts well with the remainder of the text, which typographically leaves nothing to be desired. We could not of ourselves have found out that the conventional pronunciation marks are those of the International Phonetic Association, or that they will be employed in each of an ambitious series of dictionaries led off by the one before us. Nor might we have noticed the attention given "to certain functional variants concomitant with changes of meaning or stress," which the editor believes to be "an important innovation in lexicography." No example is offered of these variants. One case of fluctuating stress, in *survey* (the noun), is unnoticed here.

—The volume has an engaging appearance; the synonyms are crisp; the illustrations are fresh—"se tromper de tramway," to take the wrong car; "il me faut une jeune dactylographe," I must have a young typewriter. Still, there is nothing to make one discard his Gasc or his James and Molé, which are apt to be fuller, as one may discover under *faire* or *falloir*. Inaccuracies we have not observed, except that "esprit *du* corps" is set down (under *esprit*) concurrently with "esprit *de* corps," the true idiom. This phrase, we remark, appears under both its substantives, and so with "nom de guerre"; but this does not uniformly happen, *e. g.*, "lait de chaux" is entered only under *lait*. The correlation between the two sections is, as in all dictionaries, imperfect, and one must, for example, turn to *devil* for supplementary phrases of *diable*. Again, "esprit de corps," under *corps*, is periphrastically equated with "common spirit pervading an association of men"; under *esprit*, with "corps spirit, brotherhood." But in the English portion neither *brotherhood*, *corps*, nor *spirit* leads up to the French expression. So *pseudonym* has no reference to "nom de guerre," under which it occurs in the French portion. "Donner dans la vue" is "to strike the eye." Under *eye* we find *vue*, but not the phrase; nor under *strike*. We observe that the editor admits *morale* as the English equivalent of French *moral* (as of troops). Perhaps we might equally have expected "nom de plume" as our equivalent for "nom de guerre." Is it a scribe's error that gives, in the list of proper names, "*F*ernambouc" as well as "*P*ernambouc," for Pernambuco, under their respective initials?

—Vulcanologists and geologists generally will welcome the recently published report by M. Lacroix, chief of the French Scientific Commission to the Island of Martinique, of his observations on Pelée and the extraordinary phenomena which characterized the eruptions of 1902 and 1903. The stately volume, 'La Montagne Pelée et ses Éruptions' (Paris: Masson & Cie), published by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, covers practically the whole field of observation from the destruction of Saint-Pierre until near the close of the year 1904, and embodies the researches and conclusions of foreign investigators as well as those of the author and his associates. The unusual opportunities enjoyed by the French Commission, in its stay of over a year and a half on the island, for closely following the activities of the now famous volcano, particularly the phase of the making and unmaking of its great tower or obelisk, lend a special value to the report that has now been published, though the main facts contained in it have already been anticipated by the publications of the geologists of this country, as well as by Professor Lacroix himself in special reports addressed to the Académie des Sciences. As to the main facts connected with the eruption of May, 1902, and the destruction of Saint-Pierre, M. Lacroix is in accord with the views expressed by American observers generally, namely, that the annihilation of Saint-Pierre was brought about primarily as the result of an explosion of steam in the crateral part (Étang Sec) of the volcano, whose downward movement was initiated by a discharge taking place in that direction. The *nuée ardente*, as the destroying down-moving or down-rolling "black cloud" is called, was naturally charged with an extreme degree of heat; contained, in addition to the vapor of water, a number of gases in combination; and was in great part loaded with volcanic débris or ejecta. It was thus a veritable heat and gas tornado, whose impact few objects could withstand. Professor Lacroix believes that the velocity of this destroying blast could, at the time of its reaching Saint-Pierre, hardly have been less than 400-450 feet per second, and he is inclined to the belief that the destruction of the city of 25,000 inhabitants was brought about perhaps in hardly more than a fraction of a minute. In assuming that the destructive blast was directed downward as the result of explosive force, and that the death-dealing cloud did not reach Saint-Pierre in obedience to gravitational force, Lacroix confirms the views that have been advanced by the American observers as opposed to those of Drs. Flett and Tempest Anderson, representing the commission of the Royal Society of London. As regards the great monolith of rock which at the time of its greatest development rose up-

wards of a thousand feet above the summit of the dome (itself 1,600 feet high) reared over the ancient crater, Lacroix holds fundamentally to his original views of its construction, namely, that it was a great mass of highly viscous (acidic) lava that cooled and solidified during the very process of extrusion, and, as a result of this rapid solidification, was necessarily forced to take a vertical movement in place of the normal down-flow of lavas generally—a view that has been latterly contested by at least one geological observer. In addition to observations of a more general nature touching the phenomena of Pelée, Professor Lacroix's work contains a mass of important special studies, notably in petrography and the formation of quartzitic rocks. It is handsomely illustrated by a large number of heliographic plates.

—In Japan, the literature springing directly out of the war with Russia has been chiefly of a popular and ephemeral sort, although some of the poetry consists of more than the thirty-one syllable verselets. A few of the *nagai-uta*, or long poems, are well worth translating. Probably the most serious monograph is 'Senji Sobo Kigen,' or Words in Time of War—or, freely translated, Unpalatable Warnings in War Time, from a Poor Student Dwelling under a Thatched Roof. The author is Nishi Sawanosuke (Tokio: The Taiyosha, publishers), and his matter, in eight chapters, is infused with Shintoism at a high temperature, though his high appreciation of woman —so rare in Japanese literature—betrays the modern spirit of the new Japan. Unless we mistake, we are reading the message of the co-worker with Fukuzawa in the famous Mei Roku Sha (Society of the Sixth Year of Meiji [1874]), which has so powerfully affected the course of national education in Japan. In chapter i. he affirms the purpose of the war to be the protection of the Japanese and humanity, and the guarantee of international peace. This is to be sought in the development of industry, in international law, and in higher ethical teaching. The mission of Japan is to advance humanity in the world. Success is assured by the character of the people of Nippon, their morals and religion. Other religious and ethical systems are factitious and irrational. Japan has the morality of Heaven—real, natural, a perfect union of politics and religion in loyalty and filial piety. The punishment of perfidious Russia is Japan's duty. The Slav is the enemy of civilization in that he destroys the moral unity of the world. The story of Russia's seizure of Saghalien and of Tsushima is told vividly and in detail. Japan expects final and complete victory, but, to secure this, industry, finance, economics, must be carefully looked to. The author opposes all peace talk, for the work of the war, if not thoroughly consummated now, must be done over again in fresh blood. He then outlines peace terms which in substance mean the blotting out of Russia in the eastern half of Asia. He expects a long continuation of the war. If England in the Napoleonic era, with twelve million people, spent four billions of dollars to save Europe, why should not Japan persevere? In conclusion, he shows the defects of education in Japan as being too materialistic, and demands that the male teachers go to the front as soldiers and leave education to women, who are by nature the better instructors of youth. Summing up the work, we hear, through the blast of a Shinto trumpet, a tremendous indictment of the Education Department, with its corruption already made public and its pedagogic spirit so faulty in the Shintoistic view. In his high praise of woman and his close parallel drawn between the early Japanese and the primitive Hebrew spirit, we have proof that Shinto propagandists, like Christian men of polemic mind, read into old scriptures what impartial students of the archaic documents cannot find. The whole work in temper contrasts notably with Dr. Asakawa's work on the Russo-Japanese war, already reviewed in these columns; the latter's being the view most in accord with cool judgment.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Coventry Patmore. By Edmund Gosse. (Literary Lives Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons.

Coventry Patmore was born in 1823 at Woodford in Essex. His father, Peter Patmore, himself a man of letters, had gained an unpleasant notoriety as second in a duel between John Scott, the editor, and Lockhart's friend Christie. These duels of literary men were generally bloodless—with Moore on two occasions they ended in a warm friendship, his opponent being unable to withstand the poet's fascinations at such short range; but the elder Patmore, in a moment of unaccountable bloodthirstiness, insisted that his principal should make no concessions, with the result that Scott was mortally wounded. Peter Patmore was dropped by his literary friends, and the blot on his father's name and the isolation of his family had a decided effect on the youth of the poet.

For his early life Mr. Gosse had to depend on the poet's reminiscences. Now Patmore's memory was of the imaginative type with which we are all familiar. "His memory amplified quantities before they could reach his lips in words," says Mr. Gosse. He was, in fact, subject to megalomania, which is no more lying than kleptomania is stealing. When a mature person of this disposition tells us that he was an agnostic until the age of eleven, and at nine was "Love's willing page," we know that his imagination has got the better of his memory. But Coventry Patmore must have been a strange, precocious, self-centred child, spoiled by his father, who from the first treated him as a budding genius, snubbed by his mother, a severe Scotchwoman, who resented this claim and to the last refused to look at her son's poems. This is how Peter Patmore describes his son at twenty:

> "See! his lithe, fragile form is bending over a book that is spread open on his knees, his head drooping towards it like a plucked flower. The pale face is resting on the clasped hand, over which, and all round the small, exquisitely modelled head, fall heavy waves of auburn hair, concealing all but one pale cheek—pale and cold as marble, but smooth and soft as a girl's."

On reading this, one is inclined to sympathize with Coventry's mother, and to forgive the more normal British parent's profound distrust of the artistic temperament.

Patmore was spared the university, and, after a desultory education and a residence in France, settled down in London to the literary life. His first volume of poems (1844) shows the influence of Tennyson in such a stanza as this from "Tamerton Church Tower":

> "Ere summer's prime that year the wasp
> Lay gorged within the peach;
> The tide, as though the sea did gasp,
> Fell lax upon the beach";

and there are clear imitations of the manner of Elizabeth Barrett, with whom Patmore had much in common. Mr. Gosse quotes from an unpublished letter of Browning: "A very interesting young poet has blushed into bloom this season." Patmore's welcome came chiefly from poets; the critics detected the influence of Keats and would have none of him. About this time his father withdrew to the Continent, and Coventry was told that he must for the first time support himself. Tennyson was his intimate friend, and they used to wander through London together, Patmore following the elder poet "like a dog" as he would say of himself with scorn in the later years of their estrangement. He was in a fair way to starve when Monckton Milnes secured him the post of assistant in the Library of the British Museum. When, in 1864, his second marriage with a woman of fortune enabled him to leave the Museum, he was, as an obituary note expressed it, "in a fair way to become Keeper of the Printed Books."

In 1847 he married a woman who was almost worshipped for her beauty in the circle of young pre-Raphaelites with whom her husband was intimate. Woolner made a medallion of Emily Patmore's head; Millais in 1851 painted her portrait; and finally Browning immortalized her beauty in a famous poem. It was admitted that when she laughed her charm was eclipsed, and the fact had not escaped Browning:

> "If one could have that little head of hers
> Painted upon a background of pale gold
> Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers,
> No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
> Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
> In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
> For that spoils all . . ."

No wonder that when he had won this beautiful wife, Patmore himself determined to compose a poem in her honor, 'The Angel in the House.' Meanwhile he had contributed some poems to the pre-Raphaelite organ, the *Germ*, and had published a second volume called 'Tamerton Church-Tower' (1853). At this time Tennyson, the Brownings, and Matthew Arnold had produced or were producing their best work. Patmore had dreamed for years of a great poem consecrated to marriage before, in 1854, he published the first part of 'The Angel in the House.' It was like him to say at the start that he meant to make it "bigger than the 'Divina Commedia.'" Tennyson, in an unpublished letter to Aubrey de Vere, said that, "when finished, it will add one more to the small list of Great Poems." It is at any rate safe to say that few long English poems have been so eagerly read by the crowd. When in 1887 it was issued at threepence, a million copies were quickly sold, and it is still in great demand. It has never had any such vogue in this country, where the apotheosis of the home and of woman in her purely domestic aspect fails to secure the instant response that it meets from every Englishman,

Here is a real international difference. Put it down if you will to the unfailing British appetite for the sentimental, the appetite that was fed by Tennyson's 'May-Queen' and 'Dora' and a good deal of Wordsworth. At any rate the 'Angel in the House' could have been written only by an English poet; and, *mutatis mutandis*, such a poem would have a fair chance of a similar success to-day. The modern poet would not frankly tell the story, as Patmore does; he would compose a sonnet sequence, but the English ideal has not changed, and we doubt if it ever will.

The 'Angel in the House' is a narrative poem of middle-Victorian manners. The hero is just such a young man as Trollope delighted to describe, and his love story reads like a few chapters of Trollope put into verse. The setting of the courtship, the clothes of the young people, the food they ate, the trains they took, the parties they gave, the chairs they sat on—Patmore lets you have it all. His generation welcomed that sort of verse, and liked Patmore's lines on the furniture of the Deanery, the

> "Dim rich lustre of old oak
> And crimson velvet's glowing gloom,"

as it liked Tennyson's—

> "She left the novel half uncut
> Upon the rosewood shelf;
> She left the new piano shut,
> She could not please herself."

Or this, by another popular poet of the day:

> "Lady Anne Dewhurst on a crimson couch
> Lay, with a rug of sable o'er her knees,
> In a bright boudoir in Belgravia."

There were fewer novels in those days, and poetry must serve both its own purpose and the purposes of fiction. This sort of poetry has been labelled by Mr. Stedman, in his 'Victorian Anthology,' the "Composite Idyllic," and that is perhaps as near as one can get to a definition. It would be unfair to Patmore to dwell on the glaring faults of taste, the lack of humor, that mar his longest work. That there are in it touches of genuine poetry, moments in which the poet rises above the bourgeois comforts of the deanery, no reader of the poem can deny. Carlyle called one section of it, "The Espousals," a "beautiful little piece; high, ingenious, fine, managed with great art, *thrift*, and success," while Landor wrote: "Never was anything more tender." Yet the true admirer of Patmore bases his admiration on the later poems in the volume called 'The Unknown Eros,' published in 1877. The Eros whom he had celebrated in 'The Angel in the House' was certainly not "unknown." In the later volume the mysticism that was so strong an element in his temperament is given full play.

He had entered the Roman Catholic communion in 1864, after the death of his first wife, and remained for the rest of his long life in the closest sympathy with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. His second marriage, with a Catholic lady of considerable fortune, transformed him into a landed proprietor, and he proved by his admirable management of the estate in Sussex that a poet can be an excellent man of business. Patmore made his estate pay, and, a few years after its purchase, sold it at a profit—a rare achievement for an English landed proprietor. He spent his last years at Hastings, where he built a Catholic chapel, and at Lymington in Hampshire, where he died in 1896, in his seventy-fourth year. His portrait, painted by Sargent in 1894, is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. Patmore sat to Sargent for the prophet Ezekiel in the decorations of the Boston Library and for a second portrait, so that there is no danger that his strange, inspired head and attenuated figure, with what Mr. Gosse calls "its aspect of a wild crane in the wilderness," will be forgotten. In the 'Oxford Book of English Verse' are three of the best of Patmore's short poems—"The Toys," "If I Were Dead," and "Departure." But if we wanted to convert the skeptic to the admission that Patmore is not to be judged by his apotheosis of "honorable domesticity," we should ask him to read first the ode "Azalea," which we quote in full:

> "There, where the sun shines first
> Against our room,
> She trained the gold Azalea, whose perfume
> She, Spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.
> Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom,
> For that their dainty likeness watch'd and nursed,
> Were just at point to burst.
> At dawn I dream'd, O God, that she was dead,
> And groan'd aloud upon my wretched bed,
> And waked, ah, God! and did not waken her,
> But lay, with eyes still closed,
> Perfectly bless'd in the delicious sphere
> By which I knew so well that she was near,
> My heart to speechless thankfulness composed,
> Till 'gan to stir
> A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head—
> It *was* the azalea's breath, and she *was* dead!
> The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed,
> And I had fallen asleep with to my breast
> A chance-found letter press'd,
> In which she said,
> 'So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
> Parting's well paid with 'soon again to meet,'
> Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
> Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you."

Mr. Gosse was the intimate friend of Patmore, and, as intimate friends feel that duty demands, he has drawn the poet's portrait with an unflattering pen. But, while he does not spare the foibles and eccentricities of Patmore, he writes with a genuine appreciation of his much misunderstood genius; and though he says too little about Patmore's prose essays, which have singular merits of style, his attractive little volume, with its excellent illustrations, can be recommended to all to whom the more exhaustive Life by Mr. Champneys is not accessible.

LOW'S GOVERNANCE OF ENGLAND.

The Governance of England. By Sidney Low. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

To a student unfamiliar with the subject, this book must be altogether charming, and it may be read with pleasure by those to whom its contents are not novel. The author has a graceful and flexible style, an instrument polished by incessant use, and so deftly wielded as to convey the impression that such mastery of expository art must be supported by corresponding wisdom. No doubt, much of what he says has been said before; many of his statements are well-worn platitudes. But it is impossible, nowadays, to write of anything of consequence without saying what has been said before, and it is always possible to detect new shades of meaning in texts that have been expounded numberless times.

But Mr. Low attempts more than this. An account of the government of England, he says, must be like the picture of a living person:

> "If you want to see exactly how the original appears, you do not refer to a photograph taken twenty or thirty years ago. The features may be the same, but their expression, their proportion, and their whole character, have changed. In the interval between one examination of our public polity and another, the formal part may not have greatly altered, but the conventional, the organic, working, portion has been modified in all sorts of ways."

It may be said that since the subject has been handled by such writers as Hearn, Todd, Bagehot, and Dicey, so well equipped, so learned, and so able, there can be no necessity to deal with any part of it again; but those men wrote long ago—Mr. Low does not include in his list Mr. Courtney's recent 'Working Constitution'—and many things have happened in the interval. Their portraits were faithful when taken, but the subject has changed so much that it is time for him to sit again. Bagehot showed that the "literary" theory of the Constitution did not correspond with the facts of his day; but

> "Bagehot's ideas, sound and logical as they are in the main, as an explanation of the 'rough practice' which prevailed when Lord Palmerston was in office, have themselves crystallized into something like a 'literary theory.' . . . We cannot take the speculations and inferences of the critics belonging to the great middle-class era of English Constitutional history as if they were of pontifical authority for the present day."

The prospect thus opened before us is undeniably interesting. When Bagehot died, Mr. Birrell has declared, "he carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the Three Estates of the Realm." Nor was he more remarkable for penetration than for the persuasiveness with which he presented his views. Those who listened to him could not resist the conviction that he understood the nature of government because he understood human nature. He saw that rulers were but men of like passions with their subjects, and that governments were carried on as other affairs are carried on where action depends on the concurrence of a number of minds. He drew his conclusions from his experience; from his observation of the permanence and universality of certain traits in mankind from which their conduct may in general be predicted. It does not require genius to describe the superficial changes that take place in government; but whoever aspires to be Bagehot's successor, must possess rare powers of historical judgment, and profound knowledge of his fellow-creatures.

We do not think that Mr. Low is quite equal to the requirements of his undertaking, and shall point out as clearly as our space permits some of the respects in which his analysis appears to us deficient. The Cabinet system, he impressively assures us, might be deemed, did we not know it to exist, the nightmare of a satirist, the burlesque of an Aristophanes or a Rabelais. The reasons for this view are that the laws of the country are made by a "big, miscellaneous public meeting," that they are carried out by the nominees of the majority of this meeting, subject to the opposition of the minority, and in a manner offensive to a large minority of the people, and that these nominees agree in secret on the policy which they shall accept responsibility for

as a body. This sounds portentous enough; but when we recover our self-possession we begin to think that Mr. Low is himself the victim of the nightmare. For what he describes is nothing but the normal and necessary course of events when action is to be taken by a very large number of people. Unless they are ruled by an absolute despot, they must be ruled by a public meeting; and unless anarchy is to prevail in this meeting, the will of the majority must be decisive. Moreover, this majority must have leaders of its own choice—else they will not be leaders—and they must agree on their policy, or they will very soon have no followers. It may seem very astonishing that one human being should yield his will to that of another, but it is the essential condition of united action, whether it be of a baseball club or of the British Parliament, and it is as unavoidable as that if two men ride a horse, one must ride behind. It is not a nightmare, but a mare's nest, that Mr. Low has discovered.

That the Cabinet is a secret committee greatly astonishes Mr. Low. Why, herein is a wonderful thing, he exclaims, that the gravest concerns of a people should be decided under the cloak of an impenetrable darkness. The Cabinet ought to elect a chairman and a secretary, meet on fixed days, and keep minutes of its proceedings, and perhaps, we may add, admit reporters to its deliberations. Not in this way, we venture to observe, are the gravest concerns of a nation or of any great corporation decided. At the present moment, how much do the stockholders of the Union Pacific Railway and the New York Central know of the designs of the men that decide on their concerns? What trace of these designs, until they are ready for publication, appears in the minutes of the directors' meetings? How much of these designs have such of the directors as know anything of them learned at such meetings? According to a vulgar saying, we do not go duck hunting with a brass band; and the men who determine the business policy of the Steel Company, or the Oil Company, or the Sugar Company, form their plans without directors' meetings and their secretaries and minute-books. Who is so guileless as to suppose that the leaders of the Republican party do not secretly agree on the policy which shall be formally adopted by their followers in Congress? Who does not know that the Assemblymen at Albany and the Aldermen in New York adopt measures conceived with even more secrecy and informality than those of the British Cabinet? Military leaders do not explain their movements to the world before they carry them out, and it may be laid down as a universal law that, in the conduct of business affairs and of government, measures that will be resisted by opponents are not publicly announced until after they have been privately considered by those who will be held responsible for their execution.

It is a "curious fact," according to Mr. Low, that nearly one-half the legislators are not legislators at all. "They can neither make laws nor prevent laws being made." It would certainly be a curious fact, as it is a curious fancy, that the minority should rule the majority. But while it is true that members are elected as representatives of party, they are by no means so unchanging in their fealty as Mr. Low represents. Nothing is more impressive, in Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone, than the proofs afforded of the unsubstantial nature of the foundation on which cabinets rest. Many measures were abandoned because certain members of the Cabinet would not support them; many were dropped because it was known that members of the majority would oppose them. Mr. Low would have us believe that the Cabinet has become very despotic—that it is only necessary for it to command and for the majority to obey. He actually asserts that the ministerialist member outside the Ministry itself "is not consulted, any more than the members of the Opposition, on bills which ministers propose to introduce; he sees them only when they come from the printers; and then he knows that, whether he likes them or not, he will be expected to support them by his vote in the lobbies." We can only reply with the counter assertion that a ministry which attempted to legislate without making sure of party support, which brought in bills offensive to the party and about which its members had not been consulted, would very soon come to grief. Mr. Gladstone's career is a long commentary on the necessity of constant touch between ministers and their followers. A ministry may sometimes insist on measures which are not liked by the party, but it will do so only for imperative reasons. The manner in which the great Conservative majority in the present Parliament has melted away, affords proof enough that Mr. Low's statements are too sweeping.

We might mention other particulars in which Mr. Low's attempts at originality do not appear successful, but in most of his book he prudently follows the beaten track. He can quote many eminent men as saying that things have altered for the worse in Parliament, and some who shake their heads and say that they do not know what the country is coming to. There is truth in such sayings, and they are always listened to with interest when they are supported by reason and experience. Mr. Low understands well how to use such material; and, as we have said, his book is extremely readable. The style, however, is rather more suitable for the columns of a journal or the pages of a magazine than for a serious treatise. There are many clever and some acute observations in the book; but, in our judgment, the view given of the English Constitution is superficial, and in some cases erroneous.

The Golden Age of Classic Christian Art. By Jean Paul Richter and A. Cameron Taylor. London: Duckworth & Co.

Under an ample title and in an ample volume of 427 pages, the authors of this work have presented to us the results of a most careful study of the mosaics of the nave and of the arch in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome. As we turn their interesting pages we may readily see why they decided upon a title which does not exactly indicate the contents of the volume. To them monumental Christian art is best represented by mosaics, which adorn a few great churches; and the most important example is the detailed series of Biblical pictures preserved in S. Maria Maggiore. Hence a study of those mosaics is a study of the golden age of Christian art. We are tempted to criticise the deduction and the title on the ground of logical exactness, but we are bound to say that, if we accept the conclusions reached by the authors, their contention is largely justified. The object of the book is declared to be "an attempt to appreciate a large and homogeneous group of classic pictures from the point of view of art, archæology, and theology, from each of which aspects they are of unique value."

This is a modest statement in view of what is actually accomplished, for Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor have further, as a result of most painstaking study and clear reasoning, apparently established theories as to the date and character of these mosaics not hitherto accepted. De Rossi, in his 'Mosaici di S. Maria Maggiore,' and Ainaloff, in his scholarly 'Mosaiken der vierten und fünften Jahrunderts,' have ascribed these pictures to the fifth century, relying upon the inscription at the summit of the arch, "Xystus Episcopus plebi dei," referring to Sixtus III. (432-440). These pictures have also been generally accepted as examples of continuous historical series, similar to the illustrations of the Vienna Genesis and the Joshua Roll. Such views, however, are not compatible with historical and stylistic considerations based on a detailed examination of the pictures. The chronological sequence of events is not found here; each scene does not represent an historical event; hence the purpose is didactic and not historical. If the art of this scene is didactic, and therefore intellectual, we must look for its literary parallel, and this is not found in the writings of St. Augustine or Jerome of the fourth or fifth centuries, but is rather reflected in the theological writings of the apologists of the second and third centuries. Stylistic peculiarities point the same way, for, if these mosaics are compared with monumental art, they are seen to belong to the period of the reliefs of the column of Marcus Aurelius and of the arch of Septimius Severus. They show the same well-proportioned figures, "firmly knit, classic in type," "complete in themselves both in action and interest, standing firmly and moving freely, not conceived frontally," as are the figures in the mosaics of S. Vitale and SS. Cosma and Damiano.

If the style and subject-matter of these pictures point to the second and third centuries as the date of their origin, what shall we say of the inscription of Xystus? It may be shown that Xystus's activity in the basilica was confined to the restoration and renaming of it, and possibly to a renewal of the preëxisting mosaics. Roof tiles and the masonry of the nave belong to the second century, and indicate a construction earlier than the time of Xystus. The subject-matter of the mosaics is drawn from apochryphal sources condemned before his time, and we cannot therefore attribute them to this Pope. In view of these facts, and from statements in the 'Gesta Liberii' and the 'Liber Pontificalis,' and in Christian writers of the fourth century, we may believe that the original building was the secular Basilica Sicinini which stood on the Esquiline. To this, Pope Liberius added an apse, thereby associating his name with the building, and, finally, Pope Xystus III. restored the structure and its interior, placing his inscription in the midst of the mosaics in such a way as to cut off the right foot of St.

Peter and the left foot of St. Paul. It would seem, then, that these mosaics belonged to the original basilica, which may have formed part of the palace of a wealthy convert who ornamented the building with decorations of a Christian character. As the figures in the lower pictures of the arch are crowded together, so as to accommodate the original in the gradually diminishing space, it is evident that they have been made after designs not originally intended for the space they occupy, but are copies of compositions of about the same date.

This, in brief, is the line of argument followed, and convincingly. The deductions are remarkable, for we must now modify our view as to the character of the Christian community of the Rome of the Antonines, and must also be willing to believe that such pictures survived the persecutions of Diocletian. It is helpful to know that modern historians, Zahn in 'Skizzen aus dem Leben der alten Kirche,' and Harnack in 'Die Mission und Ausbreitung des Christentums,' have been insisting that the popular conception as to the condition of the early Church should be greatly modified. On the side of art our author's theories are no less remarkable. If these compositions were neither conceived nor executed in a period of decadence, if they were untouched by Byzantinism, they must be in the direct succession from the classic pictorial art, and must form a most important link between early imperial art and that of the fourth and fifth centuries. "They reflect a noble phase of early Christian thought which has hitherto been believed to have passed away without having received definite art embodiment."

This book, then, has a place as a supplement to the epoch-making essay of Franz Wickhoff on the illuminated Genesis of the Imperial Library of Vienna, which has done so much to dignify Roman art. It serves also as a companion volume to the monumental work of Mons. J. Wilpert, 'Le Pitture delle Catacombe Romane.' The contents are arranged in two parts, the first of which is assigned to the prototypical decorations of the nave, the second to the antitypical decorations of the triumphal arch. There is a general introduction, and, at the close, appendices, containing summaries of the views of De Rossi and Ainaloff, and chronological tables. The style is most pleasing, not at all wearisome, and the treatment is calculated to awaken the interest of the reader as to the final deductions. A curious division of the text into sections denoted by Roman numerals is at times distracting, and is based apparently on no definite plan. The illustrations are in the main very satisfactory, particularly the colored plates reproducing the mosaics. Others are from the 'Storia dell' Arte Cristiana' (vol. v.) of Garucci, and from 'Le Pitture delle Catacombe Romane' of Wilpert. As many of these are placed side by side on the same page, there is much opportunity for comparative study. We can hardly appreciate the difficulties attendant upon a study of mosaics placed above the architrave and over the high altar of a church in which the ritual is daily celebrated. It was necessary to view them from temporary scaffolding or from a cage which was let down from the ceiling. Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor deserve the highest commendation for the thoroughness with which they have accomplished their task.

English Estate Forestry. By A. C. Forbes, F.H.A.S., Lecturer on Forestry at Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1904.

This is a timely publication. In these latter days, when attention is being seriously directed to the general subject of forestry, there is pressing need that the work of the forester should be examined in all its aspects. The present volume is devoted to a consideration of the training and duties of a forester on a private estate. To the American the last chapter, entitled "The English Forester," is the most important. In the compass of a few pages, Mr. Forbes states his views clearly as to the desirable education for a practical caretaker in an English forest, and, with very little change, the whole matter can be safely and usefully applied to private estates in the United States and Canada. It is not easy to condense into fewer lines the excellent advice which is given by Mr. Forbes on pages 324 and 325:

"The man intended to occupy a post on a large estate needs a more thorough and lengthened training than one who simply aims at filling the post of a working woodman or foreman on a small estate, or where the area of woodland is limited. In the former case the aspirant to a forestry appointment must not only have a fairly good general education, but should be more or less conversant with the elements of science and art. Botany, chemistry, geology, zoology, land surveying, and bookkeeping are all more or less important items in the education of such a man, although it is not necessary for him to be an expert in any one of them. But as regards sylviculture, or the planting, tending, and felling of woods and selling of timber, he should claim a considerable degree of expertness before he can consider himself a qualified forester.

"How can these qualifications be best acquired? We will suppose that the intending forester leaves school at the age of fifteen or sixteen, by which time he is fairly well up in most branches of general education. The first step he should then take must be of a practical nature. . . . The first step in his career, therefore, should be that of obtaining a footing on a large and well-wooded estate, if such can be found within reach of his paternal home. On such an estate, nursery-work, planting, cleaning of young plantations, the burning of rubbish, the tending of rides, roads, drains, and so on, are continually going on, and a strong healthy lad should be quite capable of taking his share in such work. He may, at this stage of his career, receive much benefit from a little theoretical coaching from the forester under whom he is employed, assuming that that individual is capable of giving it. By the time he is seventeen or eighteen he should become acquainted with the use of the axe, saw, handbill, and any other tools used in woods or woodwork. He should also get an insight into the measuring of timber, the setting out of drains, the principles of road construction, the theory of forming plantations, and the thinning of woods—all of which he can pick up with the aid of ordinary intelligence and observation.

"After undergoing a training of this kind until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age, he should be able to judge as to his fondness for the work or otherwise. If the work goes against the grain, he had better, to use a common expression, 'chuck it up' at once, for English forestry does not make capitalists, Trust directors, or any positions of that kind. But if his occupation is as much a source of pleasure as a provider of drudgery or hard work, he will, in all probability, find the life has other advantages than can be seen on the surface, or which are apparent to the outsider. The phases of the various seasons, the natural phenomena which are constantly cropping up before his eyes, and the observations on trees, plants, birds, insects, and all forms of life generally, will convert him into a naturalist, which will compensate him for the loss of many advantages he might derive from following other walks in life. If, then, he feels that the work satisfies all those ambitions he is likely to acquire in the course of life, he may take it for granted that English forestry is the right occupation for him.

"Now comes a period during which he ought to acquire touch with those sciences which have already been referred to. To do this, he cannot do better than attend one of those centres, in various parts of England, at which these sciences are taught with more or less thoroughness. The choice of such a centre should be guided by the facilities it also affords for attending a course of lectures on advanced forestry. At the present time there are at least two or three such centres in England or Scotland, and a six or twelve months' course at one of these will prove of inestimable advantage to him in after-life.

"The opportunities which such a course presents of visiting other parts of the country in which woods are numerous or well managed, should not be missed, and it may be of advantage if this can be associated with employment in a public nursery, where planting contracts are being undertaken, which affords facilities for travelling about. By working in a nursery he can get an insight into the practical side of raising and propagating trees and shrubs from seeds and cuttings. Such nurseries are also good training-grounds in the direction of forest botany, the extensive collection of trees and shrubs grown within their boundaries, and the necessity of naming or recognizing the various species in the course of their working, enabling one to recognize them at a glance—in their young stage, at any rate.

"By the time he is twenty-one he should be capable of taking a foreman's situation on a small estate, or working as an assistant forester on a large one."

We offer no apology for giving these long extracts, for we do not remember to have met such sound advice relative to practical forestry in such compact form.

In the United States there are to be a few desirable positions of great usefulness in connection with the forests on private estates and on the lands held by clubs. There are doubtless to be also a few excellent and responsible offices connected with the profitable exploiting of paper-pulp territory. For such places the hints given in Mr. Forbes's sound work will well serve, although they were designed for a totally different latitude and longitude. Training for the positions under the Government is well cared for in our forest schools as at present constituted, but we think that many of the students there may advantageously study the suggestions given in 'English Estate Forestry.'

Studies in Biblical Law. By Harold M. Wiener, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law. London: David Nutt. 1904.

This is a small book—aside from preface and indexes, only 124 large octavo pages, much of it taken up with quotations from the Bible and from the higher critics, whom the writer combats; but it is bold and refreshing. After the Torah (Pentateuch) had for over two thousand years been venerated as the Law of Moses, when to deny the authorship of the Son of Amram was deemed treason and blasphemy by both Jew and Christian, De Wette, Kuenen, and Wellhausen arose to separate the Pentateuch into layers, labelled J. (Jehovist) and E. (Elohist) and D. (Deuteronomy) and H. (Holiness) and P. (Priestly Code), besides the Book of the Covenant (Ex. XXI.-

XXIII.), and besides the additions of the supposed redactor; and in the eyes of the "critical" world to contradict the Leyden School of Critics was deemed as impious as formerly it had been to deny the authorship of Moses. Now comes a young man, not a theologian, but a lawyer, and, to judge from his name, a Jew, who stands up for the greatest of lawgivers and for the highest glory of his own race, the Torah, and who throws down the gauntlet fearlessly to the higher critics. He deals with the Torah only as far as it teaches juridical law, rules of conduct between man and man, such as can be enforced by the judges; not with ceremonial law, nor with the narrative, miraculous or other. He shows that none of the higher critics have been lawyers, none of them trained in the art of weighing evidence, none of them acquainted, through their daily calling, with statutes such as they arbitrarily threw hither and thither, assigning them, as the whim struck them, to this or that period.

The writer dedicates his work to "Those who have lived and died for the Torah." He winds up by quoting from it (Deut. iv. 5-8) a passage which fills the heart of the faithful Israelite with joy and pride. Thus he does not approach his task with cold impartiality, but with the fervor of the champion. He is not ashamed to show his love and admiration for the heritage of Israel.

For his foil, the writer has chosen two late English works which best represent the conclusions of the higher criticism, the Hexateuch, arranged by the Society of Historical Theology, Oxford (Longmans, Green & Co., 1900), and Dr. Driver's Commentary on Deuteronomy; he goes back, however, to Robertson Smith wherever this scholar is relied on by the authors of these more recent works. The view of the higher critics is, broadly speaking, this: The Book of the Covenant was the oldest part of the Law of Israel; after it came a combination denoted by them as J. E.; after that, in the days of King Josiah, Deuteronomy was written; then followed the Book of Holiness, which contains, however, older material; next the rest of the Priestly Code, in which the 'Holiness' is imbedded as a part; and these successive systems of law flowed from the needs, feelings, and stages of culture of the times in which they grew up and were put forth. As an illustration of these diversities, the 'Hexateuch' takes up the rules for Hebrew bondmen and bondwomen in Ex. xxi., in Lev. xxv., and in Deut. xv., and points out that such contradictory systems could not have been set up within the forty years of the wanderings in the wilderness. Our writer shows that the first and the second of these chapters deal with men and women sold into servitude under different conditions, and he strengthens his position by showing the problems which arose in the early days of the Roman Republic from the enslavement of poor debtors. In like manner he takes up the apparent conflict between the passages in the several Mosaic books on the Sabbatic year (both as a year of fallow fields and of remission of debts) and between the passages dealing with involuntary manslaughter. In doing so, our writer goes over ground trodden nearly two thousand years ago by the sages of the Mishnah; but he strikes out his own line and stands forth much more logical than the old Pharisaic doctors; as well he might, not being, as they were, tied down by their traditions, or by what may be called the Jewish Common Law. In showing that the Mosaic law never intended the literal enforcement of the rule "an eye for eye, a tooth for tooth," he could hardly help using the same arguments, the same collocation of the several passages as to "ransom," which were used and brought forward by the sages of the Talmud, and which were undoubtedly borne out by an unbroken tradition. He argues that all the leading critics were simply learned in language, not in jurisprudence; and that, unlike the lawyer, they do not grasp the difference in facts and conditions to which the different laws must of necessity be applied.

The writer dwells on the Covenant (Hebrew *b'rith*), of which he sets forth two kinds, the "pillar covenant" (*i. e.*, one written on pillars, or denoted by pillars and mounds), and the "token covenant," marked by visible signs, which two covenants play a great part in the scriptural narrative; and he shows how the most important branches of law take the form of covenants or treaties between God and Israel. But it is not clear what bearing this form or sanction of the laws has on their date or on the unity of legislation in the lifetime of Moses. He is much more persuasive in deducing from the historic books and from the prophets the proof that the Law of Jubilee was in use under the old kingdom, and in showing the high improbability that post-exilic scribes could have invented for former centuries such a law, which their own contemporaries did not even attempt to renew—for, indeed, they could not have had any possible motive for inventing it. He maintains the antiquity of the law of inheritance given as an answer to "Zelophhad's Case" (Num. xxvii., 1-11), with its recognition of daughters as heirs in the absence of sons, against the pretence of the "critics" that this law must be of very late origin, because, from the Aryan standpoint, it seemed to them too humane for pre-exilic days; and here he is undoubtedly right, for Hammurabi's Code, much older than that of Moses, is even more liberal to the daughters as heiresses. He contests the claim of the critics that dowry coming from the bride's father could not co-exist with the Mohar, or bride's price, paid by the groom; for again Hammurabi's Code shows how both co-existed, and how the bridal price was at that date regularly returned to the husband, to be secured by him as a jointure for his wife in case of death or divorce.

Mr. Wiener's book might have been made much stronger if he had gone more into detail, and if he had drawn more fully on the parallels between Babylonian law, Torah and Jewish tradition. We are, of course, very far from taking sides with this author against the whole critical school; but the last word has not yet been spoken, and it is but proper that he and the side he represents should have a careful and patient hearing.

Thomas Hutchins: A Topographical Description of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and North Carolina. Reprinted from the original edition of 1778. Edited by Frederick Charles Hicks. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. 1904.

The publishers, whose reprints of neglected and well-nigh forgotten historical documents deserve not only praise but substantial recognition, have done well in reviving the memory and work of Hutchins, who, in his capacity of "Geographer of the United States," rendered important services to the young Republic. Born in New Jersey in 1730, Hutchins entered the British army at an early age, first in the colonial, and then in the regular service. He evidently had a natural talent for engineering, surveying, and map-making, and in 1766 was employed in explorations of the territory acquired by Great Britain from France at the Treaty of Paris. In pursuance of his duties he travelled much, and brought back the fruit of his work in valuable surveys and maps. In 1778 he published in London the Topographical Description reprinted in this volume, as an accompaniment to a remarkable map, here reproduced on a large scale. His account of the country, the topography, mineral and vegetable products, etc., shows minute observation. We miss any reference to mineral oil, though it had certainly attracted attention, for on his map we find "petroleum" about forty miles west of Pittsburgh.

While Hutchins was in London engaged on this work, the Revolution broke out, and as he did not disguise his sympathy with his countrymen, he suffered much persecution, was imprisoned under a charge of treason, and had to give up his commission at a heavy pecuniary loss. He sought refuge in France, where he was befriended by Franklin, who recommended him to Congress. He returned to America just about the time that Greene took command of the Southern Department, and was appointed Geographer to the Southern army, a title soon changed to that of Geographer to the United States of America. After the conclusion of peace, he was employed in several important surveys and investigations, and in 1784 published a description of Louisiana and West Florida, a work packed with information about a region then little known. He dwells upon the importance of controlling the mouth of the Mississippi, the only outlet to the vast and fertile Western Territories.

Considerations of space forbid the mention of other valuable services to his country, but there is one which cannot be omitted. In 1785 Congress passed an ordinance providing for surveying, mapping, and dividing the Western lands ceded by Virginia and other States, and placing the whole work under the control of Hutchins. That he suggested the plan of division into townships of six miles square, subdivided into lots of one square mile each, all systematically numbered by ranges, townships, and lots, there seems hardly to be a doubt; but it is clear that the wording of the ordinance was not his. Instead of laying off ranges by east-and-west lines, and dividing these by normal ordinates, the ordinance provided for laying them off by due north-and-south lines. Under this plan, owing to the convergence of meridians, no township could be square, and no two townships in a range could be of equal area, as he pointed out in a letter to the President of Congress. But, whatever its defects, this plan was the foundation of our present land system. Hutchins was engaged on this work, and had completed plats of four ranges, when his

health failed, and he died in Pittsburgh in 1789.

We regret that the edition is limited to 245 copies, as it is a book which should be in every public library.

California and its Missions: Their History to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo. By Bryan J. Clinch. 2 vols. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. 1904.

This book, very creditable to both author and publishers, is well printed and not overloaded with illustrations. Those in the first volume are mostly taken from Venegas, and are therefore interesting from their quaintness. The author leans strongly towards the "old régime" (as Francis Parkman would have termed it) in California. It is pleasant reading to follow with him in the footsteps of the early missionaries, Jesuits as well as Franciscans, while he pictures their earnest labor and toil, and the modest fruits of their untiring devotion to their task. His appreciations of individual characters are usually just, and his biographic details correct. It is to be regretted that Mr. Clinch has not annotated his text and given references to his sources. An historical work of such magnitude demands the production of evidence in support of statements. Its unquestionable merits would be still further increased had the author paid more attention to his bibliography.

It is gratifying to note his attitude towards the superficial and often arrogant assertions concerning Spanish and Mexican California, its people, and their character, by visitors of Anglo-Saxon descent, from the later times of Mexican occupation. Whether his narrative of all the details of the American conquest of California is strictly uncolored or not may perhaps be open to doubt. Possibly his honest zeal for the reëstablishment of historic truth and the meting out of tardy justice has carried him a little too far towards the other extreme, and the "American conquest" of California was not quite as discreditable as he represents it. The "old régime" had not done justice to the enormous resources of California and could not do them justice, a change of masters was imperative, and, while some of the means employed to bring about the change will certainly not bear the light of impartial investigation without revealing features which Mr. Clinch justly censures, we must not conclude that every act was reprehensible because performed by the conquering party.

To the always attractive figures of the early missionaries the best pages of the two volumes are dedicated. Great and noble figures they will always remain, whether they are Jesuits like Kuehne (not Kuehn, as Mr. Clinch has it), Sedelmair (not Siedelmeyer, vol. i., p. 83—the Sedelmairs are a well-known Bavarian family), Salvatierra, or Franciscans like Father Garcés (who, in our opinion, deserved a more ample notice than the few references in chapters v. and viii. of volume ii.), Junipero Serra, and others. They command the respect and admiration even of those who may be bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church and its monastic institutions. Mr. Clinch's narrative of the early efforts to discover and colonize Lower California and to explore the coast to the north, is noteworthy, and contains much that is valuable. In these first chapters of the first volume are embodied his conceptions of Spain's government and administration of her American colonies and of her "Indian policy." The fairness with which he treats these subjects is worthy of sincere commendation. We cannot refrain from calling special attention to the following passage (vol. i., p. 41):

"Deeds of violence and wrong to the weaker races unfortunately have marked the history of European colonization almost everywhere during the years since Columbus began his first colony. If those committed by the early Spanish conquerors, who for more than a century were the only representatives of Europe in colonization enterprise, have been more widely published than others, the chief reason is because they were more vigorously condemned by their own countrymen, without regard for national prejudices. In the sixteenth century the moral sense of the Spanish people revolted more keenly at cruelty and oppression of the Indians than did that of England or Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth, when their colonizations began. The destruction of the natives of San Domingo and Cuba is familiar to all, while the like extermination of the Tasmanians, the Bosjesmen and Hottentots of South Africa, and even those of the old New England tribes, are hardly spoken of. It is mainly so because the Spanish historians held justice above national vanity, and denounced the misdeeds in strong language, while those of England or Holland kept silence on the atrocities of their countrymen. Neither England nor Holland has produced a Las Casas."

This could not be more truly expressed. Similar passages, equally forcible, might be quoted to show how well and honestly the author has carried out the task he has undertaken. Some flaws in the spelling of Spanish words, especially proper names, are not worth specifying.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. The Christian Ministry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Allbutt, T. Clifford. The Historical Relations of Medicine and Surgery. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Baedeker's Belgium and Holland. 14th ed. Imported by Scribners. $1.80 net.
Bréal, Auguste. Velazquez. Dutton. $1 net.
Brode, Heinrich. Tippu Tip. Lemcke & Buechner.
Brown, P. Hume. Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary. Imported by Scribners.
Carling, John R. The Weird Picture. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Carnegie, Andrew. James Watt. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.
Carpenter, William Boyd. The Witness to the Influence of Christ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Chamberlain, Esther and Lucia. Mrs. Essington. Century Co. $1.50.
Chandler, Izora, and Mary W. Montgomery. Gold in the Gardens of Araby. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
Coleman, Walter Moore. Lessons in Hygienic Physiology. Macmillan Co.
Cynewulf's Dream of the Rood. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Henry Frowde.
Dall, Caroline H. "Fog Bells." G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
Dougan, T. W. Ciceronis Tusculanæ Disputationes. Vol. I., Books I. and II. Macmillan Co. $3.
Fairless, Michael. The Grey Brethren. Dutton. $1.25.
Flower, Frank Abial. Edwin McMasters Stanton. Akron, O.: Saalfield Publishing Co.
Garden of a Commuter's Wife, The. New ed. Macmillan Co.
Goodrich-Freer, A. In a Syrian Saddle. London: Methuen & Co.
Harbottle, Thomas Benfield. Dictionary of Battles. Dutton. $2 net.
Hirschauer, Herman. The Dark Side of the Beef Trust. Jamestown, N. Y.: T. Z. Root. 75 cents.
Hodgson, J. B., and F. A. Eaton. The Royal Academy and its Members. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Homberg, Octave, and Fernand Jousselin. La Femme du Grand Condé. Paris: Librairie Plon.
Hurlbut, Jesse Lyman. Story of the Bible. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Co.
Job, Herbert K. Wild Wings. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Jones, Rufus M. Social Law in the Spiritual World. Philadelphia: J. C. Winston Co. $1.25 net.
Kirk, William F. The Norsk Nightingale. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cents net.
Lazarre, Jacob. Beating Sea and Changeless Bar. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Livy. Books I., XXI., XII. Edited by Emory B. Lease. Universal Publishing Co.
Martineau, James. Tides of the Spirit. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Norris, W. E. An Embarrassing Orphan. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Oppenheim, L. International Law. Vol I., Peace. Longmans. $6.50 net.
Orcutt, William Dana. The Flower of Destiny. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Perris, G. H. Russia in Revolution. London: Chapman & Hall.
Pocock, Roger. Curly. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Pollock, Guy C. Hay Fever. Longmans. $1.25.
Printon, Selwyn. Corregio at Parma. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
Robinson, Rowland E. Hunting without a Gun. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. $2.
Rome. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tuker and H. Malleson. Macmillan Co. $6.
Scott, Leroy. The Walking Delegate. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Sélincourt, Basil de. Giotto. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Simpson, W. J. A Treatise on Plague. Macmillan Co. $5.
Sinclair, William A. The Aftermath of Slavery. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.
Thorndike, Edward L. The Elements of Psychology. A. G. Seiler.
Weir, Harrison. The Poultry Book. Parts XVI., XVII., XVIII. Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net each.
Wood, L. C. For a Free Conscience. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt has again flinched before the "stand-patters." Late last autumn he was going to ask Congress to revise the tariff. He had set his teeth together and was determined to rescue the people from the protected and bloated monopolies. But Speaker Cannon, Representatives Grosvenor and Dalzell, and Secretaries Shaw and Wilson pointed out to him the error of his way. He wavered in his resolution, decided to postpone action, and finally did nothing. Thursday last the President was again in a state of terrific determination. He had issued an order that Panama Canal supplies should be bought of the lowest bidder. His obvious purpose was—to use the phrase of a "close friend"—"to make the hogs take their feet out of the trough." On Friday, however, he was less disturbed by the spectacle of hogs' feet in the trough. The "stand-patters" had also been heard from. The Administration announced that it would only charter, not buy, the desired vessels, and that it would purchase merely such supplies as were "immediately necessary." This will give the "stand-patters" a chance to rally to the preservation of our lives and liberties. In his willingness to pose as a man of putty in the hands of the protected interests, President Roosevelt has shown unusual devotion to duty. Nothing could be more nauseating to a man of his temperament than to appear publicly as the mere passive tool of monopoly and corruption. But, persuaded that the salvation both of his party and of the nation demands the sacrifice, he subordinates his personal desires to the welfare of his countrymen.

The speeches and observations on the tariff by Representative Grosvenor of Ohio have long been valued by tariff reformers as providing the complete and perfect *reductio ad absurdum* of that policy. Mr. Grosvenor's remarks on the purchase abroad of Panama Canal supplies show his facility in rendering such service to be in no respect impaired. "The country," so observes our philosopher, "would rather pay a little more for something that is made at home, furnishing employment for our workingmen, and giving them better pay than their neighbors abroad." If by "the country" Mr. Grosvenor means the Government, it is fairly evident that it would rather do nothing of the kind; its own action, in the Panama matter, proves the contrary. If he means the people of the country, one is tempted to propose the familiar test of offering to the buyer the same article at two widely different prices, explaining meantime that the higher price will enable the seller to give larger pay for labor. Every one knows what the result would be. Benevolent buyers would ask for very clear evidence of what was being done for the workmen of the favored seller, and equally clear evidence that the difference in price did not go into the manufacturer's own pocket. The average buyer would purchase the article wherever he could get it cheapest. The absurdity of this argument by the high-tariff advocates, when their own wives are rummaging counters of rival dry-goods stores to discover the lowest prices, is surpassed only by that of their sudden retreat, when cornered on this line of reasoning, to the exactly opposite argument that the American buyer does not pay a higher price because of protective tariffs.

"No split in the Cabinet" is the word which Republican organs are passing along; but everything depends upon your definition of "split." Secretaries Shaw, Wilson, and Metcalf, who are fiercer protectionists than McKinley or Dingley ever dreamed of being, are much disturbed over the President's Panama order. They see in it the beginning of that fight for tariff revision which they and Speaker Cannon were sure would rend the Grand Old Party asunder. Secretary Shaw's plan to retire was announced some time ago. Secretary Metcalf now finds that his private interests are pressing. Secretary Wilson must reach the same conclusion, unless he is persuaded to abandon the extreme "stand-patters." He cannot remain and be lukewarm in a contest in which the Administration needs all the support it can muster. Their places will inevitably be filled by men in sympathy with President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft. This may not be a split, but it is certainly what the Century Dictionary calls "a division or separation, as in a political party."

Rather tardily the President has come to the decision to accept no more free transportation from the railroads. He may well have been moved to such a course by the renewal of the fight on rate regulation. There has been an obvious impropriety in the President's enjoying hospitality from the very roads he proposed to hale before the Federal courts. Evidently, he now means to proceed with the investigation of discriminating rates unhampered by future obligations of this sort. While he is to be commended for acting upon this scruple, it should have been entertained before railroad regulation had become a capital issue in Congress. The spreading of free passes broadcast among legislative and executive officers, while not inevitably a measure of indirect bribery, rested upon a general easy-going tradition which lent itself readily to perversion. Clearly, a President should not do what a man of fine feeling would regard as beneath his dignity, and we fancy that no lawyer would solicit or accept a pass on a line against which he held a brief. We believe that to maintain the decorum of our highest office should not involve undue sacrifice to the incumbent, and we would cheerfully see Congress add enough to the pay of the President to permit him to travel extensively in a manner befitting his position.

After the gossip that had been rife for the last five months over the railroad rate-commission bill in Wisconsin, its actual passage on Thursday seemed almost an anti-climax. When the present Legislature was chosen in November, we were told that it would pass at the drop of the hat any measure that Gov. La Follette wanted. Then the tune changed; the Senate was in control of the other side, and the hope of any rate legislation at all would have to be abandoned. Next there was to be a compromise, the Governor getting his Railroad Commission, but his opponents remaining inflexible on the proposition that it should be elective instead of appointive. Now, in the fifth month of the session, the bill is quietly passed, substantially as the State Administration wanted it, except that rates objected to will remain in force pending appeal. Of course, the immediate importance of this action to the rest of the country is that it leaves La Follette free to go to the United States Senate whenever he chooses. Local politics may settle back into a more or less even routine again, but with several differences: bolting from a State convention will be a thing of the past, for there will be no more State conventions in Wisconsin so long as the primary law remains on the books; corporation taxation and rate regulation are no longer before the Legislature, and, finally, the powers that once ruled the Republican party in the State are beaten on their last stand.

Both parties in Ohio, it is now predicted, will declare in their platforms this year for railroad rate regulation. While the plank approved by Gov. Herrick relates especially to "the recommendations made by the President on this subject in his last message to Congress," for national legislation on in-

terstate commerce, the same principles would logically apply to State control of rates within a single State. As if to set examples to the national Senate, the State legislatures have been turning out railroad legislation this year with the utmost alacrity. In Washington, Montana, Wisconsin, and Indiana, rate commission bills have been passed, though in Montana the Governor interposed his veto. How these experiments may affect the national issue can only be guessed. To see their own officials struggling with the intricate and perplexing problems of rate fixation should give the people of the States concerned a good deal clearer notion of just what the proposed national reform involves, and should correspondingly influence their Senators.

The decision of the Venezuelan court in the case of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company brings nearer home a very ugly international complication. It appears that, according to the Venezuelan judicial procedure, the presiding judge of the Federal Court of Cassation first renders his decision. From his decision an appeal lies to the full bench, which, it is anticipated, will approve the forfeiture of the Asphalt Company's concessions. It has every right to do so, and any claim on our part that we may demand of Venezuela's executive that he shall upset the decision of his courts, or shall submit it to an arbitration, would be an international blunder of the gravest kind. To see how indefensible such a course would be, it is only necessary to put England in our place and the United States in that of Venezuela. Would not every American jingo be ready to fight at the drop of the hat if England should demand that Mr. Roosevelt go behind the decision of the Supreme Court because Mr. Balfour had grave doubts as to the honesty or the judicial quality of that court? If Venezuela submits to the Rooseveltian demand, she acknowledges herself a vassal state by all the rules of international law. Perhaps the regrettable Bowen-Loomis affair will incline the Administration to the wisdom of a second thought—if in Panamanian matters, why not in Venezuelan? Certainly the Government should not fail to remember that Great Britain, notwithstanding her imperialist policy, long ago adopted as a general rule that her subjects who invested in a foreign state did so at their own risk. Our policy of imperialism apparently affords the Trusts the right to use the Federal Government to pull their chestnuts from a foreign fire.

Those who look upon trades unions as the champions of the masses without regard to creed, race, or color, should take note of the action of the Amalgamated Association of Steel Workers at Detroit last week. Against the protests of President Shaffer, the Association postponed for a year the consideration of a proposition to organize the colored iron, steel, and tin workers of the South. The Southern white delegates objected on the familiar ground of the noxious equality which would result, and laid stress on the danger that, if the negro obtained a standing in the union, he could then come North, thus living up to the familiar Southern doctrine, that any one attempting to take the negro away in numbers is guilty of a serious offence. At the same time the colored brother must have no equality at the ballot-box or in social life, or in the trade unions. The benefits of organized labor, it thus appears, are not the inalienable right of all workers. Mr. Gompers has even, we believe, defined the union as essential to the liberty of the workingman; obviously, we must read liberty of the *white workingman*. It is in this spirit that the labor gospel is now accepted throughout the North, where most unions rigorously exclude colored men. President Shaffer evidently saw what a mockery this position makes of many union pretensions, for he declared that all men who are competent workers should be members of his association.

Race riots against negroes who take the places of Chicago strikers resulted on Sunday in the killing of two men and the wrecking of considerable property. The Chicago Federation of Labor adopted resolutions commending the "boldness, spirit, and humanity" of the striking school children who "left school, threw stones, and rioted in the streets" because non-union drivers delivered coal at the school buildings. To cap the climax, the Mayor and the Sheriff discussed the possibility that troops might be necessary to preserve order if the strike spread. The race riots only emphasize the selfish turbulence of the strikers, who are trying by violence to play the dog in the manger, willing neither to work themselves nor to suffer those who are willing. The formal action of the Federation as regards the schools illustrates the fact that not only service in the militia, but also upon Boards of Education, constitutes, to use the language of the Federation, "pseudo-plutocratic cringing" of "ignorant lackeys" to capitalism. The Mayor reminds one of what Mark Twain said of Louis XVI.—that he was very good at chasing public diseases, but poor at overtaking them. When gangrene sets in at the elbow, he is ready to amputate at the finger. If rioting spreads, he must think about asking for troops. Should the torch be applied to the city, he would probably be ready to discuss sending in a fire-alarm.

The annual address of President D. M. Parry of the National Association of Manufacturers was an appeal for that individualism which has been the dominant force in developing the American continent. He dwelt perhaps with too much emphasis on the word Socialism. The day has gone by when that term—so often used recklessly as a sort of curse upon all political and industrial movements of "the enemies of capital"—can of itself frighten people. Men who are more interested in things than in the empty names for them, have discovered that the lawlessness of a vast corporation may make for socialism more potently than the ignorant and savage conduct of a labor union. But the fundamental principle which President Parry lays down cannot be too often repeated. The rules of many of our trades unions are standing proof that the average workman has failed to grasp it; he does not realize that a restriction upon his skill and energy is a premium upon laziness and incompetence, a denial to him and his children of legitimate opportunities to develop intellectually and morally and to rise in the world. The system of individualism which, by opening the door of hope to the poorest boy in the land, has been such a stimulus to America, is incompatible with the theory of the closed shop.

The filing of charges against Frank W. Solon, superintendent of street cleaning in Chicago, for violations of the civil-service act has, according to the newspapers of that city, resulted in giving the politicians some serious "mental shocks." Solon is charged with receiving money for political purposes, with abusing his official position for the same reason, and with improper and immoral conduct in office. The Civil Service Commission which is to hear the case, will be told that the superintendent of street cleaning called a meeting of city employees and asked them to contribute to a campaign fund to help elect Judge Dunne, for, he warned them, "if Mr. Harlan, the Republican candidate for Mayor, is elected, you'll all have to 'walk the plank.'" Again, it will be explained that Solon discharged teamsters from his department who had not "come down" with their assessment, or whose political activity seemed to be decreasing. Solon's alleged "immoral conduct" consisted in "holding up" gamblers and other law-breakers for money to pay for the protection he assured them he could give by reason of his political influence. The charges seem to be of a rather serious nature, and yet the city "ring" is astonished that Mayor Dunne's young Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Patterson, should have preferred them. Had Mr. Harlan been elected, they concede that some one might very well have raked up this civil-service law, but for one of their own—well, they're "all up in the air"!

By approving the "anti-mob" law passed by the last Illinois Legislature, Gov. Deneen has ranged his State beside Indiana and Ohio in active official condemnation of lynching. The bill, introduced by Representative Green of Chicago, defines a "mob," and provides that any one helping to compose such a gathering may be fined or imprisoned in the county jail. It provides that "any person or persons who, under the pretence of exercising correctional powers, actually inflict injury upon a person charged with crime, may be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding five years, being also subject to an action for damages." The new law gives the surviving heirs of the victim of a lynching the right to recover from the city or county where the outrage takes place damages not to exceed $10,000. Finally, the law provides that a sheriff who fails to stop a lynching shall be removed from office by the Governor, and reinstated only upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that he did his best to protect his prisoners. In its main features, the new law is like that passed by Illinois's neighboring States, which, though failing to prevent lynchings, has discouraged the crime. Since 1882, 21 lynchings have occurred in Illinois, three being recorded in 1903.

Figures now available show that Baltimore's much ridiculed Municipal League was a genuine factor in the recent election in that city. In twenty-four wards, candidates for the City Council were voted for; in twenty wards the League recommended either the Republican or Democratic nominees, and in sixteen wards the candidates so endorsed made substantial gains over the party vote of 1903. Thus, of the twelve Republicans picked out by the League for support, eight gained from 249 to 968 votes apiece. Four lost, their losses ranging from 41 to 260. Among the Democratic candidates the result was even more promising. Every one of the eight men approved by the League gained support as compared with the vote of 1903; the figures here varied from 144 to 579. That there was a "Democratic tide" running this year in Baltimore, the detractors of the Municipal League have not failed to point out in order to explain the Democratic gains in these eight wards. The "reformers" merely reply by asking why, in spite of the tide, the eight Democrats opposed by the League lost votes? They are satisfied that the net gain of 5,000 votes in the twenty wards by their candidates meant much in a total of 64,000 ballots. In whatever light the result be viewed—whether the League merely happened to pick popular candidates in sixteen wards, or whether voters really trusted its disinterested judgment—Baltimore is pleased with the sort of men elected to her Council.

The chief business of the extra session of the New York Legislature will be the case against Justice Warren B. Hooker. This is a matter pressing for immediate action. Most of the charges against Hooker have been public property for more than a year, and the Jamestown Bar Association, the State Bar Association, and the Assembly Judiciary Committee have all found Hooker guilty of conduct unbecoming a judge. His usefulness in the position is obviously ended, and he should be removed with the least possible delay. This is unfinished work of an extraordinary kind, for which the legislators may properly be called together again. Gov. Higgins, however, is quite right in refusing to ask members to return to the routine tasks of the session. The present Legislature has had its day of grace, and its opportunity to deal with appropriations, taxation, gas bills, rapid-transit bills, and all the rest. The time for repentance is past, and the members should stand or fall on their records. The gas question, indeed, is extremely ticklish for both parties; any attempt to fasten on Tammany the odium for dollar gas may reveal still further the venality of the Republican machine. The chance to rescue the consumer from an extortionate monopoly, and to redress many other wrongs, should be left to another—and, we hope, better—Legislature.

Where the law attempts to set the price that a public-service corporation may charge, it is important that the prices charged for the same service in other places be taken into consideration. The Consolidated Gas Company is wholly within its rights in publishing a graphic comparison between the prices it exacts and the prices asked elsewhere. It would, however, lend weight to such a presentation if a comparison were made not only of prices charged, but of costs incurred in various towns. To convince the taxpayer that he is not unduly charged for light, he must be certain not only that he is served more cheaply than his neighbor in another place, but that he is not asked to contribute relatively more to a margin of profit than his distant cousin. It would be no valid excuse for exorbitant freight rates from Dakota to the seaboard that the cost per mile is less than the cost to the farmer of bringing the grain from the farm to the freight station. In the production of gas, for example, much depends on the cheapness of materials, especially coal, as well as on the area served. The mains necessary for a compact urban area may not cost as much as the mains supplying the scattered homes of a wide-extended village. What is a reasonable price for one locality may be outrageous if charged in another, and vice versa. The trouble about a table of relative costs is that they are not easily discovered and less readily verified, whereas a comparison of prices is easy to obtain and arithmetically clear. In the long run, it will prove that, while comparisons may shed light on the question of what prices the law ought to set, every case must eventually be decided on grounds of its own. It is the old saw over again, that "every tub must stand on its own bottom."

What is art? is a very practical, every-day question in the Customs Department, and it is answered with varying success. For example, the appraisers struck the white the other day when they declared Miss Mary Cassatt's etchings to be art—a decision which covers painter-etching generally—while last week they were less well inspired when then denied a rating as art to Gérôme's statuette, "Bellona." Possibly, some impressionist sits on the board, and merely expresses his distaste for Gérôme's eminently classical manner. The ready acceptance of an impressionist like Miss Cassatt gives some color to the view, but the probability is that the decision is based merely on the technicality that sculpture as defined in the Dingley act must be cut in stone or cast in metal. Now the "Bellona" is built up out of ivory and bronze, and presumably will be taxed as "manufactured ivory," or as an "article not otherwise enumerated." Thus is protection extended to such American sculptors as may practise the chryselephantine mode.

An amendment to the Separation bill —now before the French Chamber of Deputies—stipulating that the names of holidays should be secularized, is merely a straw indicating the strength of the anti-religious current in France. Compared with the Revolutionary calendar, which secularized the names of all the months, abolished the weeks in favor of decades, and established five "Sansculottides" national holidays, M. Richard's proposal is of the utmost modesty. He is still willing to reckon in terms of the Advent, and merely wishes to do away with those religious names which come home intimately to the average citizen. Thus, Christmas as "Family Day" will become as devoid of superstitious associations as New Year's, while the Fête of the Assumption, which has not even the warrant of history, will disappear in "The Feast of Harvest." Of course, there is no likelihood that a Government which has a very full programme of reforms already docketed, will undertake to purge the calendar of superstition. The proposal, however, illustrates the renunciation of the historical sense and the unrelieved doctrinairism which prevail in the ultra-Radical and Socialist circles of the French Republic. But it is the merest froth upon the wave of the larger movement.

A "CRIMINAL PHENOMENON."

Even as President Shea, despairing of the success of his moribund Chicago strike, was delivering his "frenzied" ultimatum to the President of the United States, the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* published an interesting history of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, by Prof. John R. Commons. While this essay was evidently written before the strike had reached its acute stage, it gives an excellent account of the policies and methods of the teamsters' union, and throws no little light upon the real issues involved in the controversy.

While other things have contributed to its rapid growth, the organization has waxed strong largely because of two circumstances. The first is that a teamster occupies a peculiar strategic position in the structure of modern industry. The service which he performs is absolutely necessary to the ongoing of business, and a strike of one or two or ten men may paralyze the operations of large factories or stores employing thousands. Thus even a small union may create a disturbance out of all proportion to its numbers, and inspire such fear as to lead employers to accede even to unreasonable demands rather than run the risk of a strike. Add to this the unlimited possibilities of sympathetic strikes in aid of workmen in other industries, or other branches of the teaming industry, and we have a situation well calculated to impress the labor boss with an overweening sense of his own importance.

The second circumstance is that, as Professor Commons says, "the teamster's occupation is more exposed than that of any other craftsman." Every driver, it is obvious, "is an establishment of himself." In the crowded streets, with 30,000 teamsters organized, there is not much room for the unorganized. Actual or expected violence is looked upon by employers and teamsters as a matter of course. Blockades and obstructions, too, are even more effective than violence in preventing the non-union teamster from reaching his appointed destination, and so in making it useless for any one to employ him. In short, President Shea and his *confrères* have for some time undertaken to say who should or should not use the streets of Chicago, and who should or should not drive a wagon without having his skull smashed or running into an impassable blockade. Small wonder, then, that he adopts such a lordly air when a mere President of the United States comes into his domain, and that he invokes the shade of Ben Butler to warn Federal troops off the sacred preserves of the Brotherhood of Teamsters.

It should not be understood that none of the aims of the Chicago teamsters have been commendable; in fact, the union was distinctly in the right when it endeavored, two or three years ago, to substitute stated hours of labor and definite rates of wages for the indefinite terms upon which employment used to be based. But its attempt to drive from the streets of Chicago any teamster who would not pay dues to a *union* for the privilege of using highways built with the proceeds of public taxation, is too outrageous to admit of argument. This feature of its policy made the International Brotherhood of Teamsters a criminal conspiracy to obstruct the public thoroughfares and maim or kill such wayfarers as did not wear the union button.

Incidentally, the history of the Chicago teamsters exhibits most of the other features with which we have become familiar in recent years. Having raised wages beyond what other kinds of unskilled labor could hope to get, the teamsters' union sought to enforce the closed shop, or closed stable, and restrict admission to their labor trust. Then, too, the usual opportunities for graft appeared, when some unscrupulous employers saw that, by collusion with corrupt labor bosses, it would be possible to harass competitors and raise the prices charged to the public. The climax of high-handed arrogance was reached when a union succeeded in compelling Marshall Field and owners of other stores or office buildings to sign written contracts to burn coal instead of natural gas during the summer; the gas, presumably, being considered unfair since it was delivered through a non-union pipe line. In fact, Professor Commons is obliged to remark that it is only since an alleged reform effected in 1903 that "the teaming industry can be studied as an economic rather than a criminal phenomenon."

And this is the union which now complains to President Roosevelt that "for the last two or three weeks there has been a continuous howl for the Federal army"; and assures him that its members are so anxious "to protect the public peace and welfare" that, "without intending to be discourteous or suggesting a threat," they propose to follow the advice of Ben Butler and apply the torch in case the Regulars are sent to Chicago. Yet the license which Shea has enjoyed in the past enables us to understand his present state of mind. For some time he has been the virtual owner of the streets of our second largest city; and he is naturally impressed with the responsibilities attending such proprietorship. Not even the President of the United States has the right to prevent American citizens from pursuing a lawful calling that requires them to use the highways; and it was not strange that the teamster saw fit to warn a mere President to keep his fingers out of the pie. If Mr. Roosevelt reads Professor Commons's authentic record of the achievements of the International Brotherhood, he will probably wonder at his own temerity in making a bold front against such a potentate as Shea.

"BUYING WHERE YOU CAN BUY CHEAPEST."

"The free trade doctrine of buying where you can buy cheapest" is the scornful description of the Administration's Panama Canal-supply policy, given last week by Representative John Dalzell of Pennsylvania, the high priest of protection. "If not withdrawn," says Mr. James M. Swank, manager of the Iron and Steel Association, this hateful principle will be properly dealt with by people "who will bring the matter before Congress at its next session." We strongly suspect that when Congress does take in hand this odious suggestion that the buyer of necessaries lies under no moral duty to pay a high price when he can get what he needs for less, it will be found that the people at large have been doing some thinking on the subject.

It is not often that the real issue in the question of high protective tariffs is so squarely presented. We have, to begin with, the Government itself asserting the costliness of that policy. The Administration's plea for its own position, as stated by Secretary Taft, is quite unassailable. "If," said the Secretary in a public report given to Congress as long ago as last January, "the Isthmian Canal Commission are not bound by any restriction of Congress as to where they shall purchase machinery, material, and supplies, then it would seem to be their duty to construct the canal as cheaply as possible, and so to buy what they need where they can get it cheapest. This, however, is certain to produce, every time that a large contract is awarded to a foreign manufacturer or dealer, an outcry on the part of the American unsuccessful competitors. If Congress approves the policy of favoring American manufacturers and dealers, even if it increases the cost of the construction of the canal, then it seems to me only just that it should declare this policy by law and lay down a rule which the Commission can easily follow."

We need not stop to draw attention to the contemptuous language in which the attitude of the tariff-protected manufacturer is here referred to. The point of importance is, that the Secretary's conclusion cannot be contested except by arguing that the Government is under no obligation to keep down the cost of canal construction. If the Commission is not bound, in the absence of statutory requirements to the contrary, to buy its supplies wherever they can be bought at most advantageous prices, then it is under no restriction as to prices. If its duty is to reject the bids of a foreign manufacturer, on the time-worn plea that the higher home price is

promptly paid over to the laborer, it is equally bound to accept the higher bid as between two home manufacturers, when the costlier article is alleged to provide more handsomely for the workman. In to what maze of absurdity and trickery one must inevitably be led by a moment's concession of such a principle, we hardly need point out. There is absolutely no other position which a Government mindful of its duties can assume than that of Secretary Taft.

We lay stress on this sufficiently obvious phase of the situation because of the strong light which it throws on the whole high-tariff controversy. First, it illuminates the moral position of the protectionist legislator. Confronted with the Government's duty under existing law, Mr. Dalzell replies that "this is no reason why an Administration that came into power on a protection platform" should resort to expedients so distasteful. Our protectionist Speaker Cannon, answering Mr. Taft's assertion that Congress might have spoken if it wished the Government to restrict the Commission, retorts that Congress "did not intend to take any action"; "it never entered the mind of any member of Congress" that such plain dictates of public economy would be pursued by the Government when "the Democratic and Mugwump press is agitating a revision of the best tariff law known in our entire history." Here, we say, is the morality, or rather immorality, of high protection in a nutshell. The tariff first; economy of administration and honest observance of public trust may come afterward, if convenient. Much is gained, at any rate, when the real meaning of the high-tariff fetish is thus revealed by its own idolaters.

It is quite possible that, as Mr. Swank intimates, the "stand-patters" "will bring the matter before Congress at its next session," and it is perfectly true that a very small part of the requisite supplies can have been purchased before that time. But the Congressional "stand-patters" will have before them, then, no such simple task as they might have had if a restrictive law had been quietly slipped through in January. The clearness with which the issue has been raised, in the present controversy; the unassailable legal and moral position of the Government; the tortuous shifts to which opponents of that policy have been driven; and, more than all, the public assertion which has been wrung from them that high protection means an addition to the prices that already weigh so heavily on the community—these new factors in the case will put a quietus on efforts to smother the tariff issue under the familiar mass of technicality and sophistry. They will, for one thing, bring instantly to the front, in current discussion, the practice of our great steel manufacturers, who undersell European makers in foreign markets and straightway clap on a price, for American consumers, 40 per cent. above the foreign level. It is no organ of the "Democratic or Mugwump press," but the protectionist New York *Tribune*, which indulges in these warning words:

> "When the 'stand-patters' drive home to the people a realization of the fact that steel rails can be purchased abroad for the Panama Railroad at $20 a ton, whereas they would compel the Government to pay our manufacturers $33, though our manufacturers would deliver those same rails in Great Britain for $22 a ton which cost them at Pittsburg about $12 a ton, instead of winning sympathy for our traders so 'abused' by their own Government, they will awaken sympathy for our private consumers."

Inasmuch as it is our private consumers with whom the next Congress will have to reckon for its public actions, the force of the *Tribune's* warning is obvious. Perhaps their own household experiences may by that time have given them added interest in the "free trade doctrine of buying where you can buy cheapest."

CORRUPT BUT DISCONTENTED.

It recalls the days of the Boston Tea Party to read how indignant citizens of Philadelphia on Thursday stormed a committee room and their Common Council's meeting chamber, carrying halters and bawling "thieves" and "robbers" at the men who betrayed the city under the very eyes of the mob. But when the Boston tea was thrown overboard there had long been serious mutterings of discontent. Last week's outbreak in the City of Brotherly Love is all the more astonishing because that town has gone its way admittedly "corrupt and contented." Only a few crackbrained reformers, municipal theorists, and what not have up to this time been stirred to action by the tyranny of the Durham machine. Even the prayers of the clergymen for Mayor Weaver aroused nothing more than Homeric laughter. At any rate, however much one may deprecate the mob features of the recent outburst, decent men the country over were heartened and rejoiced to read that the Philadelphia worm had turned at last, that Durham and his band of plunderers had gone a step too far.

Unquestionably the temptation to a riotous demonstration was of the greatest. Two propositions were before Councils. One was made by a syndicate headed by Edward B. Smith & Co., responsible bankers, which offered to pay to the United Gas Improvement Company not exceeding twenty millions of dollars for its improvements of the lighting plant; to pay to the city for use of its plant an annual rental of $1,250,000 for the term of the lease, seventy-five years, and, in addition, one-third of the net profits during the first ten years, and one-half during the remaining sixty-five years. Furthermore, the syndicate offered to supply municipal lighting free of cost; to advance the twenty-five millions of which the city stands so greatly in need; to give the municipality a representation of one-third in the management of the plant. Finally, it stood ready to have the city direct whether its income should or should not be devoted to a reduction in the price of gas to consumers. No such liberal proposition was ever before made in Philadelphia. It was not even considered. True, the Councilmen, who marched home under police guard, listened to the speeches of men like ex-Judge Gordon and the former minister to Italy, William Potter, but their orders had been received. With astounding brazenness they testified to their corruption by voting for the proposition of the United Gas Improvement Company, giving it a seventy-five year extension of its lease for twenty-five millions, without any other compensation, and postponing 80-cent gas for the consumer until 1956—this on the pretence that the Smith syndicate had no standing.

Fortunately, the grabbers have not yet won their fight. Mayor Weaver will, as he openly declares, resist the measure. Then, no doubt, Councils will pass the bill over his veto. This has been the programme to date. Whether the Councilmen will dare to do so in the face of so deeply stirred a public remains to be seen. Every newspaper of standing in the city is against the steal; even the *Inquirer*, generally so subservient to the machine, advises Councils to drop the lease question—even while falsely asserting that the ring's bid is the better. It had seen the storm gathering, and had, perhaps, read from the portents a possible overthrow of Durham himself, incredible as that now seems. But if, as so many observers assert, political affairs must become very bad before the patriotic American will insist on a housecleaning, that period would seem to have arrived in Philadelphia. From this point of view it might be well for the "gang" to have its way and betray the taxpayers' interests. So dastardly an outrage would then remain for years to come a thorn in the side of decent Philadelphians, to rouse them to a sense of their shame.

In its broader aspects this Philadelphia scandal is not a whit different from similar occurrences in New York and other cities. The managers of many of our public-service corporations have cast away all restraint and hold themselves above the laws, statute or moral. License to purchase legislation or scandalous contracts appears theirs by divine right. The consumer, they argue, is sure to be benefited by monopolization and the carrying out of the schemes born of their wisdom; hence, any bribery they may resort to is legitimate and defensible. But there inevitably comes a time

when they overreach themselves. When the storm of public indignation breaks over them, none are more astounded than they, conscious as they are of their own benevolence and rectitude. Outcries for municipal ownership, the unfavorable action of a Legislature, fill them with amazement and with alarm for the community. They rend the air with cries of confiscation, with elaborate mathematical demonstrations that some other city a thousand miles hence is bled more severely. And all the time these corporation managers pitifully fail to see that the crop which they are harvesting is merely of the seed they sowed. Their pretensions make it possible for sound-minded leaders of public opinion to turn to municipal ownership, not because they desire it, but merely as a man of peace resorts to a revolver in dire extremity. The most pregnant issue in our cities to-day is whether the taxpayers or the corporations own them, precisely as the only burning question in many States is whether the railroads and the tariff-favored Trusts or the people shall be supreme. Upon this fact we have dwelt before and we propose to dwell again. The Philadelphia discontent is scarcely a more striking sign of what is under way than is the recent vote in Chicago.

A CENTURY OF BOUNDARY ARBITRATION.

A few days ago a company of American and Canadian engineers left Victoria to mark the recently determined boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, and they will be followed shortly by several other parties. By 1906 the decision of the Alaska Arbitration Tribunal should be definitely translated into metal and stone, thus, for all time, so far as can be foreseen, delimiting the boundaries between the United States and British America. The monuments these surveyors are to set up may rightly be considered memorials to the cause of arbitration. At one time or another practically every foot of the boundary line has been in dispute. At certain periods both countries were aflame with anger over it, and hostilities seemed inevitable. It is, therefore, cause for national congratulation that this protracted boundary controversy has at last been peacefully concluded. Not war, but arbitration and diplomatic negotiation, are the means which were used to settle questions fraught with untold dangers to both England and the United States. The Alaska Tribunal was only the last of a long series of arbitrations beginning more than a century ago.

Curiously enough, as the document itself expressly states, the section of the peace treaty of 1783 describing the possessions of the United States and Great Britain was inserted with the intention of making impossible future disputes. A more productive cause of discord could hardly have been designed. Although the description was given with the greatest attention to details, it was impossible to interpret these geographically. Much of the territory had never been explored, and still less accurately surveyed. The commissioners attached no map to the treaty, and left no written record of their intentions. Their labors had hardly ceased before the disputes began. The eastern Maine boundary, according to the treaty, was the St. Croix River; but at that time there was no St. Croix River. There were two streams, whose mouths were fifty miles apart, either one of which might have been the one so named by the old French explorers. Again, the treaty left undefined the ownership of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, all of which, especially the Grand Manan, were greatly desired by both Nova Scotians and New Englanders.

These problems were, however, simple compared with the description given of the Maine boundary. This was to extend northward from the source of the St. Croix to certain "highlands, which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean; thence to the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River; thence along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of latitude; thence, by a line due west, until it strikes the Iroquois or Catarquy." What "highlands" were intended? There were several ranges that might, under certain conditions, fit the description. What was the Atlantic Ocean? Did it include the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, the Bay of Chaleurs? What was the "northwesternmost head of the Connecticut River"? There were three different streams, any one of which might have been indicated. Even the "forty-fifth degree of latitude" produced ill-feeling; an accurate survey, it was said, would place many Canadian villages on American soil. The line through the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the Lake of the Woods was also described with the utmost disregard of all known geography.

Here, evidently, were causes enough for strife. Were present-day boundaries of Europe as loosely drawn, we can well imagine that they would be straightened out with the bayonet. Our grandfathers, however, although they occasionally lost their heads, took up the disputed points one by one. John Jay, in his famous treaty of 1794, provided a commission to discover anew the St. Croix River. This met in Halifax in 1796. It found in the French chronicles sufficient evidence to identify the old stream, a certain fort on a certain island in the mouth of a certain river being described. The arbitration commission found the island, with the remains of the fort, in the mouth of the Schoodiac. Since that day it has been the St. Croix. The treaty of Ghent provided for three boundary commissions: one to apportion the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, one to delimit the northeastern boundary, and the third to extend the line through the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the Lake of the Woods. The first met at Albany in 1817, gave Moose, Frederick, and Dudley Islands to the United States, and the rest, including the Grand Manan, to Nova Scotia. The third commission met soon afterward, and had no difficulty in marking the line through the St. Lawrence and Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Huron. It disagreed, however, in the attempt to trace the boundary through Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, and temporarily abandoned work. The commission on the Maine boundary met in 1827, but accomplished nothing. The King of the Netherlands was selected as arbitrator in 1831. His award was repudiated by the United States on the ground that he had exceeded his authority, disregarded the treaty of 1783, and marked an arbitrary line of his own. For years the peaceful settlement of the dispute was despaired of. In 1842, however, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton held their famous conferences in Washington, the result of which was the present boundary. At the same time they drew the line through Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, and also selected the forty-ninth degree as the dividing line from the latter point to the Rocky Mountains, thus confirming the boundary provisionally determined in 1818.

Nothing now remained but the Oregan boundary; and that, after constantly threatening war and furnishing one of the shallowest of campaign phrases —fifty-four forty or fight—was peacefully settled a few years later. This settlement, however, left undefined certain islands in the San Juan de Fuca Straits, and the question of their ownership was submitted to the German Emperor in 1871, with satisfactory results. The long chapter of arbitration and negotiation was finally closed by the Alaska arbitration, and an unbroken succession of tablets and monuments will soon extend from the Maine coast to Puget Sound and along the Alaskan mountains, enduring evidence, it is to be hoped, that Britons and Americans agree in loyalty to that peaceful law of nations toward which the history of this single border has contributed so many illustrious precedents.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

LONDON, April 29, 1905.

"What have you found?" I asked a critic late in the afternoon of Press Day at the Royal Academy. "A few Sargents—and nothing!" I may have passed over a few excellent things hidden in odd corners, but an

exhibition can be judged only by what can be seen, and I have come away from the Academy with the same impression as the critic I have quoted. That Mr. Sargent should stand out so conspicuously helps, I think, to explain how commonplace the rest of the exhibition is, for Mr. Sargent is anything but at his best. Whether he has painted so many portraits that he has ceased to see, or feel, character; or whether prolonged success has made him indifferent to the quality of the work he produces and displays to the public, it is hard to say. But, certainly, in his most important canvases this spring his interest and cleverness are squandered almost wholly upon draperies and accessories, while the people to whom they should be subordinated dwindle into lay figures. He always has had a tendency to leave arrangement in his portraits to chance. Sometimes chance has been kind, as in the case of the "Misses Hunter," where it furnished him with an ingenious problem to work out and an amusing design. But chance has betrayed him cruelly in the large portrait group of "The Marlborough Family;" and neither the historical traditions and an impressive setting nor the combined attractions of the members of the family have stirred his imagination—if he may be said to have any—even to the sham classical composition he found for his three sisters in white of two years ago. The Duke and Duchess, with their two sons, are grouped on the steps at the end, apparently, of a hall at Blenheim, just where, flanked by two banners, the bust of the Marlborough who made the fortunes of the family looks down from the wall above. The perspective is of the stage, stagey; the banners are in a relief that recalls the old stories of the fly on the curtain or the fruit the birds come to peck at. The head of the Duke is carefully modelled and finished; he wears his ducal robes with an appearance of stateliness. But the Duchess, posing on a higher step, is a simpering doll, a mere peg whereon to hang a gorgeous array of millinery. The boys are little more than sketched in—one, the older of the two, vigorously enough, it is true, but, standing close by the side of the more finished figure of the father, he introduces a note of restlessness, he produces an effect of haste, as if Mr. Sargent had been working on time, and time was up before he had got to the end of his task. This effect is heightened by the treatment, suggesting the scene painter, of the cold gray walls and columns of the background.

Nor is Mr. Sargent happier in his large "Countess of Warwick." Like his "Duchess of Sutherland" of last year, it makes one wonder whether all the character he now wants to see in the ladies of rank who sit to him, is in the splendor of their clothes and the artificial elegance of their surroundings. The Countess's draperies are regal in their magnificence, and rendered with all Mr. Sargent's skill; the dress of the small boy perched on the pedestal at her side is in keeping with them; and the landscape beyond is as purely a convention as any ever contrived by Reynolds or Gainsborough. But the Countess is no less a puppet than the Duchess of Marlborough, though her head is tilted back at a tragic angle, and her face wears an expression of tragedy, or martyrdom, or what the reader of the old-fashioned "penny novelette" might have called "haughtiness." I can scarcely understand Mr. Sargent's intention, but the whole attitude strikes me as no less an affectation than the masquerading of Lely's and Kneller's shepherdesses. I can almost fancy he was trying to outdo seventeenth-century posing by presenting her as a fashionable Hagar, defending an extremely well-clad, well-fed Ishmael from visionary dangers. Again, in a portrait of a colonial official, Sir Frank Swettenham, at the New Gallery, Mr. Sargent has been too absorbed in the accessories it amuses him to paint—flamboyant gold and scarlet draperies, a huge globe, a brilliant white uniform—to spare much interest for the man in the uniform. But worse are the portraits of women, at both the Academy and the New Gallery, which look as if they strayed from a Book of Beauty rather than from Mr. Sargent's studio. The only one of his nine portraits, divided between the two shows, that gives a genuine study of character and has something of dignity and reticence, is the "Señor Manuel Garcia," which is very likely the only one he painted for his own pleasure.

Mr. Sargent might be more unsatisfactory and he would still carry off the honors, for the simple reason that he has next to no competitors. Most good artists reserve themselves for other shows, and, as a rule, the portraits now at the Academy and the New Gallery are worth scarcely a glance. One of the exceptions at the Academy is the last large canvas by Charles Furse, who died a few months ago: "Cubbing with the York and Ainsty: Children of the Master, Lycett Green, Esq." It is a group so ambitious in size and subject that most British painters would have fought shy of it. The four children, mounted on their horses, fill the foreground except for a little space to the right, where the hillside falls away, giving a glimpse of the huntsman in his red coat with the hounds, and, beyond, a wide distance. The picture is without atmosphere, it is flat, and more suggestive of the studio than out-of-doors. But it is painted with freshness and vigor, it has animation, it has life, which is just what most of the pictures at the Academy have not got. Another exception is the "Equestrian Portrait of a Boy," by Mr. George W. Lambert, which looks remarkably good, though I hesitate to say anything more positive about it; the hanging committee, with their customary discretion, having skied it just on one side of the "Marlborough Family." There are also two portraits, one in each show, by Mr. George Henry, both of women, and both a distinct attempt at a fine arrangement of color and a decorative design.

Mr. Lavery and M. Blanche are at the New Gallery, but their portraits this year are not very notable, unless it be by comparison with those, for example, by Mr. Herkomer, who, whether painting Bavarian town councillors or British men of note, appears to exult in the vulgar; or those by Mr. Ouless and Mr. Cope and other Academical portrait painters, who see things with about as much distinction and individuality as a camera; or those by the many imitators of Mr. Sargent and revivers of eighteenth-century conventions, who have already tumbled to the depths of emptiness to which imitation and revival invariably lead.

The landscapes, for the most part, are as discouraging. Mr. Clausen, one of the rare few, seldom fails at least to be interesting, and, as an Associate, he is sure of a place on the line, where he escapes the fate of the unfortunate outsider whose work may be as good, but, if hung high or in remote corners, is swallowed up in the sea of commonplace. It is like a breath of fresh air let into a close room to come upon Mr. Clausen's "June Afternoon," a study of the play of light and shadow over a great expanse of open, softly rolling country, as it stretches away for miles and miles under a sky swept by the fleecy white clouds of an English summer day. It is barren of incident in the ordinary sense; it depends on the incident of light and atmosphere; and nothing could be truer than the sudden brilliance of the luminous green where the sunlight falls, than the tender blue of the shadows. His "Ploughman's Breakfast—November," the impression of a very different effect, is marred by the curious glitter of sunlight on his foliage, which destroys all pictorial unity, and which is becoming almost as confirmed a mannerism with him as the violent crude flicker of sunshine is with Mr. La Thangue. I hesitate, however, to find any fault with Mr. Clausen, for his landscapes do hold one's attention, even when, as this year, they are little more than experiments; and of how many others can as much be said? Mr. Edward Stott, trespassing on Mr. Clausen's preserves, has a couple of studies of the effect of light in a shadowy barn, by day, with the sun shining through window and crevice; by night, the dim glow of the new moon mingling with the pale radiance of a shepherd's solitary candle. That an exhibitor at the Academy should put himself down to observing anything in nature, instead of turning out the Academical machine, is to his credit. But Mr. Stott has often made more pictorial uses of his studies. I might mention, too, Mr. Arthur Lemon's white oxen in a cool Tuscan landscape, with beautiful blue and purple depths in the distance, and M. Thaulow's quiet "Night in Flanders." And I am grateful to Mr. Alfred East for devoting some thought to selection and design, even if this virtue is counterbalanced by his prosaic vision and the dry, lifeless quality of his paint. But he is about the only Academician or Associate who shows any sign of an artistic intention in his landscapes, unless I count as artistic intention Sir Ernest Waterlow's bold invitation to comparison with Turner by painting the Thames from Richmond Hill—to his own inevitable discomfiture.

The season would be without sensation but for the sculpture, and herein not because of the merit or want of merit in anything shown at the Academy, but what some have declared the stupidity, others the crime, of the Academicians in not recognizing merit when submitted to them. A statue of "Lycidas" by Mr. Havard Thomas was sent to the Academy; it had already made a stir among certain artists, Mr. Sargent having given it the seal of his approval; but the Selecting Committee withheld theirs, and rejected it. There was time to transfer it to the New Gallery, where it was accepted, curiously, for the New Gallery has degenerated into a mere annex to the Academy, neither better nor worse. But there, anyway, the statue can be seen, while all the papers, even such old friends

as the *Telegraph*, the *Times*, and the *Morning Post*, are busy denouncing the action of the Academy, and rumors are flying here, there, and everywhere of dissensions in the Academic ranks and of the threatened resignation of Mr. Sargent and Sir William B. Richmond. But the denunciations of the press are not very dangerous, running as they do to the sentiment dear to the Briton; the question of Mr. Havard Thomas's bread and cheese, and the comfort of his wife and children, being dragged promptly into the argument, and acquiring far more importance than the question of the excellence of his work. Nor is the threat of resignation more alarming. When, in the old days, Phillips, the Academician, said he would resign if Whistler's picture was not hung, the picture was hung. To-day, the Academy knows it has but to pursue its time-honored policy of sitting tight, and, no matter what it accepts or rejects, there will be no resignation.

As for the statue: it is the nude, life-size figure of a man, modelled in black wax. He stands, with hands upraised, his head slightly bent, his eyes looking downward. The pose of the legs is clumsy, the movement of the arms is angular, and the long, thin fingers of the awkwardly extended hands attain a prominence out of all relation to the rest of the figure. These are serious defects. But the statue has character. The athletic legs, the nervous back, the small head well set on the shoulders, are the work of a sculptor who has known how to use his own eyes. It may not be a masterpiece, but it is an admirable study, it is interesting and suggestive, as sculpture approved by the Academy never is. There is nothing to equal it at the Academy, where Mr. Alfred Gilbert is unrepresented this year, and where the level of mediocrity is unbroken save, perhaps, for a lion in bronze by Mr. Swan, busts by Mr. McGill, and one or two small bronzes by M. Frémiet, who, should he ever visit the Academy, will wonder how he came to be elected an Honorary Foreign Academician.

Two or three years ago, the Academy showed some inclination to enlarge its definition of the "Arts" it is supposed to encourage, by including decorative work among them. But this, evidently, was a passing inclination. There is little, if any, decorative work except the enamels by the school of enamellers Mr. Alexander Fisher seems to be training after—a long way after—him. But I notice that while the Academy allows his followers, mostly ladies, to exhibit, Mr. Fisher himself reserves his enamels for the New Gallery. I have said nothing of the black-and-white, because there is nothing to say. N. N.

COUNT LAVALETTE'S MEMOIRS.—I.

PARIS, May 1, 1905.

There has just appeared a volume on the Napoleonic period, the 'Memoirs and Recollections of Count Lavalette,' former aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and Director of the Post-Office during the First Empire and during the Hundred Days. These Memoirs are reprinted from an edition which appeared after 1830, and which was well forgotten. Count Lavalette died a short time after the Revolution of 1830; he wrote his memoirs in great part during his exile, at Eichstätt and Augsburg, in Bavaria; they were finished in Paris and in the Count's country house at Sèvres.

Lavalette was born in Paris in 1769, and left college in 1788. He witnessed the opening scenes of the Revolution, the taking of the Bastille, the disorders which accompanied the murder of Foulon, on the 5th and 6th of October, when the people went to Versailles and brought the King and the royal family back to Paris. He was a royalist in his sentiments; and when the Revolution became decidedly hostile to the King, he abandoned Paris and enlisted as a private in the army. He joined the army of the Rhine at the time of the sentence and execution of Louis XVI., and went soon afterwards to Worms, with his regiment. "The war," he says, "was in full activity. I read the papers every evening, and when I heard that the Army of the Rhine had had an engagement, I burned with impatience; it seemed to me that I had arrived too late. All the ideas which had tormented me in Paris vanished; the happiness of fighting for my country filled all my thoughts." His colonel, M. de Loriol, was an old and austere man, not accustomed to have plebeian officers in his regiment. "He received me coldly, assigned me to a company, and sent me away immediately. I went to my new captain; the colonel's reception had been severe, the captain's was impertinent. He came from the King's regiment, where he had served as sergeant." Lavalette gives a short account of Dumouriez's defection; of Custine's retreat, of his trial and condemnation; of his successor, Alexander Beauharnais, and of Pichegru.

In the campaign of 1794, Lavalette became attached to General d'Hilliers, and, after the campaign, followed him to Paris, where he became acquainted with General Bonaparte, whom Barras had distinguished at Toulon, and who took a prominent part in the 13th Vendémiaire, when he fired his guns on the national guards.

"The royalists," says Lavalette, "pretended that this insurrection of the Parisians was a generous effort in favor of the Bourbons; I affirm that to be untrue. I was advantageously placed for following the play of passions and intrigues which brought on this unfortunate catastrophe of the 13th Vendémiaire. . . . I found no desire in the multitude, nor among the chiefs, for the return of the Bourbons. The death of the King was detested by all sensible men; but the people loved liberty."

When Barras presented to the Convention the officers who had saved it, General Bonaparte was among them; at the moment when Barras in his speech pronounced his name, those who were about the General tried to make him advance to the front, but he repulsed them with a confusion and an ill-humor which pleased Lavalette. "There was," he says, "in this action less of pride than a delicate sense of propriety; he felt ashamed to be praised for such a victory." It is true that he had not a prodigious esteem for those in whose favor he had fought and who were applauding him. Bonaparte was commander-in-chief of the first military division and of the city of Paris. His first measure was to disarm all the citizens of the capital. It was on this occasion that he became acquainted with the widow of General Alexander Beauharnais (who had been guillotined two days before the fall of Robespierre, on the 7th Thermidor). Bonaparte married her, and, very soon afterwards, was sent to Italy, to command the army. Lavalette arrived in Milan after the battle of Castiglione.

His general, D'Hilliers, was made Governor of Lombardy; but he himself wanted active service, and succeeded in entering the staff of Bonaparte. His comrades were Junot, Marmont, Duroc, Lemarois. He shared in the famous campaign which ended with the conquest of the Austrian possessions in Italy and the recognition of the French Republic by Austria.

Though he was occupied chiefly with military matters, Bonaparte kept an eye on the affairs of France and on the Directory. He sent Lavalette to Paris in order to get exact information. "See everybody," he said to him, "avoid party spirit, find out the truth, and give it to me, divested of all passion." The five members of the Government were Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, La Réveillère, Lépaux, and Barthélemy. The first five had been members of the Convention; the first three had been regicides. Carnot told Lavalette that things could not go on as they were going. "France holds in horror all that recalls the deplorable epoch when the Convention was brought to such cruel extremities; there is an irritation of mind which, if no attention is paid to it, will quickly end in disgust of a republican government. . . . France cannot be governed like a club."

Lavalette saw more of Barras, who was at the time the most violent member of the Directory and a personal enemy of Carnot. He was meditating a *coup d'état* against the faction suspected of royalism. Talleyrand was Minister of Foreign Affairs; he was a cold spectator of the dissensions of the Directory. "All that interested him," says Lavalette, "was the preservation of his office and the rapid reëstablishment of his fortune, which former disorders and events had destroyed." Lavalette saw Mme. de Staël for the first time at his house.

"During the whole dinner, her eulogy of the conqueror of Italy had all the warmth, the disorder and the exaggeration of inspiration. On leaving the table, the company went to a room where was a portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her pass, 'How could I pass,' she said, stopping, 'before an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte?' My confusion was so visible that she became confused herself, and everybody laughed, even the master of the house."

Barras found in Augereau the instrument of the *coup d'état* which bears in history the name of the 18th Fructidor. Lavalette sent a courier to Bonaparte to inform him of it, and, before leaving Paris himself, paid a visit to Augereau. "His head had been turned; he spoke to me somewhat lightly of the general-in-chief, and of the 18th Fructidor with as much enthusiasm as he might have done of the battle of Arcole. 'Do you know,' said he, 'that you deserve to be shot for your conduct? Be quiet, however, and count upon me.'" Lavalette felt that he had better return to Italy without delay.

On his arrival in Milan he at once saw Bonaparte. The General's opinion of the members of the Directory had long been fixed; he did not approve of their harsh action against the representatives who were opposed to them. "Use force when it is necessary; but, when you are the master, justice suffices." The General was at the time preparing his expedition to Egypt; he spent most of his evenings with Monge,

the mathematician, who brought him maps and documents. He knew that the Directory was getting ready to sign a treaty of peace, but the negotiations were delayed, and Bonaparte, in order to hasten them, left for Rastatt, in company with Lavalette, Marmont, Duroc, and Bourrienne. His aide did not linger there during the sittings of the Congress, which had met to settle some difficult diplomatic questions, but went to Paris, where preparations for the Eastern expedition had begun in great secrecy. During his stay in the capital Lavalette was married to a niece of Bonaparte, Émilie Beauharnais; but the marriage had hardly taken place when he had to leave with his general for the East. After the capitulation of Malta, he received a mission to accompany to the Adriatic the grand-master of Malta and his staff; on his return he visited the fortress of Corfu. He arrived before Abukir on the eve of the great disaster to the French fleet, and joined Bonaparte at Cairo. He fought at his side at the battle of the Pyramids, at the battle of Mount Tabor, at the siege of Acre.

Lavalette followed his general when he left Syria in secret, and arrived in Paris with him. France was awaiting Bonaparte, in whom had centred all the expectations and hopes of those who were disgusted with the arbitrary and anarchical government of the Directory. The First Consul, soon after the 18th Brumaire, sent Lavalette to Dresden and to Berlin on diplomatic missions; an armistice was signed with Austria, and Lavelette came back to Paris. He was anxious to take his place again on the staff of the Consul, but Bonaparte's intention was to give him a place in the administration. He was appointed director of the Post-Office. "I entered on this function," he says, "with disgust, but I fulfilled my duty in it for thirteen years, with a devotion and a zeal which did not suffice to make me happy and for which I was cruelly punished in 1815." In his new post, Lavalette was a mere witness of the great events which filled the Imperial period, and has not much to say which does not belong to general history. His memoirs pass rapidly over the campaign of Austerlitz, the campaign of 1809, Napoleon's divorce and marriage with Marie Louise, the birth of the King of Rome; over the rupture between France and Russia, the campaign of 1812, the conspiracy of Mallet, the disasters of the Russian campaign.

On Napoleon's return from Russia, he had frequent conversations with him, and admired his prodigious work in reconstructing the army, in forming and organizing a national guard. His memoirs become more detailed when he approaches the great crisis of 1814 and when he speaks of the intrigues of the Royalists, directed by Talleyrand, of the Council of the Regency, the removal of the Government to Blois, the battle before Paris and the capitulation of the capital, and of the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. The Hundred Days period, the invasion of 1815, and the second return of the Bourbons bring us to the dramatic part of Lavalette's life, which deserves special mention. The story of his condemnation to capital punishment and of his romantic escape is one of the most famous of the Napoleonic period.

Correspondence.

SUPREME COURT DECISIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your strictures upon the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Ju Toy case, your article closes with the significant words: "The decision is unworthy of the Court." In my recollection as a reader of the *Nation* from its first publication until the present time, I do not remember it expressing in so pithy and direct a manner its contempt for a decision of the highest tribunal of the land. You are to be congratulated and encouraged for facing the possible consequences of the severe criticism applied involving contempt. To the lay mind, late decisions of State and United States Supreme Courts, in cases of theft, graft, and criminal process, and again in others tending to vitiate the privileges, rights, and protection of individuals under the existing laws, have left a doubt as to their force or proper justification.

The so-called trained legal mind may respect these opinions with an inherent or acquired sense for technicalities, which is apt to pervert the intent of the law, and consequently the very basis and ends of justice.

Respectfully, Henry M. Mendel.

Milwaukee, May 13, 1905.

NEGLECT OF CANADA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me to draw your readers' attention and your own to the very scant and shabby treatment Canada has received at the hands of the editors of the 'Historians' History of the World'?

The only Canadian historians from whose works extracts are given, and the only ones mentioned in the bibliographical list, are Bourinot, Bryce, and Roberts. Now I do not wish to disparage in any manner whatever those Canadian writers, but, as you are aware, Messrs. Bryce and Roberts's books are one-volume histories written for the use of schools. As for Sir John Bourinot, his works, while showing wide reading and much industry, do not rank as high as the 'History of Canada' of Kingsford and Garneau, for instance. I may add that the two books of Sir John Bourinot, 'The Story of Canada' and 'Canada under British Rule,' are merely text-books for college and university purposes.

The editors of the 'Historians' History of the World,' you will admit, should have mentioned both Kingsford and Garneau and quoted from their works, which are to-day the standard histories of English and French Canada respectively. Kingsford's work is in ten volumes, and is valuable for its wealth of documents, painstaking research and abundance of detail. Like Garneau's history, it only comes down to 1840. Much praise has been bestowed upon its author, and it is considered to-day one of the standard works on Canadian history. On the other hand, Garneau has always been regarded, ever since he first published his 'Histoire du Canada,' as the "national historian of French Canada." A noted scholar and professor (one of your contributors) has described his work as "the best sketch of New France published by a Canadian during the nineteenth century" (Larned: "Literature of American History").

May we indulge the hope that, in a later edition, justice will be done to a country whose great future so many have predicted and whose glorious past every trustworthy historian has extolled?

Thanking you for your courtesy, I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

Hector Garneau,
Chief Secretary to the Minister of Inland Revenue.

Ottawa, May 10, 1905.

MELIARÁKES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About a week ago the news was received here from Athens of the death of a man who deserves commemoration in your columns, Antónios Meliarákes, one of those many Greeks who are now looking back, wistfully and not in vain, to the ancient glories of their race. He was an historian, able, zealous, and conscientious, and one of those writers of Modern Greek who are endeavoring to reinstate as far as possible the classical idiom. For this reason, none of the many scholars who will find his works valuable need be shy of them on account of ignorance of the Greek language as now spoken. He will be easily intelligible to any classical scholar who will take the trouble to familiarize himself with a few of the modern departures, such as the periphrastic formation of the future tense.

Meliarákes was the author of the fullest and best history of the Empire of Nice (1204-1261), and of the Despotat of Epirus (1204-1469). In addition to these larger works he also wrote geographical accounts of Corinth and Argolis, Andros and Ceos, Amorgus, Cephallenia, and Ithaca, as well as an historical sketch of the Cyclades down to the year 1204. At one time he received a grant from the Greek Government to assist him in his researches, but he soon became the victim of one of those vicissitudes of partisan Government which have so often in our day brought contempt upon parliamentary institutions. The grant was withdrawn under a subsequent ministry, apparently for no other reason than that it had been the gift of a hostile party. In spite of this discouragement he labored on without interruption; and at the end of too short a life—he was, I believe, about sixty years old—left behind him a legacy of rare value to Greek historiography, and regret that he was not spared to accomplish more. H. Edmiston.

Rome, May 4, 1905.

Notes.

An entirely new edition of 'Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World,' under the supervision of Prof. Angelo Heilprin, is expected to be ready for publication in the early autumn.

The illustrated 'History of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry in the American Civil War,' compiled for that organization's Association by a committee of which Col. William Brooke Rawle was chairman, and printed in Philadelphia by the Franklin Printing Co., will be ready on June 1. The edition,

limited to 1,000 copies, is half open to the general purchaser, who may address John C. Hunterson, Treasurer, 311 Wharton Street, Philadelphia.

The Italian Government in March appointed a committee to superintend the publication of the writings of Leonardo, after the manner of those of Galileo. Professors Blaserna, Beltrami, and Piumati are members of this committee.

The attraction of the Low Countries for foreign tourists is reflected in the fourteenth English edition of Baedeker's 'Belgium and Holland,' including Luxembourg (Scribners). For this busy and densely populated territory the maps are noticeably numerous.

The volume entitled 'Europe and the Far East' in the Cambridge Historical Series (whose scope is from the end of the fifteenth century to the present time) is from the pen of Robert K. Douglas, Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and MSS. at the British Museum, and Professor of Chinese at King's College, London. Published last year, here by Macmillan, amid the clash of arms, it rightly ended with a chapter on the causes of the now year-long war between Russia and Japan. For this and for the antecedent period it will be found handy for reference, and it is more or less documentary; but it is clearly written with British bias and national jealousies and antipathies. Russia's sins are not overlooked; but the respective parts of Germany, Great Britain, France, and Japan herself in the grab game on the Chinese and Korean mainland are recorded without reprobation. The massacre of Chinese at Blagovestchensk is not deliberately misrepresented, but conveys an impression not wholly just to Russia; there is even a sense of contradiction between the narrative of this event on pages 359, 360, and the reference to it on page 415. The folded map is but a poor thing.

Prof. Marshall Ward of Cambridge, England, has set himself about an interesting task. This is no less than the preparation of a series of six books on Forest Botany which shall be readable, abreast of the times, and comprehensive. The plan which he has adopted appears to involve no end of duplication. He starts out with buds and twigs for his first volume, and then takes up leaves. Next he is to consider in succession inflorescences and flowers, fruits and seeds, seedlings, and, lastly, general characters. In the current volume, number two of the series ('Trees: Leaves'—Cambridge University Press; New York: Macmillan), Professor Ward deals in an attractive manner with the anatomy, physiology, and adaptations of the leaves of trees. To show how far he is from following the conventional methods of treatment, we may mention that when he comes to the question of the work of the leaf, he is not satisfied with giving merely the dry details of absorption of gases and of chemical action under the influence of the sun's rays, which are always puzzling to a beginner. He imagines a very minute intelligent being entering the leaf, winding his way through the labyrinth of cells, and recording his impressions of what is going on; finally, this personally conducted "party," if we may say so, emerges from the leaf chock-full of knowledge. We all remember the ingenious device by which a person having only two dimensions, and living in a world called "Flat-land," gets an idea of three dimensions by means of a fold or crumpling of his flat environment. By parity of reasoning, we who live in a world of three dimensions can catch a glimpse of four and more dimensions by some of the odd happenings in our surroundings. Professor Ward has done even better than this. He accompanies his infinitesimal student through a long journey whereon he sees hosts of contradictory things happen, and as a guide he manages to straighten them out. The book is not only an excellent text-book in Forest Botany, but is a capital study in pedagogy as well.

In a convenient handbook entitled 'Experiments with Plants' (Macmillan), Professor Osterhout of the University of California has given us hints for the experimental study of living plants by means of the very simplest apparatus. Professor Ganong, in his 'Teaching Botanist,' has indicated a good many of the simple appliances which serve every purpose in plant physiology. Professor Osterhout goes farther in this direction, and suggests innumerable contrivances which are to be made off-hand in any house, and with which the plant can be severely cross-examined. It is a real pity that the drawings in some cases are so poor, for in these days of photographic processes there is little excuse for such coarseness. The text is, for the greater part, extremely clear and interesting, and needed only rather better illustrations to come into the very first rank of attractive text-books. As it is, it is one of the most helpful laboratory handbooks, and it deserves wide employment in all classes of plant-laboratories. Among the most interesting chapters is one devoted mainly to the striking results obtained by Mr. Burbank of California, the successful plant-breeder, who may be fairly called the Edison of horticulture.

Under the alliterative title of 'Famous Fighters of the Fleet,' and in very attractive shape, the Macmillan Co. present the stories of six British naval engagements, selected in the main with a view to link together a particular "fighter" whom the author, Mr. Edward Fraser, especially admires, the ship that took him into action, and the other vessels which, in their turn, either before or after, have borne the same historic and honored name. The battles, with their attendant circumstances, are accurately and graphically described. To some, the bald figures of size, speed, gun-power, and armor resistance of the modern successors of the grand old men-of-war of the past will be not only instructive but interesting, so ingenious are the author's homely comparisons. Most readers, however, will skim lightly over the statistical feature to lose themselves, boylike, in the smoke of battle, the crash of falling spars and the thunder of opposing cannon. The story of the *Undaunted*, too thrilling not to be universally known, is exceptionally well told, as it deserves to be, for there is nothing finer in all naval history. There is a rhymed account of the *Royal Sovereign* off Belleisle in 1795, where "they did their level best." Other chapters give the duel between the British *Monmouth* and the French *Foudroyant* in 1758, Rodney's defeat of De Grasse in 1782 (happily a year too late to affect American independence), the *Téméraire* at Trafalgar and the *Condor* at Alexandria in 1882. While some other episodes suggest themselves as even more worthy of Mr. Fraser's careful study and agreeable narration, it may not be denied that these are all capital yarns, chock-full of salt, sulphur, and saltpetre.

Mr. David Cumming, author of a 'Handbook of Lithography' (Macmillan), calls it "A Practical Treatise for all who are interested in the process." It is not clear from this, nor from the book itself, whether he has intended an introduction to the subject for the lay reader, or a guide to the professional lithographer. For the former the book has too many practical details, and the author refers constantly to technical processes and mechanical apparatus which no one but a professional lithographer could possibly understand. If the book is intended for him, much of the general explanatory matter seems superfluous. Readers of either class will be hindered by the style, which is neither facile nor clear. The book contains, however, much useful information, and covers the wide field of lithography in considerable detail. To name only the most important of his subjects, the author treats of lithographic stones, inks, and papers; the many possible manipulations of the process, particularly that of "transfers"; lithographic printing and presses; and the colors and processes of chromolithography. Everywhere there is a careful description of the materials and apparatus employed.

A little volume of masterpieces of German prose ('Musterstücke deutscher Prosa zur Stilbildung und zur Belehrung'), edited by Prof. Dr. O. Weise and published in Leipzig by B. G. Teubner, has just reached a second edition and been slightly enlarged. It may be recommended for use in our own secondary schools. Such manuals are rare in Germany, the author tells us. Each piece is succeeded by some bibliographical indications, and by an analysis of the style. The arrangement is broadly historical (in the sequence of events) and miscellaneous. Perhaps one-half the writers quoted from would be unknown to our public, and some have little fame at home; but the great lights from Goethe to Bismarck are fairly represented.

Companionable with the foregoing, but containing an admixture of poetry, is Prof. Othon Guerlac's 'Selections from Standard French Authors' (Ginn & Co.). The arrangement is in two parts, not temporally distinct, and almost all the writers are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. The brief biographical introductions and grammatical notes are judicious, and there is a copious vocabulary.

The question of an artificial separation of a public library's "lumber" from its live stock, as broached by President Eliot some time ago, is illuminated by recent experience of the overcrowded John Crerar Library in Chicago. Three of the librarians united in picking out 20,000 volumes as least likely to be called for, and storing them in the Newberry Library. The Librarian reports that "they have been wanted so many times already as to prove that any such selection is an evil."

A noteworthy addition to the educational institutions of India is the Agricultural College at Pusa, the foundation stone of which has just been laid by Lord Curzon. In his address he said that it was due to the munificence of Mr. Henry Phipps of this city, who gave him $150,000 "to do what you

like with for some public purpose for the good of the Indian people." There are 1,280 acres of land belonging to the college, on which almost any crop can be grown, and there will consequently be provision for instruction in the classroom, research in the laboratory, and experiment in the field. It will be the centre of the application of science to Indian agriculture, and, it is hoped, will eventually lead to the establishment in each province of a properly organized and equipped agricultural department.

The Greenland Biological station which has been planned for a long time, and is to be established on the island of Disko, is now an assured fact. *Petermann's Mitteilungen* announces that Judicial Councillor Holck of Copenhagen has given the 35,000 kronen necessary for the foundation, and the Danish Government has agreed to maintain it.

A new Bibliographical Society has been organized in Florence, which, together with the Istituto delle Carte, which it has established, intends to constitute headquarters for the support of all kinds of learned researches in Italian archives and libraries. In particular, it purposes to offer its services to savants in the collection of bibliographies for their work, in securing material such as copies of archives, photographs, and the like. The head of the society is Prof. Dr. Palmerini of the Florence Museum of Arts.

The Organization Committee of the Fifteenth International Medical Congress, to be held in Lisbon from the 19th to the 26th of April, 1906, has published an official bulletin, giving full details up to date as to the programme and work of the convention. Already 188 papers have been announced, in addition to a number of addresses. All the papers are to be printed before the convention assembles, and must be in the hands of the secretary by the end of next September. The official language is French, but in full convention German and English may also be used. The work is distributed in seventeen sections. The membership fee is $5, to be sent to the General Secretary, Dr. Miguel Bombarda, in Lisbon.

A brilliantly lighted photograph of the late Joseph Jefferson, in easy pose and altogether characteristic, ranks with the best of those we are accustomed to receive from Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, as death draws upon his store of portraits of American worthies. The plate is large (14x18), and rich in color with clear blacks.

—After an interval of four years the 'Calendar of Letter-Books preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall,' and printed by order of the Corporation under the editorship of Dr. Reginald R. Sharpe, proceeds with Letter-Book D (the so-called "Red Book"), 1309-1314—but there is later matter respecting the election of mayors and sheriffs, and the forms of oaths administered to municipal officers—and Letter-Book E, 1314-1337; that is to say, during the reigns of Edward II. and III. The special interest of D lies in its containing the earliest record of admissions to the freedom of the City by "redemption" and through apprenticeship, a freedom attended with important trade privileges in and out of the City, and with certain immunities from arrest. "Even a bondman fleeing from his master," says Mr. Sharpe, in his interesting introduction, "could not only shake off his bonds if he succeeded in finding refuge within the City's walls undisturbed for a year and a day, but he oftentimes acquired the rights of citizenship." The purchase (redemption) of admission was conditioned on foregoing the wearing of a beard "of more notable prolyxyte or length" than the ordinary—a prejudice which "to a certain extent may be said to have continued [especially in the case of high City officials] down to the middle of the last century." The "courtesy of London" (4 lbs. to the cwt. exacted of the vendor by the purchaser) appears to have been abolished in the period of D. Again, by ordinance of 1311, citizens were assessed in the ward where they lived, and not where their goods and chattels chanced to be; and aldermen likewise in the wards of their family residence, rather than in those they represented. Along with the trade and municipal items in Letter-Book E there is much of a political cast touching the King's interference with City liberties. The indexes point the way to profitable browsing in these annals.

—An essay on the 'Early History of the Law Merchant' (Cambridge [Eng.] University Press; New York: Macmillan), by W. Mitchell, is of much interest for any one at all attentive to legal history and the development of legal theory. Originally, it was the Yorke Prize Essay for 1903, and well deserved preservation; though not a treatise, it presents a systematic treatment of a subject at once little understood and very important, and is the fruit of original research as well as of a careful examination of authorities so unfamiliar that it is safe to say that most lawyers do not know their names. The author's view is that the Law Merchant was in its origin a personal law, the law of a special class, based largely on the usages and customs of the merchant class, and often administered by the merchants themselves. How this law spread with the spread of commerce until, at many points, it superseded the ordinary civil law to which it was originally an exception, is here explained. We all have a rather hazy conception of the process; Mr. Mitchell is fortunate in bringing before the reader vivid illustrations of it. It is in the markets and fairs of the Middle Ages that we find the earliest recognition of the rights of the "*bonâ-fide* purchaser"; it was by the custom of merchants that he was first afforded protection. An English case cited by Mr. Mitchell brings out the conflict between the Common Law and the Law Merchant in a curious way. Down to the end of the seventeenth century the view that the application of the principles of the Law Merchant was a legal privilege to which the merchant alone could lay claim, was maintained by English judges, and it was not until 1692 that the plea that the acceptor of a bill of exchange was *not a merchant* was held a bad defence; the rule that if gentlemen accept bills they must pay them is very modern. The author draws an interesting parallel between the Law Merchant of mediæval times and modern international law.

—'From the Monarchy to the Republic in France,' by Miss Sophia H. MacLehose (Macmillan), is the continuation of 'The Last Days of the French Monarchy,' by the same author. In a volume of rather more than four hundred pages, Miss MacLehose sketches the progress of the revolutionary movement from the period when Loménie de Brienne was still minister until the storming of the Tuileries. Her narrative—and the book is one of narrative rather than of criticism or discussion—has the merit of resting upon a sound knowledge of the chief sources, supplemented by a study of the best monographs. No attempt has been made to follow the course of events in the provinces. The action centres wholly at Versailles and Paris during the days of Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Danton. For the leaders of the Constituent Assembly Miss MacLehose has words of warm sympathy and admiration, though when, in her concluding paragraph, she looks forward from the summer of 1792, she is willing to admit that France could not help accepting the Jacobins in preference to a discredited king. "If she chose wrongly, she paid dearly for her errors, but she issued from the fierce fire of democratic tyranny and of war, maimed and crippled for the moment, it is true, but fitted at length to enjoy the benefits for which Mirabeau and Mounier, Barnave and Lameth, Danton and Vergniaud, each in his own fashion, prepared the way." Most writers on the Revolution take up a strong position in favor of either the Constituent or and Convention. Miss MacLehose stops short on the eve of the Convention, but it is quite clear from the foregoing passage and several others that she is rather eclectic, willing to give each of the great parties credit for having contributed something to the upbuilding of French freedom. Altogether, the book is temperate in tone and well written. We must also commend the good judgment which has been shown in the choice of illustrations.

—A dissertation for the Jena doctorate, by Jacob N. Beam, instructor in German at Princeton University, deals with 'The First German Translations of English Comedies in the Eighteenth Century.' It illustrates the beneficent tyranny of Gottsched, at whose suggestion nine English comedies of the Restoration type were translated between 1748 and 1757. Gottsched's artistic principles forbade him to regard English comedy as worthy of imitation. He set his disciples to translating these, partly to exercise their pens, partly to widen their horizon, and largely as dreadful examples. Dr. Beam does not pretend that these nine translations, which were not made with much accuracy or conspicuous literary felicity, and were soon forgotten, had more than a barely traceable influence upon the indigenous dramatic literature. But it is significant that between 1748 and 1757 five German cities should have contained men who were alive to the importance of introducing English dramatic liberties to the German public. German romanticism is once more shown to be attached, though by a slender filament, to the English mother-plant. Dr. Beam judges from the translators' carefulness to preserve an English flavor, that their deliberate purpose was to acquaint German readers with examples of English manners, and especially with English dramatic procedure. He has collected his material with industry and handled it with reserve, not attempting to make more out of it than the facts warrant. He makes the interesting remark,

however, that the daughter of one of the translators, Michaelis, married August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and helped him translate Shakspere. The originals were Ravenscroft's "Anatomist," Vanbrugh's "Provoked Husband" and "Relapse," Cibber's "Careless Husband," Granville's "She - Gallants," Steele's "Conscious Lovers," Hoadly's "Suspicious Husband," and Congreve's "Love for Love" and "The Way of the World." The thesis is to appear in Litzmann's *Theatergeschichtliche Forschungen*.

—Prof. J. Jastrow, of the Berlin University, was commissioned by the Corporation of the Senior Merchants of Berlin to visit the St. Louis Exposition and to report on economic conditions in the United States. The result of the observations which he made during his three months' journey was published in the 'Berlin Year-book of Commerce and Industry,' and is now reprinted in a pamphlet of 128 pages ('Bericht über eine volkswirtschaftliche Studienreise durch Nordamerika,' Berlin: Georg Reimer). Within the narrow limits at his disposal, Professor Jastrow has managed to treat a great variety of topics under eight separate rubrics, and has treated them with great intelligence. That he should have covered so much ground in so short a time and should have collected so much reliable information, redounds greatly to his credit. In the first section of his report he points out some of the drawbacks in the administrative department of the St. Louis Exposition, and expresses some general veiws on international expositions and on what ought to be their future tendencies. He believes that their continual expansion since 1851 reached its limits at St. Louis, and that henceforth they should be conducted on a smaller and more specialized scale, attaching more importance to serious scientific purposes and relegating trivial amusement to the background. He next takes up the subject of the higher education of business men in this country, which is of especial interest to the audience he addresses, inasmuch as the corporation he represents intends to open a commercial university in Berlin next year. He seems to have formed a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the prevalence of college-bred men in our business community, although he is no doubt right in saying that the liberally educated men in our business world owe their culture not to the special institutions for commercial training, but to their participation in the general courses in our colleges and universities. He makes the surprising statement that in Germany there is no institution for a higher general culture than the German Gymnasium offers, inasmuch as the German universities have, during the past generation, abandoned all functions except those which pertain to a system of professional schools. He seems to imply that the German universities aim merely to train lawyers, doctors and theologians, while an American college turns out educated men. Other subjects treated by Dr. Jastrow are public accountants and auditors, chambers of commerce, American legal literature, etc. In the main his views are just; and where he makes mistakes it is partly due to the short time allowed him for so much work, and partly to the German point of view, which leads him to take some things seriously without making allowance for the element of "fake."

—The most important recent happening on the field of Norwegian literature is the publication of a two-volume collection of 238 letters from Henrik Ibsen, 1849-1900, encompassing more than half a century of literary activity. The extremes of this period are very sparsely represented, while for the central period, the twenty years from 1865 to 1885, we have a running commentary on contemporary happenings and men, as well as on Ibsen's own works, revealing to us the great dramatist in a light entirely different from that obtained by merely reading or seeing his plays. The collection has been edited and provided with an introduction and notes by a Norwegian scientist, Halvdan Koht (to whom has also fallen the task of bringing to completion that great national work, Halvorsen's Dictionary of Norwegian Authors), and a German man of letters, Dr. Elias. The letters are from Ibsen alone, and he himself, in a letter to George Brandes, dated Christiania, December 30, 1898, characterizes this mode of editing letters as very unsatisfactory: "But then I miss *your* letters, which I should very much have wished to have there. For it is never conducive to the understanding of a dialogue only to have the speeches of one person while you have to guess those of the other." Of greatest interest are the letters addressed to Björnstjerne Björnson and to George Brandes. The relations between the two dioscuri of Norwegian literature have always been something of a riddle, and it will be a revelation to many that there has at any time been not only such a close personal relation, but such real intimacy between the two authors, as appears from the following passage in a letter of Ibsen's dated Rome, September 12, 1865: "Thanks also for this [that you have been filled with anxiety on my account]! Taking one thing with another, the utterly great thing, the unqualifiedly *greatest* thing for me and my life career—that I met and really found you—I can never repay except by a devotion which neither my friends nor your enemies shall ever disturb." However, this very letter shows that influences were at work trying to separate the two poets, and not unsuccessfully, as appears in several places in the present correspondence. Thus, in a letter of Ibsen's to his brother-in-law, J. H. Thoresen, dated September, 1872: "People who allow Björnson and Jaabæk to be at large, are fit subjects for the State's prison." But in August, 1882, he again writes to Björnson, on occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his career as an author: "Your works hold the first rank in the history of literature and will always do so. But were I to decide what should be written on your monument, I would choose these words: 'His life was his best poem.' And this, in one's life career to realize one's self, is, I think, the highest that a human being can attain. This task we all have, but most of us bungle it." Of great interest are Ibsen's letters to his publisher, Frederick Hegel, because they reveal him to us from an entirely new side, that of the business man. We see him here as the shrewd investor who discusses the present and prospective value of Government bonds and steamship shares as keenly as any stock operator, and who to a nicety studies the best time for publishing his books. Of love letters there are none, only a previously unpublished poem of January, 1856, addressed to "The Only One," Miss Susanna Thoresen, who afterwards became his wife. A complete translation of the letters will shortly be published by Fox, Duffield & Co.

TWO BOOKS ON CLASSIC ART.

A Grammar of Greek Art. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. (Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities.) Macmillan. 1905. Pp. xii., 267.

A Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D. To accompany a Collection of Reproductions of Greek and Roman Sculpture (the University Prints). Boston: Bureau of University Travel. 1905. Pp. xi., 419, lx.

The title of Professor Gardner's book is explained by the author in the first paragraph of the introduction:

"Just as the poetry and prose of the Greeks is expressed in a particular language, the words and grammar of which must be studied by those who would understand the literature, so works of Greek painting and sculpture also are composed in what may be called a particular artistic language. The words of that language are the strokes of the brush and the chisel; but these are put together in order to embody Greek ideas in ways which are distinctive and not like those adopted by any other people; certainly unlike those of modern art. The object of the present work is to set forth, as simply and directly as possible, what these ways are; to define, in fact, the grammar of Greek art, and so render more intelligible the works of painting and sculpture which have come down to us from Hellenic antiquity."

Incidentally, Professor Gardner discusses details of technical execution and of the history of Greek art, but his chief concern is with the principles and relations which are more or less unconsciously observed by the Greek artists, just as grammatical principles are unconsciously observed by those who speak or write their own language. So "the simple laws of relation to material, of relation to space, of balance and proportion" are compared to the accidence of a language, and "the relation of scene to scene, of picture to myth and to literature, of sculpture and coin to history" is compared to syntax.

The discussion of the underlying principles of Greek art can be conducted with profit only by one who is intimately acquainted with the extant remains of that art and also with Greek literature. Moreover, since the basis of grammar, whether linguistic or artistic, is psychological, the author of a grammar of Greek art should be by natural endowment and by training something of a psychologist. All these qualifications are united in the person of Professor Gardner, with the result that in this little book we have for the first time a reasonable and satisfactory (though by no means exhaustive or complete) treatment of the principles that underlie the creations of the Greek architects, sculptors, and painters. Professor Gardner lays great stress upon the idealism of Greek art. It has been maintained that some, at least, of the artists of the great days of Greece were realists, but Professor Gardner is quite right in his contention that this is not the case. The Greek artist was concerned with types, not with individuals, with the permanent and fundamental, not with the occasional and accidental. This does not mean that the Greek artist did not study nature, but that he was not led away into servile

imitation. He made the knowledge gained by the earnest study of nature subordinate to the rules imposed upon him by his own will and the taste of his fellow-citizens and patrons. It was only after the rise of the Macedonian Empire that realism in the modern sense entered into Greek art, and even then it did not become predominant. The discussion of idealism and realism (pages 9-16), not even a summary of which can be given here, is one of the most characteristic and interesting passages in the book before us. It may not be strikingly original, in the sense that the ideas expressed are entirely new, but here one finds set forth with perfect clearness and simplicity ideas which are elsewhere obscured by useless verbiage. In fact, simplicity is one of the most marked characteristics of the style of the whole book.

The chapter on ancient critics of art contains lucid explanations of the terms symmetry, rhythm, ethos, and pathos, as applied to the works and schools of Greek art along with the discussion of the ancient critics' point of view. So, too, in the chapter on dress and drapery, while the historic development is briefly sketched, the Doric and Ionic costumes are carefully explained with the aid of diagrams, and in another chapter the forms of vases are described and illustrated. Such matter-of-fact details afford little opportunity for a display of learning or originality, but they are not omitted, because a knowledge of them is essential for the understanding of the principles that governed the Greek artist in his representation of drapery or his adaptation of his painting to the vase.

The dominant qualities of Greek art are idealism, which leads to the creation and preservation of types; love of symmetry and rhythm, which leads to the orderly arrangement of figures, groups, or architectural members; simplicity of thought, which leads to simplicity of expression; and self-restraint, which causes the artist to seek variety within the limits imposed by tradition, rather than to attempt bold and startling innovations. The greater part of this book is devoted to showing how these principles appear in their application to architecture, sculpture, painting, and vase decoration, and how they affect the relation of art to literature. A final chapter treats of coins in relation to history. The writings of Brunn, Robert, Löwy, and J. Lange have evidently been of much assistance and are often cited, but neither they nor the other writers to whom reference is made have employed their investigations of special subjects for the explanation of the general principles of Greek art.

There is little in these chapters that merits criticism, except in so far as appreciative praise is criticism. The principle underlying the treatment is sound, so that the only questions remaining are whether the best examples have been chosen and whether the examples chosen are skilfully treated. In both respects it seems to us that Professor Gardner has been successful. We might wish that certain things in which we are especially interested had been discussed instead of certain others, but certainly the examples chosen serve their purpose. In a larger and more exhaustive book, which it is to be hoped will some day be written, a greater number of examples could be treated to advantage.

It seems to us that Professor Gardner lays too much stress upon the difference between Doric and Ionic art. He says (p. 78): "The work of the Dorian schools contrasts with that of the Ionians in that its motive was almost entirely athletic and military, while that of the Ionians was more decorative and soft." Are statements like this justified by the facts, or, rather, by our knowledge of the facts? The early "Apollo" figures, which may not be athletic or military, but which certainly are not especially decorative and soft, are by no means all Dorian; the Heracles struggling with Triton, from Assos, is not Dorian; nor is the Athenian pediment group of Athena and the giants. Is it not largely a matter of chance that we possess the warlike pediment groups from Ægina and no similar figures from any Ionic city? The school of Argos, or at least Polycleitus, was especially famous for statues of athletes, and probably succeeded in making better athlete statues than were produced elsewhere; but whether other schools produced fewer such figures we do not know, and certainly Myron's art had no excess of softness. Pythagoras of Rhegium, who was famous for his athletes, can hardly be used as an argument, since he was Ionian by birth and Dorian by education. Is not the theory that Dorian art was radically different from Ionian art based chiefly upon the knowledge that the Spartans were predominantly warlike, and supported by the chance preservation of the pediment groups from Ægina?

The difference between Doric and Ionic art is, however, not a matter which affects the main purpose of Professor Gardner's book, whatever its importance in itself. There are other points also on which disagreement is possible, but they do not affect the value of his Grammar, which should be read by every one interested in the study of Greek art. The beginner will find in it not only a number of essential facts clearly set forth, but also broad, general principles by means of which he can correlate the facts acquired from the study of monuments and from other books. The specialist, on the other hand, though he may find no facts, and perhaps even no theories, with which he is not already acquainted in detail, cannot fail to be interested in this portrayal and discussion of principles.

Dr. von Mach's book is not a 'Handbook' in the ordinary sense of the word, but a descriptive catalogue of five hundred plates and forty-five text illustrations representing works of Greek and Roman sculpture. The subjects for representation are well chosen, for nearly all the most important works are included; and if among the works of secondary importance some are wanting which we are sorry to miss, there are few which we should care to remove from the list of those published. The description and discussion of each work is preceded by a note giving the material, place, and date of discovery when known, museum or other collection in which the work is now preserved, and some bibliographical information. We have not attempted to verify statements of fact, and assume that they are generally correct. We notice, however, that two bronzes, plates 34 and 35, in the National Museum at Athens, are assigned to the Acropolis Museum. Dimensions are not given. The arrangement is generally chronological. A book of this kind possesses one great advantage as compared with the catalogue of a museum, because the author is not confined to the works preserved at any one place, but can select for discussion the works which seem to him most important and interesting. Since the selection is in this case well made, the book, with the accompanying illustrations, is likely to be useful—not to take the place of histories of Greek and Roman sculpture, but to supplement them. It would be more useful, and certainly more attractive, if it were free from certain defects.

In his preface the author says: "In the case of marble statues, most recent books state the kind of marble of which the statues were made, Pentelic, Parian, Carrara, etc., basing their remarks on the investigations of Lepsius. The author has often had occasion to doubt the accuracy of these investigations, and has, therefore, refrained from quoting them." This is in some cases an excess of caution. The small figures identified by Brunn with the gift of Attalus to Athens are made of a coarse-grained, not very perfectly crystallized, marble, which can hardly have been derived from Italian or Attic quarries, and is identical with the marble used at Pergamon. To say that the figures are made of marble gives little information, while the fact that the marble of which they are made is like that used at Pergamon creates a presumption that they were actually made at Pergamon, probably before the (apparently bronze) figures that adorned the Athenian acropolis were sent across the Ægean. If this is correct, the marble figures are not merely in design, but in actual carving, Pergamene work of the time of Attalus. Only in one case does Dr. von Mach lay stress upon the kind of marble used. His argument for the late date of the Medici torso is based mainly upon the statement that it is made of Carrara marble.

In his discussion of the "Farnese Bull" (p. 296), the author states that Pliny (xxxvi. 34) says the group by Apollonius and Tauriscus was made *ex uno lapide*. If it was worth while to quote Pliny in Latin, it was worth while to quote him correctly. His expression is *ex eodem lapide*, and the context makes it possible to understand that what he wished to call attention to was the fact that the rope by which Dirce was to be fastened to the bull was of marble, not, as might have been expected, of bronze. This interpretation is at least as probable as Dr. von Mach's suggestion that Pliny meant that it looked as if the whole group were of one block.

The number of misprints, not all of which seem to be due to the printer's carelessness, is unusual. A few of them may be worth noting. Page 35, for "Kopp" read "Koepp"; pages 5 and 47, for "Kekropes" read "Kerkopes" (though we should prefer Cercopes); page 49, for "devise" read "device"; page 50, line 1, for "48" read "7"; page 51, for "Hippoleta" read "Hippolyta"; page 64, note, for "Tenagra" read "Tanagra"; pages 85, 86, 97, 110, and 117, for "apotygma" read "apoptygma"; page 88, for "credibly" read "creditably" (and even then the sentence is hardly English); page 95, for "Kerynetan" read "Kerynitian"; page 99, note, for "verticle" read "vertical"; page 104, for "paring off argument against argument" read "pairing," etc.

Some of these "misprints" seem to be

due to ignorance of Greek, others to defective English. It is a pity that the manuscript, at least, if not also the proof, was not read by some one whose mother tongue is English. Perfection of style is attained by few writers, and is hardly to be expected in a catalogue written by a foreigner. Certainly Dr. von Mach's style leaves much to be desired. It is charitable to suppose that the impression conveyed throughout the book, that the author considers himself the only real authority on the subject of Greek sculpture, is due rather to his inability to express himself gracefully than to overweening conceit. It is doubtful, however, if the mantle of charity can cover his occasional reflections upon the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, an institution to which he, in common with all students of ancient art in New England (not to say in the United States), is deeply indebted.

Our criticism has been confined mainly to details, as is natural in dealing with a catalogue, and might be greatly extended. For discussion of principles, the author refers constantly to his book, 'Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles.' Any one familiar with that book will know what to expect in those parts of the present work in which broad questions are discussed. While we cannot recommend Dr. von Mach as a perfectly wise guide to such as wish to know Greek art, we are glad to express our belief that the University Prints, accompanied by his handbook, will be of great service to the student. The value of the catalogue is increased by indexes and a good bibliography.

LETTERS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE.

Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In her first book ('Letters of a Diplomat's Wife') Madame Waddington dealt with subjects of more universal interest than these earlier letters can afford. Her description of the Russian Coronation of 1883 is a vivid account of a great pageant; and the letters from England have to do with persons of whom every one knows and in whom every one is more or less interested. To English-speaking people in general the great Italian names mean less. Yet the Italian letters hold their own. The writer is keenly observant, with a remarkable memory for the details of a scene and a certain instinct for the right descriptive phrase; and in her rapid and off-hand way—strictly the manner of a person writing each day's experiences to members of her own family—she gives a series of entertaining pictures. The social functions which she describes, with many acute comments on the personages of Roman society and on Italian characteristics, are varied by delightful excursions in the environs of the city. She loves the Campagna, and we see it in all weathers and in all lights. There is an entertaining account of a visit to Naples and Capri, some ten years earlier, and one marvels at the memory which, after such a lapse of time, can recall the minute details of scenes and persons.

Scarcely anything in the book is more entertaining than the opening. M. Waddington, who had been Premier for somewhat less than a year, had just resigned. His career as a statesman began in middle life, when he had already attained eminence in the field of archæological research; and he had, as will be remembered, especially distinguished himself, as the Plenipotentiary of France at the Congress of Berlin, by the tact and dignity which he displayed in a difficult situation. It was he who took the initiative in guaranteeing religious liberty in Rumania and the Balkan States, in addition to securing Tunis for France. As Premier, between a democratic Chamber and a conservative Senate, he found the position untenable. His wife writes: "Of course, ever since the opening of the session in November, it was evident that he couldn't stay. He and his ministers were hardly ever agreed on any point, and it wasn't worth while for him to spend his energy and intelligence in trying to carry out a policy which neither the Chamber nor the country apparently desired."

The American wife, while identifying herself with her husband's country, was, by virtue of her foreign birth and education, sufficiently detached to preserve a sense of proportion as well as a sense of humor. "W.," she says, "doesn't like my jokes—thinks they are frivolous." This was apropos of a "friend and compatriot, . . . very dressy and very foolish," whom she met in Florence. "She was glad to see me, was sure I was enjoying the change and rest after my 'full life'; then, 'Did you live in Paris?' I felt like saying, 'No, French Cabinet ministers usually live in Yokohama,' but I desisted from that *plaisanterie* as I was sure she would go away under the impression that W. had been a member of the Japanese Cabinet." One quite sees the poor lady, dressy and foolish.

All the description of the transition from public to private life is most amusing. "L'oncle Alphonse," the next-door neighbor, "*ancient* diplomatist under Louis Philippe," keeps them well informed of what is said on "the other side." "He is quite a royalist, a great friend of the Orleans princes, and a great deal at the club, where they always call him 'l'oncle du gouvernement'—and when the *gouvernement* makes a 'bêtise' (which sometimes happens), they criticise freely, and he tells it all to us. I fancy he always defends W. in public—but, of course, in private pitches into him well."

The change seems to have been a relief on the whole, and the journey to Italy a joy. M. Waddington, who, oddly enough, had never been to Rome before, was as resolutely bent on sightseeing as any tourist—always with an eye to his specialty of coins and inscriptions; but, of course, persons of their consideration were bound to be much in society, and society in Rome, with its sharply drawn line between Black and White, was exceedingly interesting. The Protestant ex-Premier of republican France was much sought after by Blacks as well as by Whites, and, among other experiences, exchanged views with the head of the Roman Church, apparently with pleasure on both sides. The account of the interview is worth quoting, although too long to give entire.

"There were three red and gold armchairs at one end of the room. . . . The Pope [Leo XIII.] sat on the one in the middle, put me on his right and W. on his left. He is a very striking figure; tall, slight, a fine intellectual brow, and wonderfully bright eyes—absolutely unlike Pio Nono, the only Pope I had ever approached. . . . He asked W. all sorts of questions about home politics, and the attitude of the clergy, saying that as a Protestant his opinion would be impartial (he was well up in French politics, and knew that there were three Protestants in W.'s ministry: himself, Léon Say, and Freycinet). W. was rather guarded at first (decidedly 'banal,' I told him afterward), but the Pope looked straight at him with his keen, bright eyes, saying: "Je vous en prie, M. Waddington, parlez sans réserves.' We stayed about three-quarters of an hour, and the talk was most interesting. . . . Evidently he had been curious to see W., and I think he was pleased. It was quite a picture to see the two men—the Pope dressed all in white, sitting very straight in his arm-chair, with his two hands resting on the arms of the chair, his head a little bent forward, and listening attentively to every word that W. said. W. drew his chair a little forward, spoke very quietly, as he always does, and said all he wanted to say with just the same steady look in his blue eyes."

M. Waddington's audience with King Humbert seems to have been less interesting:

"There were long pauses in the conversation—he leaning on his sword, with his hands crossed on the hilt as his father always did. . . . He talked less politics than the Pope; said France and Italy, the two great Latin races, ought to be friends, and deplored the extreme liberty of the press; knew also that W. was in Rome for the first time, and hoped he would have fine weather. He did not ask him anything about his interview with the Pope."

Their visit to Queen Margherita proved more entertaining. Here, as everywhere, she appears to be one of the most engaging of royalties. The conversation was "not at all the banal talk one expects to have with sovereigns—in fact, I quite forgot we were having a royal audience. It was a very pleasant visit to a charming woman, in a pretty room with all sort of beautiful pictures and 'bibelots' about." Later, Madame Waddington writes from Milan: "They certainly love their 'Margherita di Savoia.' There are pictures of her everywhere, and some one told us that all the girls in Monza are called Margherita."

Between Madame Waddington's own memories of Rome in the late sixties (her brother was the last minister sent by the United States to the Pope) and the recollections of the people whom she met, we get glimpses of the city in various periods. Within the memory of one of her friends, Rome under the Pope had been so patriarchal that "there were only two newspapers, each revised at the Vatican, and nothing allowed to appear in either that wasn't authorized by the Papal court; also the Government exercised a paternal right over the *jeunesse dorée*, and when certain fair ladies with yellow hair and elaborate costumes appeared in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio, exciting great admiration in all the young men of the place (and filling the mammas and wives with horror), it was merely necessary to make a statement to the Vatican. The dangerous stranger was instantly warned that she must cross the frontier." In those days one made the journey along the Riviera once in a lifetime in an old-fashioned travelling carriage, and carried one's own bedding and even one's own family physician. When Madame Waddington went back to Rome in 1904 she went flying over the Campagna in an automobile.

In the second part of the book—"Italy Revisited"—we find, besides the automobile, a new Pope, a new King and Queen (but also Queen Margherita, as well beloved as ever), more audiences, more fêtes, more drives over the Campagna, skies still blue, a world still interesting and amusing, a little deeper sentiment in the remembrance of *tempi passati*, and always the unflagging interest of the lover of nature and of human nature.

The book has its defects. It is true that one would not wish to suppress all irrelevant details any more than one would want one's plum-cake to consist only of a handful of plums; but, when all allowances have been made, there are still passages which might as well have been edited away. Of the detail of dress there is perhaps a trifle too much, unless, indeed, it forms part of a picture, as it always does in the case of a spectacle or of a personage; but that is where dress becomes costume. The mixture of languages, too, is sometimes jarring. In the Russian and English letters the writer was in a French Embassy, and it seemed perfectly natural that she should write as she thought—in a mixture of the two languages, using whichever one happened to come uppermost. But in the Italian environment the effect is less pleasing. In editing the letters (since they were edited by the author), some of the French expressions could have been translated without the slightest loss of force—and of course those are the only ones which can reasonably be objected to. Italian titles should have been given either in Italian or in English. It seems unnatural to put them into French. The typographical errors are noticeable, particularly in the Italian words, although neither English nor French words have escaped. The most striking instance is in the case of Monsignor Bisleti, who always appears as Bicletis. These faults are annoying, but, after all, what we absolutely demand in a book of this kind is that it shall be interesting; and interesting the book is, and full of the atmosphere of Italy.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. By Mary F. Sandars. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

Balzac: L'Homme et l'Œuvre. Par André Le Breton. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905.

In Miss Sandars's work is presented, for the first time, an exhaustive account of Balzac's life. There exists no adequate biography of him in French, for the familiar monographs of Biré, Gautier, Gozlan, Mme. Surville, Werdet, etc., are either fragmentary sketches, or impressions of persons indifferent to documentation because of the vividness of immediate recollection; while the advantage of a near view mars the chance of judicial perspective—surely, the only aspect for which our generation can seriously care. Since the publication of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's 'Life' (1890) and Miss Wormeley's 'Memoir' (1892) various new sources of information have appeared. Much of this earlier writing was too uncompromisingly polemical in tone, or aimed at contributing to literary martyrology without so much as a whisper from the *advocatus diaboli*. Miss Sandars has no special pleading to deliver, save perhaps against the Polish lady who ultimately became Mme. de Balzac; incidentally, the biographer bends her energies to showing the discrepancy between the waywardly artistic temperament and the exactions of unreasonable social convention in the demand that even an artist shall fulfil his lawfully made contracts. Balzac is thus made to appear not, it must be admitted, in vigorous colors, still less with the saintly radiance about his brow, but as a Titan struggling under the load placed on him through a combination of circumstance and character.

The story is told simply, directly, with sympathy, and not infrequent humor. Of the general fairness of judgment in this work, there can be no better example than the discussion of Balzac's incessant difficulties over money. Miss Sandars shrewdly recognizes (p. 298) "the puzzling veneer of practicality always observable in Balzac's mad schemes"; an expression which seems to explain at once why his projects seldom failed to attract for a time those who lent an ear to them. One might plausibly go further still, and contend that his supreme gift of penetrating insight into the very heart of practical business, while ignoring the infinitely complex modifications of external circumstance, was in reality but a manifestation of the same genius which created characters so intensely true in fundamentals, and yet so totally improbable when confronted with the actual that we shoulder in our daily pursuits.

When dealing with Balzac's many women friends, Miss Sandars seems to take up an attitude which masculine vanity commonly arrogates to itself as an appanage or monopoly. Her treatment of these delicate relations is singularly free from the bias of sex. As many readers doubtless know, the three women who played the chief decisive parts in the drama of the novelist's life were Mme. de Berny, Mme. de Castries, and the Polish Countess Mme. Hanska—each in her own way furnishing Balzac with "copy," as well as affecting or modifying his views on life and its responsibilities through the subtle and tenacious influence to which the artist is of all men perhaps the most prone to succumb. In the case of the two Frenchwomen, the contrast is sharply drawn between the self-sacrificing and the self-seeking disposition; while in discussing the interesting (yet eventually fatal) relations with the Slavic enchantress, Miss Sandars inclines to the view that the elusive nature which drove Balzac through capricious stages of elation and depression, both cramped his productive power and really shortened his life. It is unfortunate that measures of prudence should have driven him to destroy Mme. Hanska's letters; otherwise we might have gained fuller comprehension of the long passion for a somewhat insubstantial-seeming woman, not infatuated enough readily to forego social position for the sake of lasting alliance with a genius. Miss Sandars examines the long story without the slightest attempt at etherealizing; and instead of assuming, without proof, that Balzac's exuberant letters were subsequently garbled for publication, she shows that the quasi-lyrical exaltation of their tone imposed on the lovers the conventional method of caution in dispatch and delivery.

Although this work purports to examine Balzac's writings, the space given to purely literary criticism is meagre; the result is undecisive, for beyond the conventional use of such terms as "realist" and "pessimist," with a few casual remarks of like nature, the volume is manifestly little concerned with Balzac the writer. In matters of detail the volume is marked by general accuracy; such errors as "La Hague," "Saint-Beuve," "magolias," "Corrinne," "Sainte-Philippe du Roule," "républican," are obviously the result of hasty proof-reading.

No more striking contrast to the above work could be offered than the study in psychology and æsthetics in which M. André Le Breton, professor in the University of Bordeaux, submits his reading of the great man's colossal achievement. Fifty pages suffice the critic for disposing of the man and his life, and add nothing of value in the way of fact or inference. M. Le Breton says (p. 51), "La vie de Balzac explique son œuvre," but this summary fashion of disposing of biographical facts by lumping them into an almost perfunctory essay shows clearly that the critic's real interest is with the work itself. Of this latter treatment one is constrained to speak in far other terms, since it illustrates once again the indisputable aptitude of contemporary French scholars for the systematic and coherent discussion of literature with a view to broad philosophical conclusions. It would be difficult to find any comprehensive study of Balzac more carefully conducted along the lines of modern scientific research, though we cannot profess to chime in with all its results.

M. Le Breton opens with a chapter on the origin of the "roman balzacien," tracing some part at least of its inspiration to the popular novel (often melodramatic in character) to which the facile productivity of such men as Pigault-Lebrun had given an immense vogue in the eighteenth century. This is obviously a working up of the hint thrown out by Sainte-Beuve in his "Portrait" of 1834, where, however, the connection was said to be confined chiefly to the immature works, now very properly forgotten. But M. Le Breton pitilessly pursues the inquiry through the "Comédie Humaine," and shows that the shifts of the sensational method could be relied on by Balzac so late as 1846 in the wildly fantastic death of Valérie Marneffe in 'La Cousine Bette.' The same method of investigation, with a similar result, was recently applied by M. Albert Le Roy in 'L'Aube du Théâtre Romantique,' which sought to prove the dependence of Hugo and the elder Dumas on the stock-in-trade of the boulevard theatres. A concluding note to the chapter (ch. ii.) reaches out tentacular-wise from Balzac to Rabelais, Prévost, Lesage, Molière, Diderot, and Rousseau—all of this making of Balzac, as it were, a parasitical writer. Nevertheless, we can still see a modicum of originality in the author of 'Eugénie Grandet' and 'Le Curé de Tours.' As regards the incompleteness of "La Comédie Humaine" in representing the France of Balzac's time, surely one should remember that its author died at fifty-one years of age, and consequently long before the full maturity of artistic reflection could have enabled him to sift, arrange, coördinate, and thus fulfil.

It is in dealing with Balzac's power of observation (pp. 137-181) that M. Le Breton

seems to us to have best established his own critical capacity. He demonstrates the extraordinary variety of experience that Balzac enjoyed in knowing places and persons, and says most truly, "Balzac est de ceux qui voient vite" (p. 140)—which is, indeed, the only solution acceptable to those who decline to believe that the famous gallery of human types was painted chiefly out of imagination in the quiet of an almost monastic seclusion. That Balzac's imagination ran riot at times (particularly in the exaggeration of cruel or degrading motives determining conduct) readers of 'Le Père Goriot' and 'Illusions Perdues' will hardly deny; and yet, when M. Le Breton takes exception to the frequent recurrence in Balzac's novels of the "conspiracy theme" in the execution of a plot, we do not forget that this apparent obsession finds a good deal of justification in veritable fact. The cormorants hovering about the moribund "Cousin Pons" are near of kin to the foul birds of prey that were foiled of the Tichborne estates. What does Balzac himself say in 'Les Paysans'? "Quand le despotique cousinage bourgeois fait une victime, elle est si bien entortillée et bâillonnée, qu'elle n'ose se plaindre; elle est enveloppée de glu, de cire, comme un colimaçon introduit dans une ruche" (p. 196).

A certain stress is laid on the "vulgarity" of Balzac, a theme to which M. Émile Faguet gave the major part of a lively essay some years ago. According to this conception, 'Le Lys dans la Vallée' breathes out a false sentimentality—apparently because its heroine, while answering to her duties as wife and mother, yearns after a fulness of passion of which her share has been denied. One will grant freely that many details in Balzac's work bear the mark of an almost over-robust animality, the like of which may be found equally well in Shakspere and Goethe; and the resulting crudity of phrase emphasizes details which novelists of a different school agree to shirk. But it is precisely this virility of nature that gives to his work its supreme quality of objective truth. In dealing with Balzac's influence, M. Le Breton seems half inclined to regret this strength, in that Balzac's professed followers too often availed themselves of his example to represent humanity as a congeries of monsters. Yet, to make Balzac responsible for the travesties of his theory of life with which the so-called naturalistic school has shocked the timorous, is about as reasonable as to hold Shakspere accountable for the general goriness and unnamable horrors which the Puritan reaction was fairly justified in arresting.

Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs. By Gardner W. Allen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

A hundred years ago, every nation in Christendom paid tribute to the pashas or deys or beys (as they were indifferently called) of the Moorish States along the southern shore of the Mediterranean, obtaining in return an ungracious and more or less respected permission for its merchant shipping to navigate the seas, near and remote, without molestation. The slightest excuse was seized upon by these turbaned ruffians to declare that the other contracting Power had broken the treaty, and to let loose upon its vessels a swarm of pirates that made prizes of them and slaves of their crews, treating the latter with cruel brutality and holding them against exorbitant ransoms. The reader of these lines has doubtless gained his deepest impressions on this subject from the story of The Captive in 'Don Quixote,' wherein Cervantes relates his own painful experiences. That such a state of affairs, extending over three centuries, should have been tolerated longer than necessary to send out an armed force and smoke the hornets out of their nests (as Blake did at Tunis in 1655), is one of the inscrutable mysteries of history, to be explained in a measure, possibly, by the assumption of the equally revolting and mercenary policy on the part of the great maritime nations of subsidizing a disreputable ally to prey upon the commerce of a rival.

American interest in the matter began almost with the founding of the Plymouth colony. It waxed rapidly when the colonies became a nation, and it divided our leading men along the lines of their opinions. Thus, in their day, John Adams favored peace at the price of tribute, while Jefferson preferred war as more honorable and, in the long run, less costly. The former school of thought prevailed for many years, as shown in our disgraceful treaties of those times, which contained such articles as "Redemption and sale of slaves to be arranged by agreement," "The Dey will observe the treaty on consideration of the United States paying annually 21,600 dollars," and "Prisoners of the two parties to be exchanged, and, for balance in favor of Tripoli, United States is to pay 60,000 dollars." The treaty of 1795 with Algiers, by the way, had cost up to January, 1797, nearly a million of dollars. Eventually, Jefferson's ideas forced themselves upon public adoption, and the pact of dishonor gave place to "No tribute, either as biennial presents or under any other form, shall ever be required by Algiers from the United States on any pretext," and "As compensation for American citizens and property detained by the Dey, he shall deliver to consul American property left by the late consul and also pay 10,000 dollars." How the "huge shaggy beast," as Eaton described this particular dey's predecessor, must have torn his beard and rent his garments when compelled to reverse the consecrated Barbary practice of grabbing and never yielding! Between the two treaties quoted lie many years and much history of the most thrilling nature, nowhere so well or so authoritatively told as in Dr. Allen's exceedingly interesting little work.

These corsairs were primarily responsible for the renaissance of the American navy, which had disappeared from mortal view after the Revolution. By their depredations and their inhumanity to their helpless American captives, they finally drove a reluctant Congress to take steps to guard the national honor by creating and employing a national marine. Even the most partial of the navy's friends must have difficulty in condoning the infirmity of purpose and weakness of execution which marked the general scheme of the earlier commodores. Individual deeds of valor abounded, but little continuity of effort was manifested, nothing, in short, comparable with Hawke's and Vincent's blockades of Brest or Collingwood's blockade of Cadiz. Out of the mist of those days of training in their profession certain figures emerge giving promise of greater things in the maturity of their powers. It was in wrestling with the heavy northerly gales on the shore of Tripoli and in hand-to-hand fighting with the Moslem freebooters that Lawrence, David Porter, Hull, Stewart, Charles Morris, Stephen Decatur, and others learned those tricks of the naval trade which were to astound the British a few years later.

Most instructive is it to watch the gradual development of sound notions of tactics and policy, and the abandonment of the half-way measures of Dale and Richard Morris in favor of the sterner method of Preble and John Rodgers. It is, however, only when we read of Decatur's return as commodore to the Mediterranean in 1815 (after the naval war to which he contributed one of its most brilliant achievements, the capture of the *Macedonian* by the *United States*) that we realize how much time and life and treasure had been previously wasted in inconclusive skirmishes and dishonorable conventions with an overrated foe. He reached Gibraltar on June 15, having under him three frigates, two sloops-of-war, three brigs, and two schooners. By the 30th, he and Mr. Shaler, the joint commissioner, had negotiated the first treaty with a Barbary Power in all respects honorable to a Christian state. They would hear of no delay, and refused to grant even the three hours urgently begged for by the Dey's commissioners. "Not a minute. If your squadron appears in sight before the treaty is actually signed by the Dey and the prisoners sent off, ours will capture them." At last the right language was used to these conscienceless brigands, and they were prompt to recognize the change of tone.

Of our course during the eventful years prior to 1816, the author says justly:

"It was hardly to be expected in the early days, with the country exhausted and impoverished by the struggle for independence, that a correct course governing our relation with Barbary should have been laid out and pursued. It was easier and more natural to follow in the footsteps of Europe. A few wise and far-seeing men knew what ought to be done, and urged it; but, as always happens in such cases, the politicians and the people were slow to follow, giving the matter little thought, with an exaggerated idea of the power of the corsairs, and preferring measures which seemed easiest and cheapest at the moment. Time was required to form a healthy, self-respecting public opinion. Meanwhile, the wrong course was entered upon, and led to a succession of later false steps and complications.

"The first treaty with Algiers was on a level with the worst European practice, and its only excuse was the urgency of redeeming the unfortunate captives. It was followed by an awakening sense of national dignity, and each of the later negotiations and treaties marked an advance upon Old-World precedents. Their favorable terms, however, were to a great extent nullified, during the earlier years, by the necessity, imposed by the bad example set in the case of Algiers, of maintaining peace by a system of concessions and gratuities which practically constituted a sort of tribute. But the insolent demands of the Barbary rulers were resisted to a great extent, and war was preferred to servile compliance.

"The barbarians themselves hastened the settlement of the difficulty by their overreaching arrogance, which culminated in the declaration of war by Tripoli and later by Algiers. In each case an opportunity was presented of improving existing conditions by vigorous offensive action; opportunities turned to good advantage by the navy."

We burn with indignation at Bainbridge's having to take his ship, the *George Wash-*

ington, to Constantinople in obedience to the order of the Dey of Algiers, and at the latter's insolent remark, "You pay me tribute, by which you become my slaves. I have, therefore, a right to order you as I may think proper"; we sympathize with the same officer in his unfortunate loss of the *Philadelphia;* we rejoice in Decatur's skill and daring which destroyed her under the guns of Tripoli; we reverence the devotion of Somers and his comrades as they went silently to their awful doom in the ill-fated *Intrepid.*

Dr. Allen's story is really as engrossing as a romance. To epitomize it would detract from the pleasure of the many readers to whom this book is certain to appeal for enlightenment and entertainment. Some unimportant movements of minor vessels might have been advantageously omitted. In a book of this dignity of purpose, the names of ships, following the old custom, ought to have been italicized though in contravention of the practice of the Riverside Press; and the yearly date inserted as a page-heading. The absence of maps of Tunis and Algiers is to be regretted (an excellent contemporaneous French chart of Tunis was available). These are but small defects, however, against which may well be set a complete list of authorities, several valuable appendices, a good index, excellent paper, and clear print. The facts are so moving as to render word-painting unnecessary. The style is simple, as befits the relator of facts and the weigher of authorities. Some of the episodes, such as the burning of the *Philadelphia* and the march to Derne, will be told over and over again (as they deserve to be); but it is safe to say that, for the history of the movement as a whole, Dr. Allen is not likely to have a successor.

Architecture East and West. By R. Phené Spiers. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. 1905.

This volume of essays, nine in all and printed in full, is illustrated by a photograph of a medallion portrait, a bas-relief by Lanteri, and by many architectural views and details, some of them photographic, others made up by the author from different sources or drawn from recognized authorities. The essays are followed by a list of other papers, the work of Mr. Spiers, which have been read before the Architectural Association or the Royal Institute of British Architects, and again others published in the *Architect* and other technical journals.

Mr. Spiers is known in London as an expert in architectural teaching. He has had control of the Architectural Association, whose chief purpose is education, and is named in the latest notice of himself as now master of the architectural school of the Royal Academy. He is further known as editor of that edition of Fergusson's 'Architecture' which was published in 1893, although only two volumes of the five were issued under Mr. Spiers's direction; but those are the more important volumes, inasmuch as they embrace the whole subject of classical and mediæval architecture of Europe, down to the Renaissance. During the time which had elapsed since Fergusson's abandonment of the work, information of all sorts had been obtained, and to that extent Fergusson's text was replaced by the newer work of Mr. Spiers himself. In other cases, Fergusson's theories, however far from being approved by scholars generally, however completely rejected by Continental archæologists, were retained because, as the preface expressly stated, no new information had been obtained since Fergusson wrote, and this author had a right to the retention of his own theories in his own book. Footnotes were, indeed, inserted by the editor in such cases, and they were extremely just in tone. For some reason which is hard to explain, Mr. Spiers continues to believe in Fergusson very heartily, in spite of his prodigious assumptions, his daring assertions of what he knew nothing of, his hardy criticism of more modern buildings and suggestions for their improvement. In the present volume he makes constant reference to him. This is especially noticeable in the article on "Mahometan" architecture, the first in the volume, and which is otherwise the most serious and careful study of the growth of the mosque and of the mosque decoration which we can hope to find.

Papers in which reference to Fergusson could not be made, because that writer had never treated the subject at all, are those on Byzantine art in Italy, with St. Mark's and the domed churches in central France. Mr. Spiers made a special study of Byzantine architecture when he undertook the revision of Fergusson as above stated, and Book I., devoted to Byzantine architecture, was almost entirely his own work; but his researches were the necessary completion of his very thorough study of Persian and other western Asiatic building. The long paper on the great mosque at Damascus, reprinted from the *Architectural Review*, is a most curious and important historical study, and in an admirable way rounds off the general essay on the building art of the Moslems.

The Burden of Armaments: A Plea for Retrenchment. By the Cobden Club. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1905.

The Cobden Club has done well to bring out this volume at a time when there are encouraging signs of a reaction against the rampant jingoism which has been so much in evidence for a decade past. Since 1895 the aggregate expenditure upon the British army and navy has risen from £37,326,000 to £76,367,000, and the end is not yet in sight if the alarmists are allowed to have their way. Fortunately, however, there are indications of returning sanity which will be fostered by every attempt to compute the cost of armaments.

In 1863 Mr. Cobden wrote his well-known work, 'The Three Panics,' in which he exposed the absurdity of the attempts made in 1847, 1852, and 1859 to alarm Englishmen concerning the military situation of their country, and to secure huge increases of expenditures for the national defence. He was able to show, with his customary force and incisiveness, that in all three cases the alleged reason for alarm, viz., the supposed hostility of France, had no foundation in fact; and he could say: "It has been demonstrated in the preceding pages, by evidence drawn from our own official statements, totally irrespective of the French accounts, that, as a nation, we have borne false witness against our neighbor; that, without shadow of proof or justification, we have accused them, repeatedly . . . of meditating an unprovoked attack upon our shores, in violation of every principle of international law, and in contempt of all the obligations of morality and honor." The salient facts narrated by Mr. Cobden are reproduced in the present volume, and make an effective introduction to the history of British military expenditures since 1863.

We are so used at the present day to the spectacle of a large and continuous increase of outlay for fleets and armies that it is well to be reminded that, from 1863 to 1884, the British expenditures remained nearly stationary; and this without any loss of national prestige or any danger to the country. In fact, some of the economies effected by Mr. Cardwell in the War Department and Mr. Childers in the Admiralty were, admittedly, productive of increased efficiency. No substantial changes were made when, in 1874, the Tories came once more into control of the Government, even though the Turco-Russian complications of 1878 and Lord Beaconsfield's "forward policy" in South Africa might have seemed to call for a radical increase of the outlay. Imagine the indignant denials that would be evoked from the twentieth-century jingo by the mere suggestion that a great empire ever could or did get along for twenty years without increasing fourfold its armies and fleets!

But in 1884 an enterprising journalist started an hysterical campaign for a larger navy. By a skilful use of facts which turned out not to be facts, the people were led to believe that the British navy was falling behind the French, and Parliament was induced to authorize a more ambitious programme of ship construction. In 1889, France in the meantime having been stimulated to greater activity, a still larger programme of construction was authorized; and again France was incited to redoubled efforts. Most of the vessels built at this time speedily became antiquated, and the only tangible result was an increase of naval expenditures, and a boom in the shipbuilding industry. Thus was exemplified the truth of the words which Sir Robert Peel uttered in 1841: "What is the advantage of one Power greatly increasing its army and navy? Does it not see that other Powers will follow its example? The consequence of this must be that no increase of relative strength will accrue to any one Power, but there must be a universal consumption of the resources of every country in military preparations."

In 1893, accordingly, a new "programme" was considered necessary, while in 1895 began a series of colossal increases of expenditures which, in less than ten years, raised the annual cost of the navy from £18,000,000 to more than £42,000,000. Moreover, the War Department was finally smitten with a desire to emulate the example of the Admiralty, and the outlay upon the army began to rise. Since 1895 the cost of this arm of the service has advanced from £19,256,000 to £33,598,000. At the present moment, therefore, the estimated aggregate outlay for the national defence is not less than £76,367,000, whereas, in 1895, the empire was considered safe with an annual outlay of £37,326,000. Naturally enough, other countries have been led to enlarge their armaments, so that the alarmists are no better satisfied than before, and are still

shrieking for more—more men, more guns, more ships.

All this story the Cobden Club now sets forth in sober and well-authenticated fashion, that he who runs may read. Not the least serious feature of the situation is that Great Britain has fallen into the habit of borrowing money in time of peace in order to increase its armaments, so that at the present day the danger of extravagance is greater than ever before unless saner counsels can be made to prevail. Then, too, retrenchment will be the more difficult since much of the past outlay has been of a sort to entail automatic increase of future expenditure. Additional sailors, dockyards, and supplies of all kinds will be needed for the ships already under construction; so that, if another régime of economy should be inaugurated, the task of the reformer would be far from easy. In its general outlines, of course, the tale is perfectly familiar, but Americans as well as Englishmen cannot hear it too often. For repeating the lesson, line upon line and precept upon precept, all civilized men have reason to be grateful to the Cobden Club.

The Outlet. By Andy Adams. Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Pp. 371.

To take a big herd of cattle from the southwestern corner of Texas up through the Indian Territory, and so on to Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, in Dakota, and have them there in prime order after six months' travel, is no ordinary feat. This book is an account of such a trip made from March to September, 1884, told with animation, and embellished here and there with bits of cowboy literature in the shape of stories that go the rounds of an evening after the cattle are "bedded" and the men group together to while away a social hour.

Dan Lovell, a train drover, holds a subcontract to deliver ten million pounds of beef on the hoof, *i. e.*, ten thousand cattle, to the Government officer at Fort Buford. He collects the herds in Texas, and he has unscrupulous rivals to deal with, so there is some uncertainty whether his cattle will be accepted. We are taken at once into Dan Lovell's confidence, and, before we know it, we are on his side and are ready to stand to it that no finer cattle than his ever came out of Texas. Once fairly started in this narrative, a reader will be loth to lay it down until he has gone straight through to the end. It is an out-of-door book, with no pretence to style or philosophy—a plain story that takes you right into the herd and its daily happenings. If you feel you are on shipboard while reading 'Two Years before the Mast,' you are fully as conscious of being in the saddle and breathing fresh, invigorating air when you have taken 'The Outlet' in hand. A smattering of Spanish will help the reader; otherwise, it is some time before he understands what a "remuda" is; and he may close the book without any clear apprehension of what it means to "wrangle a remuda." At page 152 a story is entertaining "the boys," and the narrator remarks, "You all know how locoed a bunch of dogies can get." Some of us might not feel at home should we meet the proposition in the course of a civil-service examination. There is more or less of the unconventionality of speech to be found here, but it always seems to be in its proper place. We might speak of it as "the refinement of slang."

When legal proceedings threaten to destroy the chance of "our" cattle being accepted, you are indignant. There was trouble at Ogalalla, and quick work had to be done:

"The lawyer was back within twenty minutes, bringing a draft, covering every item, and urged me to have it accepted by wire. The bank was closed, but I found the cashier in a poker game, and played his hand while he went over to the depot and sent the message" (page 218).

The cattle arrived in the best condition, but the rival party secured the contract. The reader is taken through the scenes of the exciting events at the fort. The immediate prize is lost; but, by great good fortune, everything comes around right by the next spring, for the cattle, having been well wintered, brought a handsome profit to their owner. We are glad to know it, as glad as one is to welcome the happy marriage at the close of a novel.

The story of the hospitable woman of the "sod shack" at Bull Foot Stage—told by John Officer "throwing himself down among us, and using Sponsilier for a pillow and myself for footstool"—and how (when she would take no pay) Bibleback Hunt got even with her at Christmas by "beefing" the "Wyoming stray" and hanging up 800 pounds of beef at her place, couldn't have been told better by Bret Harte himself:

"Old Bibleback was what you might call shy of women, and steered clear of the house until she sent her little boy out and asked us to come in. Well, we sat around in the room, owly-like, and to save my soul from the wrath to come I couldn't think of a word that was proper to say to the little woman, busy getting supper. Bibleback was worse off than I was; he couldn't do anything but look at the pictures on the wall" (p. 153).

The book is admirable of its kind. The illustrations are spirited and cleverly conceived.

Modern Methods of Charity. By Charles Richmond Henderson, assisted by others. Macmillan Co. 1904.

The editor of this bulky compilation describes it as a comparative treatment of the systems of charitable relief in the principal countries having modern methods. To a certain extent, we should judge, it may furnish some basis for comparative treatment. In the case of Germany, the editor is on safe ground. Dr. E. Münsterberg, Director of Poor-Relief in Berlin, has provided material of the greatest value; and it is only necessary to translate and condense what he has written in order to present an intelligible account of the admirable system which the Germans have developed. The chapter on public relief in England, by Mr. Charles A. Ellwood, is also in many respects very satisfactory; superior in execution, indeed, to anything else in the book. Some of the other monographs are not without merit, as furnishing information concerning general laws and particular institutions. The greater part of this information, however, consists of abstracts of reports which are even more indigestible than the originals, and which are almost useless for comparative purposes.

In fact, we regret to say, the editor seems to have a very inadequate conception of the comparative method of study and of scientific methods in general. He announces that

"thoughtful actors in philanthropy are not seeking an atomic mass of isolated facts or personal tricks of benevolent invention, but general laws, rational results of experience and reflection, which, like valuable merchandise, will bear transportation over sea. Gossip is for the idle hour and the winter fireside; science is the common theme of the republic of letters and the fraternity of competent leaders. . . . The comparative method of dealing with isolated phenomena of the same class leads by the most direct path to the discovery of the law, the principles of explanation and the principles of regulation and progress."

After a careful examination of this compendium we cannot report the discovery of any laws not already known, or the establishment of any principles of explanation, regulation, or progress. The results presented may be well described as an "atomic mass" consisting of extracts from essays by benevolent persons of all degrees of competency; of passages culled from public documents of most varied source and merit; of quotations from philosophers, theorists, experts, and sciolists, named and anonymous; of pages of statistics, some valuable, others worthless, meaningless, and unverified; all agglutinated with a compound of such philanthropic sentiments and platitudes as are deemed appropriate in the appeals of charitable societies. Would we learn the effect on pauperism of the compulsory-insurance law of Germany—a most momentous question—we look in vain for information concerning the period since 1890. The success of the English Post-Office Savings Banks, we are told, has been almost unqualified; but we are left to find out for ourselves whether the assets of these banks equal their liabilities, or whether the interest paid depositors is not supplemented by taxation. The Friendly Societies of England have a membership of 11,424,000, and their importance in the life of the English working classes is, we are assured, beyond measure. They are dismissed with one page of generalities.

We have space for but one illustration of the comparative method here employed. Figures are given showing that in 1902 there were in Massachusetts 415,730 dependents, delinquents, and defectives, involving a yearly burden of $14,429,793. (A foot-note states that the actual number of dependents may be considerably less, and is so estimated for other States.) Thus one-seventh of the population is declared to be abnormally dependent on the support of producers; the average charge per family being $23.51. In Connecticut there are nearly 100,000 dependents, or one-ninth of the population; the cost of their support being nearly $28 per family. In New York the number of dependents is said to be 160,000, or about one-thirty-eighth of the population, costing $18 per family. The public expense of maintaining 112,779 dependents in Massachusetts was $5,094,651. To maintain 110,000 dependents in New York cost $16,000,000. The dependents in Pennsylvania number 110,000, about one-forty-seventh of the population, and cost $26,000,000. In Ohio, 169,560 public charges, constituting about one-

twentieth of the population, are maintained at an expense of $5,034,886. The only proper inference to be drawn from such figures as these is that they are worthless for purposes of comparison, if not for every purpose. To offer them as evidence shows an inadequate conception of the requirements of scientific proof, and impairs the value of a treatise which has evidently cost a good deal of labor.

Fishes, Ascidians, etc. Hemichordata, by S. F. Harmer; Ascidians and Amphioxus, by W. A. Herdman; Fishes (Exclusive of the Systematic Account of Teleostei), by T. W. Bridge; Fishes (Systematic Account of Teleostei), by G. A. Boulenger. (Volume VII. of the Cambridge Natural History.) The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xxvii., 760. Illustrated.

There are many, no doubt, to whom the construction of a Natural History Manual appears to be an easy task—that is, one not requiring a great deal of special knowledge. So it might be if, as they suppose, the writer had but to select a predecessor to supersede, and adopt from his information what had stood the test of time, and to modify and rearrange what had been overhauled by the critics, besides gleaning something from later discoverers. There is, of course, much more in the making of a good manual; even in order to deal properly with the earlier matter a compiler must have much of the equipment of a specialist in connection with each of the subjects touched upon. Originality of value insures a longer life to a book, and such originality is hardly to be expected from others than experts. The publishers of this volume were fortunate in procuring several of its sections from specialists whose names are guarantees of excellence, yet the advances in different lines of study have been so rapid that even these portions were somewhat out of date by the time the book reached the binder.

As a whole, the work is good; it ranks higher than any of its forerunners on the same lines in comprehensiveness and in the general quality of its contents. It is sure of a welcome from students and teachers. The length of time in the press, however, is only one of the demerits to be brought up by a critic. The third section, that on "The Fishes (exclusive of the Systematic Account of Teleostei)," is most open to attack; in places it bristles with vexatious little errors, indicating lack of acquaintance with the subject, and shaking one's faith in portions better treated. This section, occupying 401 pages, is larger than all the others, and has a much greater variety of subjects. Many references on its pages show that great use has been made of other works, of manuals that have gone before. Among the grounds for faultfinding are the uses of Calamichthys for Calamoichthys, Janessa (a genus of insects) for Janassa (a fossil fish), Heptanchus for Heptranchias, and Entersphenus for Entosphenus. It may be added here that the use of Amphioxus instead of Branchiostoma in the title of another section is without sufficient justification. In the third section, again, on some pages, as is the common practice of scientists, the subgeneric name is placed in parenthesis between the name of the genus and that of the species; on others, to the confusion of a learner, the same position is occupied by a discarded generic name. Cladoselache (so called) is treated as if it had been definitely separated from the earlier Cladodus, and as if the latter must yet be proved to be distinct from the former, and later, to be entitled to any standing. Elasmobranchs live, we are told, "at different depths in the sea, from the surface to nearly a thousand fathoms"; eight or ten of them have been taken at more than a thousand fathoms, down to nearly sixteen hundred. The distribution given for Centroscyllium is only partial, as may also be said of that of Ginglymostoma. Of the latter: "It is represented by species in the Indian Ocean and the tropical parts of the Atlantic (West Indies and the west coast of Mexico)." The west coast of Mexico is not in the Atlantic, but the shark is common in the eastern tropical Pacific, particularly so off Panama. The distribution of Myxine also is but partial, and the species are said to inhabit the depths to three hundred fathoms; it has been taken at depths greater than seven hundred fathoms. It is said "none of the sharks are small"; the genus Etmopterus contains very small sharks. For the figure named *Sphyrna zygæna*, the legend should be *Sphyrna blochii*. Mitsukurina is said to have very large spiracles; it has very small ones.

The illustrations in this section have not been well handled. Certain figures are credited to authorities whose rights were established only by borrowing without credit from earlier sources; and in a number of such cases, and some others, the reproduction is accompanied by further distortion. The dentition in the figure of the skull of Heptranchias was inaccurately drawn by Gegenbaur; Parker and Haswell did not improve it, and the errors are again copied here. The Greenland shark has its vertebral column figured in the place of the upper caudal fin. In the skull of *Chimæra monstrosa* the frontal holder is shown as if solidly connected with the skull roof; the organ is distinct and has no cartilaginous connection. The same figure omits the subrostral cartilages. The same species is asserted to be the largest of living species of Chimæra; *Chimæra affinis* is much the larger. Of Harriotta there are figures from a specimen mutilated at each end, yet the measurements are given as if from an entire individual. This genus is said to be without a frontal holder in the male sex; like its allies it has a frontal holder.

The bias of this author in regard to theories of origin is indicated in the sentence, "Instances of the loss of pigmentary colors, owing to the cessation of the controlling influence of natural selection, are to be found in the absence of chromatophores on the white under surface of the flat fishes, where such colors are useless but not necessarily harmful, and in the colorless, cave-inhabiting fishes, of which the blind-fish (*Amblyopsis*) of North America may be taken as an example"—a very roundabout and indefinite explanation of what is better described as loss of colors by disuse.

Papers of the British School at Rome. Vol. II.: Sixteenth Century Drawings of Roman Buildings Attributed to Andreas Coner. By T. Ashby, jr. Macmillan. 1904.

The first volume of papers of the British School at Rome won very favorable attention for the young academic foundation to which it owed its origin. The second volume follows worthily in the footsteps of its predecessor. One may perhaps regret that Mr. Ashby has not found it possible to complete in this volume his study of the course and extant remains of the roads that radiated from the ancient capital of the Empire; but the publication in facsimile, with adequate annotation and analysis, of a complete sketchbook of Roman architecture from Renaissance times awakens the liveliest interest, and amply atones for the interruption of the earlier task. The entire volume is taken up with this one paper, which it richly furnishes forth.

Mr. Ashby (following therein Fabriczy) points out that there are three classes, not always mutually exclusive, of Renaissance drawings from the antique. The first is of architects' sketchbooks, who studied ancient buildings as models for their own work. The second is of sketchbooks in which archæological interest is supreme. In the third class are to be put collections of purely artistic sketches, landscapes, and the like. The sketchbook here published belongs to the first class. It now rests in the Soane Museum, London. Sir John Soane bought it at Christie's in 1818, at the sale of Robert Adam's books. Robert's brother, James, probably acquired the drawings during his visit to Rome in 1762, when he purchased from Cardinal Albani for King George III., a collection of drawings that had been the property of Cassiano dal Pozzo. But whether these drawings now published were of the same provenience or not, it is impossible to say. They cover somewhat more than 165 plates in Mr. Ashby's book. The fulness of the collection is therefore one of its striking features. The delicacy and precision of line is yet another, though this is not found equally in all the sheets, since about one-sixth of all the drawings (and these interspersed among the others) are by a less careful hand.

Mr. Ashby, though with much proper hesitation, attributes the finer drawings to a certain Andreas Coner, a cleric from Bamberg, leaving the rest anonymous. This is not a proper place to enter upon minute discussion, or it might be pointed out how slight is the argument for such an attribution. None of the drawings are signed. Much more interesting is the question of the relation of these drawings to a collection of red-chalk drawings attributed to Michelangelo. Mr. Ashby inclines to assign these red-chalk drawings as a whole to some pupil of Michelangelo who had access to Coner's work, and copied some of it unintelligently. Certain also of Coner's drawings, as well as some of those of the other hand, show an apparent relation of dependence upon Giuliano da Sangallo.

Of Coner himself almost nothing is known. The sketchbook contains a *copy* of a letter of his to Bernardo Rucellai (1449-1514), of Florence, author of the treatise 'De Urbe Roma,' and host of the Florentine Accademia Platonica. Coner appears to have died in Rome between October 20 and November 8, 1527. An inventory of his goods, made by his executor on the latter date, in the presence of witnesses, possesses much human interest. Coner apparently lived as a scholar should, cheating his back, and perhaps also his belly, for the

sake of his brain. Apart from books his belongings were of the scantiest. The total list comprises a couple of mattresses, two soiled sheets, two ditto shirts, a single blanket (blanket and one mattress had been bought for him during his last illness), a black cloak, one waistcoat, a single pair of boots, a few drawing and writing implements, and a dagger. Of ready money he appears to have had little or none. His friends had advanced the cost of his food and care, both before and during his final illness. Doubtless his possession of a dagger is not to be explained by supposing that the insecurity of the times had prompted the cleric to emulate the example of the martial Peter, but that the dagger served the peaceful purposes of table-knife and penknife, as well as those of a defensive weapon. Perhaps, however, the manifest poverty of Coner is to be explained by the recent Sack of Rome, in which he, as did innumerable others, may have suffered severely. One of his books is reported in the inventory to have been torn out of its binding, and *conculcatus pedibus Barbarorum* ("trodden under foot of the barbarian"). Another indication of the exigencies of the times is found in the explanation, twice made, that the apparently high charges against Coner's estate for provisions during the last weeks of his life were really moderate in consideration of the hard times and consequently increased cost of commodities.

But in books Coner was comparatively well-to-do. In the custody of a notary were two chests, one iron-bound and locked, the other fastened with a hasp, and both crammed with books. A few others were found in his room at the Apostolic Palace, and one or two had been lent to friends. The number of volumes mounted up to more than a hundred. They included a considerable range of classical authors, both Greek and Latin, some dictionaries, and also a number of later writers—among them, as befitted the collection of a student of architecture, several on mathematics and mensuration. Some of the books were printed, others were in manuscript, and the distinction is not always noted. (The simple title is given of at least one book that was not printed, so far as is known, for twenty years after Coner's death, and a large number of other titles are similarly given without annotation.) As regards, therefore, certain of the more interesting authors, we should be especially glad to know if Coner's copies were really in manuscript, and, if so, whence they came and whither they went. The worthy notary appears to have been more keen about money than about books; for when the chests were opened and he perceived there was nothing in them but books, he went his way, declining to witness the inventory. Coner's funeral expenses were moderate—only two ducats for everything, including the grave. The place of his burial is yet undiscovered.

To return briefly to his drawings: the ground-plans and elevations will interest the student of topography, the detailed and measured sketches of architecture, the student of that art. They convey also some new information. The obelisk of Augustus that formed the gnomon of his great sundial in the Campus Martius was unearthed in 1512; a fine cornice from the Baths of Titus, in 1513; the upper part of the relief showing the façade of the Temple of Venus and Rome (which has been the subject recently of much interesting discussion) cannot have been discovered, as Lanciani thought ('Storia degli Scavi,' ii. 221) as late as 1546, since it certainly formed the basis of one of Coner's drawings.

The Balkan Question: The Present Condition of the Balkans and of European Responsibilities. By Various Writers. Edited by Luigi Villari. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

In his introduction to this timely volume, Mr. Bryce vouches for the competence of the various contributors to deal with the themes assigned to them, and he adds some luminous observations of his own, as to the general aspects of the Eastern Question, which virtually cover the whole ground, so far as the main argument is concerned. The Turkish Empire has for more than a century menaced the peace of Europe, and been a source of special anxiety to Great Britain. There is no hope that its decay can be arrested. Turkey has lost Hungary, Transylvania, Bessarabia, the two Danubian principalities which now form the Rumanian kingdom, Greece, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Thessaly, Eastern Rumelia, Cyprus, and Crete. In Asia, Russia has encroached upon territory that was formerly Ottoman, and Egypt has slipped away from Turkish grasp. Yet the incurable mutual jealousies of the European States have neutralized all the efforts of the nationalities still within Turkish dominion to shake off their yoke; and, owing to the hopeless corruption of the governing class, in spite of endless schemes of reform and collective notes on the part of the great Powers, not the slightest real improvement in the internal affairs of Turkey has taken place as a result of the European concert. Indeed, Europe was never more powerless than now, for the present Sultan, in Mr. Bryce's opinion,

"is probably the ablest, and certainly the most industrious, who has sat on the throne of Othman for many generations. He is an adept in that characteristically Oriental diplomacy which consists in contriving pretexts for delay and playing upon the jealousies of other States. But the only contribution he has made to the government of his dominions has been the assertion of his Khalifial pretensions, and a stimulation of Muslim fanaticism which has led to the massacre of myriads of Asiatic Christians."

Mr. Bryce is broad-minded enough to consider, in any plan for the solution of the Eastern question, the welfare of the Mussulmans as well as that of the Christians; and, with that end in view, the eventual partitioning of European Turkey between Russia and Austria (with possible concessions to Italy and Greece), and the absorption of Asiatic Turkey by Russian Transcaucasia, appear to him as a promising, though by no means ideal, measure of relief. But, aside from the fact that events in the Far East, since he penned his lines, have disturbed the position of Russia as a decisive factor in Near-East politics, the interests of Great Britain and France, as he well recognizes, militate against the indefinite expansion of the empire of the Czar. Austria's remarkable success in the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, though acknowledged by Mr. Bryce, is scarcely alluded to by the other contributors, and evidently does not, in their opinion, constitute a clear title to the rôle of future arbiter of the destinies of Turkey. The situation remains, then, after all the interference of the Powers, essentially as before. "It is the old familiar, half-comic, wholly humiliating one," says Mr. Villari, in his preface; "the Powers are protesting, the Porte is triumphant. The Mürzsteg scheme is not only a failure, but a farce."

It has been the task of Mr. Villari, the author of 'Italian Life in Town and Country,' to collate the opinions of those whom he has invited to give their views of the "Balkan Question"; but, as usual in a collective work of this kind, the total impression is not perfectly clear. There is little enough, in the solution proposed by the various writers, to justify Mr. Bryce's hopefulness that Bulgarians, Serbs, Greeks, and Armenians—possibly even Albanians and Kurds—may eventually develop a capacity for self-government sufficiently strong to withstand Russianizing or Germanizing influences. Moderate in tone as most of the opinions expressed are, they but accentuate the international and racial differences that promote the unrest in the Balkan countries, and, more particularly, the turmoil in Macedonia. It would be idle to expect the conspicuous fair-mindedness characteristic of Mr. Bryce in the special pleadings of the Bulgarian, Dr. Bogirade Tatarcheff, and it is not unnatural to find M. Victor Bérard, the *chroniqueur* of the *Revue de Paris*, insisting that "in every extension of Austrian influence we must see the hands of Germany"; but it is disappointing that English writers so familiar with the East as Mr. Edwin Pears, author of 'The Fall of Constantinople'; Mr. Valentine Chirol, author of ''Twixt Greek and Turk,' and others of equal standing, are unable to agree on a single practical suggestion bearing on the problems of the immediate future. If, according to Mr. Bryce, the fall of the Turkish empire may be delayed for some decades, "conceivably even till near the end of the present century," the question naturally arises, What are the various races to do that must in the meantime remain under the Turkish yoke? Miss Victoria Buxton (Mrs. de Bunsen) is the only contributor who hazards the opinion that, "under European control, and by officials not responsible to the Porte, Turkey can be successfully reformed and successfully administered." Perhaps, even in dealing with Turkish officials, it may be a wise plan not to presuppose, as so many Europeans thrown in contact with them have done, general corruption and contempt for Christians on the part of every Moslem who wields power over them. The examples of Reshid and Fuad Pasha in the past, and of Hassan Fehmi Pasha, the recent humane vali of Salonica, show that, even in diplomacy, it may be well to recognize the existence of the universal touch of nature that we all hope may still make the whole world kin.

There is, in the book before us, considerable repetition, an occasional contradiction, and some diversity, not only as to points of view, but as to such minor matters as the spelling of geographical and proper nouns. Erzeroum and Erzerum, Tirnovo and Trnovo (the map has Tirnova), Komittadji and Komitadji, Goluchowsky and Goluchowski, alternate; while Michailoffsky, Paulowitch, Chazars, etc., show the need of a watchful eye in dealing with transliterations of Russian and Oriental

names by various writers. A more serious mistake is the statement that the application of the dual control, under the Mürzsteg programme, is limited to three (instead of two) years. And the editor ought also to have corrected such a crudity as: "Not long ago there was a typical case occurred in the Kaza of Dibra."

Revolutionary Types. By Ida A. Taylor. London: Duckworth.

We have here a series of biographical sketches for which Mr. Cunninghame Graham has written an introduction, and to which the author herself adds a concluding chapter on the radical spirit in general. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the quality of these essays, there is at least no narrowness in the range of the author's eclecticism. John Pym and Manara, St. Just and Toussaint l'Ouverture, Thomas Harrison and John Mitchel, the Irish agitator, all come within Miss Taylor's view, in addition to George Washington and Benedict Arnold, who are brought side by side through the accident of chronology. Mr. Graham is at some pains to point out that people can attack the existing order without being swayed by the same ideal:

"So many revolutionaries seem to think that liberty is absolute, and that all men see liberty in the same hue. Literally it has a hundred forms and shades, and to force men to certain actions in the name of liberty is as rank tyranny as the worst actions of the worst Russian Czar or Turkish autocrat. No better exposition of the case is to be found than when the preacher by his right divine made Scotland hell, all in the name of liberty and with the cry upon his lips of liberty and of Christ's Headship of the Church. I fear St. Just would have been 'unco ill to live wi',' and so would many of the types the author writes about. Fancy all England ruled by Harrison, with every one forced into Church or Chapel to give praises to the Lord, and to sing hymns to spiritual liberty."

This passage we quote at length because it is a considerable admission for the radical propagandist to make, and because, by virtue of its consonance with historical fact, it shows that the motive of the book is literary and academic rather than evangelical. Miss Taylor is aroused to enthusiasm by the spectacle which a strong and hopeful man presents when he throws away all concern for self-interest or life itself in the pursuit of his chosen cause. "There is a generosity and a faith in breasting the unknown and in stepping forward in the night, that can never be equalled by action based upon a nice calculation of chances; and, to quote a saying of Cromwell's, a man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going."

The foregoing extracts will bring out with sufficient clearness the spirit in which the volume is conceived. With regard to the separate essays, it is enough to say that they are sympathetic appreciations rather than essays in erudition or attempts at thick-and-thin justification. For example, Miss Taylor, with all her admiration for John Mitchel's sincerity of purpose, does not close her eyes to the circumstances under which he escapes from Van Diemen's Land. Touching on his breach of parole, she observes: "It is more to the credit of the man and of his cause to admit that the temptation to escape from a captivity to which he had been consigned by means of a trial destitute of so much as a semblance of fair dealing was too strong, and that he had not power to resist it." To chronicle a new note in the criticism of Washington, we append this remark of Mr. Graham's: "With all his virtues, he never appealed to the imaginative mind after his inhuman refusal when a child to tell an almost necessary lie."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Felix. The Religion of Duty. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.
Andrews, Samuel J. Man and the Incarnation. Putnams.
Bigelow, John. The Life of Benjamin Franklin Written by Himself. 3 vols. New ed. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Brandes, George. Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Broughton, Rhoda. Foes In Law. Macmillan Co.
Complete Bridge Player. By "Cut-Cavendish." Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Cowan, Henry. John Knox. Putnams. $1.35 net.
Cross, Wilbur L. The Development of the English Novel. New ed. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Crowley, Jeremiah J. The Parochial School. Chicago: Published by the Author.
Cutler, James Elbert. Lynch-Law. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Dampierre, Jaques de. Les Sources de l'Histoire des Antilles Françaises. Paris: A. Picard et Fils.
Davis, Foxcroft. Mrs. Darrell. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Drummond, William Henry. The Voyageur. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Early Western Travels. Edited by R. G. Thwaites. Vol. XV. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Elizabethan Drama, Specimens of the. Edited by W. H. Williams. Henry Frowde.
Gospel of Mark. Edited by William P. Drew. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Harrison, Frederic. The Herbert Spencer Lecture. Henry Frowde.
Heigh, John. The House of Cards. Macmillan Co.
Joubert, Carl. Russia as it Really Is. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Karr, Margaretta Ayers. The Heavenly Voice. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Lathbury, Clarence. The Balanced Life. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press. $1.
Lawson, Publius V. Prince or Creole. Menasha, Wis.: Geo. Banta Publishing Co.
Manual of Statistics, 1905. The Manual Statistics Co. $5.
McCall, Sidney. The Breath of the Gods. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
McClure, A. K. Our Presidents and How We Make Them. Harpers. $2.
McCracken, Laura. Gubbio, Past and Present. London: David Nutt.
New Testament in the Apostolic Fathers. Henry Frowde.
Okakura-Yoshisaburo. The Japanese Spirit. James Pott & Co. $1.
Peterson, Maude Grindley. How to Know Wild Fruits. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Phillips, John Herbert. Old Tales and Modern Tales. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Spingarn, J. E. La Critica Letteraria nel Rinascimento. Translated by Antonio Fusco. Bari: Laterza & Figli.
Squire, Charles. The Mythology of the British Islands. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.
Stephenson, Henry Thew. Shakespeare's London. Henry Holt & Co. $2 net.
Sturmsee: Man and Man. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Tarkington, Booth. The Beautiful Lady. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Taylor, Bert Leston, and others. Monsieur d'en Brochette. Keppler & Schwarzmann.
Tenney, Albert Francis. A Manual of Elocution and Expression. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Thompson, Vance. Diplomatic Mysteries. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Weisbach, Julius, and Gustav Herrmann. Mechanics of Air Machinery. Translated by Amasa Trowbridge. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.75 net.
Weismann, August. The Evolution Theory. Translated by J. A. and M. R. Thomason. 2 vols. Longmans. $8.50 net.
Whitcomb, Royden Page. First History of Bayonne, N. J. Published by the Author. $1.25 net.
Wilde, Oscar. Epigrams and Aphorisms. Boston: John W. Luce.
Wilkinson, Kosmo. The Personal Story of the Upper House. Dutton. $3 net.
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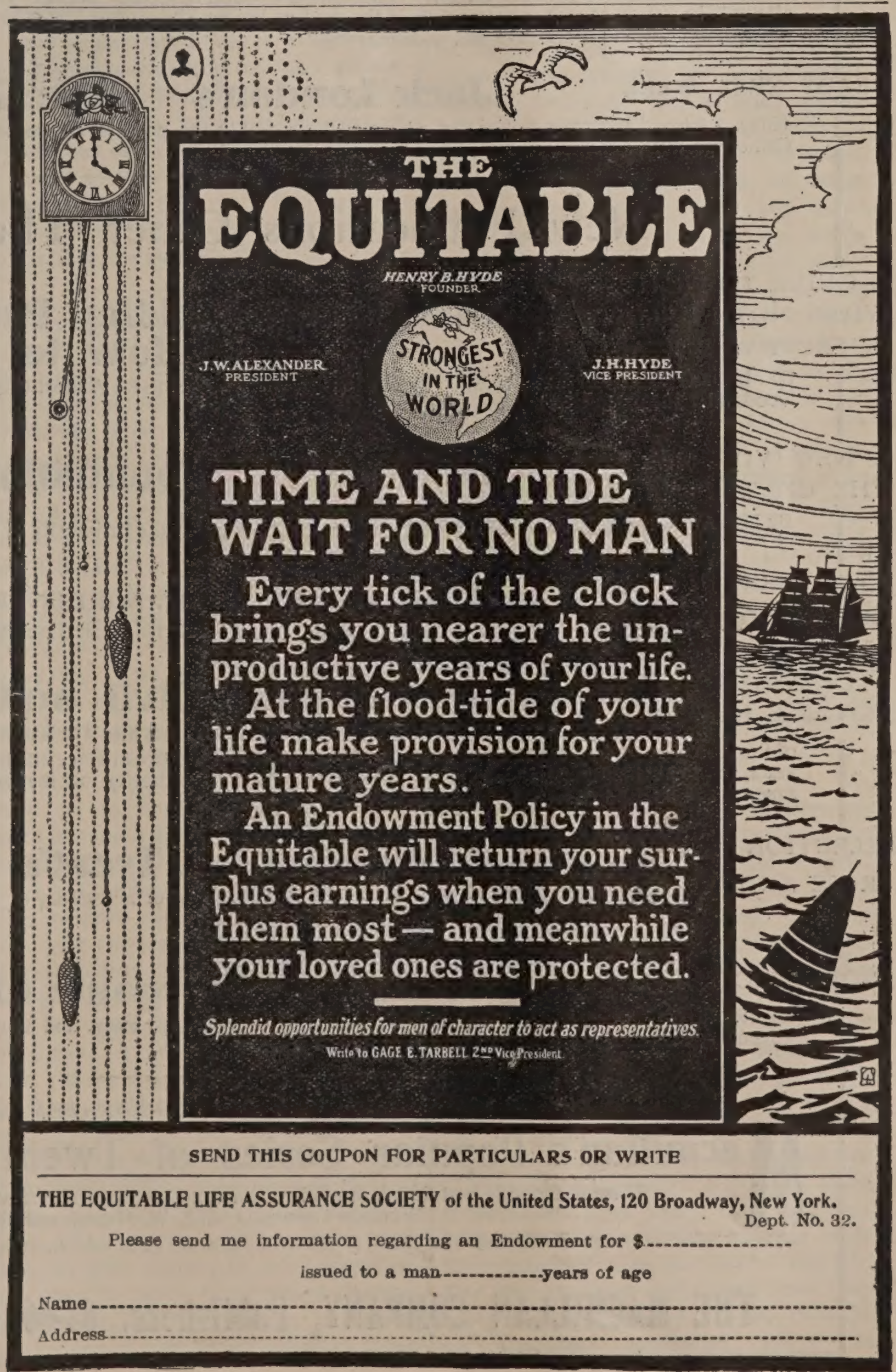
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

The Week.

Not the hideousness of war, the awful suffering and loss of life, the enormous waste of means available for human progress, is, we fear, uppermost in the minds of those who are reading of the great naval battle in the Straits of Korea. And, indeed, there is plenty of other food for moralizing in the virtually complete annihilation of the Russian fleet. Rozhestvensky's hazardous enterprise was, from the beginning, reasonable only so long as Port Arthur remained uncaptured. After that, national pride alone stood in the way of its recall. Defeat on the maritime side of the campaign should have been frankly accepted. The war is essentially a land war, especially for Russia, not a true maritime nation; and the power which retains possession of the land will by and by have its ships, if only for a summer port. Japan's task is incomplete if she does not strip Russia of all access to the Pacific; and, should hostilities continue, we do not doubt that Japan will undertake the reduction of Vladivostok as of Port Arthur. This coign of vantage once seized, she may forbear to exact an "indemnity" which she cannot collect. The full naval lesson of Saturday's engagement cannot be learned from the present meagre details. We can trust the Japanese to report their achievements, but not their losses. We are ignorant to what an extent the fate of the battleships was determined by long-range duelling or by torpedo assaults. In either case, the perfection of ironclads fared no better than the old wooden walls of Trafalgar and Mobile Bay. Nothing is clearer than that the pursuit of this mode of naval supremacy is one of the costliest follies in which nations can indulge. The gun, the mine, and the torpedo have doomed the ideal battleships of to-day; the dirigible balloon will soon round out the demonstration. This moral, however, will pass unheeded at Washington. On the question of strategy, those who blame Rozhestvensky may ask themselves what "world power" now envies him his opportunity for lost glory.

"Ohio Standing Pat" is an appropriate headline for the Ohio platform. On most vital topics the so-called declaration of principles is as non-committal as Vice-President Fairbanks himself. Every stump speaker in the campaign will find it easy to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. This bit on railway legislation, for example, ought to be equally pleasing to the labor unions, the railway managers, the farmers, and the Standard Oil Company:

> "We also endorse every effort for the active enforcement of existing laws to stop all unjust discriminations and special favors in the form of railway rebates, or by any other device, and we favor such further legislation on the subject, with adequate penalties, as may, after full investigation, seem to the Republican Congress and Administration wise and conservative, yet adequate to prevent unfair advantage to any, and to promote and insure the rights of all individuals, interests, and localities."

We refuse to believe that Secretary Taft is the author of this masterly effort to be all things to all men. On the tariff we have this delightful deliverance:

> "We stand by the principles of protection to American labor and American industries. . . . No step should be taken that may imperil or threaten our good times. All are consumers or producers, and must stand or fall together."

If this means anything, it means that Ohio Republicans accept as their spokesman Representative Charles H. Grosvenor, who is the very embodiment of bourbonism on the tariff. This platform is also another sign that President Roosevelt, if he urge tariff reform, must encounter the strongest kind of opposition within his own organization.

Secretary Taft's speech at the convention was in most respects an orthodox defence of the Administration. In general, Republicans are great and good, Democrats weak and wicked; Republicans propose wise and statesmanlike measures, Democrats oppose with folly and trickery. In particular, the railway rate bill is moderate in its provisions; and if Republicans do not redress grievances by rallying in support of it, the naughty William J. Bryan may lead a formidable movement for Government ownership. "The gobble-uns will git you if you don't watch out." The Monroe Doctrine, interpreted by Theodore Roosevelt, is—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—the great bulwark of the Republic. The man who lays his hand upon it, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward. The big stick is none too big, and the gentleman who carries it exercises "a degree of forbearance that the confidence of strength and a righteous purpose justify." He might, if he chose, be fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell; but really he isn't. When Secretary Taft came to the tariff on products from the Philippines, he dropped the smooth language of congratulation and laudation, denounced the high tariff wall between us and the islands, and asked that justice be done them. On the main tariff question, however, he was singularly non-committal. In order to make Government income meet the outlay, there must, he asserted, be either additional internal taxes or a revision of the tariff—"with every effort to cause the minimum of business disturbance." Which alternative he and the President favor, he did not reveal. This reticence falls in with the news from Washington that, after all, the President is lukewarm on the subject of tariff reform, and regards the railway-rate problem as far more pressing.

On the matter of tariff revision the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* has written a letter so remarkable in its implications that we marvel at the temerity of the Republican organ which prints it. "From an entirely new and unexpected source," says the *Tribune*, the President is assured of hearty support in scaling certain tariff schedules. The "ablest managers" of certain protected industries are now clamoring for reform. The reason is not, as one might suppose, that they want a small cut by the "friends of protection" in order to ward off a heavy slash by the enemies. That kind of life-preserver is not what they are looking for. No, they think that protection under the Dingley act is in some cases so high "as to induce inordinate competition." The result is that "large concerns, whose business is menaced by the continual organization of small competitors, are compelled to absorb the little fellows at extravagant valuations." That is, the tariff is so high as to defeat its real purpose. The true aim is to enable the "large concerns" to control the business; and when they find their supremacy threatened, they must juggle the schedules so as to crush their rivals. Otherwise, they are actually forced to "absorb the little fellows at an extravagant valuation." To subject the managers of a monopoly to such an inconvenience is an outrage. By all means allow them to write the law to suit themselves.

The decision handed down on Monday by the Supreme Court in the franchise tax cases will be greeted, and rightly, with profound popular approval. That it is good law the somewhat unusual spectacle of a unanimous bench will attest. That it is good policy, both from the standpoint of the public and ultimately from the standpoint of the public-service corporations, will become increasingly manifest. No more thorough vindication could be asked of the State's right to exact a just compensation from corporations which use a large portion of the public highways. Nor would these corporations have found their ultimate advantage in persistently dodging their fair contribution to the public treasury. The way in which for a long time they succeeded was peculiar. It was through an untoward accidental result of

the decision of the Court of Appeals in the cases of the Union Trust Company and the Manhattan Railway. The outcome of this decision was that special franchises could not be assessed and taxed as personal estate. The simple remedy for this grave injustice was proposed by Senator John Ford in 1899 in a measure which classed special franchises as real estate. The law as originally passed was amended at a special session of the Legislature, which was called by Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor, on May 22, 1899. The amended act provided for the assessment of "the value of all franchises, rights, or permission to construct, maintain, or operate" surface, underground, and elevated railroads, or similar industries involving the use of the public highways, by a State board of tax commissioners. The main contention of the corporations before the Supreme Court was, that they already paid either a lump sum or an annual amount for their franchises, and that to impose in addition an annual tax was forcibly to augment the price at which they had contracted for these franchises. This allegation the Supreme Court would not allow. Despite the fact that the name "tax" had sometimes been loosely applied to the payments previously made by the corporations, the Court held that these payments were essentially a purchase price paid for valuable property, and that the payment of the purchase price outright or in instalments no more exempted the companies from the taxing power of the State than the purchase of land from the State in fee simple would exempt the owner from future taxation.

The Chicago express companies will have the support of public opinion in their refusal to take back the striking teamsters. These employees had no grievance; they were satisfied with their wages. They went out because they were required to make deliveries to houses which the Teamsters' Union had boycotted. This is the sympathetic strike in one of its most senseless and outrageous forms—futile and unprincipled. The sympathy of the public will be still further alienated by the fresh disclosures regarding the slugging committees in the pay of the union. Four of these hired thugs were arrested on Sunday; and three of them finally confessed that they had attempted to assault employees of Wells-Fargo. From these facts it is easy enough to see why the strikers are afraid of the militia. They want liberty to maim and kill the men who have taken the places they themselves deserted. Their trust is in violence.

To have a Mayor in the City Hall who will stand squarely for the interests of the people against the predatory politicians, is a novel experience for Philadelphia; and it must be confessed that Weaver's first two years in office gave small reason for hope that he would be the champion so sorely needed. But, having placed himself at the head of the embattled citizens, he has brought the machine to its knees, and forced the withdrawal of the swindling gas proposal. Under the rule of Israel Durham, Philadelphia has been about what Dr. Parkhurst has just called it, "the rottenest city in the United States." Long years of public lethargy have perhaps served a useful purpose in making the predatory gangs bolder and more shameless than in any other of our great cities, and hence easier to expose. It may be doubted if anywhere else at this time there could have been put forward with prospects of success such a proposal as that of the United Gas Improvement Company. It was open to no defence, however specious; any one with a pencil and paper could figure for himself in ten minutes what it would cost the city. And it appears that in the still larger issues on which the City party proposes to begin its fight, the facts are equally clear and unmistakable. If this gas lease is merely of a piece with the projected exploitation of the filtration plant, the electric-light merger, and the traction franchises which Ashbridge signed away gratis in the face of a $2,500,000 offer for the same rights, the opponents of the political-business machine will at least have no lack of arguments. Tactically, too, they will be in an unusually strong position. Under the terms of the existing agreement the city can resume control of the gas works if it chooses in 1908, and it is contended that the city never relinquished the right to take over private street-car lines at any time by eminent domain. Again, by a prompt response of the voters, there is a chance of defeating the "ripper" bill before it takes effect.

Gov. Douglas has courageously followed Gov. Bates's lead in vetoing a veterans' gratuity bill, just passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts. On being resubmitted, it failed to pass over his veto, and seems to be dead. This act, like its predecessor, sought to impose upon the State the obligation to pay to every veteran of the civil war, not a conscript or substitute or in receipt of a bounty, who served blamelessly for Massachusetts, the sum of $125. The bill carried an appropriation of $350,000 to meet the obligations it imposed. The Governor in his veto message declares that legislation of this character is unconstitutional, and backs his declaration by citing the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts last September, which held that the expenditure of money proposed in such an act was for a private and not a public use, and therefore not in conformity with the Constitution of the Commonwealth. In addition, Gov. Douglas points out that the amount appropriated to pay these gratuities is entirely inadequate, and insists that the legislation was not passed in good faith. In commenting upon this blocking of the old scheme by the Governor, the Boston *Transcript* says that he is right in supposing the $350,000 to be insufficient, and cites the experience of the Bounty Commission a few years ago: "When that commission was created, its legislative promoters said that it might have 150 claims to consider. They actually passed on several thousand." The Governor of Massachusetts is showing himself to be a man of true independence and courage, as backers of "strike" legislation are finding out, and his determination not to be a candidate for reëlection next fall will be generally regretted.

A somewhat important question in banking supervision arises in connection with the Merchants' Trust insolvency. Last week's statement by the Superintendent of Banking admitted that on examination two years ago he found the company practically insolvent. With a capital of $500,000, surplus of $1,000,000, and deposit liabilities of four to five millions, the company "had loaned upon and purchased securities to the amount of $4,000,000, which had no ready market value," besides guaranteeing other extensive and equally unmarketable loans. But Mr. Kilburn was convinced, he says, "that to put the trust company in the hands of a receiver at that time would necessarily result in throwing these securites on the market, and in an enormous loss to the trust company." This is doubtless true. To force a receivership in a panicky market, if the insolvency can be deferred, is manifestly unwise. The practice has often been, even when actual money advances from other institutions were involved, to "carry" such an institution over the panic period, and give it a fair chance to market its securities. But to permit an institution thus situated to go on with its business for two full years, receiving deposits from unsuspecting customers as if its solvency were unquestioned, raises a rather different issue. It is to the public that the Banking Department owes its first duty, and to prevent insolvent institutions from receiving the money of unwary depositors is certainly not the least of its obligations. The Merchants' Trust Company was not an important institution, and its troubles have produced no great effect on the financial situation. This hardly absolves the Banking Department from criticism, however; for small institutions may the more confidently be dealt with, so far as regards the consequences of announced insolvency, while, on the other hand, it is depositors in such small banks or trust

companies who stand most in need of protection by the State.

The victory of *Atlantic* in the ocean yacht race is doubly welcome because it proves the speediness and handiness of that peculiarly American rig, the three-masted schooner. *Atlantic* is, we believe, practically the first attempt to produce a racing type from the three-masters, which have proved their value as cargo-carriers. Her success should have an appreciable influence upon the rig of sailing yachts of large tonnage. As for general lessons as to design, it is unlikely that the race will furnish any of a conclusive sort. The contestants represent so many types of hull and such varying size and rig, that one will hardly be able to apportion their relative credits to designer, rigger, and skipper. In fact, the interest of the race happily lies in untechnical matters. Everybody can enjoy the romance of a three-thousand-mile contest, with wind and wave primarily—for the contestants were rarely in sight of each other—and everybody can appreciate the stimulus that the ocean race will give to real yachting as distinguished from racing. Finally, the race is memorable if only because it marks a gracious overture from the Kaiser to American sportsmen.

The continuance of the deadlock in Hungary has had an unexpectedly sobering effect on the Austrian Reichsrat. The obstructionists have for the present desisted from their mob tactics, and for the first time in years the Lower House has seen a dignified and businesslike discussion of tariff matters. This apparent truce between Germans and Czechs, Feudalists and Liberals, Christian Socialists and Social Democrats, is the result of a tacit agreement to await developments in Hungary before deciding on a definite line of action. Each party hopes to profit by a weakening in the position of Francis Kossuth and his fellow-Independents; and Baron Gautsch, the new Austrian Premier, is taking advantage of the momentary era of good feeling to reorganize his Cabinet by parcelling out the portfolios, hitherto held by colorless officials, among recognized party leaders. All shades of political opinion are to be represented in his Ministry, with the probable exception of the Christian Socialists, if one may judge by the retirement of Herr von Wittek, the Minister of Railroads, who had the support of that party. It cannot be said that such a coalition Ministry is likely to command a safe working majority in the House. Baron Gautsch's previous experience as Premier, in 1897-98, has endeared him neither to the Germans nor to the Czechs, and no Parliamentary Ministry in Austria has ever had the confidence of Parliament. Nor is the outward peace between Germans and Czechs likely to continue, for the recent decision of the Vienna Imperial Court, reaffirming the legality of the Czech language in the German-speaking districts of Bohemia, has already stirred the German deputies from that province in the Reichsrat to angry protest.

The *Novoe Vremya*, in its issue of May 10, explains the functions of the new institution, "Zemsky Soviet," which was sanctioned by the Czar on May 20. The "Zemsky Soviet" constitutes the Lower House, and the Imperial Council, which is not interfered with by the Bouligin Commission, will continue as the Upper House. The members of the Zemsky Soviet will be chosen by the people. Its chairman will be appointed by his Imperial Majesty from the members. Beside the representatives of the people there will also be non-elective members, such as the ministers and chiefs of separate departments, or their authorized representatives. Their presence in the Soviet is necessary to elucidate the questions under consideration. The Soviet will have from 500 to 550 members, whose personal safety will be assured, so that all the political groups may take part in the sittings. The members are not to be paid, but living expenses to the amount of 15 rubles a day will be allowed. The members are chosen for a term of three years, and the sessions will last from the middle of November to the middle of January. The Zemsky Soviet, as the highest institution of the State, will have the right not only to consider projects for legislation introduced by the different ministries, but also to submit its own projects and to employ for that purpose separate committees from among its members, to discuss the revenue and expenditure of the Empire, the propositions of the Minister of Finance, and the budget of the Empire.

The Zemsky Soviet will also be privileged to question the ministers, who are, however, responsible only to the Emperor. Its members can also question the different ministries about policies, but not about individuals—a saving clause for the bureaucrats and the grand-ducal cabal. The Emperor may close the Zemsky Soviet whenever he wishes and order new elections. The projects which have been favorably passed on by the Zemsky Soviet have to be passed also in the Imperial Council to become valid. In the case of disagreement, the Emperor decides the question. The chief and most difficult problem is how the election of representatives should be conducted. Pending a final decision, it is considered best to employ the system now in force in municipal and zemstvo elections. The idea of universal suffrage was not feasible, as the masses are not deemed ripe for it, and, besides, it would be impossible to institute successfully such elections in certain border districts. It was also found inexpedient to hold the elections by manhood suffrage, as in this case the peasants would have the majority of representatives. Because of this, and because it is felt that all the estates should be duly represented somewhat in the order of their wealth and intelligence, the same system of election was adopted as the one heretofore employed at the municipal and zemstvo elections; and as the zemstvos are not established everywhere, it was decided to establish the above institutions before the election for the Zemsky Soviet. Already the preliminary steps to this end have been taken in Siberia, Poland, and the Baltic provinces. In Finland the elections will be conducted at present as those for the Diet.

The negotiations looking to a revision of the diplomatic service of Norway and Sweden have come to an *impasse* through the King's veto of the bill providing for separate Norwegian consuls. This action was a double rebuke to the movers of the act, for King Oscar terminated a temporary regency, due to ill health, in order that he might veto the bill in person. Immediately after this action, the Norwegian Ministry resigned, and for the moment the negotiations are arrested so far as Norway is concerned. While the general features of the dispute between the federated kingdoms are familiar, through the letters of Nansen and Bjornson on the Norwegian side, and of Sven Hedin on the Swedish, it will be well to distinguish the real cause of the controversy from its accidental expressions. From this point of view the campaign for a separate consular service for Norway is merely the readiest means of protesting against the preponderance of Sweden under the act of union. It chafes a Norwegian not to see his own flag flying over consulates abroad, and to feel that before other nations Norway has no standing except as represented by the wealthier partner, Sweden. Moreover, the commercial policy of Sweden differs from that of Norway. Sweden, with a protective tariff, has no desire to invite imports; Norway, as a free-trade nation deeply interested in shipping, is committed to quite the reverse policy. Thus a consular personnel chosen by Sweden is unacceptable to Norway, on both sentimental and practical grounds; and the fight has been made on this issue, because it combined an immediate desideratum with a general disclaimer of Sweden's diplomatic supremacy in the union. So the Norwegians have demanded nothing less than a separate consular service under a Norwegian Foreign Ministry, a pretension which is tantamount to the abrogation of the act of union.

THE CUSTOMS ADMINISTRATION.

In England, customs duties originated as insurance premiums paid to the crown by foreign traders. In those days the alien merchant was not protected by the law of the land. He bought this personal security at a price from the King, and was thus exempt from violence while hawking his wares through the realm. Customs duties to-day resemble less an insurance premium than a penal fine. The importer of foreign merchandise is regarded by the customs officials as a traitor in disguise. The universal presumption of innocence of our common law can hardly be said to extend to him. He is regarded in some wise as no better than an adroit smuggler. The pawnbroker and the usurer are his brothers, and, if his business is not forbidden outright, it is still correct to say that "all the sanguinary laws of the customs" are directed against him.

It is doubtless true that there are many unscrupulous importers who, by undervaluations or otherwise, are ready to evade the duties lawfully due. With tariff rates as high as they are under the Dingley act, the premium on dishonesty is so great as to call into being a supply of just such dishonest importers. Jim Fiske's characterization of his father—"The old man wouldn't tell a lie for ninepence, but would tell eight of 'em for a dollar"—rested on keen insight into the weakness of some natures. It is not true that every man has his price, but it is true that the greater the law-created inducements to crime, the larger the number who will run the risk of the penitentiary. Fortunately, there is a much larger body of honest and upright importers. That these men should be subject to the pains and disabilities of the suspect is indeed hard, but it is nevertheless the case at present. Behind the relatively small body of importers stands the vast army of consumers. For the consumer's sake, if not for that of his advance agent, the importer, it might be supposed that the friction of importation, when once the legitimate duties were paid, would be reduced to a minimum.

On the contrary, the Treasury, in its administration of this office, impedes and obstructs the smooth working of importation. It goes far beyond the mere principle that the Government should be given the initial advantage in an actual case of doubt. It glowers with a hawk's eye at each bit of merchandise, always clapping on the maximum duty that the most casuistical interpretation of the law can be tortured into warranting. It creates petty annoyances. Its rulings and classifications are capricious, inconsistent, and non-uniform. Egged on by spies of particular protected industries and by fanatical idolaters of Dingleyism, the present Secretary of the Treasury usurps the powers of Congress, and, under pretence of delay and re-investigation of cases finally adjudicated in Federal courts of last resort, may even ruin the business of some industries on which he does not smile.

These charges are not made at random. Almost every importer could bear personal testimony to some one of the above counts. A few illustrative instances may be cited. Felt-covered piano hammers for a time were entered, and paid duty, as parts of musical instruments. Then some argus-eyed friend of domestic industry discovered that manufactures of felt were taxable at a higher rate, whereupon piano hammers were thereafter taxed as manufactures of felt. Another example of the purposive irritation fomented by the customs officials concerns baggage. Baggage consisting of clothing and personal belongings originally purchased by our own citizens in this country is sometimes delayed, and crosses the Canadian border, or even the Atlantic, a few hours or days behind the owner. The myrmidons of the customs have frequently made the attempt to collect duties on such belated baggage—in one case upon a watch left behind at a Canadian hotel by an American tourist; in another upon laundry work received too late from a London laundry to be personally brought in by the owner.

Irritating and exasperating as are these practices, they quite fade into insignificance in comparison with the greater vices of customs administration. These are inconsistent rulings, and what at its worst is nothing short of usurpation and tyranny. A good illustration of the former is furnished by the recent question of duties on scientific apparatus. On April 10 last, Prof. W. T. Councilman of the Harvard Medical School protested to Secretary Shaw against the payment of duty on a microscope held in the Boston custom-house. The instrument had paid duty on its original importation, and had been sent abroad for repairs that could be made only in Europe. The reply of the Treasury was that the law and rulings of the Department required the exaction of duty upon every subsequent re-importation of such appliances. Last week Secretary Shaw made public a ruling whereby astronomical apparatus to be taken abroad for observations should be exempt from duty on re-importation. That this latter decision is in the line of enlightened good sense is freely granted, but its legality is open to the gravest question. Moreover, such overturning of precedent makes uncertainty the only certain thing predictable of such rulings.

The gravest of recent customs misdemeanors, however, concerns the importation of steel strips manufactured into car springs by certain competitors of the Steel Trust. The regular rate of duty would be about 35 per cent. ad valorem. The suggestion having been made—it is alleged by the emissaries of the Trust—that the strips had undergone a process of finishing that would subject them to an additional duty of one cent a pound, the higher rate was immediately imposed. The importers, beginning in October, 1902, fought the decision before the General Appraisers, the Circuit Court, and, finally, the Circuit Court of Appeals. The last tribunal, *in re* U. S. versus the Crucible Steel Company, gave, on March 3, 1905, a unanimous decision in favor of the plaintiff's contentions. The Secretary of the Treasury thereupon, instead of refunding the illegally exacted duties and collecting the lower rate, coolly informed the plaintiff that, "in view of the incomplete record as to the commercial interpretation of the term 'steel cold rolled, smoothed only,'" it will be advisable to prepare "another case for trial." The outraged attorney for the importer levels this indictment at Secretary Shaw: "You have nullified the decision of the courts. This action of yours in this case is a serious menace to our Constitutional Government. It exhibits not only a disposition, but an ability, to disregard the law utterly, and to change it and administer it to suit your personal prejudices and political interests." This is undoubtedly contempt of Cabinet, but it seems fully warranted by the facts.

THE SEQUEL TO A RAILWAY QUARREL.

Announcement appears to have been made in Wall Street, in a more or less informal way, that the principals in the transcontinental railway dispute have "come together" and agreed not to fight one another with the weapons familiar in old-time railway contests—namely, invasion of one another's territory and traffic. Exactly how much or how little such an announcement means may best be understood by reviewing the extraordinary Northern Pacific contest, from its inception, early in 1901, to the present day. The beginning of this famous struggle is fresh enough in the recollections of the investing public. Mr. Hill had conceived the purpose of purchasing, for his own Great Northern Road and the friendly Northern Pacific, one of the so-called "granger" railways connecting the Eastern terminus of those lines with the populous Middle West. Efforts to get the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul having failed, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy's $110,000,000 stock was all bought up, payment being made through a $215,000,000 bond issue guaranteed by Great Northern and Northern Pacific. The Burlington lines, as it happened, were close competitors of the Union Pacific system, and the Union Pacific had requested to be allowed a share in control of

the Burlington. This was refused; thereupon Union Pacific's owners, utilizing the very rare facilities of the money market, started in to wrest control of Northern Pacific itself from its existing owners. In this they really succeeded; the stock acquired in the open market amounted eventually to a clear majority.

What followed on the Stock Exchange is matter of history. The frantic bids of the rival interests against one another cornered Northern Pacific stock, drove its price to $1,000 per share, and, by the situation thus created, upset violently the whole market for other shares. A brief Stock Exchange panic ensued, first at New York and then at London; and so long as neither party would yield its position and surrender part of the cornered stock, a very grave menace to the investment situation necessarily continued. The solution sought, in the autumn of 1901, was the famous $400,000,000 merger, in which were placed the Union Pacific's $78,000,000 holdings of Northern Pacific stock, some $76,000,000 more owned by other interests, and $118,000,000 of Great Northern shares. The Federal Government's attack on the Northern Securities merger followed, and a year ago the Supreme Court finally ordered its dissolution.

Union Pacific, it will be remembered, thereupon claimed that precisely the shares deposited by it in the merger should be returned to it. Such return would, of course, have ensured its possession of the Northern Pacific property. In the suit brought for that purpose, Union Pacific's lawyers held that the $78,000,000 Northern Pacific shares had not been sold to the Northern Securities, but deposited in trust, and that dissolution of the trust should be followed by return of exactly the property deposited. This contention the Supreme Court rejected last February, declaring not only that the Northern Pacific stock had not been deposited in trust, but that return of it to the Union Pacific, a parallel and competing railway, would defeat the purpose of the decision against the merger. The Hill party thereupon carried out its plan of distributing Northern Securities assets, Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock alike, proportionately to the interest of each shareholder in the merger. Union Pacific, therefore, instead of its $78,000,000 Northern Pacific stock of 1901, received some $25,000,000 Great Northern stock and $32,000,000 Northern Pacific, the last-named sum being a clear minority.

The actual situation, then, since distribution of assets began a few weeks ago, is this: Union Pacific has been wholly defeated in the fight which it started in 1901. It has lost possession of the Northern Pacific, which was within its grasp four years ago; it has no more control over the Burlington than it had when the dispute began, and all that it has to show, as the outcome of the prolonged and expensive fight, is the fifty-odd million minority stock in the two railways now controlled by Mr. Hill, on whose boards, since the Northern Pacific meeting of March 18, Union Pacific is wholly unrepresented. It is not strange that this situation should have caused uneasiness as to possible retaliatory measures by the defeated interest, nor need there be much wonder at Wall Street's slightly skeptical attitude over the present announcement of mutual friendliness and harmony. Reasons against any outbreak of hostility, just now, are, however, strong enough to convince experienced observers that nothing of the sort will happen. If, as is probable enough, Union Pacific means to sell its minority holdings in these rival railways, it would hardly begin by depreciating their value. As for the Hill party, who hold possession already of all the spoils of war, it will not be imagined that they are seeking another fight. These facts considered, the vague announcement that an "understanding has been reached" scarcely surprised people conversant with the circumstances.

Perhaps a more formal compact may be made hereafter; at any rate, the situation is not very likely to remain exactly as just described. We imagine, however, that the nature of any binding agreement will depend on future rather than on past events. For one thing, the transcontinental railway ownership question is still in a somewhat delicate position. Mr. Hill has conformed to the letter of the law, by excluding directors from sitting on the boards of both his companies, and by lodging title to the two stocks with individuals, not with a corporation. Whether it would be quite easy to maintain this technical show of independence if a formal agreement should be made with a third transcontinental railway which controls a fourth, might be an awkward question.

COMMERCIALIZED COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

Mr. Henry Beach Needham, who writes in the current *McClure's Magazine* on "The College Athlete," is not the first investigator to discover that sport in our universities has become commercialized. For at least two decades, athletes have been hired directly or indirectly, have been offered "inducements" of various kinds, and recruited systematically from preparatory schools, as well as from various walks in life. While posing as saviours of the physique of the nation, playing for the love of the game and the college, these men have profited not a little "on the side" because of their prowess. They have had the "refusal" of an education at various "leading institutions," and occasionally have graduated before rising to the eminence and renown of the professional baseball player or football coach.

Mr. Needham has taken pains to collect a large number of instances of the commercial athlete, which together make an astounding showing, reflecting not merely on undergraduates and graduates, but on faculties and presidents as well. Princeton, Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Williams—not one of them but has experienced the evil results of the undue publicity given to undergraduate athletics, and of that desire to win at any cost which Mr. Needham finds to be one of the chief causes of the "grafting" and subsidizing so prevalent in our colleges. "We were all right in Pennsylvania two years ago," said a prominent alumnus to Mr. Needham, "but undergraduates and alumni felt that we had to do *as the other colleges were doing*. It is all summed up in these words: *'Couldn't stand losing.'*" For this feeling, more than one college president who believes in advertising his institution by its teams is largely responsible. They look on with indifference while recruiting sergeants visit the preparatory schools and begin the process of demoralizing athletes of value who must work their way through college. For these there are enticing offers of scholarships, odd jobs of every description, the managership of eating clubs or boarding-houses, the profits of score-card advertising, or what not.

The scandal of 1899 in connection with Sanford, Columbia's paid football coach, is almost forgotten, but Mr. Needham recalls it. In connection with the manager, this gentleman "induced" several stars to wear the Columbia uniform, in which they defeated Yale with ease. Subsequently, Columbia allowed a man to represent her who had previously played for Manhattan College in violation of eligibility rules. Harvard has just permitted the playing of a student who "by accident" twice figured on a score-card of a professional game under another name. He explains that he received no money for this service, which was merely to oblige friends, and that in each case he entered the game after the score-cards had been printed. Smith of Pennsylvania seems, however, to be the star "tramp athlete," for he played with Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania State in the same season. Lamson of Pennsylvania has worn the jerseys of Lafayette, Colorado College, and the Philadelphia institution. The Peddie Institute, a preparatory school, was last fall "robbed" of its best football player by Pennsylvania, according to an officer of the school, to whom the boy stated that he had been offered at Princeton a summer's board and tutoring. Penn-

sylvania's offer was higher, and to make his educational path easy he was enrolled in the Dental School, which requires no entrance examinations, and was subsequently "transferred" without examination to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. This also contains a football player who could not pass the Cornell entrance examinations.

Summer ball-playing for board and lodging has found its victims at Brown as well as Harvard, and is a familiar story. A new method of commercializing athletes, however, is the employment of Hogan, last year's Yale captain, by the American Tobacco Company. Hogan entered college poor. He now lives in the best dormitory and takes his meals at the expensive University Club. He receives $100 a year, the income of the John Bennetto scholarship, and shares with two other athletes the profits arising from the sale of score-cards and the advertising thereon. But his main source of income is from acting as agent of the Tobacco Company. Here is the enlightening statement of an officer of the company:

"College men are great cigarette smokers. When they graduate they go to different parts of the country, carrying with them a taste for some brand of cigarettes. Naturally we want them to acquire a taste for our cigarettes, and to carry the taste to their friends at home. That is why we engaged Mr. Hogan. He is a popular fellow, well known—captain of this year's football team—and we picked him out as a good agent. He did get our cigarettes put on sale at 'Mory's.' But his efforts did not end there. He talks the cigarettes to his friends. They appreciate and like him; they realize he is a poor fellow, working his way through college, and they want to help him. so they buy our cigarettes, knowing that Hogan gets a commission on every box sold in New Haven."

This is a most sagacious Yankee scheme, with infinite chances of development. We suggest to President Hadley, however, that, inasmuch as the public is entitled to know just what businesses the players represent, they wear numbers, and be catalogued on the score-card as follows: 1. Smith, quarterback (Try Standard Oil's oil). 2. Brown, halfback (Use Sapolio after playing). 3. Jones, left guard (Pond's Extract best for bruises). 4. Hogan, tackle (Smoke Egyptian Deities). 5. Williams, centre (Read the *Daily Horror*), etc. The possibilities are infinite. We offer gratis to presidents in need of larger endowments the hint that the college rent each player to the advertiser making the highest bid.

That all athletes are now commercialized, it would be ridiculous to assert. But the contamination of a few such examples spreads. Athletic committees are afraid to defy the alumni who want to go wrong like other alumni. Presidents shirk their responsibility by leaving everything to the athletic committees. As a result the evil is, if anything, growing despite repeated exposures. Prof. Alfred H. Lloyd of the University of Michigan wrote recently: "Professionalism, in fact, if not in name, is constantly checking the real usefulness of all student activities, not merely of athletics. The social life is injured by it. The religious life is perverted and robbed by it." If this state of affairs is not soon taken in hand by faculties or college presidents, we shall be very much surprised.

ART PRICES AND ART VALUES.

Unquestionably, the gayest branch of the "Dismal Science" is that which deals with prices regulated by fashion or fancy. In fact, this whole class of values puts economic analysis to its trumps. One may say pretty definitely that the price of a bushel of wheat, for example, is essentially its value as food, plus or minus the difference caused by a shifting, and at times speculative, supply and demand; but what may one guess is the warrantable price of, say, the first purple carnation? The wide gap between art values and art prices was strikingly illustrated last week. We pass over the price of $81,375—paid on Friday for a Renaissance crystal cup of questioned authenticity — as inexplicable on any rational theory. A few days earlier, at Christie's, Thomas Watson's mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Bamfylde" fetched $6,100. Thus a skilful black-and-white reproduction—of which many examples must be in existence—brought a price within which a careful buyer may get a very fair original of Sir Joshua. Or, to put the matter in another light, a day or two after the record sale of what at best was a clever bit of copyism, a fine example of that master of the brush, Chardin, sold at Paris for $5,500, while at the same sale a veritable Sir Joshua Reynolds brought only $2,640.

Now recall that for the price paid for this single reproductive engraving one could buy a score of the best engravings by Dürer, in the finest states, or a dozen of Rembrandt's finest etchings, an original by Watteau, a cabinet full of Hokusai's sketches and woodcuts—works of art far superior to, and of greater scarcity than, any translation of Reynolds by the cleverest wielder of the rocker and burnisher—and it will be clear that values, as perceived by artists and connoisseurs, by no means agree with the prices paid by collectors. To account for the discrepancy, many theories have been advanced, as that rarity is the principal criterion; but this is discredited in the case of the mezzotint engravers, whose works are far from rare. If only a few meritorious impressions were pulled from each plate, nearly all were promptly framed, and thus are preserved to this day. Of the small sheets of Dürer and Rembrandt, on the contrary, there has been unquestionably great loss and absolute destruction, so that no principle of rarity would justify a collector in preferring to theirs the work of such engravers as Raphael Smith, the Wards, Watson, or Valentine Green. But an even more convincing proof that rarity alone does not necessarily attract amateurs was found in the publication of a catalogue of "unique" books, by a London bookseller. If Mr. Voynich had believed that bibliophiles are attracted by mere rarity, he had only to put his *rarissima* (some scores of them there were) into the auction-room and retire immensely rich. As a matter of fact, he chose the wiser part of offering them by catalogue at very moderate prices.

If both absolute art value and rarity have rather little to do with price-making, we are reduced for an explanation to the madness that proverbially afflicts collectors, and to occult powers that set collecting fashions. That collectors are subject to malign lunary influence is beyond denial. A new Dibdin, for example, would find material for comment in the stewardship of a famous bibliophile, who, in the behoof of a local Y. M. C. A. library, became executor of a purveyor of the unrefined vaudeville of our fathers. Such books as that Y. M. C. A. library possessed would move a Locker-Lampson to verse, and possibly a revivalist to tears. The Bibles, in St. Jerome's Latin mostly, were from the early presses of Cologne, Strassburg, Venice, and Paris. Books of Hours and Chorals there were, both printed and cunningly engrossed and illuminated by hand. The youthful Christians were invited to read Dante in the superb edition which Botticelli or a pupil illustrated; to peruse Chaucer in black-letter. Thus, through the mediation of a bibliophile *pur sang*, the moneys proceeding from the shapeliness of a Lydia Thompson in "Black Crook" days were converted ultimately into grave divinity, and deposited on the shelves of a Young Men's Christian Association. From this pardonable digression we wish to extract the lesson merely that nothing a collector does is surprising, and that his infatuation lays him open to all manner of hypnotic suggestion, including autohypnosis.

Whoever studies fashions of any sort is sooner or later driven to take counsel of tailors. Somewhere or other there is a high tribunal which decides whether our pockets shall open inside or out, shall be few or many, whether our trousers shall favor the ankle, the knee, or the thigh, and a hundred other niceties necessarily obscure to the layman. And sometimes we are prone to imagine that somewhere or other there is a committee of art dealers which convenes and lays out the fashion for the next decade. One may fancy that, just as the humbler sort of tailors accept the ordinances imposed from above, concerning tape and trimmings, so the smaller art dealers chime in with a central authority when it whis-

pers now, "Sell Barbizon," and again, "Play Early English." But, of course, if it were not for human vanity the high court of tailordom would sit in vain, and if there were not an enormous number of collectors more enthusiastic than well informed, these passwords of the dealers would fall idly on the air, and the absurd prices produced by reckless competition in objects approved as the latest fashion would yield to an appraisal based, in part at least, upon permanent art values.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS IN THE ÆGEAN.

ATHENS, May 6, 1905.

The International Congress of Archæologists, which closed three weeks ago, was followed by two excursions, one to the sites of excavations on the mainland, the other to those on the islands of the Ægean and on the coast of Asia Minor. The second excursion, in which alone I shared, came to an end yesterday, and was of such extraordinary interest as to seem worthy of public notice.

The party consisted of one hundred and thirteen, representing most of the countries of Europe as well as America. It was quartered upon two small Greek steamers having many good qualities, but cleanliness was not one of these. The expedition was conducted by Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld, whose supreme ability and tact were never better displayed. Our first visit was to Delos, the sanctuary of Apollo and for a time the seat of the treasury of the Delian Confederacy. The French excavation of this site is not yet completed; most of the finds have been placed in a museum on the neighboring island of Mykonos, but a building is now in course of erection at Delos where they will eventually be kept. The appearance and height of Mt. Kynthos are decidedly disappointing. The remains of the theatre gave Professor Dörpfeld an opportunity to discuss his theory of the Greek stage, which he advocated with his well-known clearness and skill.

After this day there followed a glorious sail among the Cyclades, to the island of Melos, where we landed to view the excavations conducted by the English at Phylakopi. Here have been traced the foundations of a prehistoric city surrounded by cyclopean walls and containing a palace of the Mycenæan period. The next morning we saw the sun rise from the harbor of Santorin, the ancient Thera. Of all the islands this proved to be the most unique and picturesque. The harbor is the sunken crater of an old volcano, of which the present island and the two small neighboring ones, Therasia and Aspronisi, are the rim. Thera has been the special study of Freiherr Hiller von Gärtringen, who has endeared himself to the inhabitants by his kindness and benefactions. The whole island was astir with interest and enthusiasm, and everywhere "the King of Thera" was greeted with speeches of welcome, and walked on ways strewn with roses and under triumphal arches. His fellow-passengers shared in the welcome, and received unbounded hospitality. Under his guidance we were conducted through the ancient city, excavated by him in 1895-1902. The results of these excavations are published in a recent work, and are extremely interesting to the student of ancient Greek life. A museum in the modern city of Thera contains many objects of archæological curiosity.

Our next stay was at Crete. The insurrection, of which your readers have heard so much, was nowhere in evidence, although we visited four points on the island. The first object of attention was the museum at Candia, in which are stored the remarkable finds of the various sites of excavation. The beauty and interest of these objects are surprising, and indicate a high stage of culture at the early period to which they are ascribed. It would take a volume to describe these remains, and I can single out for mention only the fresco paintings and pre-Mycenæan vases (the so-called Kamáres ware) as of special interest. An hour's ride from Candia brings one to Knossos, where we were welcomed by Mr. Arthur Evans, who was at work with a large force on his excavations. That very afternoon—as if, he said, to do honor to the Congress—an ancient stairway lying some ten feet below the surface appeared for the first time in many centuries. It evidently belonged to some important complex of buildings, now in process of excavation. The extreme thoroughness and care with which the digging at Knossos has been conducted were a theme of general comment. Under the guidance of Mr. Evans the portion of the company understanding English were conducted through the Mycenæan palace, while the Germans were guided by Dr. Dörpfeld, and still another section followed a French scholar. Mr. Evans pointed out that this palace was built on the site of successive settlements, going back possibly 10,000 years, and that it was probably destroyed by fire about 1500 B. C. One shaft showed deposits thirty-five feet in depth. An English tea served in the shade of an olive grove refreshed the company not a little.

The following day we made a brief visit to Gournia, the site of the labors of our dauntless American archæologist, Miss Harriet Boyd. Here we saw walls of prehistoric houses and of a small palace, which Miss Boyd thinks older than the Mycenæan period. We tried to land at Palaikastro, the site of excavations conducted by the British School at Athens, but the high sea came near upsetting one boat, and prevented many from making the attempt. Phaistos was in some respects even more interesting than Knossos. Its situation is wonderfully beautiful. The Italians have done the work here in a most admirable manner. Two building periods are clearly visible; an older palace lying under the remains of a younger one. From the ruins of this palace one receives the impression of a lordly mansion, fitted up with luxurious appointments. Particularly impressive is the series of steps, leading to a large open court, which may have served as a place of exhibition or a *theatron*. A light and hard limestone, called alabaster stone, and quarried in Crete, was used abundantly in the construction of this palace.

We next sailed to Cnidos and had glorious views of Rhodes and other islands. Cnidos is still virgin soil for explorers. It was easy to trace the walls of the ancient city, running from the summit of the cliff to the sea. A well-built exedra, a large theatre, the moles of the two harbors, one facing north and the other south, and numerous foundations made the archæologists of our party eager for the chance to put pick and spade into this promising ground. Two houses of Turks alone occupy the site of this once-flourishing city, for whose inhabitants Praxiteles made his famous Aphrodite.

The next day saw us at Cos, an attractive island by reason of its fertility and beautiful outlines. It was in ancient times a second Epidaurus and the home of famous physicians. It enjoyed its greatest prosperity under the Ptolemys. The beauty of the island is celebrated by Theocritus, and a poem of Herondas speaks of statues which once stood on bases near the temple of Asclepius. Possibly, a statue of a half-nude Aphrodite by Praxiteles stood in the precinct of the Asclepieum, and it is quite certain that this temple possessed a painting of Aphrodite Anadyomenos by Apelles. This ancient sanitarium flourished after the beginning of our era. The ruins of a fountain house built by Nero are still to be seen.

Our next point of attack was Didyma, the seat of the great Apollo temple. Our path led over the sacred way from Panormos, once lined with statues, some of which are now in the British Museum. Two lofty columns with a piece of the architrave resting upon them, with many fragments and foundations, mark the site of the great temple. Much of the excavation remains to be done. The wish was expressed by several scholars of different nationalities that some American Crœsus would furnish the means to complete what promises such an abundant reward.

The following day was the Greek Easter. We landed at the site of ancient Samos to examine the few remains of the old city and to see the aqueduct constructed by Polycrates. We went also across the bay to the ancient Heræum, a solitary ruin, close to the sea, of which only a single column and foundations remain. In the afternoon we were received by the Prince of Samos, who, though an appointee of the Sultan, is a Greek, and holds practically an independent position.

Monday, May 1st, was spent at Ephesus. A more melancholy ruin than that of this once flourishing city it would be difficult to imagine. The ancient harbor is a morass. The whole site is marshy, and the unusual amount of rain that has fallen this year has flooded many of the ruins. Blocks of marble were scattered over the entire length of the street (about 600 metres) from the old harbor to the Agora. Ruins of probably the oldest church edifice remain *in situ*. It was built of brick, and, from an inscription, it seems to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In this church were held the two councils of Ephesus. The best preserved of the ancient buildings is the library, which had a handsome façade and a grand stairway leading up to it. Thirty niches for shelves are seen, which could hold 24,000 rolls of parchment. These ruins were explained to us by Professor Heberdey, who has had charge of the work for the Austrian Government. Later in the day a number of the party walked to the Artemisium, situated about a mile and a half northeast of the city. The excavation of this great temple is still in progress, and its exact dimensions are not yet accurately determined. The foundations are under water, and it is a difficult

task to make trenches and to lay bare the ancient structure. Whether the work is really worth doing, is a question that suggests itself, in view of the magnitude and expense of the undertaking.

The next day was given to Pergamon, where the Germans, under the effective leadership of Dörpfeld, are still digging. As one clambers about the stupendous ruins of the city, one wonders why it was ever built so far inland, on such a steep height, and on a site requiring such an enormous outlay. Of special interest here are the theatre and the great altar of Zeus, supposed to be referred to as "the throne of Satan" in the Book of Revelation. From this altar were taken the great slabs of the frieze, representing the contest of gods and giants, now in the Berlin Museum.

The last day but one of this interesting tour was devoted to "Troy divine." The hill on which the city was built occupies a commanding position between the Simois and the Scamander. The plain is surprisingly fertile and beautiful, many oak trees dotting its surface. Far in the background looms up Mt. Ida, with snow-capped summit. With consummate skill, Dr. Dörpfeld explained the labyrinth of walls and complex strata of débris, and pointed out the nine layers of ruins that succeed one another and testify to successive periods of occupation. All scholars know that Schliemann was misled in placing the Homeric city in the second stratum, and that it is the sixth from the bottom that belongs to the Mycenæan period. Most impressive is the great wall, with its gates, which surrounded and guarded the city of Priam. As we stood on the ruins of the huge tower that defended the entrance at the northeast, and as we overlooked the plain, the old story of the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector gained new meaning, and became a vivid reality.

The next day, on board the *Antigone*, Professor Dörpfeld instructed us with his theory of the composition of the Odyssey, but the length of this letter forbids my giving any account of it now.

M. L. D'Ooge.

COUNT LAVALETTE'S MEMOIRS.—II.

Paris, May 15, 1905.

Lavalette filled the office of Director of the Post-Office during the period of the Empire. He had been made a Count, a Councillor of State. He organized the difficult service of the post at a time when the limits of France extended to the Rhine, to the two peninsulas of Spain and Italy, and armies were kept all over Europe; he became, so to speak, the centre of a perpetual movement between all parts of the Empire.

The events of 1814 put an end for a time to his public career. When he heard the news of Napoleon's return from the Island of Elba and of the departure of Louis XVIII., he went to the General Post-Office and resumed almost naturally his functions; he awaited Napoleon's arrival at the Tuileries.

"I found, towards eleven o'clock, an order to go to the Tuileries. I saw there the former ministers and the Emperor in the midst of them, speaking quietly of administrative matters as if it had been ten years before. He came out of his bath wearing his undress uniform. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of all those persons who had so long worked under him, contributed to efface completely from my mind the family of the Bourbons and their one year's reign. On one of the pieces in the apartment were placed, without any order, the marble busts of Louis XVI., of the Dauphin, the father of the present princes, and of a few princesses. These busts were removed the next day."

When Napoleon saw Lavalette he went to him, pinched his ear, which was the mark of his greatest favor, and offered him the Ministry of the Interior. Lavalette declined it, and asked to be simply appointed Director of the Post, where he thought he could be more useful. "Well," said Napoleon, "I will take Carnot." The Emperor, Lavalette says, made a good choice; Carnot was a patriot and an honest man. Molé was introduced; he refused the Foreign Office and likewise returned to his post of the Ponts-et-Chaussées. The Emperor placed Fouché at the head of the police, though he had not much confidence in him.

"One evening," writes Lavalette, "everybody was gone when the Emperor entered with Fouché a room next the one in which I was. The door was not quite shut; they both walked and talked quietly together. I was much surprised after some time to hear the Emperor tell him: 'You are a traitor. Why do you remain Minister of Police if you want to betray me?' I did not hear Fouché's answer, but the conversation lasted a half-hour more, both men continuing to pace up and down. . . . The next day Napoleon spoke to me of this conversation. 'I suspected,' said he, 'that the wretch [*le misérable*] was in correspondence with Vienna. I had ordered the arrest of a banker's clerk who was coming from that city; he confessed having brought to Fouché a letter from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent on a given day to Bâle.'"

Fouché, with some reluctance, confessed that he had actually received a letter, but denied that it was signed. He was certainly in correspondence with Vienna; he was preparing for any emergency. Napoleon knew it, but he found it more convenient to watch him than to dismiss him.

The day after Napoleon's arrival from Waterloo, Lavalette went to the Élysée. The Emperor received him with a sort of hysterical laughter, and, after he had recovered his presence of mind, asked what was going on in the Chamber of Deputies. Lavalette did not conceal from him the fact that the majority were determined to ask for his abdication, and, if necessary, to impose it. "Why," said he, "don't they take measures against the enemy? He will be here within a week. Alas! I have accustomed them to such great victories they cannot bear one day of misfortune. What will become of poor France? I have done for her all that I could." After the abdication, the Emperor retired to Malmaison and presently left France. A few days after his departure, Lavalette was informed that a list of proscripts was being made by Talleyrand and Fouché. On the 18th of July, he was arrested—the same day as Labédoyère. He was sent to the Conciergerie, which received a few weeks afterwards Marshal Ney. He was accused of having entered into a plot during Napoleon's stay at Elba, using the facilities which he found in the Post-Office, of which he had been so long the Director; of having resumed his functions in the Post-Office on his own authority, and employed them in favor of Napoleon while the latter was on his way to Paris. The jury pronounced affirmatively on these two questions: Is the accused guilty of conspiracy? Is he guilty of usurpation of power? The verdict had for its necessary consequence a condemnation to capital punishment.

Madame de Lavalette asked the King for an audience, which was granted her as a special favor; the like had not been conceded to Madame de Labédoyère or to Madame Ney. She was conducted before the King by the Duke de Duras, and fell on her knees before the Sovereign, who merely said to her: "Madame, I have received you in token of my interest." No more was said; she was the daughter of an *émigré*, and it was generally thought that this audience implied a pardon. Madame de Lavalette was born in 1780. Her maiden name was Louise Émilie de Beauharnais. Her father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, represented the elder branch of the family. He had a brother Alexandre, who was married to Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie. During the Revolution the Marquis emigrated and joined at Coblentz the army of the Princes. His wife was arrested and remained two years in prison. The young Émilie had been left in care of a governess. Napoleon afterwards arranged the marriage between her and his aide-de-camp Lavalette, while she was still in the *pension* of Madame Campan. Lavalette saw her but little during the early days of his married life, as he could not often leave the army. When Josephine became Empress, Madame de Lavalette became one of the *dames du palais*. She did not much like her functions, and, after the divorce and the Emperor's marriage with Marie-Louise, she seized the opportunity to regain her liberty. From that time she was but little seen at the Tuileries, and lived almost in retirement.

The Court of Cassation rejected Lavalette's appeal, and the day of the execution approached. On the eve of it the Countess Lavalette was admitted to the prison. She wore an ample gown lined with fur, which she usually wore when she went to a ball; she had a bag, in which she had placed a black silk petticoat. When she saw her husband, she told him that all was lost, that he could hope for no reprieve or pardon, and that it only remained for him to take flight in disguise. She showed him the clothes she had brought; a *chaise à porteurs* was at the door of the prison, a carriage was waiting on the quay; a safe retreat had been prepared for him. Lavalette had prepared himself to die, and refused his wife's offer. He was afraid of being arrested in woman's costume, thus adding ridicule to the tragedy of his death. His wife insisted, and in the end he yielded. She dressed him, put her own hat on his head, and rang for the porter; Lavalette left his cell, followed by his wife's servant and her daughter. Nobody interfered with this group of women, apparently overpowered with sorrow; the soldiers on guard at the door saw them go by. Lavalette entered the sedan-chair, and soon after went off in a cab.

The escape took place on the 23d of December, and Lavalette remained in concealment in Paris till the 10th of January. By a singular favor of fortune, he found an asylum, where nobody could think of looking for him, in the Ministry of the Foreign Office, which was then occupied by the Duke de

Richelieu. One of the employees of the ministry was M. Bresson. He had been a Deputy in the Convention, had voted against the execution of Louis XVI., and been proscribed; had found, with his wife, an asylum in the Vosges, in a family with whom he remained concealed for two years. Madame de Lavalette addressed herself to her, and, though she did not know Lavalette, she offered to give him a room in the Ministry. Her husband was absent at the time, but she did not doubt that he would approve her conduct. On his return Bresson entered willingly into her views. It was arranged among them all that Lavalette should pass for a new valet. Meanwhile, Madame de Lavalette was kept as a prisoner and treated with great severity, all the more because her conduct had given her great popularity.

The police made active search for her husband, who felt that he could not remain very long where he was, and determined to leave France if he could. The Princess of Vaudémont, his great friend, found in the circle of Madame de Saint-Aignan two Englishmen, a Mr. Bruce and General Wilson, who consented to help him out of the country. Wilson had already tried unsucessfully to save Marshal Ney; he was more fortunate with Lavalette. The route to Belgium through Valenciennes was selected. Lavalette was dressed like an English officer; he left his hosts on the 9th of January, 1816. There was no incident on the journey. The frontier having been crossed, Lavalette set out for Worms and Bavaria. He established himself in Munich, under a false name for a time, and afterwards stayed at Augsburg.

Madame de Lavalette, the heroine of this dramatic escape, was kept in prison for six weeks. When she was set free, the excitement she had experienced threw her into a state of profound melancholy, which soon took the form of a mental malady. She recovered after a while, but had a relapse, and when her husband returned to France, after six years of proscription, he would never again take her into society. They lived in great seclusion. By degrees she lost her mind completely, and he had no other consolation, he says himself, than to collect his memories of a great epoch and of a great man.

Correspondence.

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article on "The Senatorial Primary" in your issue of March 2, you overlook the State which was the pioneer in providing legally for popular participation in the choice of Senators. Just thirty years ago the present Constitution of Nebraska was framed with an article, separately submitted and adopted, expressly authorizing the voters to express their preference for Senatorial candidates. The privilege has been exercised repeatedly on a large scale. Thousands of electors cast their ballots for General Van Wyck as a candidate for Senator in 1886, for Mr. Bryan in 1894, and for (then) Congressman Burkett in 1904. The last named had also been nominated by the State convention of the dominant party, and his election as Senator was registered by the Legislature with hardly more of an interruption of routine business than you describe as having occurred in South Carolina two years ago. The Constitution of the latter State, by the way, proclaimed in 1896, contains a provision similar to the Nebraska clause; and in a paper read before the Nebraska State Historical Society and published in the Annals of the American Academy for May, 1900, the writer presented the results of a comparative study of State Constitutions, disclosing that South Carolina alone had borrowed the idea from Nebraska, and that it was original with the latter. The nomination of Senatorial candidates by party conventions, however, had been employed in Illinois, as in the case of John M. Palmer in 1890, while the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858 had brought the choice of Senators there directly, though informally, to the people at an early day.

You say that "so long as the Senate itself opposes it, a Constitutional amendment is out of the question." But why "out of the question" when the Constitution (Art. V.) makes it mandatory that "the Congress, . . . on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments which . . . shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as parts of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof"? Again, you say that "the agitation for a change in the organic law is practically hopeless." But why hopeless, when the Legislatures of no less than thirteen States have made this prescribed "application," while those of nine more have passed resolutions to the same end?

Had the movement been properly directed from the beginning, so that these resolutions had been made formal "applications," action would now be lacking on the part of but eight State Legislatures (which ought to be secured in a single winter) in order to require Congress to move. Much may be hoped for from the direct primary in bringing the Senate closer to the people; but would it not be wise for great moulders of public opinion like the *Nation* to endeavor to direct the movement for a Constitutional change and lead to a speedy and successful issue?

Charles S. Lobingier.

Department of Justice, Manila, P. I.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to correct a mistake which has found its way into your report about the exchange of teachers between the French and Prussian Governments.

Rossleben, for which the latter Government has obtained the services of a graduate from France, is situated not on the Franco-German border, but in the Prussian province of Saxony. The Rossleben Klosterschule, founded in 1554, is an institution similar to the *Fürstenschulen* at Pforta and Meissen.

J. H. S.

Berkeley, Cal., May 22, 1905.

Notes.

The issuance in June of 'Provincial America,' by Prof. Evarts B. Greene of the Illinois State University, as a separate sixth volume in Prof. A. B. Hart's "The American Nation" (Harpers), marks a departure from the first procedure, when five volumes were brought out at once. Hereafter the work becomes, in a way, a monthly periodical.

'The Art of the National Gallery,' by Mrs. Daniel D. Addison, to be published next fall by George Bell & Sons, London, will have for its American imprint the firm name of L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

It is five years since we noticed Prof. Wilbur L. Cross's 'Development of the English Novel' (Macmillan). Meanwhile it has undergone six impressions, inclusive of the one before us. This shows that it is readable, as well as suitable for a text-book and for a book of reference. The index embraces the titles of novels commented on, along with authors and general subjects; the bibliographical notices furnish a handy conspectus.

The "Biographical Edition" of Robert Louis Stevenson's Works is tasteful in form, decently printed in large type, and more weighty in the hand than one would expect from its convenient size. The two volumes before us are 'Kidnapped' and the 'New Arabian Nights.' Mrs. Stevenson's brief introductions furnish many interesting particulars as to the occasions of writing and the use of sources; but one might wish for more dates, or indeed for any.

Dr. Horace N. Allen, who, after a long and successful career as minister of the United States to Korea, retires, to make way for the new appointee, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, has republished his two books 'Korean Tales,' long out of print, and 'A Chronological Index' in one volume, entitled 'Korea: Fancy and Fact' (Seul: Methodist Publishing House). To the two descriptive articles and the seven bits of folk-lore—the largest collection in English—Dr. Allen has added foot-notes drawn from his maturer study. For example, he considers that, instead of sixteen, Korea has but eight million people. In the second and larger part, he has brought the record of events to 1904, added lists of consular and diplomatic representatives, treaties and agreements, decorations, a bibliography of works on Korea, and an alphabetical index, making a hand-book of value.

Volume 5 of Dr. Thwaites's Journals of Lewis and Clark finds the expedition moving eastward, still hungry, food being scarce, and more ready to eat horsebeef than the Indians, who did not object to the taste, but had a sentimental feeling for the animal. Lewis treats them medicinally to general advantage; observes that some Indians clearly would have been bearded if they had not resorted to deracination; makes a "Digest" of Indians seen or heard of west of the Rockies, and reckons them at sixty to seventy thousand. The Bitter Root Mountains in May were still impassable with snow. On July 3, 1806, Lewis and Clark part company for reasons of transportation, to reunite later, but not till after the fatal encounter (July 27) of Lewis with thievish Minnitarees, which bred a legacy of bad blood for years to come. The narrative breaks off at September 26. There are few facsimiles from the MSS.

The second volume of Chancellor and

Hewes's 'The United States: A History of Three Centuries' (Putnams) does not evoke a judgment materially different from that pronounced on its predecessor. There is the same superficial treatment, the same apparent reliance on miscellaneous secondary authorities, the same jaunty and inflated style, and the same errancy. The period covered, 1698 to 1774, is of course one of fundamental importance, and one to whose better understanding there is need of substantial contribution; but we cannot discover that the authors have done more than scratch the surface of the field, while of new material there is none. For example, the chapters which deal with the history of the individual colonies offer little more than lists of governors and of a few well-known incidents, strung together without other than chronological connection, while those on the causes of the Revolution are not likely to help the reader to understand what the Revolution was all about. The sections relating to social and industrial conditions, presumably the work of Mr. Hewes, are more informing, but even here the "scrappy" character of the material, the lack of dates, and the frequent repetition or overlapping make the course of development hard to follow. It is to be regretted that a work so attractively got up should thus far exhibit so slight intrinsic merit of either substance or form.

To the Old English texts in the "Belles-Lettres Series" (D. C. Heath & Co.) have been added 'The Gospel of St. Matthew' and 'The Gospel of St. John,' edited by Prof. J. W. Bright, who has already edited the Old English version of Luke for the Clarendon Press (1893). The present volumes are neatly and attractively printed, of handy size, and inexpensive. The texts and variant readings are based upon a collation of Skeat's edition with the original manuscripts. 'The Gospel of St. John' contains a concise but full account of the extant manuscripts of the West-Saxon gospels, a statement of the arguments for and against a plurality of translators, a reprint of the "Lakelands fragment" discovered by Napier, notes (chiefly devoted to assembling the renderings of passages from John found in other Old English works), and an exhaustive glossary, contributed by Prof. L. M. Harris. 'The Gospel of St. Matthew' is issued without introduction, notes, or glossary, but most of the questions relating to all four gospels are treated of in the introduction to the other text. As the editor points out, these versions of the gospels antedate the Wyclifite Bible by four centuries, and are a subject of fruitful study to the student of English and to the student of Scripture.

Out of the fulness of his experience Mr. Eustace Miles, an English ex-champion at tennis and the like, and a creditable teacher at Cambridge, has prepared 'A Boy's Control and Self-Expression' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) to set forth the training that would better prevent the moral and physical errors into which boys are most liable to fall. Unfortunately, this requires nearly six hundred pages. His very laudable motive is to lead a boy to maintain purity of body and mind, without interfering with his physical or mental vigor and elasticity, or rendering him abnormally self-conscious. His doctrine is a combination of what is known as "The New Thought" (although he does not so designate it), the substitution of a fleshless (not a vegetarian) diet for the more stimulating one of abundant meat, a general adhesion to the theory of high and troublesome vascular tension as depending upon uric acid in the circulation, and a special advocacy of complete mastication, deep breathing, abundant light and fresh air, combined with regular and interesting occupation, although he does not insist too much on the occupation being interesting. Mr. Miles carries on a strenuous warfare against the flesh and the devil, and most boys and young men would be happier in following his general example, whether his hypotheses are to be accepted or not. One may doubt, for instance, whether a complex secretion once formed is liable to be reabsorbed; and it may be that a man who has made a hundred versions of the Lord's Prayer (p. 82), none of which is satisfactory to him now, will very greatly modify his views at large ten years hence.

In the beautifully printed work 'Orchidaceæ: Illustrations and Studies of the Family Orchidaceæ, Issuing from the Ames Botanical Laboratory, North Easton, Mass.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. Oakes Ames presents the first fascicle of a serial devoted to the illustration of some of the rarer and imperfectly known species of orchids. For a good many years Mr. Ames has given attention to this striking order of plants. Besides keeping a large number of the finer sorts under successful cultivation, he has undertaken their hybridization, with fruitful results. A few years ago he established at his home a laboratory for research along botanical lines. It possesses a copious library and a growing herbarium. The present volume gives in a permanent form some of the more important discoveries made by Mr. Ames in regard to certain orchids. It is enriched by illustrations, made by Mrs. Oakes Ames, to which special attention should be called for their fidelity and spirit. The drawings upon which the heliotype reproductions are based, are among the most satisfactory botanical sketches known, and easily take place in the first rank. The volume is a valuable and interesting contribution to the knowledge of a part of one of the most attractive orders of flowering plants.

Mr. David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I., brings his painstaking work on 'The Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.' nearly to a conclusion with Parts 9 and 10. With Part 11, including additions, corrections, and index, the enterprise will be terminated in two volumes, for want of adequate support of its continuance. The two parts before us deal with Davis, Dow, Eaton, Hoyt, Martin, Merrill, and Morrill; Morrill will proceed in the final part, and Wells be added. This is a genealogical work of first-rate excellence in presentation, and it is printed with an elegance not always correlated with intrinsic literary or scholarly work.

The Royal Society of the Antiquaries of Ireland have just put out the sixth number of their Antiquarian Handbook Series (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.). During the last ten years they have organized excursions by sea to parts of the Irish shore and the north and west of Scotland. In connection with these, guides have been prepared, and reproduced later as antiquarian handbooks. The present volume relates to a cruise undertaken in the summer of last year round the northern, western, and southern coasts of Ireland and the adjoining islands. It is divided into nine sections, made up of papers by well-known archæologists, on the chief points of interest. The greater number are by Mr. Thomas Johnson Westropp, M.R.I.A. He deals in turn with Tory Island (County Donegal), one of the first stopping-places of the party, with the coast and islands of County Mayo and County Galway, with the coast of Clare and Kerry, and, last but not least, with St. Michael's Rock and the remote and inaccessible Skelligs. Other contributors are Mr. John Cook, who describes Inismurray, County Sligo; and Mr. James Coleman; not to mention Mr. Goddard Orpen, who has written an interesting acount of the headland of Baginbun (County Wexford), the last place visited by the Society. We recommend all who intend to pass a summer in or about Ireland to possess themselves of this interesting and attractive book; it will prove a valuable supplement to the stereotyped guide-book, which is too often the despair of the educated traveller.

In 'Études de Littérature et de Morale Contemporaines' (Paris: Cornély), M. Georges Pellissier presents twenty-two journalistic essays, uncoördinated as to subject, yet sufficiently uniform in spirit and expression for collective review. Among the so-called "intellectuels," M. Pellissier always stands with the group of liberals, tolerant in principle, but ready for lively polemics against reaction, and consequently keen in detecting vulnerable points in the latest views of such men as Bourget and Brunetière. "L'Affaire Dreyfus et la Littérature Française," for instance, ironically lays bare a variety of hardly laudable motives which drove men of talent into open injustice. Throughout his work M. Pellissier keeps to the forward path, and nowhere more clearly than in "L'École sans Dieu" (a review of Payot's 'Cours de Morale'), as well as in a lecture, delivered at Geneva, which brilliantly vindicates Voltaire against the wearisome charges of metaphysical impotence or indifference. The essayist virtually says with Léon Daudet (and with Voltaire), "Environné de relatifs, l'absolu pour nous n'est qu'un vertige étiqueté." In discussing diction and style, M. Pellissier readily admits the innovating principle in language, as in "La Langue Littéraire Moderne"; while in another paper he demonstrates the indisputable harmony between *le style noble* and the æsthetic postulates which imposed its use on the neo-classic playwrights. In several respects, these sensible and entertaining studies remind us of Edmond Scherer.

Under the title 'Verspreide Studiën op het Gebied der Geschiedenis,' Dr. P. J. Blok, professor of Dutch history in the University of Leyden, has collected his scattered contributions in a neat volume of 364 pages (Groningen: J. B. Wolters). At least two of these papers, on John of Nassau and the Battle of Mookerheide, had appeared as small bound volumes, previous to the publication of his great work on the History of the Netherlands, of which the sixth volume was issued a few months ago. After life-long service in the field of historical research and teaching, this successor of Fruin hopes, within two or three years, to issue the seventh and last vol-

ume of his history of the Dutch people. Of the twelve papers in the 'Studiën,' two deal with the Frisians, at Rome and in the Middle Ages. In treating of the religion of William the Silent, Blok makes him a sincere Calvinist, with peculiar breadth of mind and a determined purpose of toleration quite foreign to the Calvinism of his day. "The Last Half of the Nineteenth Century" is a vivid retrospect in scholarly form. One pleasing result of our author's publication concerning the battle of Mookerheide—so long the synonym for conversational malediction and general Dutch expletive—is the handsome memorial in marble and gold to "the generous blood of Nassau," poured out from the veins of two princes of this famous house, set up in the Reformed Church at the village of Mook, not far from the bloody heath. In the sixth volume of his History, the Republic under the Regents and the Republic under the Hereditary Prince-Stadholdership are considered. This covers the period of the American Revolution and the fall of the Dutch Republic, with the usual critical review of the sources of authority. We have thus a history (1702-1795) of the eighteenth century as the Dutch saw it, in the author's own style, combining the encyclopædic and the philosophic, and picturing vividly the social, religious, and commercial as well as political movement of the nation.

It seems that a warning is necessary lest the revival of interest in Hawker of Morwenstow, due to the publication of a new biography, should lead to the placing of undue confidence in his statements on matters of fact. Mr. Quiller-Couch, one of the highest living authorities on Cornwall and Cornishmen, declares point blank in the *Young Man* that, while in many respects Hawker was a fine, breezy character, he was in others somewhat of a humbug, not to say a "fakir." On one occasion, for instance, he lamented that at Morwenstow he was cut off from the world, and that the only book to which he had had access during the previous six months was one of the Fathers of the Church. Actually, he was at the time subscribing to Mudie's, and regularly receiving from them boxes of books. On the question of wrecking, particularly, according to Mr. Quiller-Couch, the testimony of Hawker "must not be taken too literally."

Japan is the principal topic in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. In its fisheries, says Dr. H. M. Smith of our Bureau of Fisheries, it ranks above all other nations in the number of persons engaged in the industry, the amount of the product and its importance in the domestic economy, the skill shown in catching and the methods of scientific aquiculture, and the extent to which water growths of all kinds are utilized. He describes from personal observation several methods of catching fish, but omits to tell how sharks are taken. These are among the commonest and most wholesome of Japanese food-fishes, and are sent in immense numbers to the markets, where they are "butchered" as beeves are in our country. Mr. Smith saw a net for yellowtails over a mile long with a bag 900 feet long, 250 feet wide at its mouth, and 125 feet deep, and requiring 150 to 200 men to care for it. On one occasion 10,000 fish, averaging 20 pounds each, were taken at one haul. In each of the prefectures there is a department of fisheries, and many stations and laboratories have been established. The Imperial fisheries school at Tokyo has three departments of study, each with a three years' course, with provision for post-graduate work, and receives an annual Government subsidy of $70,000. An attractive feature of this as of all recent issues of the magazine is the copious photographic illustrations of the various articles and notes. The membership of the National Geographic Society, of which the magazine is the organ, has reached 5,000, making the largest geographical society in the world. Nearly every section of the globe is represented in it.

In a report of our consul-general at Tientsin, published in the Daily Consular Reports for May 19, is given a schedule of railways constructed and projected in China. The first heading should read "constructed and being constructed," as several of those mentioned are not completed. For instance, the list includes the American line from Canton to Hankau, 800 miles, about which there has been some diplomatic correspondence recently between Washington and Pekin. Work upon this has but just begun; less than fifty miles, if we are not mistaken, have been built, and it will probably be three years before the line will be opened. From the report, one would infer that the whole 800 miles were finished.

The Classical Association of England and Wales, constituted in December, 1903, has lost no time in pursuing one at least of its aims, *i. e.*, to improve the practice of classical teaching by discussion of its scope and methods. We have just received the circular of a committee appointed to consider the spelling of Latin texts for school and college use. They desire to have the opinion of teachers (and this must be founded not on theory, but on experience) as to (a) the marking of the long vowels in Latin texts intended for the use of beginners; and (b) the writing of the consonants or semi-vowels i (j) and u (v). Those who wish to assist the committee are requested to answer the questions in the form, and to return it with their signature and description to the honorary secretary, Professor Postgate, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Under the auspices of the Historical Society, a second loan exhibition is now being held in Oxford. It consists of some two hundred portraits, most of them lent by the various colleges and foundations, and representing personages who died between 1625 and 1714. This is the period of Van Dyck, of Lely, and of Kneller, and the University of Oxford might have been expected to possess numerous examples of these masters. Such is far from being the case. It boasts some good Knellers—the portrait of the mathematician Wallis is the best—but it has no unchallenged Lely (the portrait of Anne, Countess of Rochester, belongs to Lord Dillon), and only one Van Dyck, the Jesus College portrait of Charles I. The other so-called Van Dycks are said to be copies, and, indeed, some critics dispute the genuineness of the Charles I., fine painting though it undoubtedly is. In the absence of any authenticated work by his hand, the collection offers some fine pictures by his native-born assistants and pupils, *e. g.*, Riley's clever painting of "A Scullion of Christchurch," Robert Walker's "Oliver Cromwell" (lent by Lord Spencer), and J. M. Wright's splendid "Prince Rupert." Lely's assistants, Mrs. Beale and John Greenhill, and Kneller's Swedish rival, Michael Dahl, are also well represented. There is no doubt, however, that the pictures, as a whole, are interesting as historical mementos rather than as works of art.

—The Royal Historical Society, in the latest volume of its transactions (New Series, Vol. XVIII.), presents a series of seven essays besides Dr. Prothero's third presidential address. Among the essays, the most interesting item is a discussion of "A Supposed Conspiracy against Henry VII.," by Dr. James Gairdner and Mr. I. S. Leadam. The incident is connected with the flight of Edmund de la Pole from England and his residence abroad. As Dr. Gairdner is willing to admit, the King felt a good deal of apprehension as to what De la Pole might be able to accomplish; but while Mr. Leadam has been able to collect evidence which points towards a plot, the conspiracy was so obscure that, besides having eluded the notice of historians, there is much difficulty in following its progress even now. Of the other papers, Col. Lloyd's article upon "Canning and Spanish America" is the most likely to attract attention in this country. Dr. Prothero, who is nothing if not practical, dwelt last year upon the shortcomings of English bibliographers. On the present occasion, after disposing of a necrology that includes Lecky and Mommsen, he censures the neglect of English writers to produce adequate works on the history of the nineteenth century. This discussion leads to an interesting comparison between the part taken by modern history in the universities of France, Germany, and the United States, on the one hand, and the position assigned it at Oxford and Cambridge, on the other. Dr. Prothero goes so far as to print in schedule form a list of the courses actually given at the chief seats of learning outside of England, with the name of the professor attached to each course. The comparison is made to bring out a notable failure on the part of Oxford and Cambridge to give instruction in the political development of modern states. Of the two universities, Oxford incurs the severest criticism, on the ground that its school of history "is unquestionably the most productive and the most influential in the kingdom." Thus, while Professor Firth attacks the historical methods of Oxford at one point, Dr. Prothero assails them at another. It should be noted, however, that, since this address was delivered, the Modern History School at Oxford has so far enlarged its programme as to take in the period 1815-1878. When Professor Bury's St. Louis address is published, Dr. Prothero will find that it contains a forcible defence of his views on grounds more general than any which he himself has urged.

—It is some mitigation of the mischief of Chamberlainism that it has not only called forth many able restatements of the free-trade position, but has promoted fresh inquiries into economic history. One of the most useful of these studies was undertaken by Prof. J. S. Nicholson of Edin-

burgh, resulting in his Gilbey lectures, delivered at Cambridge last year, and now published under the title of 'The History of the English Corn Laws' (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners). This volume, though avowedly prepared to meet the present discontents, is entirely free from partisanship. It emphasizes particularly the connection of the Corn Laws with British social legislation in general, and warns against the danger of appealing to historical precedents without taking into account all the circumstances of the case. Professor Nicholson thus corrects certain misapprehensions common among free-trade advocates; he shows, for instance, that the effect of these laws in raising prices has been exaggerated, and that the struggle for their repeal is incorrectly described as a conflict of class interests. But his removal of popular errors in nowise weakens the case against protection. Thus, he makes it clear that, though the Corn Laws did not produce constant high prices, the fluctuations in price which they did produce were an evil both to the farmer and to the consumer. The writer's careful investigation of this phase of protective legislation leads up to the conclusion that, while its intention was good, its results were disastrous. His comment on the present situation is suggestive rather than dogmatic, but Mr. Chamberlain's party will gather cold comfort from such an expression of expert opinion as this: "It is said that conditions have changed, and that a change of economic policy is required. To such a general statement it may suffice to reply that the conditions have certainly become more complex, and it is improbable that methods which failed under simpler conditions will succeed under more complex." That their failure was complete, Professor Nicholson entertains no doubt: "They did not steady prices or benefit the farmer; they did not prevent the flow of labor from the country to the towns, and they did not make the nation independent of foreign food supplies."

—As a piece of historical composition, Mr. H. S. Wheatly Crowe's 'In Defence of a King' (Liverpool: Edward Howell) is decidedly amateurish. But we doubt whether it should be tried by ordinary canons since it seems to be designed altogether as a work of edification. The King in question is Charles I., who, to Mr. Crowe, is the one type for all ages of the righteous man and the great ruler. Of his own book, the author says in a brief introduction: "Founded on history and on such private assistance as I could collect, I have stated nothing in these pages which has not been generally accepted as true, nor have I stated anything without having good reason and good authority for so doing." After this prefatory declaration, the whole apparatus of footnotes and references usually employed in controversial literature would seem to be unnecessary, and in fact it is not supplied. After the exordium already quoted, Mr. Crowe opens his first chapter with the following sentence: "It has never been doubted by anyone that when Charles the First came to the throne, if not yet outwardly, but inwardly, the English nation was in an uncontrollable state of boiling disorder; for the arbitrary and bigoted ideas of Elizabeth, especially at the latter end of her reign, had done very little for the country's good." The book closes as follows: "As the king's body was being carried to the chapel, a heavy snowstorm came on, and the black pall which covered the coffin soon became completely covered by a sheet of pure white snow. Thus a sign! proclaiming his innocence, and an intimation that he had been received into the hands of the Great Keeper of all things. God rest his soul." We furnish our readers with some means of judging the character of this volume by quoting its alpha and omega. What lies between may be styled one of the curiosities of literature. Lest this statement seem unwarranted, we will give one further excerpt: "When the dreadful deed was over, which denounced all those who were concerned in it as murderers, one could only say, that there had been foully done to death the best Christian, the best master, the best father, the most worthy gentleman, and the greatest man that ever lived."

—The third edition of George Kamensky's translation of Mendeléeff's 'Principles of Chemistry' (Longmans, Green & Co.), probably from the definitive edition of the original, incorporates a laborious revision by Mendeléeff, for the years intervening since the last edition have been wonderful years for chemistry. Our readers need not, perhaps, be reminded that the book, as an account of the distinctive properties of all the chemical elements, which is its character, is one of the most, if not the very most, marvellous achievement in making a subject of infinite details untiringly interesting, and investing it with a power of taking root in the reader's memory. It is also valuable as expressing with unusual openness all the processes of thought of one of the greatest scientific reasoners that ever lived. It cannot, however, be called a model of judicious and calm logic. Whatever proposition Mendeléeff inclines to, which must be something illuminating his most famous discovery, will be for him "a logical development"; while anything else will be a "hypothesis," regardless of its logical genesis. The phase rule is admitted to the rank of "a theory," which he hopes may in time develop into "the true theory." On many points he is skeptical about the doctrines of the new chemistry, and sometimes his objections have no little force, but they are always exaggerated. Perhaps the most valuable addition to this edition, because the substance of it will not be found elsewhere, is an admirable account of all the metals of the rare earths, contributed to this edition from the pen of B. Brauner, than whom no authority could be higher and probably no other as competent in every way for this task. It shows the "periodic law," as it is called—though it never was anything more than a rule of waviness—suffering under the serious defection of over a dozen elements; and a whole horizontal line (or two, as commonly drawn up) is erased from Mendeléeff's table. Brauner compares the series of elements from cerium to ytterbium to the triads in the eighth column, iron, nickel, cobalt, etc., where the atomic weights progress while the general chemical character remains constant. This is a matter of deep interest for scientific logic on account of the extraordinary success of almost all the predictions that have been based on Mendeléeff's scheme, which have by no means been confined to the existence of scandium, gallium, and germanium. It cannot, of course, break the probative force of successful prediction, but it must cause men to scrutinize instances of it, and see to what circumstances it may have been due. We must add that the "periodic law" retains all the value it ever had for other parts of the table. The three English editions of the book, which have represented three successive Russian editions, have all had different English editors. The first of them was a fairly competent person as translators go, and the others have been careful about getting the numbers right; the last corrects the form of some names, and Wyruboff, for example, no longer occasionally figures as Wernhoff. But otherwise, the new editor leaves much to be desired, and in several instances renders statements false which in the previous editions had been rightly given.

—Dr. O. E. Lessing, of the University of Wisconsin, has published in his "Grillparzer und das Neue Drama" (Munich: R. Piper & Co.) an interesting contribution to the rapidly growing list of works dealing with Grillparzer. The day is long past when not only critics of the stamp of Wolfgang Menzel, but literary historians of considerable acumen, like Gervinus and Julian Schmidt, could afford to belittle the significance of the Austrian dramatist; though, among the living, Rudolf Gottschall could still coin the ludicrous phrase that "Grillparzer was incapable of development." There has grown up in Germany, within recent years, a Grillparzer literature inferior in volume and minuteness of research only to that which gathers steadily around the names of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. No critical biography of the poet that has hitherto appeared in either Austria or Germany equals in scholarly comprehensiveness and charm of style the Frenchman Auguste Ehrhard's 'Franz Grillparzer: Le Théâtre en Autriche'; but many other notable monographs, such as those of Volkelt, Scherer, and Emil Reich, show that posterity has begun to ratify the judgment of Byron, who, in 1821, wrote: "Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they *must* learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for translation . . . the tragedy of 'Sappho' is superb and sublime! And who is he? I know him not, but ages will."

—Dr. Lessing has, in his critical estimate, not unwisely ignored the crude and dismal (for all its poetic diction) "Ahnfrau," Grillparzer's first and long his most popular work, which allied him throughout his life, in the opinion of the unthinking, with the "fate tragedians" of the school of Müllner and Werner. "Die Ahnfrau" bears the same relation to Grillparzer's "König Ottokars Glück und Ende" or "Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn" that Schiller's "Robbers" does to his "Wallenstein" or "Wilhelm Tell"; but the choice of the subject in Grillparzer's case was purely accidental, as it was not in Schiller's. Dr. Lessing's main thesis—the influence of Hegel on Grillparzer's philosophic and æsthetic theories and on his political attitude—is somewhat forced. The poet's caustic wit spared Hegel, as many of his epi-

grams testify, as little as, for instance, Richard Wagner:

> "Habe die Hegel'sche Philosophie überlebt,
> Werd' auch die Zukunftsmusik überleben";

and we can imagine with what scorn he would have resented Dr. Lessing's linking his name with that of Hebbel (whom he cordially disliked) as protagonists of the new ("collectivist") drama. In fact, the relation between Grillparzer and the modern German dramatists is not made perfectly clear, though chance has quite recently led Gerhart Hauptmann to dramatize, under the title of "Elga," Grillparzer's novel, 'Das Kloster bei Sendomir.' Our author follows pretty closely the most judicious current estimates of Grillparzer's work, particularly his Greek and Hapsburg dramas; although he assigns to "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen" a secure place next to "Romeo and Juliet." He sees Hegel's influence in "Weh' dem, der lügt" (Grillparzer's only comedy), and, most distinctly in his two latest works, "Libussa" and "Die Jüdin von Toledo." The essay is noteworthy as, in a sense, the tribute of an American university to the genius of Grillparzer, the most conspicuous, though perhaps not the greatest, of Austrian dramatists.

BOOKS ON ART.

Miniatures. By Dudley Heath. (The Connoisseur's Library.) London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Auguste Rodin: The Man—his Ideas—his Works. By Camille Mauclair. Translated by Clementina Black. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. New and enlarged edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Velazquez. By Auguste Bréal. (The Popular Library of Art.) London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Dudley Heath's book on miniatures is in more than one respect the best of several on the subject which the recent revival of interest in miniature painting has brought forth. From the historical side, Mr. Heath presents by far the clearest and fullest account we have seen of the derivation of the modern art of portraiture in little from the elder arts of illumination and missal-painting which gave it its name. The pedigree is made out clearly, from the earliest illuminated manuscripts to the miniatures of Holbein and Clouet, the fathers of the art in England and France. On the mooted question as to whether any of the so-called Holbein miniatures were actually painted by Holbein, Mr. Heath takes the affirmative, and there can be little doubt that he is right. Such contemporary evidence as there is is all in his favor, but the most conclusive evidence is that of the works themselves. Undoubtedly miniatures have been attributed to Holbein which he did not paint—miniatures painted before he came to England, miniatures painted after his death; above all, miniatures entirely unworthy of his skill. But a certain number of the little portraits of his period can have been done by no one else; they are as unmistakably his as is the wonderful Erasmus of the Louvre.

Most convincing of all is his own portrait in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. This is Holbein and by himself—doubt is impossible. It bears the inscription "H. H. An. 1543. Aetatis suæ 45," exactly the date and age inscribed on Vosterman's engraving, and the composition is identical with that of the engraving, only reversed—an indication that the miniature cannot have been copied from the engraving, while the engraving may well have been copied from the miniature. The most notable difference in the two portraits is that the face in the engraving wears a slight moustache which is absent from the miniature; but, considering the inferiority of the engraving at every point and its deformation of the features of the great artist, this may well have been an ineptitude of the engraver. The head in the painting is very like that in the early drawing at Basle, only grown older and graver, and it is the only portrait of Holbein in his later years that one can accept as credible, while in drawing and workmanship, to judge by the reproduction, it is such as no other man of his time could have made it. Mr. Heath does not go into this reasoning or mention the Vosterman engraving; he simply accepts the miniature on its face as an original Holbein. For our part we not only believe, unhesitatingly, that Holbein painted miniatures in England and founded the English school of miniature painting, but we believe that these miniatures are worthy of more study than has yet been given them for the light they are capable of throwing on the evolution of the master's style.

Mr. Heath is a miniature painter himself, not a mere collector or fancier, and his critical judgments are those of an artist who takes his art seriously, and who knows its methods and its resources; they are therefore of more moment than those of the ordinary writer on the subject, who merely reflects the prevalent taste of collectors. Being what he is, it is natural that he should heartily appreciate such a masculine genius as that of Samuel Cooper, not only a brilliant miniaturist, but a great portrait painter, and that he should refuse to join in the general enthusiasm for the rather flimsy cleverness of Cosway, whose vaporous prettiness is, for most people, the ideal of miniature art. Mr. Heath's technical knowledge enables him to point out, however, that Cosway's style was determined almost as much by the introduction of ivory as a ground for miniature painting as by his own temperament and the taste of his day. The painters on card or vellum had no such temptation to subordinate truth and force to the perfectly legitimate display of the beauty of their material, and Mr. Heath is entirely just to the real ability with which Cosway adapted his slightness of method to such display.

It is a pity that our author knows nothing, or says nothing, of the recent revival of miniature painting in this country. If his work had been purely historical, there would be nothing more to say; but as he gives specimens of contemporary work in England (and pretty poor work it is), one regrets the absence of some of the much better work that has been produced in America. The illustrations are, for the most part, admirable, and they are—a matter of importance—of the exact size of the originals. The illustrations in color seem unusually successful, and are a valuable aid to understanding the various styles of work. The book would be easier of reference if various details as to provenance, etc., were given on the plates themselves, or on their guards, rather than in an "Index to Plates." The plates are not even numbered, and when there is a reference in the text to a certain plate, one must turn back to this index and identify the picture wanted by the outline cut of it there given, then turn over the plates until one finds it—a long and annoying process.

M. Camille Mauclair professes a distaste for over-enthusiasm, saying, in the preface to his book on Rodin: "It is not so much my business to display abundantly the admiration which I feel, but which, no more than my friendship, shall induce me to turn my essay into a hymn of praise. Rodin himself is the first man to be wearied by some praises, and a just observation on his methods gives him much more pleasure. Like every man of high intelligence, he would rather be understood than praised." And again, "A study is asked of me, not a panegyric. When I have reckoned up the vast quantity of work, the maker's life, theories, talks, doings, and influence, very little room will be left for compliments." There is more than once a note of disdain for "Rodin's extreme admirers" and for dealers in "literary declamations"; yet when one has finished the book one is left wondering who the admirers can be that M. Mauclair considers more extreme than himself or more declamatory. Rodin's "statues are states of the soul," and the sculptor himself is "a representative being surprised at his own immanence," and "a sort of rock concealing shapes within it and embracing in its secret recesses immense crystallized arborescences." He is "the greatest living French artist, and one of the most complex and powerful movers of thought in modern art," who "influences the soul of a generation"—and so on for many pages. He surpasses Puget and Rude and Barye, and is, indeed, "supreme in the rich French school," which is not, however, so rich as we had imagined, for "Dujalbert, Chapu, Mercié, Frémiet, Saint-Marceaux, and Falguière are but sham great sculptors, nothing of whose work will last," while "the École group, from Paul Dubois to Barrias, Aubé, and Guillaume, is a mere example of pretentious insignificance." Finally, he is "a master and a prophet," and "the Michael Angelo of the modern world." For one who would "avoid any extravagant eulogy," this is pretty well.

In short, M. Mauclair is, what his other books have shown him, a violent partisan, who not only lauds to the skies everything which he admires, but damns with equal vigor everything else. He is not content that Rodin shall be reckoned a great sculptor and a forceful and original artist—he must be thought the only sculptor, and a profound thinker, a great poet, a prodigious intellect, as well. He is not content that other sculptors shall be pronounced relatively inferior to his hero—they must be contemptuously effaced that his hero may stand alone. Such a method is dangerous, and is apt to rouse antagonism in any reader accustomed to think for himself.

Fortunately, there is something besides extravagance of praise or blame in this book. There are long passages of explanation from which some idea may be obtained

of what kind of a sculptor Rodin is, of the nature of his ideals, and the reason of his methods. They are not always very clear or very intelligible, and, in the absence of opportunity to compare the original with the translation, one can only guess how much of their vagueness is the fault of M. Mauclair, how much that of his translator; but an attentive reader can glean a good deal. There are, above all, long quotations from Rodin himself—quotations which show him to us as he is, a man of vigorous temperament and immense vitality, but of no great intellectual clarity; a natural craftsman, with a genius for the manipulation of material; an artist who produces by instinct, and occasionally tries, rather ineffectually, to discover his reasons afterwards. Finally, there are the forty plates. It is natural enough, perhaps, that the work of an impressionist sculptor should be reproduced in impressionistic photographs, but one could wish for illustrations of greater clearness that should enable us to judge more accurately what the work is and how it is done. Still, these plates do help us, as far as they go, to understand Rodin, and, like the text of the volume, are in so far welcome.

It is refreshing to turn from M. Mauclair to Mr. Brownell, and to reread the chapters of 'French Art' which deal with Rodin. This "new and enlarged edition" is identical in text with the illustrated edition of four years ago, and there is, therefore, nothing new in it, but it is good to have it reprinted. Mr. Brownell is certainly a sufficiently ardent admirer of Rodin, and we remarked, in reviewing the illustrated edition, on the disproportionate amount of space allotted to that master; but, compared to M. Mauclair, he is coolness and impartiality personified. Mr. Brownell is, fortunately, capable of admiring many things, and of trying to understand more things than he greatly admires. His weakness as a critic of art is his lack of technical knowledge, and of any adequate conception of the dependence of artistic expression, and even of artistic thought, upon technical methods; his strength is a catholicity of temper and a great intellectual subtlety. His criticism is apt to strike an artist as marked by a certain aloofness from the concrete, as if it emanated from a disembodied spirit, but the intelligence which seems served by no human senses is a high and clear one. That there is a continued public demand for his books is a welcome sign that intellectual effort is still possible, and that intellectual pleasure is still enjoyed.

M. Bréal's little book on Velazquez lives up to the excellent reputation of the series to which it belongs. The author makes no attempt at elaborate technical criticism, like that of Stevenson, but he does succeed in giving a clear idea of the nature of Velazquez's genius, of what he was, and what he was not, together with all that is necessary of biographical information regarding an entirely uneventful life. He has no desire to write one of those "volumes on the paintings of the masters so complete and definite that they dispense with the necessity of seeing their works. . . . This volume is neither a treatise on æsthetics, nor an historical essay, nor a catalogue, nor even a guide-book. We beg the reader not to take it with him if he goes to see any of Velazquez's pictures. This little book is merely an invitation to the journey." This modest intention is admirably fulfilled. One gets such a notion of the quiet, impartial, unimpassioned, unimaginative, wonderfully true and beautiful works of the greatest of the masters of pure painting, that one is possessed with the desire to take the next steamer for Europe, and to go straight to Madrid without stopping for anything else.

But if one is placed under the spell of the great Spaniard's mastery, one is duly warned of the steps by which it was attained. There is a passage of some length, apropos of Velazquez's *bodegones*, which is so profitable for instruction that we cannot refrain from quoting it nearly entire.

"Velasquez is a perfect example of what dexterity and craftsmanship ought to be in a master, namely, the outcome of severe and protracted study. The painter who, later on, was able to indicate with a single touch—fleeting and decisive—a belt buckle, a sword hilt, the ribbon of a hoop, and the very life of a glance, began by meticulously elaborating portraits of pots and by patiently painting in every line of a model's grimace. Little by little, alone and by himself, he acquired and amassed the experience which is represented by a single trickle of paint in 'Las Meniñas.' Never has more audacious synthesis been produced by more careful analysis. This might furnish a subject of meditation for those young 'masters' who start by audacities which are all the easier for being unconscious. It is impossible to synthesize, it is impossible to epitomize (in painting), what one has not studied. If one begins by the end, one is in danger of ending by the beginning; and *if early works that are labored do not imply future mastery, early works that are masterly are the manifestation of an artist without personality.*"

The phrase we have italicised is worthy of being writ large on the walls of our schools of art for the benefit of those miscalled students who are so afraid of being timid that they dare not really study anything.

The quality of the English in our quotations shows sufficiently well that M. Bréal is quite justified in his note of thanks to the translator, Mme. Simon Bussy. Certain passages in which M. Bréal himself quotes from others, the original text being given in a note, confirm our feeling that Mme. Bussy is as accurate as readable. It is a genuine pleasure to come across such a workmanlike performance. The physical make-up of the handy little volume, with its flexible cover, is charming, but the illustrations make one regret the smallness of scale. Velazquez suffers more than almost any one from excessive reduction and from the shortcomings of process-work. Little besides the composition is visible in these small plates, and composition is not his forte. The inclusion of certain details, heads, etc., on a larger scale helps out somewhat, but not much. For those who cannot see the originals, the only even moderately useful substitutes are the large Braun photographs.

MORE FICTION.

Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World. By Maurice Hewlett. Harpers.

Veranilda. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Constance Trescot. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL.D. The Century Co.

The Celibates' Club. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co.

The Belted Seas. By Arthur Colton. Henry Holt & Co.

The Probationer, and Other Stories. By Herman Whitaker. Harpers.

In a preface to the story called "Brazenhead the Great," Mr. Hewlett declares that "a story is a story or verbiage," thus providing a standard whereby he may be judged. In some of his work at least, a tendency to verbiage is discoverable, but his latest volume is a volume of stories, splendid stories, full of action and passion, with an undercurrent of laughter, all carried off with great spirit and style. They are told in wonderful words, so apt and abundant. Like the words of the Bible and of Shakspere, they are living words, and, as they tell the stories, they also clothe them in rich, harmonious garments. In the days when our language seems to have become a slender, cold, tinkling stream, drying at the source, Mr. Hewlett's use of it restores our confidence and our pride.

The spirit of the tales and the letter are one, even as a good rider and his horse, and the identification of the writer with his themes is so complete that one thinks favorably of the theory of reincarnation. May not the souls of Boccaccio and Benvenuto Cellini, Falstaff and Romeo, have met, combined, and squeezed themselves into the body of a twentieth-century English story-teller? At all events, Mr. Hewlett gives us episodes which would have made the refugees from plague-stricken Florence forget their peril; quick, fierce brawls, such as the great silversmith delighted in; impudent, voluble swash-bucklers of Falstaffian quality; and lovers passionate and daring as Juliet's. Lady Saill of Ventadorn, who wore a jewelled belt with the "Heart's Key," had many lovers. Three of them were bad, revengeful men, who burned Ventadorn because she had fooled them, and drove her forth in a single garment, and mocked her. But a true lover awaited her—"Guillem of Nantoil, a poor minstrel with a cropped head, meek eyes, and smooth face," who, with all his humility, knew that he could turn the key and capture Saill's fierce heart. When she had been dragged in the dust and begged her bread, his hour came.

"Early in the morning they took the road in peace; a battered soldier and his drab—who should hurt them? The primroses were out in the banks, in the meadows cowslips nodded their heads, jonquils and lady-smocks. The spring was in, earth quick with it. Nantoil was burning that day, but in the wood in the valley the doves sang clear and long. Saill put off her slippers and cooled her feet in the water; she let down the golden race of her hair and threw her head back to shake it free. As Guillem saw that proud, fine face, fronting, unashamed, the sky, his love leaped hotly in him, rebuking him for his doubt. He prayed his old prayer, 'Hey, Madame the Virgin of Ventadorn, give me the Heart's Key.'"

The foot-page, Percival Perceforest, was found weeping for Lady Mawdleyn Touchett in Winchester Cathedral. He was found by Capt. Brazenhead, "a lean man of six feet two inches, of inordinate thirst," who was at the moment attached to Mr. Jack Cade, who aspired to be King of England, yet sorely needed a stripling of wit and learning to write his dispatches for him. Brazenhead, justly called the Great, struck a bargain with Percival, and, after adventures both grave and gay, each got his reward.

Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti was a

"pleasant, handsome man, rich, young, a good fighter, very splendid in his tastes." He was also frank and just; and when he wished to break his contract of marriage with Monna Cunizza, closely allied to the great house of Uberti, he walked in among her kindred alone and unarmed, courteously saluting the company at large, and spoke:

"I have given reasons to Lambertuccio [Cunizza's father] which I hope he understands. No doubt he has told them to you. Now, in the presence of you all, his kindred, I pay the forfeit in which I stand engaged and will take my bond again. Further satisfaction I offer him for the honor of Monna Cunizza—namely, the fifty florins which I should have laid down for Morgengabe. This seems to be justly her due, since I believe from my soul every good thing of her. So I pay it now in your sight."

Unfortunately for himself, Buondelmonte had reservations. When the Uberti found out that he was already on with a new love, they lay in wait for him at the bridge end by the Church of San Stefano, and dreadful things happened.

In "The Love Chase" there are two fervent, faithful lovers, and the lady, coldly estimated, is worthy of neither. Emilia Fiordispina, La Colombina, had innumerable lovers, silent and outspoken, "A mysterious, slow, smiling little creature," Simone della Prova, marked her for his own when she was only twelve, made her swear eternal faith, with scowls, kisses, tears, oaths. Then he rode away to the serious business of war, and several years later sent her a ring to let her know that he had not forgotten, and that (when convenient) he was coming to Milan (where Emilia was maid of honor to the Duchess) to marry her. By this time he was known as the Black Dog of Citadella, and at no court in Italy would a message from him be treated lightly. He sent the ring by the Cardinal Guido Gonzaga of Milan, who told his secretary, Nello Nelli, to give it to La Colombina. The complications that ensued were tremendous, for Nello was a poet and had never been really in love. Nello is an admirably represented, typical figure of the Italian Renaissance, romantic, ardent, and brave, yet learned and of critical taste. As a lover he is incomparable, and in every aspect charming.

The women who take part in the "Fond Adventures" could be found guilty of almost any crime by a respectable modern jury composed of their own sex; on the other hand, "Not proven" is the most severe verdict that could be expected from good men and true of any race or time.

No novelist was ever more the slave of his temperament than was the late George Gissing. The life of the lower middle class in England, which he represented in most of his novels, is not absolutely without light, or hope, or joy; yet Mr. Gissing believed it was utterly mean and sordid. He hated it, resented being bound up with it, yet could not separate himself from it, and was driven to write book after book to express his contempt, almost loathing, for the social order of which he was so intimately a part. Novels written under the stress of any sort of emotion are likely to be strong and impressive; Mr. Gissing's were among the most impressive and most unpleasant of his time. His posthumous novel, 'Veranilda,' fails because it is only a product of intelligence and of scholarly interest in a remote period of history. Mr. Gissing could not identify himself with a Roman or a Goth. The feelings and motives of ambitious men playing a great game were not within his range. He could know about kings and senators, their wives, mistresses, daughters, and slaves, but the knowledge left him unmoved; he could not understand and detest them as he understood and detested suburban Londoners balefully scowling at their evening tea and jam because happier mortals were, at that moment, in terrestrial paradises, quaffing champagne. Besides being cold and formal, 'Veranilda' is a rather incoherent tale. The beautiful Goth, of royal descent, is seldom before the reader, being most of the time immured in a convent, the victim of obscure intrigues. Basil, her lover, a son of the Anician family, is not a lover to be proud of, for his lamentations over the loss of Veranilda take time that had been better spent in trying to discover her retreat. The Greek Marcian, a double-dyed traitor, really did more than Basil to win Veranilda, though in other respects he is undeserving. The most interesting parts of the book are the descriptions of the desperate condition of Italy at the time, and of Rome, fallen from her greatness, with starving people cringing before a dissolute nobility.

Mr. Frederick Harrison's preface to 'Veranilda' shows more sympathy with a friend than literary judgment. Mr. Gissing's life appears to have been a singularly sad one, offering many excuses for the bitterness and pessimism of his works.

The scene of the story of 'Constance Trescot' is in St. Ann, a small Missouri town; the time, shortly after the civil war. When Major George Trescot of Boston accepts the position in St. Ann of agent for a Northern landowner, charged to evict a number of squatters, a stirring drama, probably a tragic one, is foreseen. After a short acquaintance with the Southern community, Trescot knows that it would be wiser to conciliate the long-established occupants of Mr. Rufus Hood's lands than to insist on turning them out; but, unable to persuade his employer, he tries a test case, wins, and is immediately shot dead by the defendant's lawyer, Mr. Greyhurst. The sympathy of the community is, of course, with the murderer, so the law ignores his crime. The drama is a very fitting one for development of the character of Catherine Trescot, who may be briefly described as a woman of blood and iron. She had a strong intelligence and strong passions, and in pursuit of a desire could sweep away any obstacle less arresting than the swift, sure bullet of Mr. Greyhurst. Her passion of love for Trescot made him as clay in her hands, and her passion of hatred for Greyhurst, after the murder, devised tortures of devilish ingenuity. Mr. Kent, reviewing events, said, "Perhaps George Trescot was fortunate," an opinion that readers of the novel can hardly fail to confirm.

Constance Trescot is not a monster, but just a perfectly selfish woman, which is, perhaps, about the same thing. After her husband's death she becomes a monomaniac, but is none the less responsible for her actions. Dr. Mitchell has had ample opportunity to observe many women similarly constituted, and his delineation of Constance is as clear and assured as if she had been the subject of notes. By way of excuse or explanation, he lays stress on the contempt for religion inculcated by her uncle and guardian, Mr. Rufus Hood, but we feel that religion could only have made of her a leader of inquisitions, a slayer of innocents under suspicion of cherishing a faith that was not hers. Education has really very little effect on such women as Constance Trescot. They are born armed with weapons fitted for their purpose in life, which is always to get what they want. These weapons are dangerous, but not necessarily unpleasing. Constance, cajoling a squatter, sympathizing with vanquished Southerners, making love to her husband, appears amiable and engaging, but she knows well that her bullying methods, so successful in coercing her uncle and sister, cannot bend all the world to her will. The less important characters in the novel are well drawn, especially that of Rufus Hood, a tiresome old man, at once irresolute and obstinate and full of self-conceit. Dr. Mitchell describes St. Ann and its impoverished and bereaved inhabitants sympathetically, and revives for the modern reader the great emotion which long ago convulsed both North and South.

The 'Celibates' Club' is a collection of extravagant tales and character sketches which probably first saw the light in a comic paper. Each separate chapter is good enough for such a medium of publication, but the book is no better than an exhibition of the journalistic talent for writing up exhaustively from the slightest foundation of facts or fancy. Mr. Zangwill's way of writing up a subject is very superior. He is extraordinarily fluent; he can do almost anything with words—make puns, paradoxes, epigrams, striking phrases, run on in an amusing fashion long after his subject or suggestion is buried out of sight and forgotten. Sometimes he runs off into unmitigated nonsense, and then, except for the purposes of the comic paper, he becomes an unmitigated bore—a fate that frequently threatens in his giddy flights provoked by the conception of a Bachelors' Club and an Old Maids' Club.

The nearest discoverable thing to a motive in his madness is an intention to satirize the general modern passion for notoriety, finding most of his material in the world of actors, musicians, painters, and writers for the papers—a world that can hardly take offence at criticism which so obviously includes the author. All he says about this world expresses intimate acquaintance and personal identification with it, and a cheerfully cynical appreciation of life as he sees it, and lives it. Among his best sketches is that of Harry Slapup, a comic singer, who, quite against his will, was converted into Israfel Mondego, a warbler of sentimental ditties and darling of the drawing-room. The most amusing candidates for the Old Maids' Club is Frank Maddox, a celebrated critic of all the arts. "Few critics," says Mr. Zangwill, "possessed such charm of style and feature as Frank Maddox, who had a delicious retroussé nose, a dainty rosebud mouth, blue eyes, and a wealth of golden hair." The opening of the lady's discourse on her profession gives the tone of the best bits in the book:

"You see, to be a critic it is not essential to know anything—you must simply be able to write. To be a great critic you must simply be able to write well. In my omniscience, or catholic ignorance, I naturally looked about for the subject on which I could most profitably employ my gift of style with the least chance of being found

out. A moment's consideration will convince you that the most difficult branches of criticism are the easiest. Of musical and artistic matters not one person in a thousand understands aught but the rudiments; here, then, is the field in which the critical ignoramus may expatiate at large with the minimum danger of discovery. . . . Only say what you have got to say authoritatively and well, and the world shall fall down and worship you. The place of art in religion has undergone a peculiar historical development. First men worshipped the object of art; then they worshipped the artist; and nowadays they worship the art-critic."

The tragic note is generally dominant in sailors' yarns, but Captain Thomas Buckingham, who sailed 'The Belted Seas' for thirty years, was a humorous philosopher, and his adventures exhale the spirit with which they were met. The Captain never steamed, he sailed—clipper ships and coasting schooners; thus enjoying the advantages for romance of the more primitive method of traversing the deep. A sailing-ship was always an irresponsible rover; she scorned the fetters of a schedule; she sailed at the convenience of the tides and arrived at the pleasure of the capricious winds; between leaving one port and making another, the unforeseen was pretty sure to happen. It happened so often to Captain Tom that his experience may be said to have embraced everything except what had been anticipated and arranged for. He became familiar with hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidal waves, assisted at South American revolutions, traded and fought in the South Seas, and sat with a thousand bronze Buddhas in the shade of the Shway Dagohn pagoda at Rangoon. His pretty constant companions, the men who, as he says, stood by him most, were a solace in vicissitude, for they had a sense for life as keen as his own, and always supplied him with food for reflection. Three of them failed to make the home port at last, for "one was a miser and smuggler, and got himself hung; and one was a thief, and died of a split wishbone on what he called a 'throne'; and one was a fighter and gambler and poet, and he had a heavy fist and he turned remorseful into a Burmese monk." Captain Tom's description of his eccentric mates is occasionally exaggerated to the point of caricature, and his style is inconsistent, wavering between the style of a plain mariner and that of a clever, versatile, even brilliant writer.

Mr. Whitaker's tales of the Canadian Northwest show that he is familiar with life on prairie farms, in remote fur-trading stations, in Indian camps, and that he has hungered and thirsted in wilderness places. Some of his stories are thrilling, some humorous, some tame, and the people are selected from the westward-moving advance guard of approaching settlement and remote civilization. They have many difficulties to contend with, and one indomitable enemy, the snowstorm—the blizzard—which, according to Mr. Whitaker, would seem to rage all the year round. They are strong, resolute people, not always careful to observe moral law or social order, yet rarely requiring attention from the mounted police. In narrative Mr. Whitaker has a good deal of manner—too much, and not always his own. There are suggestions of Bret Harte and Owen Wister, and frequently (instance "A Drummer of the Queen") a rather close reminiscence of Kipling. The author has enough of original quality to go his own way without regard for models, and he will probably write better when he has forgotten the books that have influenced him. The volume seems to us to be poorly named, for "The Probationer," though the first story, is far from the best, and not characteristic of the rest of the contents.

Greek Thinkers. By Theodor Gomperz. Vols. II.-III. Translated by G. G. Berry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The first volume of Professor Gomperz's 'Griechische Denker' was translated by Mr. Laurie Magnus of Magdalen College, Oxford, and was reviewed in these columns on its publication in 1901. The second volume of the original was published in 1902, and we have before us, in two volumes of considerable size, its translation by Mr. G. G. Berry of Balliol, who carries on the task that Mr. Magnus had not the leisure to complete. The three English volumes, whose larger type and better paper account for the expansion, and make them much more attractive than the original, will now appeal to a far wider circle of readers here and in England than could be reached by a history of Greek philosophy in German. Not that the book is addressed to the general reader. In spite of the singularly refreshing absence of footnotes, it is of the sort that even the specialist must read with all his wits about him. But the advantage of Gomperz's arrangement is that the student of philosophy can read straight ahead, undistracted by the *Literatur*, while the classical specialist who desires, as he often will desire, to consult the references and the authorities for some of the author's statements, will find in the notes at the end of volume iii. a brief defence of the debatable opinions and a good deal of useful bibliography.

Mr. Berry, like Mr. Magnus, has managed to give his translation the air of real English, and his version is on the whole a great improvement on the curiously abrupt and disjointed style of the original German. The *pièce de résistance* of these two volumes is, of course, the chapters devoted to Plato, for whom is reserved the third volume and more than a third of the second. The treatment of Aristotle and his successors is postponed to a later instalment. It is his moderation, his avoidance of extreme views, that makes Professor Gomperz so satisfactory a critic. He has no taste for the exaggerations and eccentricities of modern scholarship, and you will never find him misinterpreting or ignoring the text of a Greek author in order to make out a case or support a paradox. Nor does he range himself with the destructive critics who have left not one stone upon another in their determination to accept nothing in the way of evidence unless they can find it in Thucydides or Aristotle, who alone are regarded as mysteriously infallible. Such critics will reject every anecdote that has grown up about the great names of Greece, and allow no evidence that is not derived from the writer's own works, or at least such of his works as they concede not to have been written by others. All that they leave to a writer's personality is his date, if it happens to be above suspicion, the name of his father, which seems to have a mysterious value for the historians of Greek literature, and, if he be an Athenian, that of his deme, which somehow sticks to him because it conveys nothing to the mind. Gomperz is far from reducing his Greek thinkers to so chilly and colorless an outfit. On the contrary, he would like to give you a full-bodied presentment of each man as he lived, establishing the details of his daily life by the sort of divination which may be allowed to a scholar whom you at least cannot refute, because he never lets his imagination play about the texts themselves; which is more than can be said for many of the critics who have discarded all the personalities as unauthenticated by a contemporary.

But we can imagine their distress at Gomperz's lively character-sketch of the Athenian man in the street and his monologue about Socrates, or the highly colored picture of Plato going for a walk in Syracuse, sighing at the sight of the stone quarries, with their hideous associations for an Athenian, or listening to Sophron reciting on a street stage. Gomperz is, indeed, so eager to fill in every detail that he cannot accept our blank ignorance as to Plato's love affairs, and accordingly conjectures that Dion the Sicilian philosopher was the object of his passionate affection. But all this is the froth of Gomperz's narrative, which can be blown aside if one prefers; there is no doubt as to the sound quality of the draught beneath.

He devotes a chapter to each one of the more important Platonic dialogues, pointing out its significance for the development of Plato's thought, and its relation to the rest. In the matter of chronology he is far from what he calls the "reckless exaggerations" of Lutoslawski, who, using his "stylometry" and his conception of the growth of Plato's logic to support each other, did not hesitate to ignore or misinterpret such passages as were clearly against his arrangement. But Gomperz does on the whole arrange the dialogues in the order adopted by Lutoslawski, with certain very important reservations. He agrees with the statisticians in placing the "Phædrus" after the "Symposium," but rejects as visionary the attempts of such critics as Krohn or Pfleiderer or Lutoslawski to detect "the true order of the Books of the 'Republic'—an order differing from that in which they appear—and to represent the work as a conglomerate of disparate fragments" (iii., 51 ff.). On the vexed question of the ultimate fate of the doctrine of ideas, Gomperz is certainly more cautious than Lutoslawski, who, in his eagerness to eliminate the self-existent ideas from the later dialogues, overlooked a clear allusion to them in the "Timæus." But he goes too far when he concludes, from the absence of allusion in the "Laws" to dialectic as an important branch of education, that Plato is no longer under "the spell of classificatory dialectic, of the rage for division which was so strong upon him in the 'Sophist,'" and that both the doctrine of ideas and dialectic became for him "exclusively subservient" to the understanding of plants and animals. There is nothing in the later dialogues to show that Plato "shivered in the heaven of his ideas," and Gomperz probably fails to distinguish between eristic and dialectic when he detects a distrust of dialectic "even in the 'Republic.'"

Every Platonic scholar has his mania,

and we should say that the weakness of Gomperz is his tendency to drag in the Cynic Antisthenes. In almost every dialogue he sees some sidethrust of Plato's at the great Cynic who had taken so different a line from his own in the development of the teaching of Socrates. In such a passage as "Sophist" 251 there is indeed a pretty obvious allusion to Antisthenes and his followers, but Gomperz has no right to draw such an inference from, *e. g.*, "Phaedrus" 229. It is refreshing to find that he rejects none of the dialogues that are condemned by the extreme critics, and, against Zeller and Wilamowitz, regards the "Menexenus" as Platonic. For one of the few misleading statements in the book we may point to page 284 of volume iii., where we read that "it may now be taken as proved that Xenophon's 'Symposium' followed its Platonic namesake." This is by no means the generally received opinion.

The proof-reading of the English translation is far from perfect. There is a good deal of misspelling, and on page 238 of volume iii. two lines are transposed so as to make nonsense. The translator has followed Gomperz in spelling the name of Xenophon's son "Grylus"; we do not know that there is any authority for this use of a single *l*.

Talks in a Library. By Laurence Hutton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

This book contains the last "copy" produced by the late Laurence Hutton. The "talks" were dictated to Miss Isabel Moore last year, and were revised by Mr. Hutton before his death, the book being printed after that event. It is a miscellaneous collection of literary and personal gossip, a good deal of which is new and most of it decidedly interesting. In a general way, it tells the story of Mr. Hutton's life, of his first adventures in journalism, of his devotion to the stage, of his many warm friendships with actors and literary people, and of his wanderings in other lands. Possessed of a strong social instinct and an admirable sense of humor, he was a charming companion, and for many years his house was the scene of those literary and artistic gatherings whose recorded speech—if it ever could be recorded—would be something in the nature of an epitome of the best literature. But, unfortunately, Boswells are even scarcer than Johnsons. We find Charles Greville constantly regretting that he cannot remember in the morning the brilliant things that Sydney Smith or Macaulay had said the evening before. George Russell and Grant-Duff are excellent reporters, but more frequently of light and witty than of weighty and valuable talk. Apparently nothing is more evanescent than the wisdom of good talkers; and books like the present, which preserve some fragments thereof, commend themselves to those who occasionally hear good talk and are annoyed by their inability to remember it.

A good deal of space is given to the history of Mr. Hutton's collection of death-masks—humorously called his *Scullery*—now in the Library of Princeton University. It appears that many of the most interesting masks were found in some ash barrels in Second Street, where they had been thrown away by people ignorant of their value, and that they had originally belonged to George Combe the phrenologist, and had been used by him during a course of lectures here in 1838. Probably one of the most unfailing sources of happiness in this life is the collector's mania, and Mr. Hutton possessed it in liberal measure. As the years went on, he was constantly adding to this collection of masks, and at the same time was making other collections of memorabilia that interested him.

Many good things might be quoted in order to show the quality of the book, but perhaps one abbreviated story will suffice. Arthur Brooks (brother of Phillips Brooks), when a boy of seven or eight, was sent with a note to Miss Longfellow, and was admitted to the house by the old poet, who talked to him while he waited for his answer. The boy said he was reading 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk,' and the poet said he had not seen it for years and should be glad to see it again. The youth was seized with a sudden impulse, rushed home to get five cents of his *own* money, bought the book, and presented it to the poet, who received it with becoming dignity, and showed as much gratitude as if it had been a first-folio Shakspere.

A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations. By Thomas Gold Frost. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Mr. Frost's volume deals with "business corporations," and nearly two-thirds of it consists of a "Synopsis-Digest" of the general incorporation acts of the several States, and forms for drawing charters. The treatise proper consists of some two hundred pages devoted not only to "drafting the charter," "procuring the charter," "organization of corporations after incorporation," and "issuance and payment of capital stock," but to "legislative control over domestic corporations" and "legislative control over foreign corporations." These last chapters constitute a wide field by themselves, and we accordingly find that such a subject as the Police Power is very cursorily dealt with in three pages.

The book is mainly valuable as a vademecum for incorporators. It teaches the whole important art of incorporation in a very satisfactory way, and without an excess of citations. Of most general interest, perhaps, is what the author has to say about "capitalization" of corporations, a subject which is always engaging the attention of courts, legislatures, and the press. This is contained in his fourth chapter, on the "Issuance and Payment of Capital Stock." His interesting account of this vexed topic shows one thing conclusively—that, up to the present time, no means has been found by the State of guaranteeing to those who deal with corporations that what may be called the realizable capital of a corporation shall correspond, dollar for dollar, with the nominal capital, except in the form of a requirement that the capital stock shall consist of so much money, or money's worth, actually paid in. This requirement, however, while it can be enforced in the case of corporations like banks, is wholly inconsistent with the great principle which underlies our modern corporation system—*i. e.*, that of enabling all-comers to incorporate everything in the nature of a business venture which they may wish to bring forward. Hence we are told that, of late years, courts of high standing have adopted what the author calls "the speculative value rule."

"This may be defined as that rule whereby a corporation is permitted, in issuing its capital stock as full-paid and non-assessable in exchange for either real or personal property, to appraise the latter at its *potential speculative value*, looking towards its future development rather than at its present intrinsic value."

We commend the chapter not only to the intending incorporator, as replete with valuable instruction, but to the student of the science of government, who will find in it food for a great deal of thought. If a well-recognized function of the State, such as that of supervising the capitalization of business corporations, can become substantially atrophied in fifty years, would it not be better to give up all pretence of supervision, and let people capitalize all speculative enterprises at any figure they please? What is the "speculative value rule" applicable to a "Keeley-motor" secret, a process for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or a Venezuelan railroad "concession"?

William Cullen Bryant. By William Aspenwall Bradley. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Mr. Bradley's affair in this volume is naturally one of critical appraisal and interpretation rather than of documentary biography. Bryant was but a parsimonious and infrequent letter-writer; and, despite the seeming antinomy of his poetical and journalistic pursuits, he was of an exceptional single-mindedness. Hence Mr. Godwin, in his admirable two-volume Life, had little difficulty in rounding up pretty nearly all the vital facts and documents; and the few that eluded his net, or proved too small for its meshes, were readily caught by Mr. Bigelow. Mr. Bradley offers practically no information that was not contained in Godwin and Bigelow, nor does he attempt to present the facts in a novel light. He has wisely contented himself with the codification and arrangement of them. He has constructed a narrative of excellent ordonnance, and, by keeping the imaginativeness of his man consistently in the foreground, contrives to give the reader an uninterrupted impression of the inwardness of Bryant in his character of poet. So, while his story lacks something of the detailed verisimilitude of his predecessors', it does present a view of Bryant the poet that is, perhaps, a little more integral and impressive; and, whether consciously or not, he has minimized the frigidity and emphasized the Washington-like quality of the man—"Cold but to such as love distemperature."

On the critical side, Mr. Bradley owes little to his authorities, and is at his best. He steers a happy mean between the obtuse detraction and the too enthusiastic rhetoric, to which Bryant, even more than most American poets, has been subjected. His concern is less with the artistic quality of Bryant's poetry than with its imaginative background and spiritual motives. These are abstract considerations, and Mr. Bradley is not as yet perfectly master of the difficult art of putting abstractions concretely. At times his thought is a little elusive, his style too even in its flow, too seldom visited by the vivid word; yet his criticism in the sum is penetrating and just. No one has yet written at length of Bryant with a firmer

hold on the American origins of his poetry or a wider perspective of general literature.

The Puritan inspiration of Bryant's poetry has long been evident, but Mr. Bradley shows clearly how he presented the wholesomer, saner side of Puritanism, and so afforded a natural and needed relief to the immortal exhibition of its tragical side in the romances of Hawthorne. Even fresher and more satisfying to a lover of Bryant's poetry is what Mr. Bradley has to say, in a heightened passage near the close of his book, of Bryant's relation to poetic impulses older than the Puritan:

"And somehow, too, whether it is the result of his classical studies in his youth, or of a more fundamental and deep-lying kinship, Bryant seems even to summon up voices of a more ancient poetry, solemn and oracular in the deep forest shades, pensive and pastoral on the sunny slopes. The pagan strain that we have found in Bryant echoes Virgil no less than Lucretius. In his love of all things beautiful, in his religious regard for nature, as well as in the pervasive sadness for the tears of things which interpenetrates his verse, the poet of New England is not so remote from the Mantuan as from many poets of his own day. His poetical acceptance of those traditional feelings concerning nature which formed part of the inherited religion of his race, even while his mind was weaned from the orthodox dogmas of its belief, is like Virgil's also. It is not so much that he consciously employed these as poetic material, as that they were in his blood and fused inseparably with the stir of a life within him that was older than his individual life. Hence the primitiveness of piety in much of his verse, its elemental quality. The suppliancy with which he bows before those mighty powers of the universe in which the divine presence is revealed is not reasoned, but instinctive. Thus it mirrors the primal religious trend of mankind, and gives it through art a new hold upon the spirit."

It is easy enough to disagree with Mr. Bradley in matters of inference and interpretation. Massachusetts, for example, in the War of 1812, with her privateers sending hundreds of fat prizes to Salem harbor, was scarcely so unanimously absorbed in an ideal reprobation of the war as he would make her out. Nor is it possible to go all the way with him in dispraising (for the greater honoring of "Thanatopsis") so memorable a poem as Blair's "Grave," or in holding Bryant to be, "save Poe," "the most imaginative of all our poets." The author of "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl" certainly never had the deep-flashing imaginative insight of Emerson, or the gift of glamourie, of visualizing unapparent realities, that Lowell knew in his youth and never wholly lost. Yet Bryant's imaginative vision of the symbolical life of Nature was the steadier, within its range, and his poetic workmanship was firmer, of a more enduring perfection. It may very well be, as Mr. Bradley hints, but doesn't quite like to say right out, that the lapse of years will leave as many of Bryant's pieces untouched with caducity as of any American poet.

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham. With an introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by James H. Emerton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Small 8vo, pp. 311, 50 figs.

This is an altogether delightful little book, summarizing a series of observations that extended through a series of years. It is impossible to watch the action of a colony of wasps, or of even a single wasp, for any considerable period without being impressed by the energy displayed and the strictly business-like attention to the work in hand. When the observations are carried on for several seasons, and specific individuals are followed for hours, as the Peckhams have followed them, it is natural that respect for the waspish abilities should increase. The charm of the book is in the directness with which the story is told, and in the obvious sympathy manifested by the authors with the struggles and aims of the active little nest-makers. Great stress is laid on the fact that each wasp is an individual, and, as such, unlike every other even of the same species: "The one pre-eminent, unmistakable and ever-present fact is variability—variability in every particular"; and as to the effect of this, when strongly marked: "The others, the conservators of old usages and customs, are the majority, the crowd. Yes, but is it not always the strong-minded few that direct the destiny of a race?"

An interesting fact brought out is the remarkable power of localization possessed by wasps, and the amount of variability shown in its exercise. Some will make a thorough study of the surroundings of their nest after completion, and will go to it unerringly thereafter; others are much more careless, and find difficulty in locating their home every time they return to it. As between species, the more excitable and nervous types make a great fuss over every act in their housekeeping, and sometimes spend hours in discovering the burrows they had labored to conceal from other eyes only. The method by which these excavations or cells are closed and concealed is told in great detail. It appears that some wasps actually make use of small pebbles to firm the soil over the opening before covering it with bits of vegetation to make it undistinguishable from the surroundings.

While the book is engagingly written, it is also scientifically accurate. Every species referred to is specifically determined, and every observation is so clearly recorded that it carries conviction; the facts are stated as they appeared, and not to prove a theory. It follows quite naturally from what has been already said that the Peckhams do not believe wasps to be insect automata, whose every act is a manifestation of a blind instinct. That instinct (or inherited experience) is the guide, is admitted, of course; but the application of this guide to the special surroundings is a manifestation of intelligence. Were instinct alone involved, all specimens of a species would work equally well; as a matter of fact, some are stupid and others bright; some attend with painstaking care to every detail of their household affairs, others will make a cell, get it all ready to be stocked, and cap it in apparent forgetfulness of the purpose for which it was constructed.

The bookmaker has done his work well, and the index is adequate. The drawings are mostly suggestive, but in some cases dreadfully out of proportion, the wasps appearing to equal in length trees that look from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter!

Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality. By Robert Brandon Arnold. Macmillan. 1904.

Perhaps the less one knows of philosophy, the more one will find in this book. In reading it one is now and then reminded that the author is an adherent of Bradley. The volume is about the size of 'Appearance and Reality,' and its page has somewhat the appearance of that famous essay. It further reminds one of Bradley by the many things it pronounces "obvious" which few would discover to be so of themselves. The work has a method, too; or so it informs us. The author is so thoroughly acquainted with the Absolute that we cannot think of questioning what he has to say of Metaphysical Reality, but he is by no means at home with Scientific Fact. His misunderstandings of the many scientific books he seems to have read or dipped into, are surprising.

We have carefully selected for examination a single paragraph, to be treated indulgently, if so we may convey a sufficient idea of what the whole is like. It fills two pages and a half. The subject under consideration is immortality, which may be taken as indicating the relation of the work to "Scientific Fact." The writer begins by telling his reader that "a small cyclonic eddy sweeping along a road"—in short, a whirlwind—may, after the lapse of "a few minutes," "not contain a single material particle which was present in it" before; and he suggests that the identity of a "human personality" ought to be conceived as analogous to that of the whirlwind. To support this, he remarks that "it is decidedly inaccurate to describe" "conscious manifestations" "as dependent on a particular formation of molecules in the brain," since the true "correlation" is between "mental phenomena" and "cerebral changes in form and activities." For the "stream of consciousness observed in introspection should be regarded as the energy aspect of our being and of the universe," provided energy be understood in a generalized sense in which it covers more than mere physical energy—a generalization which is at all events indispensable to save the physicist from falling into contradictions. In short, "our view may be put thus: all evidence tends to show that the organism is one. Yet we have the clear distinction of body and mind giving rise to different sciences, physiology and psychology. The solution seems to lie in the inevitable inadequacy due to our evolutionary and limited point of view, for which certain aspects of the universe must become apparent before others, and hence all the possible ground of our apprehension is prematurely occupied. Psychology is barely fifty years old, but already is becoming psychophysics. We stated earlier that mind *is* matter in certain combinations transcended. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that in proportion as the universe is apprehended from a more comprehensive standpoint, it displays what is to us the mental aspect more plainly."

Since accuracy is here in question, what accuracy is there in saying that "all evidence tends to show that the organism is one"? It is difficult to understand what is meant by saying that psychology is barely fifty years old (which would mean either that Lotze, Bain, or Spencer originated it, for it would be too absurd to attribute its paternity to Volkmann von Volkmar or even to George), while in the same breath saying it is now becoming psychophysics; for surely there has been no work on psychology more purely psychophysical than Wundt's 'Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thiersee-

len,' which appeared in 1863, therefore almost at the birth of the science, according to Arnold. If we remember rightly, Tyndall likened thought to a wave, as a form that is propagated and has a sort of identity, and yet is not matter. It was probably that comparison which has suggested to Mr. Arnold that a person is something like a vortex. But anybody who is competent to draw a simple inference from the testimony of his two eyes can see that a vortex is entirely different from a wave, being a portion of fluid matter, and not a mere form like a wave, which leaves a floating chip behind and does not carry everything along as a whirlwind does. It is not true that its particles are constantly being exchanged for others like the particles of a wave. But such is the representation of 'Scientific Fact' throughout the book.

Mediæval Civilization: Selected Studies from European Authors. Translated and Edited by Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery. The Century Co. 1904.

This little volume, which two professors of the University of Wisconsin have prepared with praiseworthy care and good judgment, adds another to the increasing number of aids to historical instruction. It contains selections, not from contemporary authors, but from the writings of reputable moderns, whose work may be assumed to rest upon a thorough knowledge of original material. They have been translated and edited with considerable freedom to illustrate specific points of interest in the whole field of mediæval study, from the fall of the Roman culture to the beginnings of modern times. So far as the choice of the selections goes, there is little room for fair criticism. Every teacher would make his own choice, and his own is the best for him. The claim of such a book as this on the teaching world is that it offers something useful to a great variety of schools and a wide range of capacity in teachers, and this claim is well sustained by the present volume. It may fairly be said that a pupil who should read understandingly all the selections here contained, would gain no inconsiderable hold upon many of the most striking aspects of mediæval life. The real question is: How far is it to be expected that a young pupil should read the book with understanding? He could do this only under the direction of a teacher who could explain to him the thousand allusions to things he could not of himself comprehend; and this raises the further question whether such a teacher would be satisfied with the scraps here offered when he might lead his pupil to the full table of contemporary writings, or at all events to the abundant dessert of the secondary writers here carved for his handier service.

In making these queries we are not criticising the merit of this Wisconsin volume; we are only speaking of it as representative of a tendency in modern education to get along with bits instead of requiring that long and patient "reading" in books of real importance whereby alone a permanent and definite impression can be made on the young student's mind. The editors frankly defend their work on the ground of insufficient library supply and the ignorance of students in the languages of modern Europe. These are sad confessions, especially when we note that of the thirty-two selections here given all but three seem to be from French originals, and when we consider how very little time rationally spent would enable any student to read enough French to handle the books from which these bits are taken. The danger is, and every teacher knows how real a danger it is, that we shall become satisfied with these apologies for books, and relax our zeal in securing adequate supplies of valuable originals and adequate instruction in the means of reading them. In the haze of our pedagogic atmosphere two great truths remain fixed: that very few students will do anything they are not expected to do, and that the great majority of them can be led to immensely greater achievement simply by expecting it of them. Meanwhile, let us be glad that as good men as our editors are willing to lend a hand in supplying crutches to the lame, and join them in what we are sure is their hope, that the time will come when their patients shall learn to walk alone.

The Forms of Public Address. Edited by George P. Baker. Henry Holt & Co.

This is a novel venture in the field of rhetoric, or English composition. The author is assistant professor of English at Harvard, and calls himself editor because the body of the book consists of a mass of reprinted letters, editorial articles, speeches, addresses, etc., given as illustrations of different "forms of public address." The original part of the book is an introduction in the form of an open letter to teachers. This we have found interesting, and it seems to be indicative of a tendency at Harvard away from the cultivation of the pure art of debate, and more in the direction of a return to the study of English composition as such.

The sum and substance of Mr. Baker's argument we take to be that the mastery of the art of formal debate is of less importance than it has been generally supposed to be, because in actual life the occasions for formal debate are few; what we need to learn is mainly how to write a letter, how to make a report, how to write an editorial, how, in short, to take some idea which we wish to enforce, advance, or express, and put it in a simple and effective shape, adapted to the comprehension of those to whom it is addressed. Evidently this is English composition as we used to study it, with modifications. First be sure that you have something to say, and then devote yourself to the expression of it.

Mr. Baker thinks that, at present, teachers of rhetoric are altogether too fond of paying attention to *phrase*, which is highly probable. He seems to us to be at fault in supposing that students can be profitably taught to mould and adapt what they have to say to particular audiences. A young man of twenty can hardly write an inaugural address in the character of a person about to take the oath as President of the United States in the midst of civil war. Mr. Baker himself says that he has found it almost impossible to get a student to write a good letter to an imaginary friend urging him in the summer vacation to "room with him" during the coming year. "Most students merely stated why they liked their rooms; hardly one looked at the plan through the eyes of his friend." There is, of course, no end to the different species of exercises in composition which may be taught—the Greeks and Romans spent years over rhetoric where we spend months; but we are inclined to think that in the long run the simplest are the best. *Précis* or abstract writing is not referred to here, perhaps because it is regarded as too elementary; in our experience, however, it is one of the most valuable sorts of training in expression which a young man or woman can acquire, and one most persistently neglected.

Garden Colour: Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; Summer, by E. V. B.; Autumn, by Rose Kingsley; Winter, by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. With coloured sketches and notes by Margaret Waterfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The recent marvellous advance in photographic processes for reproducing colors has rendered it certain that a sumptuous book like 'Garden Colour' must sooner or later be made for lovers of fine gardens, but the present exquisite treatise comes with somewhat of a surprise. It was hardly to be expected that the first essays in this direction would be so nearly free from blemish as are almost all of the colored plates here. Undoubtedly, the photographer had at his service water-color drawings of more than ordinary quality. In fact, this is shown by the touching introduction by the editress, which indicates that she has a very deep love for gardens and for all things beautiful. She has thrown a great deal of herself into the paintings which make the basis of these studies in chromo-horticulture. A few of them are decidedly impressionistic (to use a poor word), but they are, nevertheless, exceedingly effective.

The contributed text is not so uniformly good as the plates. This is perhaps to be looked for. Some of the "practical" directions are not wholly practical, but they cannot lead anybody astray. The book does not profess to be a handbook of gardening: it is simply a guide to the proper management of color in foliage and blossom. Even in our own country the suggestions will be found useful, since the lists given for England can with a few changes be employed in the selection of effective groups here. The differences are not much greater, in fact, than between color and colour. Although the volume is best adapted to use on grand estates, where great masses of plants can be employed, it is also a sound adviser as to tiny plots around small houses. Its judicious counsel, honestly followed in our suburban homes, would spare us the dreadful color-tragedies which shock us on every hand. Our excellent horticultural journals are now doing much towards abating the nuisance of mismated garden plants, and this volume, rightly used, will be of much service in the same direction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Frederick Upham. John Henry Smith. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Bain, R. Nisbet. The First Romanovs. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Chambers, Robert W. Iole. Appleton. $1.25.
Dixon, Thomas, jr. The Life Worth Living. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.
Emerson, Oliver Farrar. A Middle English Reader. Macmillan Co. $1.90.
Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. A Mother of Czars. Dutton. $3.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905.

The Week.

Nominally a friendly talk on Far Eastern matters, the President's interview with Count Cassini on Friday must be regarded as a tentative proffer of good offices. Unless Mr. Roosevelt stood ready to take the more decisive step, the meeting would have been merely a superfluous expression of sympathy. Whether or not this initiative is welcomed at St. Petersburg, it is a notable hint of the sentiment of civilization against the continuance of the present carnage. President Roosevelt has this qualification for a negotiator, his Government has throughout taken a disinterested attitude in the Far East. Moreover, he would, as few other chiefs of state, command the confidence and good will of China—an all-important matter, for the treaty of peace will undoubtedly involve the readjustment of the Chinese boundary. The President's overture is, further, timely because rather few satisfactory mediators are in sight. England and France, as allies of the belligerents, are out of the question. There is much talk of the Kaiser, but his pro-Russian sympathies have been undisguised, and he is hardly *persona grata* to China. There is a strong peace movement in Italy, and the King has evident qualifications for the delicate office of go-between. Otherwise, the choice is very limited, unless, indeed, the precedent were renewed of calling upon some trusted monarch of a small Power, like the King of Denmark, or of Sweden and Norway. This survey of the possibilities will show that there is nothing officious about the President's overture, which, whether he or another plays the part of peacemaker, commands the sympathy of all lovers of peace.

The Administration's decision to intern the Russian cruisers at Manila marks another advance in the law of asylum for belligerents. It will be remembered that the vessels interned at neutral Asiatic ports since the beginning of the war were dismantled only after some days or weeks of waiting. Thus the gunboat *Mandjur* was not placed out of commission at Shanghai until the arrival of a Japanese warship off Woosung stirred up the Chinese officials. The indefensible cutting out of the destroyer *Ryeshitelni* at Chefoo was excused by the Japanese on the ground that China had made no effort to intern the boat. The difference between the case of the *Lena* at San Francisco and that of Rear-Admiral Enquist's vessels at Manila is that repairs to the former were due to the ordinary deterioration of active service, while the cruisers in the Philippines received their injuries at the hands of the enemy, and not through "stress of weather." This fact made necessary greater circumspection in dealing with them, since to allow them to repair for some time and then put to sea might lead to a Japanese complaint that the United States, a neutral, gave the Russians the opportunity to recover from the blows inflicted by Togo's fleet. Since the Russians were able to enter Manila at a fifteen-knot rate, and could repair the worst damage in sixty days, it is obvious that they are quite capable of taking the seas without danger of sinking. Under the circumstances, the President gave them their choice of taking on the necessary water and stores in twenty-four hours and putting to sea at the expiration of that time, or dismantling. He thus sets a precedent for the treatment of vessels disabled by gunfire which should be of permanent importance in international law.

The report that the Chinese Government is about to annul the concession of the American-China Development Company is a prompt sequel of the battle of the Sea of Japan. It affords, in some fashion, an interesting parallel to the asphalt dispute in Venezuela. The concessionnaires in China are to have the choice flatly of accepting an indemnity or submitting to the revocation of their charter without compensation of any kind. When this report is confirmed, it will be interesting to observe the attitude of our State Department. Has it a consistent principle in dealing with commercial controversies with weak nations, or is its vigilance directed exclusively to the Caribbean? As a matter of fact, the proposed extinction of the Chinese concessions may be said to be based on a rude theory of condemnation by eminent domain. But is a weak nation justified in asserting any such right in the case of property of citizens of a strong nation? This is one of the questions that must arise if China renews her anti-foreign policy. Meantime, it will be regrettable if she fails to discriminate between commercial privileges which mask schemes of conquest, and those which have no ulterior political aim. To this latter category belongs unquestionably the American company whose chief purpose has been the construction of the Canton-Hankow Railroad.

After all is said and done, what is the use of calling Congress in special session only three weeks before the regular session begins? Now that the President has decided to postpone this extra session from October 16 to November 13, he might almost as well yield to the "stand-patters'" further demands and give it up altogether. He would not, in fact, get even three weeks' work out of a sulky Congress, for, warned by the experience of two years ago—which their constituents, too, by the way, are remembering—they will not jeopard the payment of their mileage by letting the two sessions merge. This is the year of the long session, and three weeks can be added at the other end without serious inconvenience to anybody. But, in very truth, the stand-patters have devised a series of reasons which make it logically impossible ever to touch the tariff. In the fall of 1903 they said: "Not this session—the national election is coming; but, when that is over, we will see what needs to be done." In the fall of 1904 it was: "Not this session—there isn't time; but at the next session, with our 114 majority, we will get around to it." Already, however, we begin to hear the Congressional elections of 1906 urged as a reason for delay. These same arguments can be alternated from now till doomsday; and, with high-tariff politicians talking rate regulation and friends of the railroads talking tariff reform, the chances of getting results before then look decidedly small.

All-round congratulations would seem to be in order over the reported acceptance by Secretary Morton of the presidency of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. That corporation, no less than its patron, is assured of a capable and experienced executive officer. Mr. Roosevelt is relieved of the embarrassment of attacking the wicked railroad men when one of the chief of sinners is a member of his own official family. Mr. Morton is spared any sense of humiliation in stepping from the Cabinet into another responsible position. Not the least part of his good luck seems to be that he has taken hostages of fortune this time by obtaining assurance of an official tenure which cannot be terminated by the unexpected turns of politics or the shifting currents of popular opinion. Most fortunate of all is it that Mr. Morton, with his great experience in railroading, is called to administer a road which enjoys, perhaps, the unique advantage of being unable to accord rebates even if it would.

President Roosevelt's selection of Charles J. Bonaparte to succeed Mr. Morton as Secretary of the Navy will strengthen the Cabinet in its advisory capacity. Unlike some of the present

departmental heads, Mr. Bonaparte has had a wide experience in public affairs, and he will be able to judge of foreign happenings with some understanding of the European point of view. By birth and training, he is committed to the gentleman's method of dealing with other nations. But Mr. Bonaparte is, of course, Imperialistic in his tendencies, and would hardly have been chosen for his position were not he, like Mr. Roosevelt, convinced that every happening on earth and on the sea has but one moral—the necessity for more battleships. The new Secretary has rendered services of immeasurable value to the cause of civil-service reform and the movement for decent municipal government—a fine record marred by his error of judgment in persuading the President to grant money to Catholic schools on Indian reservations, in violation of the spirit of the Federal statute on this subject. So far as personal devotion to his new chief is concerned, no one will surpass Mr. Bonaparte. He has been warmly attached to him ever since Mr. Roosevelt took office as Civil Service Commissioner—if not earlier. All in all, the waning prestige of the Cabinet is considerably restored by this Baltimorean appointment.

President Castro, in his message to Congress, comments upon the intervention of the United States in the asphalt dispute in the following dignified terms:

"With the United States, through causes foreign to our will and without the least responsibility on our part, we have had a slight difference, but the discussion of the questions seems to have made the facts clear to the American Government, judging from the measures the said Government lately passed in favor of our good and cordial friendship. These questions refer to the Bermudez and Orinoco companies. The latter have already been adjudged under the protocols, but nevertheless Mr. Bowen desired a new arbitration. *The Government could not accede to this, as the sovereignty and independence of the republic were involved.*"

The political aspects of the case could not be put in language more conclusive and conciliatory. President Castro simply stands upon the right of the Venezuelan courts to pass upon all cases involving the status of foreign concessionnaires on Venezuelan soil. In this contention the law of nations absolutely bears him out. Extra-territorial courts have frequently been imposed upon weak nations in cases concerning the persons of foreign residents, but that jurisdiction has never been stretched to cover routine civil cases. When the courts of a weak nation are corrupt, as, without evidence of any kind, those of Venezuela are alleged to be, a nation representing abused creditors must either put up with the injustice, or, if the occasion warrants, take forcible measures for recovery. Now, nobody for a moment believes that the Bermudez concession is either clear enough in law or equity or important enough intrinsically to justify the hazard of a new "pacific blockade." Business speculators in a disorderly country like Venezuela take their chances, and we see no course for Mr. Roosevelt but to give to the Venezuelan courts the credence which President Castro claims for them, or else ask Congress to declare war.

Bowen and Loomis have evidently exhausted their usefulness in the State Department and should go. It appears that Minister Bowen, finding in the Legation at Caracas papers of a nature compromising to Mr. Loomis, gave the substance of them to a newspaper correspondent. For this indiscretion he should be dismissed, even if the charges against Mr. Loomis should be proved. As for Loomis, it is enough and too much to know that he banked with the Bermudez Asphalt Company, whose affairs were under litigation in the Venezuelan courts, and vaguely under the protection of the State Department. It appears, also, that he advanced money on the security of claims against the Venezuelan Government, and actually made a proposal for the commutation and partial payment of this torpedo-boat scrip through the Secretary of Legation. The transaction, as Mr. Loomis explains it, seems to have been honest, but it reveals abysmal depths of indelicacy, and an incapacity to live up to the dignity of a ministerial position that should forever disqualify Mr. Loomis from holding any diplomatic post. Luckily, we hear no more of "forcing Venezuela to do justice"; and, indeed, it was time to go slow in negotiations conducted by two gentlemen in whom the sense of the fitting seems almost equally to be in abeyance.

The opening of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland serves to remind the world how rapidly, in these days of steam and electricity, man can subdue nature and transform a wilderness into a populous city. Orators at our various celebrations are fond of telling us that the swift growth of our American commonwealth since the invention of the railway finds no precedent in history. At Chicago, and again at St. Louis, the familiar tale of the winning of the Middle West has been rehearsed. The barrier of the Rockies, however, made the problem of developing the Pacific Northwest somewhat different. To reach Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, to clear the dense forests on Puget Sound and along the lower Columbia, required more capital, energy, and intelligence than to drive a prairie schooner from Ohio to Iowa. For these reasons the romantic annals of that opulent country must always have a peculiar interest to students of American character and enterprise.

The real development has come in the short space of thirty-six years since the Union Pacific was carried to its junction with the Central Pacific at Ogden in 1869. The ups and downs of railway construction in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho will some day be made the subject of an elaborate history. The struggle for control of strategic lines in the seventies and eighties, the driving of the last spike of the NorthernPacific in 1883, the competition of the Great Northern more than a decade later, the expansion of the Alaska trade—all these momentous incidents have been crowded into a mere span of time. In place of the straggling, half-cleared farms, tiny lumber camps, and saw-mills, that only yesterday were mere specks in the forest about Puget Sound and the lower Columbia, we have to-day lands under the highest cultivation, great lumbering and mining industries, large factories, substantial cities, and a commerce with the Orient that has warranted the building of the largest freight steamers afloat. The purpose of the Exposition is to draw attention to these facts and to their bearing on the political and social welfare of the United States. Many of our citizens are even now almost as ignorant of the States of Washington and Oregon as was Jefferson himself. Few have any adequate conception of the large part the Northwest is already playing in our national life, or realize how great its political influence is to be in the years to come. But by visiting Portland they may at least learn by ocular demonstration that, in the annals of all mankind, there is no more conspicuous instance of brilliant achievement in turning a savage wilderness into a glorious empire.

When the alliance between politics and business is as intimate as it was in Philadelphia, there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that the political defeat of the Ring means financial defeat as well. That the lease which would have added enormously to the future profits of the United Gas Improvement Company, offered a magnificent opportunity for stock jobbing by the very men who expected to put the deal through, was obvious enough. But the rule worked both ways. As soon as it was made plain that the embattled citizens had won and the lease would not go through, down went the stock again, margins were wiped out, and many an officeholder who could defy brazenly the prayers of good citizens and even the contempt of his own constituents, has received the kind of punishment that he can feel when he looks over his bank-book. Every day brings fresh evidence of the overwhelming character of the machine's defeat. To suppose that it is dead or powerless would merely be to invite its recovery, but the severity of the blow which has

fallen on the great leaders as well as the small-fry politicians is cause for righteous satisfaction.

Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts, whose term expires this year, has formally refused to run again; Gov. Folk of Missouri, whose term expires in 1906, says he will not be a candidate; Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, who has the same time still to serve, began his career in office by recommending an increased term for his successor, with ineligibility for himself. It certainly cannot be said that the Democratic Governors who carried Republican States last fall exhibit any unseemly eagerness to hold on to their offices. Gov. Toole of Montana, who has three years more to think the matter over, is alone in saying nothing at present about his political future. There is small resemblance, to be sure, between the political conditions in Minnesota, Missouri, and Massachusetts, and the three Governors came to their decisions from very different motives, but the coincidence is none the less interesting. It is the more curious because the "minority party" is usually supposed to have very much better chances in an "off year." Thus, John Lind, in Minnesota, failed in 1896 and 1900 to be elected Governor of Minnesota, but came in with a comfortable margin in 1898; and other instances will readily come to mind. But if the only Democrats who won victories in the enemy's country last year are to retire without a second battle, this may powerfully affect the political aspect of the country by the time the next national campaign is on.

We find in the Chicago Teachers' Federation Bulletin a denial of the current report (on which we commented a fortnight ago), that on May 21 the Federation of Labor passed a resolution approving the strikes among school children in that city, and condemning the Board of Education for suppressing them. Such a resolution was offered, it seems, but burked by the executive committee. We do not know on what grounds. The object of strikers is to bring to bear every available stress on the community to compel employers to submission. If the mob can be swelled by excited children, and anarchy be extended even to the schools, why not? We cannot forget that in the coal strike of 1903 the schools everywhere were in danger of being closed for want of fuel. This was foreseen by Mitchell and his satellites, nor did the spectacle distress them. They are, in fact, the greatest enemies and corrupters of youth the world has ever seen. They teach daily the lesson of a grievance sacred as soon as asserted, and bearing with it unlimited rights to cripple and destroy whoever and whatever opposes the demand which accompanies the statement. They teach the futility of argument, of courts, of peaceful processes; they inculcate hostility to all the powers of law and order. The young listen, catch the lineaments of passion and of ruffianism, apply the practices in their own childish sphere, and graduate to the mob before they have left the multiplication table behind.

The annual Arbitration Conference in session at Lake Mohonk had, as Judge George Gray pointed out last week, no reason to be discouraged, in spite of the war so obstinately raging in the East. Not only has the past year witnessed the amicable settlement of the North Sea incident which so nearly involved in hostilities Russia and England, but no less than fourteen other international disputes have been adjudicated by the Hague Court, or are now pending before that tribunal. Certainly here is cause for satisfaction; the Hague machinery is working steadily. Far less will be heard of its achievements than should be the case, but with each year the grist it grinds is certain to be of greater and greater value to the people of the earth. The horrors of the present war must incline sober-minded men, not possessed by the jingo mania, more and more to the peaceful settlement of quarrels. According to Japanese estimates, fully 7,000 Russians have been blown to pieces, have been scalded to death in engine-rooms, or slowly drowned and suffocated in water-tight compartments. Shocking as death on the battlefield often is, it is even worse when men fight at sea under modern conditions, and this Russian slaughter ought to make all people ask themselves whether there is the slightest reason for such horrors 1900 years after Christ.

For the moment the Kaiser has scored notably in Morocco. As a result of the special mission to Fez, the Sultan has declined to accept the French proposals for reform in his régime, and desires to call an international conference on the matter. This is to treat the Anglo-French agreement as of no effect. Precisely this plan of an international conference has been advocated by Germany from the first. Some weeks ago our State Department was asked to initiate negotiations for an international guarantee of the open door in Morocco. Failing to obtain the adherence of a disinterested Power to the project, the Kaiser has persuaded the Sultan to repudiate the tutelage of France and England and appeal to the European concert. For France the situation is an awkward one. She confronts the alternative either to take forcible steps to secure her pretensions in Morocco, or to persuade the chancelleries of the world to refuse the Sultan's invitation. Judging from the past, a display of force would bring the Sultan to terms promptly, whereas diplomatic representations would necessarily be long and doubtful. On the other hand, to show the mailed fist would discredit the theory of "peaceful penetration."

M. Delcassé's final resignation is probably to be explained on personal grounds, although it falls in significant coincidence with the German check to his Moroccan policy. Mr. Delcassé, while an admirable Foreign Minister when given his head, has shown an undue sensitiveness to Parliamentary criticism, and it has been known that for some time past he has been an uncomfortable member of Premier Rouvier's official family. In all international relations, however, M. Delcassé has been a model of imperturbability, and never more than in the recent vexatious negotiations, which have ended with a striking but possibly barren triumph for the Kaiser. Whatever the outcome of the Moroccan affair, M. Delcassé's name is permanently associated with the *rapprochements* between France, England, and Italy. His diplomacy has fairly undermined the Triple Alliance, has diminished the European prestige of Germany, and has prepared the way for a new balance of power. Although he is going out under a cloud, his titles to remembrance and gratitude are sure.

Professor Seurat, of the Sorbonne, who has been investigating the French islands of the Pacific, particularly the Society Islands, reports general misgovernment and moral decadence. Misappropriation of Government funds and of those contributed by benevolent donors has occurred in several instances, and poverty and shiftlessness are the rule. What is the advice of this trained observer—that the tricolor must not come down? that these unfortunate colonial adventures are providential, and 'twere impiety to desist so long as there is a franc in the French Treasury? that the opportunity of managing islands at the Antipodes must be kept open in order to put iron in the blood of pale students of the *pays Latin*? No, none of these things. He advises, instead, that, since these islands are a most expensive and undesirable possession, they be sold to some country that can make a good use of them. To have imperial possessions treated—like undesirable acquisitions on the shelves of a bibliophile—as so many items for the international auction room, arouses moral indignation. Who knows how soon this penny-wise policy may be applied to those tarnished pearls of the Pacific, the Philippine Islands? It is a thousand pities that Professor Seurat should have committed himself on what is essentially a matter of sentiment, before he had learned of the promulgation of the "Dix doctrine" by Ambassador Reid.

THE LINES OF RUSSIAN REFORM.

The political situation in Russia, which for a long time has been in a stage of ever-varying but intense interest, has been and will continue to be rendered more acute by the recent crushing naval defeat in the Far East. Whether peace is to be promptly concluded, or whether the war is to be prolonged, depends solely upon the Emperor, and his decision cannot be foretold from his character. While he is, no doubt, at heart, sincerely desirous of peace, he is likely to consider the question of national prestige for a time, at all events, and to adopt the view which was held (especially in army and navy circles) after the fall of Port Arthur and the defeat at Mukden, and is probably still held: "There is still a chance of victory. We are not yet as badly off as we were in 1812 with the enemy in Moscow, the heart of Russia; and we conquered then."

The first question which presents itself, in connection with recent happenings at home and abroad, is, Will the revolution so long and so confidently predicted by many actually take place? Certain it is that the Social Revolutionists (the heirs of the famous Nihilist party) will endeavor to seize the opportunity to carry out their programme of overthrowing the autocracy, establishing universal suffrage, and the rest. People who depend upon the press reports as to conditions and recent agitations in various parts of Russia, will naturally expect something in the nature of the French Revolution. But private advices from competent observers declare that all these reports of internal riots and disturbances have been greatly exaggerated by both the Russian and the foreign press. It may confidently be asserted that there will be no revolution of the French pattern. The economical situation of the majority of the Russian people is not to be compared for extreme misery with the condition of the French peasants which precipitated their catastrophe. But, if not revolution, evolution is bound to come. It has begun. In the present crisis, the important party is not the Revolutionists, but the Moderate Liberals, who alone have experience in administration. It will not be out of place to attempt a speculative sketch of the character of the concessions and institutions likely to prove satisfactory to them, and presumably best for the interests of the country.

The Emperor's good faith in promising constitutional government cannot be questioned. He sometimes allows himself to be swayed by the conservatives, but he is sincerely devoted to progress and the good of his people. In the first place, universal suffrage is, for the present, impossible. The nation is not ripe for it. The peasants already have the suffrage on the basis of one vote to a household, and it is by extension and practice of this in a higher degree that the way can be paved for universal suffrage hereafter. There can, likewise, be no question of a parliamentary government in the sense understood in England and France; but one modelled on the pattern approved in Prussia, Austria, and America, where the Executive chooses his ministers or secretaries, is the only possible form. These officers, being responsible to the constitutional body and able to select suitable officials, will be competent to deal with and solve the vexed problem of the hated bureaucracy. The constitutional body sanctioned by the Emperor three weeks ago, the Zemsky Soviet (Council of the Land), will form the lower chamber, the upper chamber being the Council of the Empire, as recently described in these columns. As it is easier and more practical to adopt a ready-made pattern, with whose workings the Emperor and others are thoroughly familiar, and which has proved satisfactory, than to frame a new one, it is probable that this Zemsky Soviet will be copied from the Diet of Finland, and consist of four houses, one for each of the classes—nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants. As this plan of separate elections for the different classes has also already been in use for forty years in all the provinces which have zemstvos, and will be introduced into those which are now to obtain zemstvos, it will seem no novelty. The practice acquired by the classes in separate elections for the Zemsky Soviet and in separate management of their affairs will gradually prepare them for general elections and universal suffrage.

What is needed for the Caucasus is a good local advisory board, and a first-class man as Viceroy. Perhaps, in the beginning, it may even be necessary and salutary to preserve a purely autocratic régime for the administration of the provinces on the eastern border, such as England has in Egypt and India, and Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina. In any case, the sovereign will retain considerably more power than is accorded to an ordinary constitutional monarch, like the King of England, for example; and this will be best for Russia.

To Poland a certain measure of autonomy, compatible with general conditions in the Empire, is likely to be restored. Happily, the Moderate Liberal party in Poland is favorable to good relations with the Empire; and this autonomy, added to the rights already restored, would go far to render the Poles loyal and contented subjects of Russia, as Count Andrássy, hung in effigy by command of the Emperor Francis Joseph after the Hungarian troubles of 1848, became, a few years later, Prime Minister of the Empire and a devoted subject. The Poles in German Poland, it is true, have constitutional rights which have not hitherto been enjoyed by the Russian Poles; but, from a national and ethnographic standpoint, the latter have more rights, as the flourishing development of the theatre, literature, and art in Russian Poland (which is utterly lacking in German Poland) proves. In Finland, matters are already in a more satisfactory condition; so much so that when the Governor-General, Prince Obolensky, recently returned to Helsingfors from St. Petersburg, he received an ovation and was showered with flowers. Finland has already got back practically all her former rights. The military question, which alone remains unsettled, is to be decided two years hence. In the meantime, she is to pay a certain amount of money in lieu of service.

The troubles connected with the universities and with students in general can be settled only by the concession of academic autonomy, such as is enjoyed in Germany, France, and elsewhere. While some restrictions have already been removed from the Jews, the complicated and important problems connected with their status must await solution by the constitutional council in action. Probably they will be discussed in that Zemsky Soviet by the representatives of all classes of the people; and a decision thus reached would not be subject to suspicion. But the first condition of any success whatever in dealing with the difficult political situation at home is political amnesty in the greatest possible measure. The greatest single cause of discontent is the (recent) treatment of political offenders on a footing with ordinary criminals.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE SITUATION.

A very grave situation was created by Friday's action of the Equitable Life directors. The case, as it appears to us, is simply this: A great corporation, with assets of $400,000,000 and with half a million policyholders on its list, had for two months been torn by dissensions in its management, in the course of which charges of mismanagement and illegal practices had been publicly made by several of its highest officers against each other. As was to be expected, under such circumstances, the company's business came to an absolute halt. Its out-of-town agents thronged to New York, and in open convention asked for the resignation of one of these officers. As the recriminations increased, the public naturally rushed to the conclusion that still more serious scandals lay behind those which had been dragged to light in the quarrel between the president and the vice-president. Between these two officers lay direct and public issues of fact. A feeling of panic had begun to seize on men and women who had been paying their savings, year by year, to this company in return for a

guarantee of provision for their families at their death. The crisis was urgent, and there was only one way to meet it. The directors chose a committee from their own membership, conferred on it full power to investigate the charges made and the whole management of the Society, and instructed it to report its findings frankly.

At the start, this committee was looked upon by the public with much suspicion—chiefly because of a prevalent belief that the ownership of the company by one majority stockholder, the admitted existence of "dummy directors" on the board, and certain financial entanglements would obstruct unbiassed judgment. Early in April, the committee's chairman published his heads of inquiry; they were so searching and comprehensive as apparently to preclude all possibility of "whitewashing" or evasion. Thereupon public confidence in the committee returned. Mr. Frick's formal requests for evidence, addressed to the heads of the Equitable, were as plain warning as any honest man could have wished that the report would be unsparing.

What is the result? The committee submits its report to the directors; the report is found to be what its chairman's programme promised—an unflinching exposure of those grave evils regarding which the company's high executive officers have for months been exchanging accusations. There were open to the directors, in our judgment, three possible ways of dealing properly with that report. They might have approved it and published it. They might have published it, with approval of some findings and dissent from others. Finally, they might have rejected it *in toto*, denying the facts alleged—in which case their business was to produce the evidence refuting the charges—or rejecting the recommendations made and stating their reason for so doing. The directors chose none of these methods. They suppressed publication of the document, listened to the defence of some of the implicated parties, and then merely voted that the whole report be rejected. Except through unconfirmed rumor, colored by imagination and suspicion, the public knew nothing as to what these investigators of the company, chosen by the company itself, had desired to make known to its policyholders, or as to the grounds for the directors' action. The report, as subsequently given out, came from the committee itself, and without instructions from the board.

It appears to us that, from any point of view, the folly of this action is all but incredible. Resignations by directors whose work has been thus flouted, have followed as a matter of course. But in what a position is the company itself left by the board's extraordinary proceeding! It must be clear to any sane mind that the matter cannot stop where it is. The Frick report was made by order of the directors, but in the interest of the policyholders. Fortunately, these policyholders have obtained a knowledge of what the report contains by newspaper publication. Such publicity should have been conceded as a right, as a measure of self-preservation for the company. We ignore, and we shall continue to ignore until evidence is before us, the floating talk of "betrayal" of this accused officer or that by the committee, of secret offers by a committeeman, after submitting the report, to buy Mr. Hyde's stock control. Allegations of "betrayal" mean to us nothing, except that some implicated officer believed that he had a friend at court who would rule in his favor regardless of the evidence. But our judgment is, that neither incident, even if it were publicly proved, would in the least degree palliate the action of the board of directors. There are names signed to the report against which no intimation of blackmail could be raised for an instant; and, indeed, if every committeeman had been guilty of indiscreet or objectionable conduct, it would remain no less true that the report itself deals with facts, and that unless these can be disproved, it must be acted on, irrespective of the men who signed it.

As for the report itself, at present it suffices to say that the committee's findings of fact fully warrant the recent public demand for a thorough overhauling of the company's management, and, in our judgment, made inevitable a report of severe and unsparing character. We shall not undertake now to discuss Mr. Hyde's reported promise to "divest himself of his stock control"; that proposition cannot be intelligently considered until it is known who is to acquire the control which he lays down, what the terms of purchase are to be, and whether the Society itself has the right to pay the price. Beyond all these considerations lies the grave question, what steps the directors themselves are now to take to repair last week's blunder, and how they are to act on the formal charges which, even though the committee's report be officially rejected, are now more emphatically than ever before the public.

President Alexander and Vice-President Hyde have each published a reply to the report. The committee found President Alexander guilty of concealing from the directors his knowledge of illegal acts committed by his subordinates, and of being a member of the syndicate which, composed of officers of the Equitable, illegally and for the personal profit of its own members sold securities to that company. Mr. Alexander's reply is both feeble and evasive—qualities which, we are bound to say, have characterized every communication signed by him from the time this scandal started. He now declares the committee's charges to be "unqualifiedly false and not sustained by the evidence." Our own opinion is, that the evidence for them is absolutely convincing, and that the charges are established by Mr. Alexander's own communications to the committee. The alternative to acceptance of the committee's charges involves, indeed, a supposition fully as damaging to the president's reputation as the charges themselves. Yet he alleges it in his own defence, declaring that the grossly irregular purchases of securities which had been going on as far back as January 1, 1904, came to his knowledge only a few weeks prior to the board meeting of last February. What sort of executive supervision that is which renders possible such unauthorized misuse of the company's funds for a year or more, and to the sum of millions, we leave to the reader's judgment. At Mr. Alexander's door must also be laid, in accordance with all rational business practice, the first responsibility for the demoralization permeating the Society, and on these points the committee's evidence is quite irrefutable.

We have hitherto commented on the position in which Mr. Hyde was placed by his own admissions to the Frick committee. The committee finds him guilty of violating the insurance law by using the Equitable as a market for securities "underwritten" by his own syndicate, and we see no other possible conclusion. His counsel asserts that, "when the subject is fully understood," every right-minded man will agree that Hyde "was morally, as well as legally, entitled to these profits." Our opinion is, that the subject is fully understood already, and that right-minded men have reached and will sustain the opposite conclusion. Equally incontestable, in our view, is the committee's finding that Mr. Hyde has been guilty of other acts, "irregular in the sense that they are not in accordance with the Society's law or with sound business practices, treating the Society and its affairs largely as if they were his own personal concern."

This finding is, indeed, a mild summary of the specifications which the committee fortifies with its evidence. The well-established facts that Mr. Hyde has used the Equitable's investment funds to gratify his own ambition and secure a place on other corporation directories; that, between 1901 and 1903, his own salary was marked up from $30,000 to $100,000; that he had added $27,000 more by salaries paid him for nominal services by companies owned by the Equitable, and that, by his own admission, he had attempted to use the company's money for social celebrations of his own—these simply show what a system of "graft" has pervaded the entire institution, and why it is wholly out of the question that the beneficiary of such practices should remain in his present office.

If anything more than the Frick report were needed to prove the state of complete demoralization into which the company has been brought, it may be found in Mr. Tarbell's statements to the directors—statements as yet uncontroverted. The $8,000,000 loss in business during May, and the warning that failure to deal promptly with the existing situation will involve the demoralization and desertion of the agency force, simply prove the folly of all talk of a "peaceful and permanent solution, satisfactory to all interests," being near at hand. Altogether too much has been said already of "satisfying all the interests" that are now known to have fattened on illicit plunder from the company. It is high time that the policyholders' interest should take the place that belongs to it by right. For these policyholders, there can be no possibility of a permanent solution short of a thorough housecleaning which shall involve, first of all, removal of the officers whose mismanagement or guilt has brought the company to its present pass.

MUSIC IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

Two years ago three of the most famous American composers were at the head of the musical departments in our leading universities—John K. Paine at Harvard, Edward MacDowell at Columbia, Horatio Parker at Yale. To-day, Professor Parker alone remains at his post. Professor MacDowell left Columbia for reasons sufficiently discussed at the time, and a few days ago came the announcement that Professor Paine would retire on a pension, after having reached his sixty-sixth year and served his university forty-three years. In accepting his resignation the Board of Overseers entered on the records their desire to express "their sense of the high value of Professor Paine's services to the University, and to congratulate him upon his success in building up from the foundation the department of music."

Professor Paine is not only the Nestor of American composers, he is also the first native musician who mastered the larger musical forms and created works that won fame abroad as well as at home. His opera, "Azara," has not yet been produced. He regards it as his principal work; but even if it should fail of success, his orchestral works, notably his second symphony and his symphonic poems, "The Tempest" and "An Island Fantasy," and his music to the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles and "The Birds" of Aristophanes, will always ensure him an honorable position in the front rank of American composers. These works will in all probability be better known to the next generation than to his contemporaries, in obedience to what seems to be a law of nature, compelling the best composers to write chiefly "music of the future." But in the other field in which Mr. Paine has done pioneer work—that of creating a department of music in American universities—the present generation is already reaping a rich harvest.

Although some women's colleges may have taught practical music—piano playing and singing—before Mr. Paine began his courses at Harvard, he was the first to establish music as a branch of academic study, on an equal footing with all the other branches, counting for the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He began his work at Harvard in 1862, while Yale, Columbia, and other institutions have established their courses of music within a decade or two. The Universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania were in the field somewhat earlier; but all these colleges have combined conservatory work (piano, organ, and vocal teaching) with some theoretical courses and the history of music, whereas all the eight courses at Harvard are what may be termed academic, and count towards degrees. At first the growth of the new department was very slow. Up to 1869 the courses amounted to little more than private instruction in harmony and theory of music; in the following year twenty lectures on musical history were delivered, and two years later, at Mr. Paine's suggestion, harmony and counterpoint were introduced by the faculty as academic studies. In 1873 Mr. Paine was appointed assistant professor, and two years later professor. Until ten years ago he taught without any assistant, but the latest prospectus includes, besides his name, those of W. R. Spalding as assistant professor, F. S. Converse as instructor in music, and H. L. Stone as assistant in music, while the number of students exceeds two hundred.

When Mr. Paine went to Harvard there was not only indifference to music, but a prejudice against it as a college study, and he had to fight against great odds. In a few years this feeling died out, and is now a thing of the past. It is singular that so much hard and persistent effort should have been necessary to gain a foothold for music, for the academic study of music is no new thing in Europe. Professorships on this subject have existed at Oxford from the twelfth century; at Salamanca, Brescia, Tübingen, from the sixteenth; at Bologna and Basel from the seventeenth. In the scholastic age music held the central place in the curriculum of learning. To-day there are professors of music at Berlin, Munich, Leipsic, and other German universities, but apparently not one has a thoroughly organized department where most of the subjects are taught and counted for degrees as at Harvard. Usually, at these institutions, the *Musikprofessor* is not a prominent composer, but a historiographer, like Philip Spitta, or Eduard Hanslick, or Hugo Riemann.

The two most important questions now before the American universities which have, or expect to have, a musical department, are: Should the German universities be accepted as prototypes, or Harvard, or Yale; and should the instructor ever be a great composer? The answer to the first question depends somewhat on circumstances. Yale, for instance, is doubtless wise in having orchestral and oratorio societies as an adjunct to the musical department, and is justified in giving instruction in piano, organ, violin, and violoncello playing, and in singing, while Harvard, being so near the concert halls and conservatories of Boston, can dispense with such practical matters and confine itself to harmony, counterpoint, history of music, musical form, fugue, canon, and the higher branches of composition, including orchestration.

The problem of instructors is more serious; it is a phase of the larger question as to the advisability of harnessing creative minds. It is quite true that, as Professor Stanley of Ann Arbor has said, regarding Professor Paine at Harvard, "his influence as a teacher has been very great, and for many years he has been an inspiration to the men who have been under his instruction, while his example has been of incalculable benefit to American music"; it is also true that Professor Paine trained about a score of the best-known composers, teachers, and critics in this country. Yet it is likely that he would have done still more for the honor and profit of American art if he could have converted the energy expended in teaching into creating more of his splendid orchestral works. The same can be said of Mr. MacDowell. The years he spent at Columbia were so exhausting that there was not enough energy and impulse left for as large a number of his inspired compositions as his admirers had a right to expect of him. Apparently, therefore, one must advise our universities to keep their hands off our composers. To be sure, the poor fellows have to live; perhaps, some day, the generous rich will take account of and make provision for them.

THE HEIR TO THE GERMAN THRONE.

The marriage of the German Crown Prince has naturally aroused widespread interest in the bridegroom, whose influence upon the future of Europe is certain, if he lives, to be very great. So far, comparatively little has been known abroad about him, save that he is just twenty-three, and has been attending the University of Bonn, where his father and grandfather, too, put the finishing touches to their education. That he has had the usual stern training given to a

Hohenzollern, goes without saying. If character can be formed, and the moral decadence so apt to come with the possession of royal powers can be avoided, by a course of simple living, strict discipline, and hard brain work, the future Emperor is certain to be as fine an example of strenuous and honorable activity as his father. The young Hohenzollern princes may well look with envy upon their contemporaries in the nobility; they, at least, know no such strenuous life, so barren of soft pleasures, as falls to the lot of a son of the German Emperor—at least until he goes to the University.

The very simplicity of this well-understood training takes away in Germany much of that interest, if not divinity, which doth hedge about a future ruler, as well as an actual king, until such a notable event as his marriage attracts popular attention. In this case it has already resulted in the publication of a number of pamphlets and newspaper articles designed to reveal the real Prince to his future subjects. The most interesting is from the pen of a "Fellow-man," as he writes himself on the title-page of 'The German Crown Prince in the Light of Our Times.' This "Fellow-man" is Willy Seibert, the Prince's former music teacher at Bonn. Fantastically written as the book in many respects is, far too full of Herr Seibert's own views on music and politics, it is none the less an honest and earnest attempt to give an unbiassed sketch of a young man who, in outward appearance at least, is merely a typical blond young German, trim and slender in his handsome uniform, and rather proud and cold in his bearing. From the very first the Crown Prince has suffered by comparison with his younger brother, Prince Eitel Friedrich, who, as a golden-haired child, developed a charm of personality that has made him to-day far more familiar to the people and much better liked than the older and more reserved Prince.

Both are simple and unaffected young men, Eitel with all the love of a frolic to be found in the average American collegian. But all his readiness not to stand upon his royal dignity did not make the Crown Prince popular at Bonn. He failed to join in the student drinking bouts with all the enthusiasm of the average *Korpsstudent*. "He has not enough thirst, he will not *guzzle*," was the regretful, but to most people complimentary, judgment passed upon him by his fellows of the "Borussia." And his tutor vouches for the fact that the Prince's alleged infatuations for certain singers, actresses, and American beauties, so vividly described by sensational journals at home and abroad, are of the idle stuff of dreams. Only one innocent amour he allows him. But the son of his father could not fail to have a liking for sports. A daring horseman, he is also devoted to tennis, to rowing, and to automobiling. Student duelling he has never cared for, and his democratic insistence on visiting middle-class families, which deeply offended the officers of the Bonn garrison, is a hopeful augury that he will have less sympathy for snobbish military aristocrats than has marked the present Emperor. None the less, he is, we are told, "a soldier at heart." Like all the Hohenzollerns, he is a lover of music, but even his teacher cannot make him out other than a fair performer on the violin.

Herr Seibert gives us his word that his royal charge is politically unprejudiced. He notes with satisfaction that, on hearing a lecturer praise the Hohenzollerns as defenders of free speech, the Crown Prince spoke up loudly: "So it has been, and so it always will be." If we may trust this Boswell, the heir to the throne is distinctly clever, of calm judgment, and with unusual insight into character. He is, however, evidently not of an original mind, and he is content to accept his religion as a good Hohenzollern defender of the faith should, with scant regard for the new philosophy that would undermine the faiths of old. Altogether, he is reputed to be far more like his great-grandfather, the narrow William I., than his brilliant father. Like them both, he has a keen sense of duty, certain to keep him steadily in harness.

So much for the "present view." Time alone can show whether it is as far from the truth as were most of the judgments about the present Emperor when he was so suddenly called to the throne, after only a few months' emergence from the comparative obscurity of a mere Prince of Prussia. The impulsiveness then attributed to the sovereign has proved less dangerous than was feared, and, so far from being a devotee of war, as his early utterances portrayed him, he has, like his uncle, the King of England, done his best to preserve peace among nations. It cannot be said, however, that the Kaiser has pleased his subjects by his choice of a bride for his son. The Mecklenburgs have not played too noble a part in their country's history, and, to come down to present times, the mother of the bride has, rightly or wrongly, been so *non grata* to princes and people that her presence at the wedding ceremonies had not been expected. But there are few princely German families from which an heir to the throne can choose a consort, and in this case, it is alleged, as so often when royal lovers wed, that the young Crown Prince's affections coincide with the will of his Imperial father.

THE HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

LONDON, May 22, 1905.

Mr. Choate's last public appearance as American Ambassador took place this afternoon in St. Saviour's Church, this month formally proclaimed to be the Cathedral of the new Bishopric of Southwark. Situated close to the Southwark end of London Bridge, this fabric, being one of the oldest churches in London, is undergoing enlargement in various ways in order that it may suffice for the growing needs of the vast population of the Surrey side. Its construction goes back to the thirteenth century; from belonging to an old Augustinian Priory, it was, in 1540, converted into a parish church. Three hundred years later, in 1840, its nave was demolished to make room for what cannot be deemed a wholly pleasing modern substitute. One of the alterations made, apparently at this time, was the walling up of the four Norman arches by which the old Chapel of St. John the Divine (where John Harvard, whose father was buried near by, was baptized on November 29, 1607) communicated with the north transept and adjacent parts of the church. The sole window in this chapel, now used as a vestry, is filled with stonework, designed by Mr. C. F. McKim, and glazed with three lights designed and executed by Mr. John La Farge. Above are the arms of Great Britain, Harvard University, and Emmanuel College, while below are three Biblical scenes, with St. John and the baptism of Christ at the centre, and the record of John Harvard's baptism blazoned below the whole. The liberal proportions of this window give ample scope for glowing effects of color such as only La Farge knows how to achieve, and are in contrast with the small dimensions to which the quondam chapel has been reduced since 1840.

A plan is on foot to undo the immediate past and restore the smothered Norman arches by opening out the chapel, which might then be suitably known as the Harvard Chapel of St. John the Divine. Meanwhile to-day's ceremony had to take place in the ancient Ladye Chapel, from which the window was not visible. The Ambassador with the clergy proceeded to the chapel and unveiled the window, returning thence to the crowded assemblage—a very representative one—among which were noticeable delegates from Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Emmanuel College, of course, was conspicuously present on an occasion so nearly concerning it, nor were graduates of Harvard lacking.

At the beginning, the American flag was flying from the Cathedral tower and the window was covered by a second American flag. This last was removed by Mr. Choate, and then Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, in whose diocese was the whole Surrey side of London until the creation of the Bishopric of Southwark, declared that the Harvard window was in a chapel—henceforth a Harvard chapel—dating back four or five hundred years beyond John Harvard's christening day. Americans in visiting it might remember "the rock from which they were hewn." Englishmen would see in it a proof of filial and brotherly attachment. Summoned to speak his mind as the donor, Mr. Choate touched upon "abiding relations of friendship" happily uniting England and America. Born at the Surrey end of London Bridge, baptized here three centuries ago, educated at Emmanuel while Milton was at Christ's, John Harvard, like Milton, was a scholar and of pious life. Seeking larger

freedom in Massachusetts, he died "prematurely, as it then seemed, but in the fulness and perfection of time, as is now manifest." Touching then upon his part in founding Harvard, Mr. Choate quoted the quaint colonial record, and dwelt upon the two mottoes of Harvard University, which, strong in prestige and renown, rich in endowments, and richer still in the loyalty of her sons, was "not unworthy to be compared with Oxford and Cambridge, from which it drew its first life." "A radiating source of light," Harvard and its sons had had their full share, he said, in all the great movements which have marked the progress from "that little handful of storm-swept immigrants on the Atlantic coast to the imperial republic of to-day." In our own day Harvard had sent forth Phillips Brooks, "to be a pillar of Christ and the Church (*Christo et Ecclesiae*), and Theodore Roosevelt, to be a champion of the truth (*Veritas*)." He echoed the wish of Dr. Talbot that the memorial window might be a place for reviving the kindred attachment between England and America. Harvard was as surely the offspring of Cambridge and Oxford, and own daughter of Emmanuel, as Old England was the mother of New England. Of one hundred early teachers at Harvard who came from Oxford and Cambridge, seventy were from Cambridge and twenty from Emmanuel. "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go, for she is thy life," was the closing utterance of the speaker, who added thanks to the Dean and Chapter and to Mr. La Farge.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then gave succinctly a genial account of the foundation of Emmanuel by Sir Walter Mildmay, and made appropriate allusion to the contribution of John Harvard in founding the American offshoot of Sir Walter's college. Having touched feelingly upon the signal good offices of the donor in cementing Anglo-American friendship, the Archbishop spoke of the Church of St. Saviour's, linked "with the storied past of England, with Chaucer, Shakspere, Bunyan, and many more," and now "springing this very month into new life" as a Cathedral.

Mr. James Bryce, the last speaker, dwelt on Harvard's history and influence. Founded under Sir Harry Vane, "young in years, but in sage counsel old," Harvard had taught the subjects of the day with thoroughness. She had done more for her pupils than Magdalen for Gibbon, or Balliol for Adam Smith. She had formed the mind of Boston, which in turn formed the mind of New England. Above all, she had always had the generous support of her sons, who had for generations poured out money for her every need. Harvard had 5,000 students to-day, of whom one-third designed themselves not merely for the professions, but for some trade or commerce—a point which deserved attention from English universities. In a country where wealth was eagerly sought and swiftly made, reverence and love for learning were supremely important. This was recognized in America, where universities were loved and freely (too freely, perhaps) endowed—for even universities might suffer from having too much wealth. Two-thirds of the Harvard students came, nevertheless, from humble homes. Mr. Bryce concluded by picturing the unique position of influence enjoyed in America to-day by college presidents, and closed with an emphatic declaration that the universities and the church were the best elements in American life.

LOUIS DYER.

THE SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1905.

I suppose it is inevitable that, with the years, the new Salon should fall into the respectable mediocrity from which the artists who formed it hoped to escape when they seceded from the old Salon. In the early nineties, the contrast between the two exhibitions was enormous. Whatever the seceders made of theirs in the beginning, they certainly managed to avoid respectability and mediocrity both. Indeed, they preferred rather to go to any extreme of outrageousness or eccentricity. What they produced as a result may not have been great art, but it revealed at least an effort, a striving, on their part, to see and express things for themselves; at least a consciousness that the development of one's individuality is better far than an unintelligent repetition of the old and exhausted formulas of the schools. The new Salon at the Champ de Mars may have been full of the sensational in motive and method—those were the days of Rosicrucianism and the Scriptural subject in modern dress, the days of *plein-airistes* and *pointillistes*, and the innumerable *istes* now forgotten; but there was life, there was movement, and movement in any direction is better than stagnation. The new Salon at the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, however, has turned its earlier experimenting into conventions as benumbing as those of the older society, and, really, between the two exhibitions there is no longer very much to choose.

The older men at the new Salon seem to have lost their freshness of vision and observation as entirely as the older men of the Salon they deserted that they might preserve their independence; they now paint according to a cut-and-dried recipe. If, at the old Salon, one can count beforehand on the barren sweep of Pointelin's landscapes and the tragic grayness of his skies, on the romantic dignity of Harpignies's accomplished design—and the pictures of these two men are among the few one stops to look at in the more conservative exhibition—so, at the new Salon, one is sure beforehand of the mysterious fog in which Carrière's sitters will be enveloped, of the meretricious elegance of Carolus-Duran's portraits, and the amazing caricature of Boldini's. The painter who refuses to look at nature save through a chosen convention, even if it be one he has evolved or invented for himself, is bound sooner or later, and usually sooner, to come to the end of his resources. Not the greatest can escape. Take, for instance, Carrière; it is as if, nowadays, he sacrificed everything in his pictures to the atmosphere which was their charm in the beginning, but has now deteriorated into something perilously like a *cliché*. In this year's portrait of an elderly man and woman, there is little or nothing of the character so strong in his "Daudet" and many of his earlier portraits, none of the grandeur of design that was the distinction of his interior of a theatre shown but a few summers ago. And so Boldini has become more and more absorbed in the amusing and eccentric lines, the delicious absurdities of modern modes, until half the time, when women sit to him, he produces not a portrait, but a mad parody of a fashion plate. Of his two portraits of women now at the Salon, however, one is, for him, reticence itself—in atonement, as it were, for his unpardonable exaggerations of last year, though these, slightly modified, are repeated in the second, a full-length of the most Parisian of Parisians. But he has also been painting a man in matter-of-fact everyday coat and hat—a portrait in which the character, to the very angle at which the hat tilts backward, is unmistakable, for in his portraits of men he must seek his amusement necessarily in character rather than in costume, and therefore they usually show him in his more sober mood.

Unfortunately, M. Besnard exhibits nothing but a portion of the ceiling he has designed for the Théâtre-Français; Apollo and the Twenty-Four Hours his subject. As seen on the walls of the Salon, the color scheme is confused, and the clouds that pile themselves up in great masses below the orange circle of the sun are solid and lumpy. But it is unfair, it is impossible, to judge a ceiling when hung as a picture, and a small model of the entire design is far more promising. Of other older men—men like Lhermitte, Roll, Billotte—there is little to be said. The names attract now rather than the work, upon which constant repetition of well-approved formulas has left its mark. Even the men of a younger generation, those who were "the younger men" in the early days of the secession, are not able to resist the apathy of the moment. M. Aman-Jean's portraits, though they retain the old grace and the old tenderness of color, are fading into anæmic shadows of those decorative presentments which, when first shown, took the artistic world by storm, but which, at their strongest, were never exactly robust. M. Simon's determined realism has led him to a statement of fact so prosaic, so dull, that his large group of this year—"Soirée dans un atelier"—is about as interesting as a photograph. The camera could have got as much, or more, out of the effects of light in a studio at night, and out of the people gathered there—M. Cottet conspicuous among them. M. Simon, in his eagerness to paint precisely what he sees and nothing else, apparently forgets that everything depends not on what but how he sees.

It is not a little to M. Cottet's credit that he has realized the danger lurking in repetition, and, at the risk of a loss of popularity, has struggled to break free from the Breton subjects the public have come to look for from him. He has been to Spain; he has discovered Segovia, Salamanca, Avila, those strongholds of the romantic; he has done his best to show the might and majesty of a great Spanish cathedral, the grimness and impressiveness of the old walled and battlemented Spanish town. But, after gray Brittany, the sunshine of Spain has bewildered him. His blue, cloudless skies are flat; cathedral and town are cut out in hard outline against it. He has had to wait for the storm or the cloudy day to see atmosphere in a land where the atmospheric conditions are so new and strange to him. Spain does not reveal herself on a first visit. One must know the country to realize the truth, as well as the beauty, of Velasquez's landscapes, where the sunshine is always tempered. M. Cottet might also, without much loss of time, have

chosen finer and more picturesque points of view. However, no matter from where you look at them, these three Spanish towns build themselves up into a romantic composition, and it is something that the artist should have tried to paint them as they are, instead of presenting them according to a familiar recipe for light and color.

I wish I could say as much for M. Gaston La Touche, whose earnestness in attacking a certain problem of light was at the start the great merit of his pictures, and made them, even when he failed in his solution, worth studying. But now that he has mastered the problem, now that he has learned the secret of rendering sunlight falling through green foliage, or lamplight shining from under a green shade or in a green-toned room, he seems afraid to venture upon any new experiment. All that is left is to vary the subject he illuminates with this golden-green light—and to concentrate one's attention upon subject in France is to come to the tale of intrigue as inevitably as, in England, it ushers in the sentiment of the baby, the dog, and the mustard pot. M. Ménard, on the other hand, is not even at the trouble to vary his subject, but goes on rendering the same low-toned landscape under the same pale skies, with the same clouds he painted so well low on the horizon. Among the portrait painters, M. La Gandara shows no less the evil effects of repetition. He, who was at one time spoken of as a rival to Whistler, has allowed his interest in the sheen of silk and satin, in the flow of draperies, to engross him more and more until, really, the women in his two large portraits this year are no better than puppets, red-cheeked dolls, manikins on which to display a pretty fashion.

If I seem to be dwelling chiefly on this tendency to repetition—a tendency doomed to result in stagnation—it is because, to me, nothing is more marked in either Salon. Some of the French critics have been lamenting, as the reason of the dulness of this year's exhibitions, the increasing influence of Whistler and Carrière, which means, so they say, dreariness and sadness in the followers, a dirtiness of color, an emptiness of design. But though this influence does manifest itself in the painting of some of the younger men, it is far from prevailing, and, still suffering as I am from the prismatic fireworks of men like Eliot and Roll and Montenard in the new Salon, the blinding brilliance of Sorolla in the old, I cannot very well join in the lament. It is rather to the benumbing influence of formula, whether of tradition or of the individual, that the dulness—upon which every one agrees, whatever is suggested as cause—must be attributed.

Zuloaga, though it is but a few years since his name was heard in the Salon, since his warmest admirers proclaimed him the modern Velasquez, appears already to have exhausted his originality. His Spanish types have lost their life and piquancy; the animation of the women, with their powdered faces and gay shawls, might be machine-made, so perfunctory does it seem, while what passed for breadth of technique has deteriorated into coarseness or carelessness, and the hasty marks of his big, heavily-charged brush are so many proofs of the truth of Whistler's teaching, that a picture is not finished until all traces of how it was done have gone from it. Garrido, too—it may be out of deference to his patrons—seems to have stereotyped the face of his little model, and the smile with which she looks out now from almost his every picture. Of all this Spanish group, Anglada is most successful in retaining his inventiveness and remaining personal without becoming mannered. He has been studying the phenomena of color and light in a Spanish poultry market at night, and on his canvas the confused mass of gorgeous plumage, suddenly emerging from the shadowy background, is as strong and brilliant and bewildering in color as he must have seen it to produce an effect so obviously true.

I know it is not easy to draw the line between personality and mannerism. Some of the painters whose work stands out with most distinction, have developed a style so entirely their own that it might seem mannered were it not so well subordinated to the rendering of the impression they wish to record. The paintings of Mr. Morrice, for one, are so personal that they could not be mistaken for any one else's, but so far he has not let this expression of his personality become a mere trick of technique. His work, if not very strong, always has charm; and again this year, in his Southern bull-ring as on his Northern seas, in his circus as in his open square, you feel his sensitiveness to harmonious color, his feeling for decorative design. Nothing could be truer than his circus, but it is no bare statement of fact like M. Simon's huge studio; it is the circus made beautiful by the wide sweep of its curves, the tender depths of its shadows. At times M. Le Sidaner threatens to overstep the line into mannerism; but this year he shows he can see beauty of light and atmosphere in the crowded Paris street as in the little provincial *place*. The kiosque with its flaring posters, or the red hat of a passing figure, is to him as lovely as the blossoms in a lamplit garden or the gold of the autumn trees. Mr. Maurer is another of the younger men whose work has not lost its interest. He is still preoccupied with types unpleasantly coarse, but the honest study of character in his two full-length portraits of women, as in his ballet girl of two years ago, redeems them from vulgarity. Better, however, are his café and garden, both amusing in perspective and full of ingenuity in arrangement. Mr. Maurer has not ceased to be the student; one hopes for much from him when he eventually finds himself. Mr. Frieseke would do well to borrow (for an interval, anyway) Mr. Maurer's subjects, his danger lying in over-sweetness of color, over-refinement of design. His large nude, "Femme Nue," is the most ambitious of his canvases I have seen, but the figure of the woman stretched upon the couch might just as well not have been there, so secondary is it in interest to the arrangement of rose in the draperies and wall-paper. His two or three smaller canvases are reëchoes of pictures already exhibited. Nor do I think that M. Caro-Delvaille fulfils the promise held out two years ago by that large family portrait group bought for the Luxembourg. He has not renounced his ambition; the recognition of his fellow-artists has not failed him. His several portraits, surrounding an idyl of "September," fill a centre in one of the larger galleries. But he has grown self-conscious. In his "Madame Edmond Rostand" and his "Mademoiselle Jeanne Rolly," the pose is forced, the costume is deliberately eccentric, and the eye wanders involuntarily from the figures, where it should rest, to the beautifully painted flowers here on a table, there on the mantel; or to a glimpse of the blue night through an open window. The idyl, with its group of irrelevant figures in a romantic landscape, may have been intended for a modern version of Giorgione's "Fête Champêtre"; but it is without any of the qualities such a subject calls for.

Mr. Sargent is represented only by the "Duchess of Sutherland" from last year's Academy, a portrait which strikes the French critic as the superficial shadow of Sargent at his best that I found it when I saw it in London. There are portraits by several of the Glasgow men, notably Sir James Guthrie's "Miss Jeanie Martin"; but of these I have written when they were in different London exhibitions. M. Thaulow, as of old, impresses one by the truth of his studies of water and snow. M. Lobre attracts by his delightfully rendered little interiors; the cathedral of Chartres and the splendor of its glass suggesting some of his latest subjects. There may be many other good things hidden away in a collection so huge that, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to see everything. Of what one does see, there is unquestionably so little of importance, so much of colorless commonplace, that one finds one's self turning with amusement to Veber's grotesque fantasies, or with relief to the vigorous downright realism of Hochard's provincial types, as grotesque in their way.

Another fact I should point out is the absence of many of the Americans who were faithful exhibitors in the new Salon—Alexander, Humphreys Johnston, Walter Gay, Dannat, Eugene Vail; all, for the time, anyway, have vanished. Mr. Melchers remains, showing a full-length portrait of a peasant girl in costume—and also Mr. Childe-Hassam, who has several brilliant landscapes, and Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose seas, I must confess, have lost the freshness of their charm.

The sculpture and the black-and-white have not escaped the general dulness. As ever, the ability revealed by the sculptors in both Salons is appalling when one considers how little great work comes of it all. This year, to make matters worse, M. Rodin has nothing very remarkable like his "Penseur" or the monument to Victor Hugo; no colossal failure, even, like the Balzac. His bust of M. Guillaume is a fine, nervous rendering of character, but it cannot hold or fascinate one in quite the same manner, and the large cast of his study of a figure was in last winter's International. Nor can M. Bartholomé's "Adam and Eve" be accepted as one of his masterpieces. The black drapery about two small bronzes by Constantin Meunier is a reminder of the great loss modern sculpture has incurred within the last year.

The days of experimenting, of brilliant innovation and daring departure, seem to have passed for draughtsmen and engravers. There was a time, not so long ago, when one wanted to examine carefully every drawing and print, when there were few that did not present some interesting technical problem, or work out some splendid

or at least startling design. But now it is the other way about, and there are few that call for special attention by any originality of method or fine accomplishment. Artists like M. Louis Legrand, M. Chahine, Mr. MacLaughlin, M. Milcendeau, M. Luigini continue to exhibit in the new Salon; artists like M. Dillon, M. Bauer, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Wolf in the old. But I might note many absences this summer, and the once high level of achievement is hardly maintained. The extraordinary part of it is that, despite the fatigue and exhaustion facing one in every section of both exhibitions, the number of exhibitors does not decrease. Indeed, the new Salon this year has opened new rooms for the paintings, the autumn Salon is only less large than the two older shows, a Société Nouvelle has been launched. It seems a pity, for there is a saving remnant out of which one good, strong, if comparatively small, exhibition might be made.

N. N.

OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENTS IN SWITZERLAND.

ZURICH, May, 1905.

The biographer of Prof. E. A. Freeman says that Freeman could never breathe quite freely in a country which was not under some form of popular government, and that Switzerland was to him one of the most delectable of all countries, because it was essentially a land of freedom in which some of the most primitive Teutonic customs were preserved almost without change. An Irishman may fully share that feeling when he visits a country where there are no landlords, no privileged classes, and where the executive and judicial officers receive each year directly from the hands of the sovereign people their mandates and commissions of office.

Most persons know that Switzerland is a federated republic, consisting of twenty-two States, each of which is sovereign, so far as its independence and legislative powers are not restricted by the Federal Constitution. Each has its own system of government, based on the principle of the absolute sovereignty of the people. The total population of the republic is three and a third million souls, and, three of the cantons having divided themselves into half-cantons, the smallest self-governing area, Basel Stadt, contains only fourteen square miles, while the least in population is the half-canton of Nidwalden, with 13,000 souls. In seven of these States the people exercise their legislative powers directly without the intervention of any parliamentary machinery. Once a year at least, and at other times if necessary, the voters meet in the open air, approve or disapprove then and there of their laws, budgets, taxes; elect their administrators and judges and their representative to the Federal State Council. Freeman reckoned it one of the highest privileges of his life to have been present at one of these open-air parliaments, of which every voter is a member.

The cantons in which these "Landesgemeinden" still exist are Uri (population 20,000), Schwyz (55,000), Obwalden (15,000), Nidwalden (13,000), Glarus (32,000), Appenzell, Exterior (55,000), Appenzell, Interior (14,000). The procedure at the Landesgemeinden is not exactly the same in each canton. I shall describe what took place at the two I attended—one in Uri, the other in Nidwald.

Uri Landesgemeinde is held on the first Sunday in May. Official notice, and the business with which the meeting is to deal, are published beforehand by the Cantonal Council. Notice must be given in writing of amendments or new proposals. For any change in the Constitution, the demand must be made in writing by fifty voters. Every citizen who has attained the age of twenty years can vote and speak at the Landesgemeinde. At Uri the business this year was: (1) Filling a vacancy in the Cantonal Council, which is reëlected every fourth year; (2) election of Landamman, or president, a vice-president, and two representatives to the Federal States-Council at Berne, each for one year only; (3) election of five members of the Supreme Court for four years, and acceptance of the resignation of the president on account of deafness; (4) election of four members of the Criminal Court—term of office four years; (5) election of four members of two district courts—term of office four years—together with substitutes in case of unavoidable absence of the regular members; (6) law relating to Cantonal Savings Bank; (7) consideration of a proposal made by sixty-seven voters for a change in the law affecting markets. Time of meeting, noon.

At eleven o'clock the square and principal streets of Altdorf were full of people, and a procession was formed. In front marched two heralds in fantastic uniforms, half-yellow, half-black, with large white frills and cuffs, plumed hats, and the celebrated wild-bulls' horns of Uri, which had been blown at the battle of Morgarten, slung round their necks. A brass and a drum band followed. Then came the troops of Uri—sixty soldiers in blue and gray, followed by twelve police. Four carriages contained the principal State officials, and seven important-looking persons in cocked hats and long gowns, one side of which was yellow and the other black. These were the Landweibeln, sergeants or beadles, who were to decide all questions as to the voting. The crowd—men, women, and children—walked alongside or after the procession, the band and the drums playing alternately. Two miles we trudged in blazing sunshine on the main road, then up a lane to Bözlingen, the place of meeting.

On a level sward a temporary structure of tiers of benches was provided for the voters; in the centre was a table and two chairs. From the level a talus sloped up for 100 feet or more to a mighty and sheer cliff seven or eight hundred feet in height. Above this was a ledge of pasture dotted with pines, then steep forest for about 2,000 feet, then rocks and snow. The green floor of the valley, about three-quarters of a mile wide, was dotted with enormous pear, cherry, apple, and plum trees in full blossom; on the opposite side pasture, forest, rock and snow towered steeply for nine or ten thousand feet.

The senior of the yellow and black-gowned sergeants opens the proceedings with a short proclamation. The Landamman is seated at the table in the centre of the ring, the secretary beside him, the sword and mace of Uri deposited on two drums beside them. Both sit hatless in the hot sunshine. The tiers of benches are packed close with voters; sentries are posted at each entrance; the spectators on the slope can see all and hear some.

Proceedings begin punctually at noon. The Landamman speaks for about 20 minutes, turning to all parts of the ring, ending with a short prayer, during which all uncover. The first business is his own election, and he takes his seat among the crowd on the benches. The vice-president puts the question, and the Landamman, reelected without opposition, returns to the table. He speaks again at some length, explaining the business of the day. Then follow speeches from the crowd of electors. The speaker stands up, uncovers, uses no notes, and seldom exceeds fifteen minutes; some speak only for a minute or two; some gesticulate; others, hat in one hand and umbrella in the other, are motionless. The President puts the question, names each candidate, and calls for a show of hands. "Hebe die Hände vorüber," he calls in a clear voice. The seven sergeants are on a slightly raised bench; they look keenly around; to count the hands raised would be impossible, for there are over 2,000 electors in the ring. If they cannot decide, the sergeants ask for a second hand show, and finally announce their decision, saying the first, second, or third division is recognized ("Erste Entscheidung ist erkannt, Landamman"), the senior generally speaking after consultation with the others. I am told that a division or actual count is never taken here. The decisions announced were never questioned. Some speeches provoked a little laughter, but during the entire proceedings there was never applause, groans, dissent, approval, or cheering of any kind, from either voters or spectators. There was no parliamentary disorder of any kind. If two speakers rose together, one immediately gave way and waited for his turn. No speech was ever interrupted; perfect silence prevailed. The "ring" is of course reserved exclusively for voters, with the exception of the boys, who, when they could find room, sat as quiet as mice, and never attempted to raise their hands when a vote was taken. Although the tenure of the executive officers is for only one year, it is usual in this canton to reëlect the same persons year after year.

It occurs to one to ask what is done if the day is not fine. I was told that the meeting was held here rain or shine. In the adjoining Canton of Schwyz, the Landesgemeinde was summoned for the same day as in Uri to meet in a meadow, but with an announcement that, in case of bad weather, it would be held in the church. Sunday is a usual day for municipal and other public business. The better the day the better the deed. Like Alexander Severus, men here deem the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the gods. In this respect there is no difference between Catholic and Protestant cantons. Some years ago I attended the voting on a referendum question in the Protestant Canton of Vaud. The vote was taken in the parish church after morning service. The mayor sat at a table on which was a ballot box, called out the list of voters in alphabetical order, and each man present dropped his voting-card into the box.

The other Landesgemeinde I attended was that of Nidwald. Here every male citizen over eighteen is entitled to vote. The business was election of Landamman, vice-president, and a cantonal representative

to the Federal Chamber, each for a term of one year; the election of a State Secretary; a proposal for a licensing law increasing the tax on hotels and inns in proportion to their size and the business done; fixing the land tax for the ensuing year; authorization of some new roads. It is not the practice here to elect the same Landamman year after year, but to appoint him vice-president in alternate years; the vice-president becoming the Landamman. The important business of the day was the election of the secretary and the licensing law.

The procession marched from Stans, the State capital, and deposited flags and weapons in the ring, which was hardly large enough to contain all the voters. It was very different from the Uri meeting-place. A quadrangle thirty yards by twenty-four was enclosed by a stone wall, less than three feet high, coped with flat stones. Fourteen large chestnuts grew close to the wall, their leaves roofing in the enclosure. Rough benches provided sitting accommodation; at one end was a stone daïs, on which stood the Landamman, the vice-president, the secretary, members of the Cantonal Council and four sergeants in red and white cloaks. Not only was the ring packed with voters, but they stood three deep on the wall coping. "Veni Creator" was sung, and then the Landamman gave a short address on general Swiss politics and events of the year. Everything was free and easy; the voters sat with coats off and hats on; most of them smoked; speeches were received with shrill but not prolonged cheers.

The two contentious items of business were the licensing law and election of the State Secretary. Most of the speeches were very short. The licensing law was carried by a show of hands, but the sergeants could come to no conclusion as to the voting for the Secretary. A count was directed by the Landamman, on which all voters left the ring and ranged themselves in two parties in a large meadow adjoining. Each party was accompanied by its friends the sympathizers, women, boys, children, and non-voters. The sergeants marshalled the voters out of the crowd, and they then marched four abreast between the four sergeants, two of whom stood at each side. First one party was counted, and then the other, with the result that the Liberal received 1,211 votes, and the Conservative 1,023. The division took fully an hour, and the result, when announced in the ring, was received with loud and shrill cheers. At both meetings every one was well and neatly dressed; many of the women bareheaded, with ornaments in their hair. At Nidwald about half the men wore short dark, fine cloth blouses, open at the neck embroidered with yellow, red and blue silk.

In 1291 the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden formed a league of perpetual alliance, "to maintain their freedom and to keep up good order in their mountain valleys." They have done so, and gathered round them the group of States which forms the present Swiss republic. Their condition refutes Sir Henry Maine's opinion, given in his 'Popular Government,' that "it is not by political societies in any way resembling those now called democracies that human improvement has been carried on." Throughout Switzerland, and especially in these original cantons, democracy is both a real form of government and a state of society. Government is economical, cheap, efficient, and thoroughly in accord with the wants and wishes of the people. Laws can be, and when necessary are, quickly and easily changed. There is absolute security that such laws as are made shall be in accordance with the wants and wishes of the majority, and that the executive officers shall be persons who possess the confidence of the people. The initiative and referendum secure the same result for those cantons where the Landesgemeinden do not exist, as well as for the whole Federation. The system of primary education is the best in Europe, and the fact that 40 per cent. of the students at the Zurich Polytechnic are foreigners, is evidence of the excellence of the higher education.

One hundred years ago Switzerland was the battlefield of Europe. It was torn with internal dissensions. The country was ravaged, cities sacked; men, women, and children put to the sword. A democratic constitution, a popular and flexible system of local government, have made her one of the most progressive, contented, and internally peaceful countries in Europe. Her beautiful villages, well spread out, equipped with splendid schools, good water supplies, public weigh-bridges, suitable municipal buildings, absence of pauperism, wise provision for the care of the poor, the orphans, and the helpless, make a striking contrast with Ireland, which has not been the field of great wars since the time of Cromwell. Yet Ireland looks as if it had been ravaged by invading armies and never recovered. Its fertile districts depopulated, its urban and agricultural slums, ruinous towns, decaying or vanished villages, gigantic workhouses, mean and insufficient schools, attest what? Misgovernment and maladministration of the heavy taxes levied in a way and for purposes which the people object to, and from which they derive little benefit. Admittedly, we have the worst educational system in civilized Europe. Our system of local government is prescribed at Westminster, and controlled by boards, judges and officials appointed by the English Government, and hostile not only to every principle of popular government, but, with few exceptions, to their fellow-countrymen. They owe their positions to a foreign country. Members of Parliament are prevented from addressing their constituents. Municipal and county councillors are frequently imprisoned. It is a claim on public esteem to have been in jail on the sentence of English-appointed judges, or to have been beaten by the military force miscalled police. Public meetings are prohibited and broken up by violence at the will of the Government.

But Switzerland, not Ireland, is the subject of my letter. M. O'B.

Correspondence.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The undersigned is compiling a Biographical Directory of American Men of Science. It was begun as a manuscript reference-list for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, but arrangements have now been made for its publication. The book should be ready in the autumn, nearly 4,000 biographical sketches being in type. The proofs have been corrected by those concerned, but, in order to secure as great accuracy as possible, a revised proof will be sent in the early autumn.

This letter is written with a view to securing biographical sketches from those living in North America, who have carried on research work in the natural or exact sciences, but who have not received proof of a sketch for correction. Some of those who were asked to send the information required did not reply, even in answer to a second and third request, and there are, of course, many who should be included in the work, but who for one reason or another did not receive the request for information.

It is intended that each biographical sketch shall contain information as follows:

(1.) The full name, with title and mail address, the part of the name ordinarily omitted in correspondence being in parentheses.

(2.) The department of investigation, given in italics.

(3.) The place and date of birth.

(4.) Education and degrees, with dates.

(5.) Positions, with dates; the present position being given in italics.

(6.) Temporary and minor positions.

(7.) Honorary degrees and other scientific honors.

(8.) Membership in scientific and learned societies.

(9.) Chief subjects of research; those accomplished being separated by a dash from those in progress.

The undersigned will be under great obligations to those men of science who will send him biographical sketches of themselves, or will secure sketches from those who should be included in the work. These are those who live in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico or Cuba, and who have contributed to the advancement of one of the following sciences: Mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, pathology, physiology, anatomy, anthropology, psychology.

The compiler of the book hopes that any assistance given him to make it as complete and accurate as possible will be at the same time a contribution to the organization of science in America.

J. McKeen Cattell.

Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 2, 1905.

A DISCLAIMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The review of my 'Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture' in the *Nation* of May 25 contains the following statement: "It is doubtful, however, if the mantle of charity can cover his occasional reflections upon the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, an institution to which he, in common with all students of ancient art in New England (not to say in the United States), is deeply indebted." Since your reviewer does not specify, those who do not know me may believe me to be ungrateful, while some of those who are familiar with my work may believe that whatever

"reflections" I have made are justified, in spite of the disapproval of your reviewer. The remark, therefore, appears to me to be unfair, both to the Boston Museum and to me.

I have referred in my book to the Boston Museum in two ways: in discussing those of its marbles of which I publish reproductions, and in citing statements of its Official Catalogue of Casts.

In discussing its marbles, I have treated the Boston Museum, like all other museums, in accordance with a principle stated in the preface: "Much attention has been given to accurate statements of the provenience and the restorations of the monuments, and with unfailing persistence the neglect of museum authorities to publish them has been noted." When I, therefore, remark that no information concerning a Boston statue has been published, I do not make a "reflection" in the implied sense of your reviewer, but state a fact, the existence of which I, for one, sincerely regret. Would any one thank me for keeping silent in so weighty a matter because I am in many ways indebted to the Boston Museum?

My references to the Official Catalogue of Casts follow another principle stated in the preface: "The author has refrained as much as possible from refuting erroneous views. Only when such views have gained currency in popular books has he felt obliged to attack them and to show their errors." The Boston Catalogue, which I characterize in the Bibliography as "conveniently arranged, . . . very valuable; the Boston Museum contains one of the best selected collections of casts to be found anywhere," is one of the most popular books on the subject. I have, therefore, felt obliged to discuss the views of this Catalogue whenever I have come to different conclusions from those advanced there. Should the writer of a book refrain from pointing out mistakes in an earlier work merely because the previous author is his personal friend, and the work the Official Catalogue of an institution which for years has been most generous in affording him facilities for teaching and studying?

EDMUND VON MACH.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 28, 1905.

[We call Dr. von Mach's attention, *exempli gratia*, to the upper part of page 64 and the notes at the foot of the same page. If these remarks were not intended as "reflections," we beg Dr. von Mach's pardon for misunderstanding him.—ED. NATION.]

TROLLOPE AND THE OSLER TREATMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the general discussion of Dr. Osler's humorous suggestion for the better treatment of sexagenarians, frequent reference has been made to Trollope's novel, 'The Fixed Period.' It is, perhaps, not without interest to note that the subject was treated many years before Trollope, in a play called "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley. Charles Lamb, with his usual sweet exaggeration, says: "There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play." Leaving the curious to find out for themselves how far Lamb's enthusiasm is justified, I may simply mention that the old law, on which the play is supposed to be founded, reads as follows: "That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, . . . shall on the same day be instantly put to death."

Near the close of Trollope's 'Autobiography' we read:

"Of late years, putting aside the Latin classics, I have found my greatest pleasure in our old English dramatists—not from any excessive love of their work, which often irritates me by its want of truth to nature, even while it shames me by its language—but from curiosity in searching their plots and examining their characters. If I live a few years longer, I shall, I think, leave, in my copies of these dramatists, down to the close of James I., written criticisms on every play."

As 'The Fixed Period' was written some time after the 'Autobiography,' this passage gives strong grounds for supposing that Trollope wrote his novel with "The Old Law" in mind.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., May 31, 1905.

Notes.

'The Journey of Alvarez Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, from Florida to the Pacific, 1528-36,' translated by Mrs. Fanny Bandelier after careful collation of the earliest original Spanish editions, and edited with an introduction by Ad. F. Bandelier, will shortly appear in the "Trail-Makers Library" published by A. S. Barnes & Co. There will be added the report of Father Macos of Nizza, the first explorer of New Mexico in a journey coming between Cabeza de Vaca's and Coronado's. A map will show the probable route of both explorers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn 'The Chief Poets of America,' in entire specimens, compiled by Curtis Hidden Page for use in the secondary and higher education.

Thomas Whittaker will shortly issue 'The Life, Work, and Letters of the Rev. Dr. Alfred Momerie,' edited by his wife.

Macmillan Company have nearly ready 'G. F. Watts: Reminiscences,' by Mrs. Russell Barrington.

'Routledge's Miniature French-English Dictionary' (New York: Dutton) is for the most part a handy one-line vocabulary, concluding with the usual lists of towns and countries and of irregular verbs. Its conversational use is emphasized by its admission of slang (indicated by quotation-marks). A few abbreviations are entered—N. S. J.-C., s. g. d. g. The date of compilation is not mentioned, but appears to be negatively fixed by the omission of *automobile*, and by the definitions of *chauffeur* and *garage*, in which the new machine is not hinted at.

From the same source emanate slightly larger yet still pocket-size volumes, Anson's 'Who Wrote That?' and Lapham's 'Who Said That?' The former is a tiny dictionary of familiar quotations, chiefly in verse, with index; and "aims at including all the quotations in common use which owe their origin to literary sources." In this it is more successful than might be supposed; but Mr. Anson's complacency in the novelty of his *index verborum* is amusing. As in other respects, Mr. Bartlett has been before him. The arrangement is strictly alphabetical, presupposing recollection of the initial word, even a particle. The compiler of the prose 'Who Said That?' sometimes introduces the original lingo of foreign quotations, as well as the translation, sometimes the translation alone. His cross-references are thus numerous, and he, too, has an index.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's 'Cambridge Sketches' (Lippincott) intimates in the preface sufficient immediate acquaintance with the subject described to warrant the book-making. Often, however, as in the case of Lowell, the personal contribution is of the meagrest; nor is there any graphic portraiture between these covers. There is far more attempt to criticise talent and works, and here one enjoys to the full Mr. Stearns's fondness for general and sweeping statements. Thus (apropos of Dr. Holmes), "Nature commonly sets her own stamp on the face of a humorist. The long pointed nose of Cervantes is indicative of immeasurable fun" (p. 152); and (p. 366): "[Crawford was] not only the best of American sculptors, but perhaps the greatest sculptor of the nineteenth century." Mr. Stearns's overpraise of C. P. Cranch's poetry exemplifies his slight qualification for the critical office. His anecdotes and, indeed, all his statements—so loose is his memory or his learning—must be severely scrutinized before being accepted. He says, on page 157, that "in 1867 Dr. Holmes published a volume of poetry which was generally well received, but was criticised by the *Nation* with needless and unmerciful severity." But Dr. Holmes published no volume of poetry from 1861 to 1875. It was his novel, 'The Guardian Angel,' which we criticised—and it has fallen into oblivion. We have sought in vain to discover the name of the writer of the review, but if Mr. Stearns will give it to us, we will tell him whether it was the "Harvard professor who owned a large interest in the *Nation*," and is mentioned with a slurring insinuation by Mr. Stearns. The book is not without interest, but it is decidedly untrustworthy. The proofreader gives us "low-studied" room on page 142; "Palma Vecio" on page 137; "un gran' disgrazie" on page 99.

The dedication exercises, a year ago, in connection with the installation of the John Carter Brown Library in its new building on the grounds of Brown University, have been printed in a dignified form at the Merrymount Press, Boston. The contents consist of the provisions of the will of the late John Nicholas Brown which made the foundation, and of the addresses of Dr. William Vail Kellen and Dr. Frederick Jackson Turner. From these together one obtains a summary history of the origin and nature of this great library of Americana and of the family which got it together, with personal anecdotes of John Carter Brown and of the auction-room. It was Dr. Turner's task to lay stress on the importance of the collection to students. His most significant remark was that "it is a striking criticism upon the American universities that the greatest historical work [in this country]

has been done by men outside of their walls, who either had independent fortunes or found support in some public appointment."

Why a globe-trotter—Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., K.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D., Sergeant-Surgeon to H. M. the King, etc.—should call his journal 'The Other Side of the Lantern' (Cassell & Co.) is difficult to discover till the reader, having finished the book, which does not take long, turns to the preface and learns that the children in a Japanese village are walking around a lantern to see what is on the other side, and that "a like curiosity has led to the writing of this trivial book." The connection is not apparent. It is excusable to see the other side of the lantern, but inexcusable to write such an account of it as is given in this description of a "commonplace tour round the world." The book is both trivial and ordinary, pictures and all, and so badly put together that the reader is danced from Tokyo to Washington and back again with no reason except that "there is little in common between" the two. Sir Frederick was "electrified" by Mr. Roosevelt, who "burst into the room" to see him. The traveller says here, with as much originality as he displays anywhere, that "when Mr. Roosevelt smiles, there can remain no doubt in the mind of any one that he is smiling." The book is, of course, inaccurate—Jeypore (save the mark) is described as "dustless"! But what is to be expected of a guide-book and diary in mixed doses? However, there is no great sin in writing such stuff, and those who like the commonplace may enjoy this book.

General Abbot's 'Problems of the Panama Canal' (The Macmillan Co.) contains more exhaustive discussions of the climatology of the Isthmus and the flow of the Chagres River than have heretofore appeared in the English language, these being largely obtained from the records of the French Commission. It is greatly to be regretted that the valuable data collected by our recent Isthmian Canal Commission, and submitted to Congress as appendices to its report, have never been published. This matter will, of course, be available for the use of the Board of Consulting Engineers which is to be formed to assist the present Canal Commission in its scientific work. During the past week Gen. Abbot has been appointed one of the members of this Board.

The Second Part of M. A. Foucher's 'Études sur l'Iconographie Bouddhique de l'Inde' (Paris: Ernest Leroux) complements the *première étude* (already noticed by us among the books of 1900 on India) by giving the rules for iconographic expression according to the Sādhanas, on which a good deal of work has been done lately by Grünwedel, Thomas, and S. Oldenbourg. The author finds that the Tantric divinities (devils) came to expression in figurines only after the Buddhas and Bodhissattvas had had their day. Yet it would be inexact to affirm that for this reason the Tantric divinities did not exist long before art represented them. All we can say is, that they were feared and honored even before Buddha's own age; but they did not play a prominent rôle in Buddhism. We must, then, give up the *commode théorie du Bouddhisme en trois périodes*, etc.; all of which goes to show that the more carefully we read history, the more clearly we perceive that men have not changed much in three thousand years. Beneath the upper intellectual crust there were always those who worshipped by choice at the shrine of a handy devil rather than in the church of a remote divinity, less likely to respond to human passions.

The same general editor publishes this year in the "Annales du Musée Guimet" the first volume of a monograph by Sylvain Lévi, entitled "Le Népal; Étude historique d'un royaume hindou.' The author makes a slight error at the beginning of his work in saying that only three countries about (not within) India have preserved the memory of their past in historical documents, Ceylon, Kashmere, and Nepal. Assam should have been added, more especially as there is a curious philological connection between Kashmere and Assam. The latter has records going back to the age of Bhagadatta. The present volume contains, besides a general introduction and maps, a geographical description of the country; a discussion of the documents (European, Chinese, Tibetan, and Nepalese); the modern organization, as contrasted with the ancient organization, of the State (political, religious, economic); and a special chapter on the divinities, imported and local. In giving Khasas as the Hindu designation of the tribes to the north, the author might have added the important fact that both Jain tradition and the Hindu epic recognize the modern name of the country, Nepala. Generally speaking, Khasas are our modern Gurkhas, and their history forms one of the most interesting parts of this valuable work, the second volume of which will be looked for with eagerness, despite the fact that the author has not stated what it is to contain.

Bulletin No. 9 of the Copyright Office at Washington is a sort of mirror of our national lagging in doing justice to intellectual producers. It consists of "The Provisions of the United States Copyright Laws, with a summary of some parallel provisions of the copyright laws of Foreign Countries"—enough to show wherein our statutes are defective and call for improvement. The arrangement is in parallel columns. The topics are: Who may obtain copyright; Subject-matter thereof; Duration, or term of protection; Nature and extent; Statutory formalities; Office of registration; Protection of copyright; International relations. Mr. Solberg has not omitted an index.

Some innovations arrest attention in the 34th annual report of the Public Library of Grand Rapids, Mich. Cards on any subject are furnished at a cent apiece (plus postage by mail), "to enable a business or professional man to have a card catalogue in his office or his home on the subjects in which he is most interested," keeping abreast of new publications and in turn revealing its deficiencies to the Library. This privilege is open to any one wherever resident. The Library also indexes its cardholders by street and house-number, thus securing an intellectual chart of the city, and, in conjunction with the Board of Health, enabling itself to withhold its circulation from infected quarters. Finally, it has induced the street-railway company to carry its name on their cars.

Sir Frank Younghusband's story of the Tibet Mission, told in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is most interesting, both for its subject and the numerous personal touches which enliven it. The beauty and fertility of the country traversed, when the mountains were crossed, impressed and surprised him, as he had thought it barren and uncultivated, and not, as it proved to be, a land whose many valleys were dotted all over with flourishing hamlets and groves of poplar, walnut, and even peach and apricot trees. Of the mental calibre of the leading lamas he formed a low estimate; the Regent, who held the chair of divinity in the Gaden monastery, being distinctly inferior in intellectual power and spirituality to the ordinary Indian Brahmin. During the stay in Lhasa, arrangements were made for an expedition to trace the course of the Tsangpo, the great river of Tibet, through the Himalayas, among the most interesting enterprises left to be accomplished on the face of the globe. The consent of the lamas was given, and the party was formed, to be met by another body of explorers from the outlet in Assam, but at the last moment orders came from Simla to abandon the undertaking. In the discussion over the address, Sir Henry Howorth dwelt upon the strange influence of Buddhism on those extraordinary nomads, the Mongols, who a few centuries ago overwhelmed the civilization of all but Western Europe, but now are apparently the most helpless people on earth. At this moment two-thirds of the race live in monasteries. Among the other contents are accounts of an exploration in Bolivia, and a missionary trip in North China, in the course of which a city, Pa-ko, was visited which had a single business street, lined with shops and full of traffic, seven English miles long.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number three, opens with a description of the volcanoes of Iceland, by Prof. Th. Thoroddsen. His purpose is to show the close relations which they all, both great and small, bear to the fisures in the earth's surface, for these are here more clearly manifested than in any other region in the world. Arno Senfft, an official in the Caroline Islands, contributes an interesting account of the natives on two of the group, dwelling particularly on their racial characteristics and industries. Other articles are a sketch of the cartography of Norway, with a descriptive list of the most important maps and charts, and some facts about the "traffic-belt" of Berlin and Vienna. The difference in the facilities of intercourse with the surrounding country between the two capitals is very marked. In Berlin a strip 75 miles wide can be reached in two hours and less, in Vienna only 62 miles. The two to five-hour limit is 181 miles to 125, and the five to ten-hour limit is 312 and 250 miles respectively. The accompanying maps show that the rapid-transit area of Berlin is almost wholly to the west and south of the city, and that of Vienna to the east and north.

Mr. Raymond Weeks, author of a series of articles, not yet completed, on the newly discovered unique manuscript of the 'Chançun de Willame,' in the quarterly *Modern Philology*, presents a shorter account of it in the April number of the *Library*. This old *chanson de geste* has not been entirely unknown, the latter part of it forming the "Aliscans"; but the new discovery is of great importance as being a much older version, representing the poem as it was sung about the time of the Norman conquest of England, since when the manuscript has seemingly remained buried in various English libraries. It was sold in

May, 1901, with the library of the late Sir Hope Edwardes, but its previous history is as yet unknown. Its present owner, who chooses to remain anonymous, has issued a beautifully printed edition from the Chiswick Press, mainly for presentation; a few copies, however, were placed for sale with J. & J. Leighton. "When the text of the 'Willame' has received the sure and safe corrections which modern philology allows, it will remain for posterity the most primitive, the most human, and the most beautiful of the many *chansons de geste* of ancient France."

The Journal (*Meddelanden*) of the General Association of Swedish Printers, begun as a medium of communication between the members, has more and more taken on the character of a journal of the book-arts. The first two monthly numbers of the present (tenth) volume contain several articles of interest to librarians and bibliographers, as well as to printers, *e. g.*, a couple of papers on ex-libris, by Dr. R. Geete and Dr. I. Collijn, the latter accompanied by finely reproduced facsimiles; and a short article on Shaksperean quartos and folios, apropos of the 1594 edition of "Titus Andronicus," by Evald Ljunggren. The January number contains a proposal, from Mr. C. F. Bernström, for the establishment of an historical collection of Swedish printing, as a department of the Book Industry Museum which the Association maintains. The proposal was accompanied by a gift of 54 works printed between the years 1615 and 1853, 30 of which are productions of Stockholm presses, and 11 of provincial presses in Sweden proper, while 13 are from six Swedish presses in Åbo in Finland.

—The June *Century* is so largely occupied with civil-war topics as to recall its great war era of twenty years ago. Most amusing, if not most valuable, is a reminiscent paper on Jubal Early, by some unnamed soldier of his command. "Old Jube" was a queer fish, with a bewhiskered face suggestive of a very hairy and very malignant spider, his over-long legs and over-short stirrups bringing his nose and his knees into close proximity, the stars of his shabby uniform too tarnished to be clearly distinguished, his knees and elbows flapping as he bobbed up and down past the lines on a nag thoroughly in harmony with his own makeup; in general effect "more like an animated scarecrow than the commanding-general of an army." Thomas M. Semmes contributes his recollections of "Stonewall" Jackson as a teacher in the Virginia Military Institute. A paper on "Boys in the Union Army" gives incidentally a list of nearly one hundred names of officers contributing to the *Century* war papers of 1884-1888 who have died during the years intervening. From other statistics furnished in the same paper one learns that the survivors of the civil war came out of the conflict with their expectation of life increased, on the whole, rather than diminished. The official death records of the Grand Army for twenty years past show a death-rate under the normal, Indeed, among the pensioners exclusively, the death-rate has been but slightly above the normal average. Gilbert H. Grosvenor gives a description of the various activities of the Weather Bureau, incidentally defending our much-dreaded cold waves as a prime cause of the keen, alert mind, the incessant energy, of our American race.

—In *Harper's*, President Hadley offers a new suggestion on the problem of the elective system. Taking it as practically indisputable that the present method cannot secure the best results, except for a very small proportion of the student body, he suggests that the way out lies in the recognition of a few fundamental differences in types of mind with which the college has to deal. One boy is interested chiefly in facts, another in ideas, and a third in affairs, giving us respectively the scientific, the literary, and the administrative types of mind. Under one of these three headings, he thinks, almost every normal student can be ranged. It does not follow, however, that the college should group its studies accordingly and assign each student to his apparently appropriate group. It is not a question of different subjects, but of different ways of getting at a subject. One boy gets at his studies from the standpoint of the scientific investigator, a second from that of the literary expositor, and a third from that of the practical administrator. The teacher, then, should extend and differentiate his teaching to meet the needs of all three types, a task which Dr. Hadley does not regard as seriously difficult in most branches of study, and which, if successfully performed, must result in a very desirable broadening of outlook for both teacher and student. Professor Lounsbury writes on the Standard of Usage, defining the well-known dictum of Horace more narrowly by the *consensus eruditorum* of Quintilian, and repudiating the charge that those who reject the authority of the text-books and dictionaries thereby set up "the man in the street" as the proper standard. The Easy Chair takes its turn at Dr. Osler, a subject apparently as contagious among the more mature portion of the race as the measles among those of tenderer years. To the data already accumulated, we may add Quintilian's opinion that the oratory of Cicero, who died at sixty-three, might have been even better than it was if only he had lived longer.

—In a series of selections from the letters and diaries of the daughters of Edward Everett, during his occupancy of the English mission, *Scribner's* offers an enjoyable picture of English court society from the delightfully irresponsible point of view of a girl in her teens, as the elder daughter was obliged to leave London on account of ill-health and the extracts are mostly from the pen of her younger sister. If Miss Charlotte took any interest in the political problems of her father's mission, she at least did not obtrude it upon her relatives or confide it to her diary. The gayeties of the social whirl, with the intellectual pleasures of converse with such men as Macaulay, Rogers, and Sydney Smith (to the time of his death), are the chief matters of record. Minister Everett's dress for the Queen's ball is elaborately described in a letter to her grandfather, with the accompanying comment, "You may guess the cost of all this finery. Mamma says this little chit of a Queen will be the ruin of us." After Polk's election had resulted in Mr. Everett's recall, we get the following comment from the diary, written apparently after the vessel had started on the homeward voyage: "I cannot express how unhappy I felt at leaving dear England. I am not going home; I am quitting it forever, I fear." We get another phase of England, and a very attractive one, of course, in "A Day among the Quantock Hills," from the pen of Henry van Dyke. In the "Field of Art," Will H. Low comments very favorably on the exhibit of American artists at the St. Louis Exposition. From the Paris Exhibition of 1878, he thinks, "there has been evidence of steady and satisfactory progress, culminating at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in a definite expressional achievement second to the exhibit of no other nation."

—The fame which Florence Nightingale enjoys is double. Popularly, she is Longfellow's Lady with the Lamp, a tender nurse by night as well as day, whose passing shadow the suffering soldier kissed as it fell upon his pillow. To the student she stands a pioneer administratrix of a very high type. From causes not necessary to discuss here, the hospitals subsidiary to the Crimean army of 1854 were in a most deplorable state. When the British War Office realized that, the secretary invited Miss Nightingale to organize and lead to Scutari the first detachment of female nurses, a service she promptly accepted. She was not previously in public life, but it was Mr. Herbert's good fortune to know her character and qualifications. This happy assignment, accepted through patriotism and discharged with self-sacrifice, enabled her genius for organization to develop for her country's good. The dual control, between medical and line officers, of the British military hospitals (which still persists, to their apparent disadvantage) was doubtless responsible for some of the distress; the difficulty of adapting to the needs of a multitude rules designed for the management of a few caused more; but, above all, the absolute lack of official supplies, whose regulation allowance at best was meagre, resulted in a state of absolute and unnecessary misery. Arriving on the heels of Inkerman, with "every inch of room" in the hospitals, whose capacity was rated at thousands, filled with sufferers, and many men resting "on the muddy ground outside," she at once began the methodical distribution of stores, infused the courage of common sense in subordinates who had been trammelled by the letter of the law, and detailed her working staff, all too few for such a multitude, to the relief of immediate suffering. There must have been some friction, but there is no sign of it in the 'Life' by Miss Sarah A. Tooley (Macmillan), which is the occasion of this note, and presently the judgment of all concerned saw in Miss Nightingale more than a mere Lady Bountiful—a real genius, whose earlier training bore ample fruit, and whose character guaranteed that the lavish supplies poured into her hands would be judiciously expended. That she was of gentle birth and independent means doubtless made the way much easier, for with none are such aids as persuasive as with the English, while the charms of personal beauty and discretion tell for their possessors all the world over. Her great work was at Scutari, where it would be most effective; but she visited the lines before Sebastopol toward and after the close of the siege. Her subsequent career, while less conspicuous, has been useful and influential in the highest degree, and in her

eighty-fifth year, long indeed an invalid, she survives—to every one who loves his fellow-man, a saint, none the less actual for being still uncanonized.

—Professor Santayana of Harvard puts forth the first two little volumes of five to be entitled "The Life of Reason, or the Phases of Human Progress" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first volume is entitled 'Introduction, and Reason in Common Sense,' the second 'Reason in Society.' Reason in Religion, Art, and Science respectively are promised. The publishers' advertisement called the philosophy pragmatistic, and it is true that the first part of the first chapter and some other passages have that aroma; but the author more accurately describes himself when he says that "almost every school can furnish something useful." It is, in fact, an eclectic philosophy, and, like other works of that sort, is likely to have more literary than scientific value. Book A of Aristotle's Metaphysics (the theistic book) has had more influence upon this mosaic of opinions than any other one work. Professor Santayana's style is highly polished, in parts too much so; so that we are bewildered and fatigued by a shimmer of rapidly passing thoughts that are hard to make out through a medium more glittering than lucid. He is so extravagant an admirer of Greek reasonableness that we have sometimes asked ourselves whether he hadn't a deep design of producing in his writing a general effect of Greek; although nobody can be more perfectly aware than Professor Santayana that on a closer inspection every feature of his style is at the very antipodes of Greece—as far from it as one could possibly get. Professor Santayana's volumes are anything but commonplace. They are all that Boston has of most *précieux*. They are also extremely handy and agreeable to the eyes.

—In 'The Chronicles of an Old Campaigner' (Dutton) Col. Walter C. Horsley has translated a volume of memoirs which, after enjoying considerable repute in the eighteenth century, has been suffered of late to disappear from view. The author, M. de la Colonie, was a dragoon officer in the service of the Elector of Bavaria during the years when the court of Munich was deriving its political inspiration from Versailles. His reminiscences are almost wholly devoted to the wars of the period, and reflect the state of feeling which prevailed in South Germany when Marlborough and Prince Eugene made their famous march to the banks of the Danube. M. de la Colonie was not actually present at the battle of Blenheim, but he served during that campaign, besides being present at Ramillies and Malplaquet. He also took an active part in the Turkish war of 1717, when Prince Eugene foiled the last attempt of the Ottoman to reach Vienna. It was in the operations around Belgrade that M. de la Colonie gained his chief distinction, but the most interesting part of his story relates to the Blenheim campaign. His chief characteristic as a critic is moderation of tone and sympathy with the unfortunate, but he cannot understand why Tallard, when he had decided to leave his entrenchments, did not use the 15,000 Bavarian troops that were at his disposal. Eloquent testimony is given to the quickness of Marlborough's movements by the effect they had on the enemy. So completely did he take Tallard by surprise that, when he began his attack on the French position, a considerable part of the French army was dispersed in the form of foraging parties. What pleased the English and Imperialists most was that they should have captured twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons simply by hemming them in; nor can there be any doubt regarding the failure of the French to make the best of a bad business. This book contains little information regarding politics or society, but certainly deserves to be known by all who care to study warfare as an art.

ART ESSAYS BY KENYON COX.

Old Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

Visitors to Europe who care for the art either of yesterday or of three hundred years ago, would do well to put into their trunks, or, better, their handbags, Mr. Kenyon Cox's collection of essays and reviews with the above title. Readers of the *Nation* will find some of them familiar but none the less re-readable. Much that he says, if (as he himself notes) not always particularly new, is vital, and is stated clearly, tersely, often incisively, and with the authority of a practising artist. It is perhaps this *authority* which is peculiarly valuable to his reader, backed as it is by a fearlessness that does not for a moment hesitate to call a spade a spade, even if, in the hands of a Titian or a Tintoretto, it may appear to the half-initiated an enchanter's wand. The great artist really does bear a magic staff, and its waving clothes all that his name stands for with a glamour so effective that, within its influence, his devotee sometimes mistakes bad for good, and lumps failure with achievement. To the layman such a state of mind is probably healthier than a too critical one, for, if he be not somewhat dazzled by the splendor of a great master, he has not wholly enjoyed him. Nevertheless, when the tourist says of a canvas, *quia* a Titian, "What splendidly glowing color!" (we quote textually an instance known to us), it is well sometimes to have an artist at elbow to say, "Instead of proceeding by acquired momentum, wait a bit and look at the canvas; these colors are cold and inharmonious, the result of overpainting done long after Titian was dead." Mr. Cox is this artist at one's elbow; and if he thus corrects our hasty mistakes, he also combats, now and again, a deliberately acquired opinion, fortifying his own by a trained and often peculiarly keen observation, and never forgetting that if documentary testimony is sometimes invaluable and study of an artist's environment is nearly as important, consideration of the work in hand—looking at the canvas or fresco—is worth all the rest.

Our author's space is relatively limited, and as historian he summarizes, giving nearly all his time to criticism, as the reader would wish to have him. Critically, too, he summarizes the qualities of the painter studied, ordering his exposition carefully, and covering the different sides of his subject's artistic expression with gratifying comprehensiveness. He does not, however, permit this regularity of plan to hinder emphasis of the salient; when he assumes his personal point of view, it is without hesitation. Thus, he sees in Rubens, for example, a classic rather than a romantic painter; and when he agrees with the opinions of others he just as unhesitatingly reaffirms them—as of Michel, for instance, regarding the same painter's method and ponderation, which, superficially considered, seem so converse to his apparent *entrainement* and real *fougue*. Mr. Cox notes the great Fleming's faults and virtues as not Flemish, but European and *seicento*, and finds cleverly qualifying epithets, such as the "flourishing and writing-masterly style" of Rubens's drawings, and pays deserved tribute to this pioneer of landscape painting.

In the Frans Hals article Mr. Cox corrects the loose-thinking admiration of loose handling, and shows that it is not looseness, which is easy, but right placing and shaping of the loose stroke, which deserves such admiration; and he prophesies the eventual discovery of canvases which shall show the steps that led Hals to his unerring brushwork. He frankly disavows the presence of beauty in some of Rembrandt's most famous figures, yet emphasizes their adornment of a beautiful result; he condenses Fromentin's estimate as "the truest word of criticism" uttered, and, on his own account, puts tersely and excellently the reasons for Rembrandt's sharing in his old age the lot of the prophet in his own country. In sum, he qualifies wisely, yet sees in the work of the wonderful Dutchman the expression of "one of the greatest and most profoundly original minds in the world's history."

When he approaches the modern artists, Mr. Cox enters a less-trodden field, but treads it as firmly. He puts Meissonier's minuteness of detail in the background (or at least the middle ground) rather than the foreground of his achievement, thus again usefully stimulating the thought of the average observer, and gives a well-stated explanation of why the "1807," full as it is of Meissonier's best qualities, is a failure. He praises his masters with discrimination, but Baudry he *loves* among moderns, as Veronese among the men of the Renaissance; perhaps he overpraises a little Baudry's earlier works, yet the article is a timely tribute to the great and not sufficiently known Frenchman. The lover of Baudry is heartily appreciative of the genius of Puvis, and in the successive articles upon these two painters he impartially follows the gamut of decorative painting in the nineteenth century's latter half. Perhaps the best article in the book is that on Whistler. In this admirable essay the exposition of a man's technique and technical development is the most direct and sustained which we remember since Fromentin wrote his 'Maitres d'autrefois,' and is all the more illuminating in that Mr. Cox shows that it is hardly a technique at all, in the generally accepted sense, but rather the development of a state of mind regardless of whatever else might be; the development of a sort of caress which smoothed out of nature everything that did not minister to Whistler's inclination; the development almost of a *mood*. The reader may be commended to the juxtaposition of Whistler, Sargent, and Velasquez upon page 244, and, above all, the paragraph on page 245, beginning "How far the absence" and ending with "He lacks the first essential ability, the ability to desire." These are golden words; and Mr. Cox gives us such

exposition as we hope for when a practising artist writes, and which is peculiarly valuable since it is the result of peculiar competence. The essays upon Veronese, who, we repeat, is *persona gratissima* to the author, and Sargent may be ranked with the Whistler article for their exposition of draughtsmanship in the American and composition in the Italian painter.

Assuredly Mr. Cox throughout his book occupies the position of one who, while holding the pen, does not lay down the palette; and for this we distinctly thank him. Perhaps such close following of a man's methods may be too technical for the lay reader; it may not hold his attention but it ought to hold it; and if he will confront his memories of the text with the canvas or panel, he will find that his admiration and doubts have been in some measure explained, and his capacity for intelligent appreciation increased. In sum, where Mr. Cox speaks as an artist (and he nearly always does), it is not easy to take issue with him, for he knows remarkably well what he is talking about. Now and then one may disagree with him about other matters—for instance Perugino's irreligion is not finally settled for us by Vasari's dictum, though of his commerciality there is no doubt. Again, though every word which Mr. Cox says against Tintoretto's canvases in the School of San Rocco is true, we believe that, despite their faults, a much better case may be made out for them than the author admits. Nor, again, has he accounted satisfactorily, to us at least, for the wonderful charm of Albert Dürer's work, especially his engraved work; but then neither has Thausing or Ephrussi or anybody else, and perhaps Mr. Cox has summed up the impression of Dürer as well as any one has in the last sentence of his article. We should like to have him write another and longer book with a little more background to his admirable foreground; meantime, let us once again bid those who enjoy the art of yesterday and to-day read 'Old Masters and New.'

A SYMPOSIUM ON RUSSIA.

The Case of Russia: A Composite View. By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Simkovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

As a general rule, "timely" books are not very safe risks. If they are just a little overripe, they are apt to prove untimely by the date of publication. In the present case each of the component articles was originally intended to cover a subject in a definitive manner, with no thought that it would be pressed into service a second time, in company with matter which repeats or contradicts it in a tone of equal authority, and at a date when rapid changes have, in great measure, altered many important features prominently dwelt upon. M. Rambaud's contribution, which fills nearly half the book, and is called "The Expansion of Russia," is by far the most interesting and valuable of the lot. Beginning with the sentence: "We fail to discover, however far back we go towards the beginnings of the Russian State, any indication that this was ever destined to become a maritime power," and ending with: "She [Russia] is about to inaugurate a new era in her history; the oceanic, the world-wide era, is merely beginning for the Slav," he sets forth clearly, succinctly, temperately, and, in the main, with perfect justice, the vital facts in Russia's history. The portion which deals with the early and more complicated history is more dry and difficult of assimilation (because of the necessary brevity) than the corresponding portion of his well-known 'History'; but he keeps well in view his guiding thought, and from time to time calls attention to it, as he passes the different epochs, by such paragraphs as the following (which refers to the end of the sixteenth century):

"Now the European neighbors of Russia were beginning to fear this great barbarian empire. They were convinced that it would become truly a terror to them on the day which [*sic*], by obtaining regular communication with the West, it could thereby learn something of their civilization, their industries, and, above all, their military art. They understood that the backward condition of its civilization was the only safeguard against its ambitions. . . . Thus is was not merely unpropitious nature that kept Russia in a condition of blockade; but the jealousy of her neighbors mounted a most rigorous guard around these 'barbarians' of the north."

M. Rambaud also shows that the securing of new territory has concerned Russia much less than has the securing of access to the open, ice-free sea. Nevertheless, he devotes one chapter to "The Expansion of Russia in Europe," author to "The Southward Expansion of Russia in Asia" (in which he admits that Russians understand things Asiatic far better than either the French or Anglo-Saxons, and "have every possible right to supplant those colonies of the Germanic and the Latin races that are taking unwilling Asia under their tutelage"), besides others on "Further Conquests," "The Expansion of Russia in the Far East," "Corea," "China," and "The Means and Methods of Russian Expansion." A good deal of what is said in the last-named chapter as to Russia might, with equal justness and a mere change of names, be applied to England or any other of the colonizing nations of the earth. There is no definite statement as to the date when M. Rambaud wrote these pages; but it was evidently three or four years ago, before the mutterings of the present storm in the Far East began to be noticed, and matters more recent than those of 1898-1900 at latest are not considered. Here, as throughout the book, the proof-reading is inadequate, and the translation is not always quite what it should be, as one of the quotations above given shows.

Nearly one-quarter of the volume is devoted to "The Russian People: A Psychological Study," written in 1901, by Mr. J. Novicow of Odessa. He is often more severe on his fellow-countrymen than they quite deserve; but he is always absorbingly interesting, even when the greatest allowance must be made, by those who know the other side, for his extreme individualist—almost revolutionary—opinions. Under "Race and Temperament" he draws a comparison between the colonizing movements in Russia and America. "This movement is still going on," he says. "The American 'Far West' has a counterpart in the 'Far East' of Siberia. But while the Aryans of America have almost exterminated the autochthonous population of the Redskins, the Russian emigrants have commingled with the ancient autochthonous populations of eastern Russia." From the mixed race thus produced (as well as by previous interminglings he has described), he draws the personal opinion (statistics being lacking) that the lymphatic temperament prevails, though the choleric and bilious and every imaginable type are to be encountered in the empire. Inequality of effort is one of the most prominent characteristics in the general Russian psychology, he says, and is the result of historical circumstances. When these circumstances are modified, it will disappear. Under changed conditions, he thinks it probable that Russians will develop as much persistency of effort as Anglo-Saxons, and declares that there are now extant individual proofs that inequality of effort is very far from being a universal fact among cultivated Russians. When it comes to a question of calm, tenacious energy, which overcomes all obstacles, Russian women are much more remarkable, he says, than Russian men; and he thinks that the intellectual emancipation of Russian women is in advance of that of their sex everywhere, except in America, whose women alone will bear comparison with his own countrywomen. On the score of "Sentiment," he asserts that the Russians are among the least cruel peoples of Europe; instancing in proof that no popular sports of a brutal character, such as cockfights, bullfights, even boxing or pugilism, are ever observed among them—much less is lynch law to be met with. As another proof of gentleness of nature he says: "Within the memory of man, there has not been a region of Great Russia which has been permanently infested with brigands. Night and day one may traverse the most lonely road with a sense of perfect security. Crimes are occasionally perpetrated, but only in sporadic and individual cases." And he calls attention to the fact that Russia was first to suppress the death penalty for offences against the common law. A more curious result of the national good nature is that the administration is rather badly run because the chiefs cannot make up their minds to dismiss their subordinates, or even to censure them, in many cases.

The reputation of Russians for cruelty is explained, first, by the fact that, in point of sentiment, as of mental activity, they are very unequal, and, under certain circumstances, entirely lose control of themselves; secondly, on the ground that when it is a question of reasons of state, pity seems to vanish; and, thirdly, by reason of harsh penal legislation having prevailed there longer than in the West. Personally, Mr. Novicow says, he is convinced that not more than three or four thousand persons were sent to Siberia for political crimes during the whole of the nineteenth century, though the figures current in Western belief are infinitely larger. Moreover, generally speaking, he believes that political prisoners experience no worse treatment in Russia than in other countries. Most instructive is the comparison which the author draws between the severity of punishment dealt out to political offenders in Russia and other countries in special cases which can properly be placed in parallel. For instance, when the whole army revolted, on the accession of Nicholas I., in 1825 (chiefly owing to a misunderstanding), in all, five officers only were condemned to death and executed. In

France, in 1824, four sergeants were executed because they were members of a secret society; while in Spain, in the same year, seven Freemasons were executed simply for having held a meeting; and in 1848 the Austrians executed large numbers of malcontents. Towards the Orthodox Church Mr. Novicow is not very friendly, and many of his statements might be disputed. The chapters on "Politics" and "Present State" are frank and liberal in tendency, but should be read entire. One warning the reader requires about "Politics," namely, the author's (or is it the translator's?) "Panslavism," "Panslavic" stand for what is universally known as Slavophilism. The impression thus conveyed is erroneous and confusing to the last degree.

Mr. V. G. Simkovitch's contribution, "Russian Autocracy: An Interpretation," consists chiefly of citations from a book by the last of the Slavophilists, N. K. Leontyeff, whose opinions are of value mainly as illustrating the extremes indulged in by a few persons of a past generation. Mr. Simkovitch interprets them as the guiding "system" of the present reign (chiefly because Mr. Pobyedonostzeff is procurator of the Holy Synod), and the fundamental causes of the occupation of Mantchuria and of the war in the Far East. His views are pessimistic, presenting a striking contrast to the article on "The Slavs," by the Rev. Peter Roberts of Yale, which follows it. Mr. Roberts seems to be well acquainted with the Slavs in the Pennsylvania mining districts (of whom a majority are not Russians), and, while admitting their defects, he is, on the whole, enthusiastic as to their good qualities and their natural possibilities. His subject, naturally, involves the repetition of many historical and economical statements already considerad by the writers who precede him. In spite of a certain tautological effect, there is a distinct profit to the reader in having the facts thus illuminated from the point of view of several able observers, reinforced by quotations from the Russian authorities who appeal to their several judgments. Indeed, this is one of the greatest merits of the volume. "Religious Sects in Russia," by Mr. Isaac A. Hourwich, fitly closes the collection. It is, practically, written exclusively from the Jewish standpoint, affording a clear presentation of the Russian Hebrew in the very recent past. As the Czar's recent ukase on religious liberty, and the still more recent plans for removing, practically, all restrictions from the Hebrews, have, happily, relegated this statement to an honorable niche in the archives of semi-ancient history, it is not necessary for us to consider it at length.

MORE BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

The Oxford History of Music. Vol. V. The Viennese Period. By W. H. Hadow. Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

The Music of the Masters: Wagner, by Ernest Newman; Tchaikovski, by E. Markham Lee; Beethoven, by Ernest Walker. Brentano's.

The Story of the Violin. By Paul Stoeving. Scribners.

Text-Book of Simple and Double Counterpoint. By Dr. Hugo Riemann. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Tonal Counterpoint. By Walter R. Spalding. Arthur P. Schmidt.

The Musician's Library: Modern French Songs, edited by Philip Hale; Songs by Thirty Americans, edited by Rupert Hughes; Twenty-four Negro Songs, transcribed by Coleridge-Taylor. Oliver Ditson Co.

The author of the fifth volume of the 'Oxford History of Music,' Mr. W. H. Hadow, is one of the best informed of English writers on musical topics. His two volumes of 'Studies in Modern Music' have passed through several editions, and this latest production of his will increase his fame as one who habitually masters his subject so thoroughly that he can write about it fluently and entertainingly. The period allotted to him is the Viennese; he traces the development of the musical forms separately, and discourses at considerable length on the influence of C. P. E. Bach upon Haydn, the place of folk-song in classical composition, the part played by Gluck in the history of opera, the gradual divergence of symphony, sonata, and quartet, the interrelation of Haydn and Mozart, the character of Beethoven's third period, the debt owed by German song to the national movement in German poetry.

Mr. Hadow draws a vivid picture of the subordinate position held by music before the nineteenth century, when musical compositions were so short-lived that it seemed hardly worth while to print them; when wind instruments and organs were habitually out of tune; when so eminent a violinist as Viotti, summoned to play before Marie Antoinette, after three vain attempts to break the conversation, put up his violin and walked out of the hall; when men like Haydn and Mozart were treated like menials. It was when Mozart, in a white heat of anger at the indignities heaped on him by the Salzburg Archbishop, proffered his resignation that "the *ancien régime* of music signed its death-warrant." Yet even Beethoven was forced to "accept the charity of private subscription" for his important works. It must not be forgotten, however, that Haydn's many years of service in the Esterhazy household bore most valuable fruit because of his isolation from the musical world, and the opportunity he had of hearing the folk-songs with which he saturated his music, thus infusing it with a new strength and vitality:

"Eisenstadt lay near his home, the whole countryside was full of the folk-songs which he had loved from childhood—songs of the ploughman and the reaper, of rustic courtship and village merrymaking. Half unconsciously he began to weave them into the texture of his composition; borrowing here a phrase, there a strain, there an entire melody, and gradually fashioning his own tunes on these models; . . . they find their way into everything—quartets, concertos, divertimenti, even hymns and masses; they renew with fresh and vigorous life an art that appeared to be growing old before its time. . . . And the Austrian Hymn is simple a Croatian ballad which has been ennobled and dignified by the hand of a master."

Gluck belongs to the Viennese period, although the Viennese had no use for him and allowed him to become a Parisian. His failure in London, before he became a reformer in Paris, was modestly interpreted by him afterwards as proof of the superiority of English taste, but Mr. Hadow thinks otherwise: "The English taste of the time was little short of deplorable. Handel told Gluck that he had taken too much trouble, and in this cynical avowal we may perhaps be nearer the truth." Regarding Mozart's operas, Mr. Hadow expresses the opinion that it is a mere historical accident that three of the great ones were set to Italian words, and that the quality of the music would not have been sensibly affected if they had been written to German texts. This is probably true. He might have added an interesting paragraph discussing the strange fact that Mozart's operas, which are commonly classed as Italian, have never interested the Italians as the absolutely un-Italian operas of Wagner have done.

The vast field of oratorio and church music is discussed in a long chapter, which takes the reader also to England, France and Spain, and in the final chapters we return to Vienna in the period of its greatest glory—the period of Beethoven and Schubert. Mr. Hadow compares Beethoven's third period to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," and he declares that the whole scheme of formal structure has passed into a new stage of organic evolution, as different from that of the "Pastoral" or the "Waldstein" as they are different from the earliest quartets and symphonies of Haydn. He recognizes the historical importance of the tiny pieces which Schubert collected under the title of "Moments Musical," as the first pieces in which the direct influence of the sonata is not paramount, and he also casually refers to the fact that "the harmony of Schubert is more varied than that of Beethoven," but does not by any means dwell sufficiently on this very important point, or hint at the extraordinary influence which Schubert's modulatory innovations had on nineteenth-century music.

One of Wagner's German biographers has remarked that "the prayer at the beginning of the fifth act of 'Rienzi' tells us more about the great man than ten volumes of documentary research." Mr. Ernest Newman is not partial to this kind of idolatrous enthusiasm. In his little book on Wagner in Brentano's "Music of the Masters" series, he frankly warns the reader at the outset that he need not expect of him undiscriminating adulation: "Wagner the sociologist, Wagner the historian, Wagner the economist, Wagner the philosopher, almost all might be swept away without the world losing very much. . . . Wagner as a thinker, in short, is receding more and more from the public eye, while for Wagner the musician our admiration is probably greater than ever." In his 'Study of Wagner,' Mr. Newman considered him from every point of view; in these 208 pages he treats of him exclusively as a musician and a dramatist, and does it with a refreshing independence of judgment, and in a manner which shows that even now it is not too late to say something new and interesting about the Bayreuth composer. His life is not told here, but his works are taken up in chronological order, the stories of the operas are briefly outlined, and the poems and music commented on, lucidly and in a spirit indicated by the remarks that "to criticise Wagner is not necessarily to disparage him." In the bibliography to which the last chapter is devoted, Mr. Newman pokes fun at the extraordinary Mr. Ashton Ellis, the English translator of

Wagner's prose works. "Some one," he says, "might now do the student a real service by translating Mr. Ellis into English."

Mr. Lee's 'Tchaikovski,' like Mr. Newman's book, begins with a convenient chronological table. He gives, on the whole, a somewhat dry analysis of Tchaikovsky's works, useful as a bird's-eye view, but not as valuable as it might have been had use been made of the two fascinating volumes of biography by the composer's brother Modest. It is absurd for Mr. Lee to say that we have been overdosed with the "Pathétique Symphony." He refers to London, where that work is given perhaps half a dozen times a year. Sixty annual performances of such a sublime work would not be half enough in a city of that size. One feels little confidence in a commentator who refers to the heartrending anguish and sublime melancholy of this work as "unhealthy and morbid pessimism," and to the exquisite "Nutcracker" suite as "clever but superficial."

Ernest Walker's 'Beethoven' adds another to the list of books on that master with which, for no obvious reason, the market has lately been flooded after a long drought. It is a good and useful little volume, which discusses the master's different classes of works in separate chapters. The author has the courage to say that "it is comparatively rarely that we meet in Beethoven's songs music that would be worth troubling about were it not for the magic of his name"; and he expresses other opinions which indicate he is a believer in Mr. Newman's maxim that to criticise a composer is not to disparage him. One may take issue with some of his statements, such as that "the ordinary purely diatonic framework gives a depth that chromatic restlessness, however poignant, can never secure"; but on the whole one must admit him to be a sane and safe guide and suggestive withal.

The name of Paul Stoeving and his title as professor of the violin at the Guildhall School of Music inspire one with confidence in his book on that instrument, a confidence fully justified by its contents. He has condensed in its 324 pages a vast amount of information on the origin of the violin, its early forms and varieties, its famous makers in Italy and elsewhere, the "secret" of its varnish, the principal players of both sexes, and the works written for it. Concerning the lady violinist, the author remarks that

> "only with the two sisters Teresa and Maria Milanollo, in the forties of the last century, the charm and poetry of violin-playing woman seems to have fully dawned on the world at large. Since then the increase in amateur and professional violinists has been phenomenal. Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé) set the ball rolling in England, Camilla Urso in America; and around these two stars cluster today a very large wreath of fair executants of all nationalities."

Dr. Riemann defines counterpoint as "the theory of the free invention of melody," and he holds that harmonic figuration, as now taught, is an independent course, coming between harmony and counterpoint. It is from this point of view that he has written his valuable text-book on counterpoint, of which Mr. S. Harrison Lovewell has made a clear translation into English.

The other treatise on counterpoint on our list, by the assistant professor of music at Harvard, is also an admirable text-book from every point of view. It is more practical than the German's, and throws more sidelights on the art of composing. It is very much up-to-date, as the citations from Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Franck, and even Elgar, show. Professor Spalding rightly holds that there should be less difference than there usually is between the counterpoint in books and that in Mozart, Beethoven, or Franz: "There must of necessity be some difference; one is an exercise for the young student, the other the work of mature genius. Nevertheless the difference should be one rather of *degree* than actually of *kind*." It is in this closer approximation to the works of genius that the chief value of Professor Spalding's book lies. The chapter on free writing for pianoforte is particularly good. It explains, among other things, why the old masters must not always be followed in chord-writing, because what was all right on their instruments sounds thick or muddy on our modern grands.

Mr. Philip Hale is a great admirer of French music, including French songs; no other musician in this country is so well informed as he on this topic, or can write of it so eloquently; hence, one can procure his selection of French songs with full confidence. When he declares that Fauré and Debussy have now no rivals as song-writers in any land, he seems to the reviewer as far from the truth as the sun is from the earth; but this assertion is the only flaw in the excellent introduction he has written as a preface to these two volumes of French songs, an essay of lasting value. Mr. Rupert Hughes had a less easy task in making a selection of American songs, because in this field copyright difficulties impede free choice. He has, however, been able to produce a fairly representative list, which includes the names of Paine, De Koven, Fisher, Huss, Nevin, Baltzell, Loomis, Hadley, and twenty-two others. Partly American also are the Negro Melodies transcribed by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. Half-African himself, he naturally felt in sympathy with the black songs. Four of his selections are from Southeast Africa, two from South Africa, one from West Africa, one from the West Indies, while sixteen are marked as the property of American negroes. In each case the tune is first given in all its bald simplicity, and then elaborated into a pianoforte piece on the plan of *tema con variazioni*. The transcriber declares that he has attempted to do for the negro melodies what "Brahms has done for Hungarian folk music, Dvorák for the Bohemian, and Grieg for the Norwegian." The mention of Brahms in this sentence in place of Liszt is an amusing specimen of English provincialism. It can hardly be said that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has equalled any of his models, even Brahms; his music is not sufficently barbarous, and it utterly lacks inspiration. The volume is prefaced by an interesting biographic sketch and essay on negro music by Booker Washington. When he says that, "apart from the music of the redmen, the negro folk-song is the only distinctively American music," he repeats a current misconception which is equally amusing and amazing. For the seventy millions or so of us who are not Indians or negroes, there is vastly more that is American and prophetic of the future of American music in the works of MacDowell, Loomis, Huss, and others, than in all the Indian and negro tunes.

By the Ionian Sea: Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy. By George Gissing. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The late George Gissing tells of his journey through Magna Græcia to the sites and remains of the ancient cities of Tarentum, Sybaris, Croton and Locri in a very vivid manner. He gives an excellent idea of the actual condition of the country and its people. Those who are prepared to visit this unfrequented region of Italy will find the book most useful, for the published guides to remote places are rarely up to date. Delightful reading awaits those who have not the opportunity to travel.

This was Gissing's last journey south. Italy and Greece had from early youth been his land of romance, opened to him by early training in Greek and Latin authors. His intellectual desire was to escape life as he knew it, and to call back the imaginary world which those studies had evolved for his boyhood; and his capacity for doing this was truly remarkable. No hardships or discomfort damped his enthusiasm, destroyed his great sympathy with the people he met on the way, however irritating and dull they seemed to be. Even in sickness and suffering, as at Croton, where he was detained sometime by lung trouble, his observations on the people around him are full of knowledge of character and the desire to understand the point of view of others. And yet, there is no gushing admiration for Italian ways in this volume; Gissing's love of antiquity did not in any way dim his perceptions as to the present state of the country.

"In all the south of Italy," he says, "money is the one subject of men's thoughts; intellectual life does not exist; there is little even of what we should call common education. Those who have wealth cling to it fiercely; the majority have neither time nor inclination to occupy themselves with anything but the earning of a livelihood, which for multitudes signifies the bare appeasing of hunger." Further on he writes, despondently: "It is a country wearied and regretful, looking ever back to the things of old, trivial in its latter life, and unable to hope sincerely for the future."

Mr. Gissing seems to have been deeply impressed by the poverty and squalor prevailing in Calabria. The peasants, notwithstanding this, he found remarkably honest and self-respecting. They appear simple and dignified, without that begging for alms which modern travel seems to generate everywhere. Only once do we hear of a case of extortionate charge by an innkeeper at Squillace (the Scylaceum of Cassiodorus). Notwithstanding the monotonous life of the people in the small towns, Gissing was greatly struck by the higher tone and wider interests of middle-class people in the cafés of those little towns, compared to that of folk of the same standing in a county barroom in England, where jocoseness is allied to drink. With great justness he says: "Those people have an innate respect for things of the mind which is wholly lacking to a typical Englishman."

Gissing's itinerary of travel was suggested by François Lenormant's 'La Grande Grèce.' At Naples he was warned of the dangers that would beset his path; it was late in the autumn, and snow might be expected to fall in the mountainous districts; malarial fever also was common, while the bad accommodation and the probable scarcity of food made it difficult for Neapolitans to understand that the love of antiquity could alone be sufficient reason for so perilous an expedition. Nothing daunted, he took the steamer for Paola, and, by the same road which Hannibal had followed in his retreat from Italy, Gissing drove to Cosenza, meditating on Alaric, who, six hundred years after Hannibal, came the same way, bearing the spoils of Rome which were to enrich his tomb; the labors of the captive multitude turning aside the course of the Busento River so that its flood should hide for all time the conqueror's resting-place. The train then carried him to Sybaris, now merely a railway station; the original city is supposed to lie intact under fifteen feet of alluvial mud, in which the people of Croton buried the city's ruins five hundred years before Christ by altering the course of the Crathis—a fine field for future excavation. From Sybaris he proceeded, again by train, to Taranto, where the new arsenal, the pride of that city, had been built over Fontanella, by the shore of the Mare Piccolo. The ancient heaps of murex shells described by Lenormant (the purple of Tarentum was second in value only to that of Tyre) had forever disappeared.

Besides the innovations of modern requirements, the course of time alone brings changes in the aspect of nature. For instance, of the Galæsus, near Tarentum, the river beloved by Horace, and beside which Virgil is supposed to have written his Eclogues, Gissing writes:

"It is barely half a mile long; it rises amid a bed of great reeds, which quite conceal the water, and flows with an average breadth of some ten feet down to the sea-shore; on either side of it, bare dusty fields, and a few hoary olives."

"Certain it is that all the waters of Magna Græcia have much diminished since classic times, but (unless there have been great local changes due, for example, to an earthquake) this brook had always the same length, and it is hard to think of the Galæsus as so insignificant."

Metapontum, where the ruin of an old temple, called (from a memory of the Saracen war) "Tavola de' Paladini," the Table of the Paladins, was our traveller's next halt, and thence he went to Croton, whose walls, after the fall of Sybaris, encircled twelve miles. There "Pythagoras enjoyed his moment's triumph, ruling men to their own behoof." A school of medicine, the pride of Magna Græcia, flourished here, and the saying, "Healthier than Croton," testifies to the salubrity of the spot. Now, a squalid town, where most of the inhabitants suffer from malarial fever, and which has no vestige of antiquity, exists on part of its site, while the Æsarus, which used to flow through the heart of the city, is all but a stagnant and pestilential stream. Along the banks, at its mouth, grow wide orchards of orange trees, pomegranates, and tamarisks, with here and there magnificent stone-pines, and even a palm tree; but here, too, the traveller unaccustomed to Southern methods of agriculture finds disappointment, for, instead of soft turf, the ground is bare and lumpy, like a ploughed field, so that under the trees there is no place for rest.

To recruit from severe illness endured at Croton under most trying hardships, Gissing went by diligence to Catanzavo on the heights, and describes that place as one of the healthiest spots in Southern Italy, where the children are well fed and are robust and happy, and where the silk industry flourishes and affords prosperity to the inhabitants. Although the rough and unfinished appearance of its houses and public buildings suggested the frequency of earthquakes, Catanzavo is able to boast of a pharmacy quite unique among modern shops, with woodwork copied from the best examples of Italian carving, and a sign ("Mostra") hanging over the entrance —of a griffin—in fine ironwork from an old masterpiece. This pharmacy, kept by two brothers, is almost like an art museum. Here, too, a rare experience in dealing with shops occurred to Gissing. The hospitality and kindliness of the people of Catanzavo seem to be quite a tradition. He tells of being taken round by the English vice-consul, Signor Pasquale Cricelli, and says:

"We entered a shop which he thought might interest me; the salesman during our talk unobtrusively made up a little parcel of goods and asked, at length, whether I would take this with me or have it sent to the hotel. That point I easily decided, but by no persistence could I succeed in paying for the things. Smiling behind his counter, the shopkeeper declined to name a price; Don Pasquale declared that payment under such circumstances was a thing unknown in Catanzavo, and I saw that to say anything more would be to run the risk of offending him."

We have no space to follow our authors to Squillace (Virgil's "shipwrecking Squilacium"), the native place and last retreat of Cassiodorus. Suffice it to say that the book is worth reading from beginning to end, and might serve the advocates of Greek and Latin for *all* as a precious illustration of the uses of ancient literature in imparting true perceptions of beauty which serve as a never-failing refreshment from the eventualities of life. In almost every place visited, Gissing found traces, in the language and traditions, of Greeks, and several groups of peasants from neighboring villages were specially called "Greci."

Fetichism in West Africa. Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., for forty years a missionary in the Gabun District of Kongo-Française, etc. With twelve illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904. Pp. xxii, 389.

Much of the missionary literature of to-day is characterized by a knowledge of ethnic facts and a sympathy with the religious and social expressions of the primitive mind impossible at an earlier epoch. We have had the trader, the Government official, and the missionary *vom Fach* give their ideas as to the "folly" and "superstition" known as fetishism, and there were few of them who, with the author, "did not think it reasonable to dismiss curtly as absurd the cherished sentiments of so large a portion of the human race," or could, for thirty years, in a search for the philosophy of these beliefs and the sentiments underlying them, "always lead the conversation, in hut or camp, back to a study of the native thought." As Mr. Nassau remarks (p. 85), "such faith is magnificent, though it be folly," and in it there is not a little that is even admirable. One soon discovers that these Africans are men as we are men, and do much of their thinking in common with us. Innumerable acts and practices of Christians in civilized lands to-day, customs of Christmas and Eastertide, use of amulets and charms, superstitions about ornaments, numbers, recurring days and seasons, devices of language, art, etc., idiosyncrasies of dress, action and the like, surviving in more or less nocuous desuetude, go back to heathen antecedents once as fully believed in, and as faithfully employed, as are their African congeners of the present time. This fetish element in modern white culture has not been unnoticed by the native African:

"You white people don't know anything about black man's 'fashions.' You say you trust God for everything, but in your own country you put up an iron rod over your houses to protect yourselves from death by lightning; and you trust in it, the while that you still believe in God; and you call it 'electricity' and civilization. And you say it's all right. I call this thing of mine, this charm, 'medicine'; and I hung it over my wife's bed to keep away death by the arts of those who hate her; and I trust in it while still believing in God. And you think me a heathen!"

Thus said, in substance, a partly educated Sierra Leone negro, whose wife, a well-educated Mpongwe, was rebuked by the Church authorities for permitting her husband to suspend a fetish in her room. The comment of the missionary, "I trusted to the lightning-rod under God, while he trusted to his fetish outside of God," is hardly satisfactory. The difficulties of heathen Christian argumentation are further revealed by the discussion (pages 131-132) as to the justice of putting a woman to death for "killing" by witchcraft. Elsewhere in the book are many instances of the clash of white and negro ideas on matters of all kinds, which the long and intimate experience of the author has enabled him to record.

While, as a gatherer of facts, Dr. Nassau has somewhat the true scientific instinct, his position in regard to the evolution of religion is of the old orthodox, conservative sort, and his treatment of the idea of God among the African natives is prejudiced by his opinion that "knowledge of God was thus an original, donated, component part of us. It grew under revelations made during the angelic communications before the Fall." Nevertheless, his book contains a large amount of interesting and valuable data, the result of his personal observations, and experiences. Besides an introductory discussion of the constitution of native African society (the family, named from its physical origin, is the unit), chapters on the idea of God, polytheism and idolatry, and the nature, classes and functions of spiritual beings, and two closing chapters on tales of fetish, based on fact, and fetish in folk-lore, the volume under review contains a detailed treatment of fetishism under the following heads: The philosophy of fetishism (a physical salvation; charms and amulets), fetishism as a worship (sacrifice, prayer, etc.), fetishism as witchcraft (white art, sorcery; black art, demonology), fetishism as a system of gov-

ernment (based on fear), fetishism in relation to the family, to daily work and occupations and to the needs of life, fetishism and superstitious customs, fetishism in relation to the future life, practical effects of fetishism. Among these last Mr. Nassau enumerates: Depopulation (owing largely to the human sacrifice involved, the death-rate much exceeds the birth-rate); cannibalism, which originally had a sacrificial element; abundance of secret societies (male and female), whose possibilities for good are quite overbalanced by their actualities for evil; poisoning for revenge, and so-called "judicial executions" (really murders in many cases); development of utter lack of confidence between man and man, and consequent perversion of the natural affections; voodooism. Transplanted to American soil, African fetishism flourishes as "Vudu or Odoism," as the author styles it, with its extension among the ignorant white masses as "Hoodoo." Another survival of African life in America Mr. Nassau finds in the "Br'er Rabbit" tales of "Uncle Remus," but this is still doubtful, for the negroes borrowed much from the Indians on the Southern plantations. The debt of the Bantu peoples to the ancient Egyptians (p. 332) is probably exaggerated; also the significance of the Caucasoid features said to occur sometimes among them.

One may say of this book that the writer's facts are better than his theories; and the broader position he appears to be often almost ready to take a better index of his personality than the one his narrower theology forces him to assume. There are fetishes and fetishes.

Dutch Pottery and Porcelain. By W. Pitcairn Knowles. London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xv., 122.

Not long ago we noticed the first volume of the Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts, and we have now to record the appearance of the second volume. This set of inexpensive hand-books will prove very valuable, and will invite the notice of every student, if the volumes to come are as much needed as are the two we have received. Dutch pottery has been more freely discussed in English books than has French faïence, which last, indeed, seems to be practically unknown to English students, while the simpler Dutch wares, at least, were well known in England before the nineteenth century. But still a good and handy volume devoted to "Delft" in all its forms was lacking until the appearance of the one before us.

Our author explains in the preface his position as a collector and student: he acknowledges his indebtedness to the important work of Henri Havard, and tells how his own occupation of collecting ceramic wares of all sorts of Netherlandish make took him a little beyond Mr. Havard's scope. His own collection is scattered now, and he has had to lean upon his authorities more or less, and to draw his illustrations largely from the national museums of Great Britain.

Here is a case where inexpensive color-printing is more likely to be useful than in most departments of art study, and accordingly there is a three-tone plate of a tall covered jar painted in polychrome; another plate dealing with two pieces closely imitating Japanese painted porcelain; and many prints in blue that give a very fair notion of the plaques and vases in which full blue color is used for a pattern on a bluish-white ground. What is most interesting in the text, because the most unexpected, is the description of very elaborately painted tiles which the author does not try to date—tiles probably of the seventeenth century, and containing a wonderful deal of the spirit which we find in the Dutch landscape painting of that time. The author speaks of "the increase of the size of the tile to a large panel, sometimes exceeding a yard in length and breadth." This is a very unusual dimension, but all collections contain decorative plaques painted with landscapes and figure subjects, and ranging in length from fourteen to twenty inches. Two or three are given here in the blue prints. There is one with a view of Brussels and a winding road leading to the town, along which are passing a coach-and-four "of the period" and a party of huntsmen, while the gallows of the town, with corpses hanging from it, and several minor gibbets are grouped on a hillock around which the road turns. Another one shows *zee-visch marckt en vleeschal,* and the author thinks that the locality is Delft itself. Of a later period, 1768, as dated, is an elaborate figure painting, "Christ before Caiaphas," only eleven inches high, but containing eleven figures in the foreground group and others in the distance, together with an architectural interior, all of the same size as a kindred piece representing "The Flagellation."

Probably the most important chapter in the book is that devoted to the porcelain-making of The Hague, Arnheim, and Amsterdam. There is very little known of Dutch porcelain, and our author says plainly that what there was came of private enterprise alone, "without royal encouragement," though what there was of royalty in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century remains unexplained. The chapter, indeed, does not open the door very wide to explorers, for few are the pieces which have been identified as of real hard porcelain made in the Netherlands before 1800 A. D. These are in the South Kensington Museum, so far as known to the author, and no one of them is reproduced in his plates. Still, every pointer that may lead the student to a further knowledge of what European porcelain has existed in the past is to be welcomed.

The appendix contains a long series of names of potters and their dates, with facsimiles of the marks upon their ware, and the volume ends with an index occupying ten pages.

The National Administration of the United States of America. By John A. Fairlie. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The lack of a work dealing systematically with national administration in the United States has long been deplored, and toward the present volume, therefore, a critic is inclined to be well disposed—or as nearly so as is possible for one of his tribe. His verdict must be that Mr. Fairlie has grappled successfully with a large subject, and produced a treatise which will be of real service to the student of American politics. That the book has certain minor defects of design and execution is nothing more than should have been expected in a work that may be described legitimately as *bahnbrechend.*

Mr. Fairlie begins, naturally enough, with the powers of the President, the administrative sun around which, shining with their own or reflected light, revolve a multitude of greater or lesser luminaries whose orbits it is desired to compute. He traces very well the enormous growth of "the scope and value of the administrative powers of the President" since the establishment of the present Government under the Constitution. This has come about, as the author explains, largely through the exercise of the power of removing subordinates and through the promulgation of ordinances, or executive orders, governing administrative details which, of necessity, are left to the President and his subordinates. It would have been well if Mr. Fairlie had called attention to the enormous increase in the range of interests entrusted to Presidential edict since the adoption of a colonial policy, and had examined in the pure white light of the science of politics the remarkable pension order which attracted so much attention less than a year ago. One could wish, also, that the relation of administrative centralization to efficiency in the performance of public business could have received more than the mere remark that the power of removal was "advocated as a necessary means to enable the President efficiently to discharge his duty." In this, and in a number of other matters, our author would have profited greatly if he had in this chapter drawn more deeply upon the unfortunate experience of our country with divided executive authority in the days of the old Confederation.

Control of administrative affairs by Congress, and, in particular, by the Senate, is the next topic which receives attention. The important part which the Senate plays in foreign affairs and in dictating nominations to executive positions, Congressional control of the finances, and Congressional supervision or investigation of all branches of public business, receive due consideration, each in its proper place. But these subjects are treated in the barest outline, and many a chance is lost to illustrate or even to develop the argument by referring to recent events which would be fresh in the minds of readers.

Two excellent chapters follow, devoted to the Cabinet and to general features of our national administrative organization. The author then proceeds to consider in detail the structure and duties of each of the executive departments. Here he is obliged to deal with a mass of facts, many of them uninteresting to the average student, which both reader and reviewer are tempted frequently to skip. As the groundwork for a general treatise, Mr. Fairlie's chapters are probably adequate, and in the present state of the literature upon such subjects will be found highly useful to many seekers after particular bits of information. Here, too, something more is done to bring out the connection between centralization of executive authority and administrative efficiency. It should be said, also, that sins both of omission and commission are not more numerous than they are bound to be in a first venture of this kind. The author has done his work carefully, and his book may be accepted as a generally trustworthy guide.

Less by way of criticism of Mr. Fairlie than as a suggestion for subsequent investigators, it may be said that the thing lacking in the present treatise, and to be supplied by future studies, is a careful examination of the way in which, within the framework prescribed by statute or executive ordinance, the actual work of our Government is carried on. Mr. Fairlie, for instance, has given us a better account than we have had so far of the organization of the Treasury Department; we now need more information as to the way in which this elaborate machinery actually works. Thus, he describes the present system of auditing accounts, and says that it "constitutes an effective administrative control over the disbursing officers of all the other departments." This may be true; but the operations have never been examined by a scientific observer, and recent scandals in one or more of the executive departments suggest that the system is not yet perfect. Upon this and many other topics we may the more reasonably expect light from other investigators now that Mr. Fairlie has charted the entire field and reminded us that, after all, we have a national administrative system even though the average citizen does not often come into direct contact with its agencies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Æschylus's Prometheus. Edited by Joseph E. Harry. American Book Co.
Amsden, Dora. Impressions of Ukiyo-Ye. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Anderson, William Lincoln. American Phonography. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.
Animals that Have Met Me. The Nantucket Publishing Co.
Anson, W. S. W. Who Wrote That? Dutton. 50 cents.
Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum. Edited by Justus C. Castleman. Macmillan Co.
Asensi's Victoria. Edited by Edgar S. Ingraham. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bacon, Gertrude. Balloons, Airships and Flying Machines. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net.
Baldwin, James. The Fairy Reader. American Book Co.
Balzac, Honoré de. Une Ténébreuse Affaire. Henry Frowde.
Bate, Percy. English Table Glass. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Benoist-Hanappier, Louis. Le Drame Naturaliste en Allemagne. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Bercy, Paul, and Georges Castegnier. Simple Grammaire Française. William R. Jenkins. $1.
Brenholtz, Edwin Arnold. The Voice of Equality. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Brown and Martin. Miniature French-English Dictionary. Dutton. 50 cents.
Brown, Caroline. On the We-A Trail. Macmillan Co.
Bruduo, Ezra S. The Little Conscript. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Camden, John. The Hundredth Acre. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. $1.50.
Carman, Albert R. The Ethics of Imperialism. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.
Chancellor, William Estabrook. History and Government of the United States. American Book Co.
Chesebrough, Robert A. Christmas Guests, and Other Poems. J. J. Little & Co.
Cipriani, Charlotte J. The Child Vivien. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Collignon, Maxime. Lysippe. Paris: Henri Laurens.
Coolidge, Asenath Carver. The Independence Day Horror at Killsbury. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co.
Crockett, S. R. May Margaret. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia. Translated by R. Campbell Thompson. Vol. II. London: Luzac & Co.
Dickens's David Copperfield and Oliver Twist. Retold by Annie D. Severance. American Book Co.
D'Ooge, Benjamin L. Latin Composition. Parts I., II., and III. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dopp, Katharine Elizabeth. The Place of Industries in Elementary Education. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Eldridge, George Dyre. The Millbank Case. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Ely, Richard T. The Labor Movement in America. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Gerard, Dorothea. Sawdust. Chicago: John C. Winston Co. $1.
Gerstäcker's Irrfahrten. Edited by F. B. Sturm. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45 cents.
Hallett, William T. Pernicious Pork. Broadway Publishing Co.
Hall, Francis J. The Doctrine of God. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Hampson, W. Radium Explained. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net.
Holyoake, George Jacob. Bygones Worth Remembering. Dutton. $5 net.
Ireland. Painted by Francis S. Walker. Described by Frank Mathew. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Jefferies, Richard. Bevis. Dutton. $1.50.
Jervey, Theodore D. The Elder Brother. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Tor, a Street Boy of Jerusalem. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Lang, Andrew. John Knox and the Reformation. Longmans.
Latham, Edward. Who Said That? Dutton. 50 cents.
McCracken, W. D. The Fair Land Tyrol. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
McMurray, Lida B. Nature Study Lessons. Macmillan Co. 60 cents net.
Manœuvre Tactics. Adapted from the German by J. H. V. Crowe. Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Meili, F. International, Civil and Commercial Law. Translated by Arthur K. Kuhn. Macmillan & Co. $3 net.
Meyer, Conrad Ferdinand. Das Amulett. Edited by C. C. Glascock. American Book Co.
Mighels, Philip Verrill. The Ultimate Passion. Harpers. $1.50.
Moore, Ella Dann. Life Illumined. The Neale Publishing Co.
More, Paul E. Shelburne Essays. Second Series. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Nichols, Harry Peirce. The Temporary and the Permanent in New Testament Revelation. Thomas Whittaker. $1.25 net.
Nordenskjöld, N. Otto G., and John Gunnar Andersson. Antarctica. Macmillan Co. $5.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. A Little Garden Calendar. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Pearson, Henry Carr. Essentials of Latin. American Book Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905.

The Week.

The President's identical note to Japan and Russia constitutes, we believe, a precedent without precedent. Technically a very guarded proffer of good offices, it actually was a plea that the belligerents resume direct negotiations. Such a request is unusual, and ordinarily would be deemed officious. Against any misapprehension of this overture, Mr. Roosevelt had taken precautions by securing approval of the substance of his note at Tokio and St. Petersburg. To dispatch once for all the comparatively minor matters of diplomatic form, it may be said that the innovation consists in accompanying a proffer of good offices with a concrete recommendation—to negotiate directly. Generally speaking, no such counsel is in order until the warring nations have given the neutral peacemaker some kind of mediatorial standing. It seems, however, to be a case in which the President's direct method injects into the formalities of diplomacy a refreshing element of common sense. Unquestionably, the counsel of direct negotiation expresses the judgment of civilization; and merely as an expression of the hope of the world, the President's plea is vastly creditable to its originator.

We are withholding relief to the Philippines in the form of an amended tariff; we are preparing next year to make them pay a higher price for the carrying of their hemp to our markets; but we *are* going to give them railroads. That is, we will let the Philippine Government guarantee 4 per cent. return for thirty years on 1,233 miles of railroad in the archipelago. Secretary Taft announced the plans and specifications on Sunday, and bids and proposals are to be received up to the first of November. We should have liked to see at least a preliminary effort made to secure bidders for the projected lines without the feature of a Government guarantee. It was stated on the floor of Congress that there was at least a chance of attracting capital on the simple merits of the business proposition. As finally passed, the Cooper bill had been vastly improved, careful safeguarding clauses being added, and the guaranteed return being reduced from 5 to 4 per cent. Granting the perfection of the measure in detail, however, we are simply taking a leaf from the books of countries which are developing colonies which they admittedly intend to hold permanently. The proper development of the islands under our care is a high purpose, but legislation of this kind must not be allowed to tie our hands against doing in time for the Filipinos what we have done for the Cubans.

If the advance in man's civilization is to be measured by his acquiring additional wants, the statistics of trade with the lesser of our "non-contiguous possessions" tell the story of an almost headlong advance from barbarism. A little pamphlet just issued by the Division of Foreign Markets in the Department of Agriculture shows that Guam and Tutuila received from us in the last year a somewhat astounding array of products which they had never had before. Guam in a year used 562 pounds of our butter, 180 of lard, 263 of bacon, 268 of ham, 100 pounds of raisins, 25 of prunes, and $20 worth of cocoa and chocolate. Not one of these was in the list of our exports at all for the preceding years. Tutuila has been just as prompt in taking up American products, though with decidedly different tastes. That fortunate island has bought eggs—240 dozen of them—$9 worth of feathers, $6 worth of honey, 6 gallons of syrup, 51 gallons of vinegar, 311 gallons of cider, and $3 worth of soap stock. Thus the staples in which we have formerly dealt with these possessions are now being supplemented by the odds and ends of the larder. Bret Harte, in one of his parodies, spoke of the Frenchman who, dropped in Senegambia, would in a week "give you an omelet served by the neatest of Senegambian *filles*, whom he will call 'Mademoiselle.'" It seems to have taken five years to get our prunes established in Guam and our soap stock in Tutuila, but the achievement is memorable, none the less, and obviously proves the wisdom of our entire expansion policy.

Minister Bowen's request to be allowed to return to Caracas and collect evidence against Assistant Secretary of State Loomis conveys a sense of regret for opportunities neglected. To live where accusations against Mr. Loomis could be gathered up by the bushel, and to come away with only a handful of the least damaging charges, bespeaks unfitness for the diplomatic career. But Bowen's slackness should not be accepted as Loomis's vindication. Improprieties already laid at his door make his continuance in office little short of scandalous, and there is more behind. That he should be conducting momentous international negotiations, even in a clerical capacity, is anomalous and most unfortunate.

The fight on the Maryland negro disfranchising amendment may be said to begin in earnest with Mr. Bonaparte's speech before the Republican State Committee on June 7. Senator Gorman is resolved to make this the one issue of the Democratic campaign this fall, and is really doing his best to bring about a division on the basis of color alone rather than party. As the negroes make up less than a fifth of the population of Maryland, according to the last census, anything like a union of the whites against them would, as a matter of course, put through the amendment, though this shows at the same time how utterly preposterous is the talk of any possible menace to white supremacy in the State. Of the particular form of the disfranchising amendment, it is enough to say at this time that it combines all the worst features which have been devised for any of the Southern constitutions. The Gulf States, by comparison, have liberal and enlightened suffrage provisions. Gov. Warfield, though a Democrat, opposes the amendment as drafted, and did not attend the recent meeting at which Gorman urged his policy before the members of the State Committee. There are undoubtedly many other Democrats who think with him. And, if the challenge to break party lines is accepted by the opponents as well as the advocates of negro disfranchisement, there is opportunity for a stinging rebuke to Gormanism.

The anti-Trust law recently enacted in Arkansas has been sustained by the Circuit Court of that State. In a unanimous opinion, it decided, a few days ago, that the Hartford Insurance Company was properly fined for one day's violation of the law forbidding such companies to do business in Arkansas if belonging to a pool or combination anywhere to fix rates. The order declaring that the company has forfeited its right to continue its business in the State, however, has been suspended pending the decision of the Supreme Court. In case the Circuit Court is sustained, the Hartford company may be penalized from $200 to $5,000 a day from the date the law went into effect. Another company, which decided to prepare a test case, has raised the point, in its defence, that legislation of this kind is an attempt to restrain interstate commerce, since it is not based on any claim that pooling agreements are made in Arkansas. Insurance companies and others of a similar character are watching the course of the litigation with interest. Their exclusion from Arkansas is not regarded as a vital blow, but it forecasts the sort of action that may be demanded in other States where the feeling against business combinations is growing distinctly hostile. One result the law, if

sustained, will be certain to achieve: it will drive all the old-line insurance companies to the familiar expedient of incorporating dummy companies on the spot. Evasion is the natural result of legislation of so drastic a sort.

Candor is usually an unappreciated virtue in politics, but Mayor Williams of Portland, Oregon, is basing his hopes for reëlection upon it. In meeting the charges that he was party to a scheme to "milk" the gambling fraternity of the city, after the fashion of the Maine authorities in dealing with liquor-law violations, the Mayor says with surprising frankness that he secured some very necessary municipal improvements, including repaired fire-engine houses, only by the periodical collection of fines from the law-breakers. His excuses are admirably framed to appeal to a "practical" Westerner. He was opposed to gambling, but the juries that were drawn to try those arrested almost invariably acquitted them. Then the City Council held a secret meeting and recommended a system of fines. The Mayor heard of the decision and objected, but the matter was presented to him in this light: We have no money in the city treasury, the Lewis and Clark Fair is approaching, and we must have funds with which to put the city into a presentable condition. Our bridges, engine houses, and elevated roads are like "the little old log cabin in the lane" whose roof was caving in and chimney falling down. The fines paid by gamblers will give us money to use for repairs. The Mayor yielded, and in a campaign speech declared that if no graver charge than using a part of the "ill-gotten gains of the gamblers for the purpose of providing these noble men [the firemen] with comfortable quarters" he brought against him at the final judgment, he will answer cheerfully. At this point, so the reports state, the Mayor received "great applause."

The extremely strained situation which has existed for some time between Canadian and American lumbermen on the St. John River, and culminated in the blowing up of a boom by dynamite on May 27, is apparently on the way to peaceful settlement. The talk is now of appeal to the Maine Legislature and to Congress for action that will conclusively settle the question of what constitutes "obstruction" of the river. This may have to be settled ultimately by a supplementary treaty. The present dispute may turn out as bloodless as the famous "Aroostook war" in the same territory in the thirties. Behind the immediate dispute, however, is a most interesting commercial question. Under an act of Congress passed in 1866, lumber sawed in the St. John mills from logs cut in the State of Maine was given free entry, and this privilege was renewed in the Dingley law. It was a tariff concession brought about by the lay of the country, which made it hard to secure an outlet from the Maine forests to American mills. It brought to both sides of the river a prosperity which is worth the study of those politicians who predict disaster from Canadian reciprocity. The American lumbermen disposed of their logs on the Canadian side, and the Canadian sawmills had New York and Boston as markets for their product. At last, however, the opening of a railroad gave a new outlet to the region. American mill owners at once declared that the free-entry arrangement had served its purpose and should be discontinued. They prepared an appeal to Congress, and meanwhile the friendly and profitable relations which existed between the two sides of the river have been displaced by armed hostility.

The return of Benjamin B. Odell, jr., ex-Governor of the State of New York, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, again makes life here worth living. For some months Mr. Odell has cruelly exposed this bantling commonwealth on the rocks. To the surprise of everybody, New York has survived the ordeal. The Legislature, it is true, with no one to stand between it and the gas lobby and other sinister influences, suffered terribly. The members were forced to pocket the money themselves, instead of having it diverted to the use of the machine and its managers. The sight drew tears to the eyes of the most hardened bosses—although Senator McCarren, a goodly band of Republican Senators, and five Tammany heroes bore up with wonderful fortitude. Gov. Higgins fell into a sad pickle. He had nobody to make his mind up for him on the mortgage-tax question, and the strain of reaching a decision so unnerved him that he appointed notoriously bad men to office. The small-fry politicians, in despair because they could not find any one from whom to take orders, began running to Platt and Black for instructions. Party demoralization could go no further. But the master hand of Odell is again on the helm, and the ship of state is safe.

The annual report of the City and Suburban Homes Company is of especial interest this year, by reason of the impetus given to the construction of model tenements by Mr. Phipps's donation of one million dollars for that purpose. The company has been in full operation since 1899, and since 1900 has paid 4 per cent. annually to the investors who have subscribed its $3,500,000. It is confident, moreover, that an increase of its capital to $5,000,000 would enable it to pay 4½ per cent. annually. There could be no better demonstration that wholesome homes can be given to wage-earners in this city at moderate rentals which will still enable the investors to make a fair profit on their investment. If the City and Suburban Homes Company had done nothing else than establish this fact beyond dispute, it would have performed valuable service. Since Mr. Phipps's first houses are to be devoted to the colored people of the city, it is interesting to note that the Homes Company reports about them as follows: "The colored people have shown themselves to be excellent tenants, quite as orderly, cleanly, and as prompt in the payment of rent as the white occupants of the Company's other buildings. There has been but one case of disorderly conduct throughout the whole year." Nearly three-fifths of these tenants nave been in residence since the opening of the buildings, and the aggregate loss to the company from irrecoverable arrears was only $16.65 in the fiscal year just ended.

The action of the Corporation of the Institute of Technology in voting, 20 to 12, for amalgamation with Harvard will undoubtedly increase the feeling of bitterness which the proposal has created among a great majority of the alumni. Most of the graduates believe that their wishes should control, and that they are fighting for the future usefulness of Technology. To them its removal to Cambridge means the subordination of the work of the Institute to that of Harvard College. They maintain that the scholastic spirit at Harvard is not nearly so earnest and thorough as that at Technology, and they do not wish their future undergraduates to be brought even remotely into contact with the spirit of snobbishness and the aristocracy of wealth they charge upon Harvard's undergraduates. The Technology faculty, too, is strongly in opposition. It now remains for the courts to pass upon the legality of the proposed merger before it can take effect. What appeals to the outsider is the desirability of having one great technical school at Boston instead of two. There is virtue in amalgamation even in the world of education, and there must be other good reasons for it when the corporations of both colleges are so earnest for the consolidation. It is a great pity, however, that, if the new relationship is to be formed, the process should be accompanied by so much bad blood, by so many charges and countercharges of misrepresentation as have been current these last six months.

To depose a king not only in conformity to the rules of parliamentary order, but in complete tranquillity of mind, is something of a feat, and the Storthing, at Christiania, which on June 7 repudiated the Act of Union, declared there was no longer a King of Norway, and estab-

lished the old Ministry as a provisional government, certainly must go down in history as an admirable exemplar of *sang froid*. Compared with the fact of a determination to dissolve the union, the technical arguments by which the vote was sustained are of merely local interest, and it must suffice to say that the Norwegians meet the argument that the Union of 1814 is not only indissoluble but unalterable except by consent of both parliaments, with the assertion that King Oscar, by declining to establish a new Government, has abdicated his royal function. What is plain is that Norway means to go her own way, and the only surprise is that the vote of deposition requests the King of Sweden to nominate to the Norwegian throne a prince of the line of Bernadotte.

The underlying causes of the declaration of independence are found primarily in the more democratic nature of the Norwegian state (where manhood suffrage and a governing parliament exist as against limited suffrage and a restricted parliament in Sweden), in the desire for foreign trade in maritime Norway as against the protectionism of agrarian and industrial Sweden, and, finally, in the looseness of the bond of union itself. Where the two Powers treated each other as foreigners at their respective custom houses, where Sweden alone represented the united kingdom before the diplomatic world, and the only symbol of the union in Norway was the royal presence, occasionally, and veto, which might be, and was, at times, overruled—evidently union meant rather little. There is, fortunately, slight prospect that Sweden will exercise her technical right to force Norway to stay in the union. Norway is already an independent State.

Cœlebs in search of a wife had no harder task than Norway in quest of a King. If King Oscar of Sweden should remain obdurate and refuse to name one of his sons; and if King Christian of Denmark, whose family has already supplied queens to England and Russia and a king to Greece, should feel that his contribution to monarchism is complete, it is hard to see where the Norwegians would turn for a ruler. In fact, the supply of royalties for a new State is almost always deficient. Only Servia and Montenegro, of recent royal establishments, have managed to provide a ruler at home. For Rumania a Hohenzollern had to be found, for Bulgaria a Saxe-Coburg. The selection in the present case is complicated by the fact that not every poor relation of a royal house will do. Plainly, no near kinsman of any of the great sovereigns would be acceptable to the rest. As for the crew of ex-royalties and pretenders that enliven watering-place life for unoccupied old maids of English and American extraction, the whole roster of Bourbon, Orleans, and Bonaparte would hardly furnish one eligible. As a personality and because of the close association of the houses of Bonaparte and Bernadotte, Prince Louis Napoleon might seem an attractive possibility. But his Russian major-generalcy seems to rule him out. In fine, for lack of suitable candidates for the throne, Norway may be reduced to republicanism—a form of government which, while contrary to all political tradition, would fit very well the present temper of the nation.

If the comic muse ever condescends to mere history, she will find material for humor in contrasting the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt towards the provisional governments of Panama and of Norway. Acting Secretary Loomis, we need hardly recall, inquired solicitously about the condition of the Republic of Panama some little time before the pang of mock revolution had brought the bantling commonwealth into the world. It was on this occasion that the scholiasts advanced the theory that Mr. Roosevelt's dominant quality was celerity. Turning from Panama to Christiania, these same pundits may draw the profound inference that circumstances alter cases, and that even celerity has its good and bad days. If ever there was a *de facto* government, it is Norway's; she has a parliament in session, an executive council of ministers, an army, and a navy. Moreover, it was known for some days before the resolution deposing King Oscar that secession was as good as accomplished, and divil a cablegram came from "Loomis, Acting." All of which seems to point to a culpable negligence in the Norwegians in failing to keep Washington officially posted as to the revolutionary schedule. Or is Mr. Loomis's hesitation due merely to a natural reluctance not to be caught again by the difference in time?

Premier Rouvier assumes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs with professions of friendliness to Germany, and with an engagement to consult Berlin on Moroccan matters. This satisfies the desire for recognition as a Mediterranean Power which Bülow and other spokesmen of Germany have persistently put forth. The question now is, Will Germany be satisfied with this concession to *amour propre*, or was the complaint merely a mask for more definite aspirations in the Western Mediterranean? In this matter one should not give too much weight to the expressions of the Pan-Germanic newspapers, which have already staked out a colony on the Atlantic littoral; Pan-Germanism, potentially a peril, has as yet hardly reached the level of serious political movements. More disquieting is the certainty that Count von Tattenbach has constituted himself the Sultan's guardian, and that German companies are receiving large concessions at Tangier. These activities show pretty clearly that the Kaiser wishes more than reparation for a past slight. It is evident, too, that Premier Rouvier, confronted by this aggressive policy of Germany, must either yield, or, returning to the tactics for which he virtually dismissed M. Delcassé, must take his stand firmly, beginning, if necessary, the actual occupation of the Sherifan domain. With the more idealistic statesmen, Pressensé, Jaurès, and others, Rouvier has thought it necessary to reorganize the Foreign Office on the theory that Germany had a just grievance, and that a mere recognition of her Mediterranean standing—ignored in the Anglo-French Agreement—would restore good feeling. Events will very soon put to the test the belief that German intervention at Fez was dictated by motives in the main sentimental and disinterested.

From diverse points of view, Chancellor von Bülow deserves the princely title and estates the Kaiser has bestowed upon him. The Moroccan diplomatic "success" undoubtedly gave the Kaiser the excuse for once more offering this honor, several times declined hitherto. But even if the outcome of the Tangier episode had been a different one, the Emperor would still have had reason to be satisfied with Von Bülow's services. In the first place, the Chancellor has shown himself to be an orator of great ability and a parliamentarian of no little distinction. He has, moreover, a charm of personality which has helped to give him a firm footing at court, and he has warmly seconded the Emperor's propaganda for a great fleet and an enlarged army. So far as foreign politics are concerned, there is no doubt, too that Von Bülow has achieved very considerable successes, one of his latest triumphs being the negotiation of reciprocity treaties when in some cases this seemed impossible. Despite the constant friction with England, foreign relations as a whole are in a very satisfactory state, and many observers attribute this to Von Bülow's skill in checking the impulsiveness of the Kaiser. From the Liberal and Socialist point of view, however, Von Bülow's honors seem highly paid. In international affairs—as in Germany's relations to Russia—the Chancellor represents the reactionaries. Social reforms receive little or no encouragement at his hands; he constantly inveighs against freedom of speech and of the press, and he has bought his legislative triumphs and held his Reichstag majority together by concessions to the Clericals (especially the Catholics), to the Agrarians, and to the protected interests, which will cost Germany dearly for decades to come.

THE BATTLESHIP ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Says the London *Times*, speaking of the battle of the Sea of Japan, the question which all the world is now asking is with what weapon Togo achieved his success. Particularly in Washington is the effect of Rozhestvensky's defeat upon the future of the battleship being carefully studied. Mr. Roosevelt, it will be remembered, insisted that the last Congress should appropriate money for at least four more battleships. Cruisers, scouts, torpedo boats might go hang; the safety of the nation was assured only by the battleship. Against its wishes as expressed in the protest of men like Senator Hale, Congress was forced to do his will to the extent of providing two more monsters of the sea, costing their five millions or more each. Naturally, there will be feelings hurt if, before these new ships are even planned, their value is shown to be far below the estimates.

Whether the naval world will ever know the exact methods by which the Japanese achieved success, will depend upon the readiness of a silent people to give their side. So far as the reports thus far received go, it may be accepted (1) that the battle was won in the first few minutes by the ferocity of the Japanese attack and the accuracy of their fire; (2) that perhaps, by reason of the high sea prevailing, the use of the torpedo boat was of a secondary nature, to give the *coup de grâce* to silenced vessels or to prevent Russian ships from breaking through the encircling Japanese; (3) that the prestige of the battleship has suffered enormously by reason of the slaughter on its decks and the easy destruction of the upper works of the "floating fortress." Striking confirmation of the last point is to be found in the reported results of the attack on the captured battleship *Orel*. She received a "terrible battering"; her hull shows forty gaping holes made by large shells, and many smaller apertures, while her upper works and decks were "riddled by shells, shot fragments, and splinters." From the main deck upward the condition of the vessel was "terrible to behold." It will be necessary to reconstruct her above the waterline, but the "*main armor belt is intact*," and her turret armor generally withstood the battering from shells, except in the case of two six-inch turrets. In short, the armor performed its duty fully under a terrific cannonade, but could not prevent the ship's being quickly put out of action as a fighting unit. It helped her to stay afloat, but she might as well have sunk after her upper works were shot to pieces, her crew practically reduced to submission and unable any longer to work their guns. In short, the damage quickly done to the battleship's unprotected portions more than offsets the advantage gained by having an armor belt.

This salient fact has made a deep impression upon Park Benjamin, the naval authority, who points out in the current *Independent* that although on the *Borodino* the crew was mainly disposed in eight separate armored turrets, this did not prevent the "wholesale slaughter of their crews, and prompt destruction of ammunition hoists and other vital mechanisms." He thinks that a still more frightful slaughter would have occurred in such vessels as our *Kentucky* and *Kearsarge*, "where most of the crew is massed in a single huge, weakly protected compartment." Mr. Benjamin wonders whether "any construction could be devised more certain to sacrifice life than this," and asks whether it is not time to heed the logic of events and seriously consider "whether ships which cost over five millions each, but which can be turned into slaughter-houses above water, and which a couple of hundred pounds of gun cotton can send plunging to the bottom, are, after all, the best sea weapons. . . ." Obviously they are not. Indeed, the torpedo boats at Port Arthur silenced the extreme advocates of the battleship, as Mr. Benjamin observes. Even a high English authority admits in *Brassey's Annual* the ease with which a battleship may be made valueless while her armor is uninjured. Meanwhile the vulnerability of the battleship to torpedo attack remains as true to-day as in 1864, when the monitor *Tecumseh* was sunk in Mobile Bay. Automatically closing watertight compartments and steel bottoms have added no security, as was shown by the loss of the *Hatsuse*, the *Yashima*, and the *Petropavlosk*. Four of the heavy Russian vessels are even reported to have "turned turtle" when one of the longitudinal compartments filled with water—so easily upset is the equilibrium of these topheavy structures.

Just what direction the reaction from battleships will take cannot, of course, be definitely foretold at present. Those who believe in a modernized monitor with the lowest possible freeboard will now have their say. Their great arguments are stability of the gun platform and smallness of target. Primarily, we believe, the armored cruiser will come into greater vogue. Admiral Rozhestvensky's report is significant. He lumps the twelve Japanese armored vessels—battleships and armored cruisers—together in one class. And well he may, for the latter are more easily manœuvred, carry less weight, and have a far superior speed. They have come out of the war with greater prestige than any other class of vessels, and this despite the loss of the *Rurik*. This vessel, be it noted, was silenced by two unarmored cruisers seven years older than their victim, and, being dismantled above—precisely like the *Orel*—was sunk by her own officers. If the armored cruiser is to take, for the moment, the place of the but little more expensive battleship, we must admit that there is small comfort in this for the advocate of peace, or for the taxpayer who is mulcted for these costly engines of war. At the same time it is some gain to have the Roosevelt theory of battleships wholly unsettled, and a naval enthusiast like Mr. Benjamin admitting that one of the lessons of the war is a smaller navy for the United States.

THE NEW TURN IN THE EQUITABLE.

The supremely important fact about the sudden turn in Equitable Life matters is that the company is saved from a situation the possible end of which was liquidation and disappearance of the Society from the financial field. This calamity—this "deep wound to our national prestige," as Mr. Cromwell had foreshadowed it—is averted. The management, whose continuance in office was incompatible with the company's continued efficiency, has resigned; reform of the grave abuses exposed by the Frick report is promised. So much is in sight towards the rehabilitation of the company.

For the complete restoration of the community's confidence in the Equitable, however, much more is necessary. This would be true even if so ideal a solution as repurchase of all its stock, by the Society itself, has been judged practicable and had been effected. Even then the closest scrutiny would have been bestowed on the influences which appeared to affect the policyholders' selection of trustees. Necessarily, this somewhat critical vigilance must be far more complete when ownership of the company has admittedly passed to a syndicate, one at least of whose members is engaged in large promoting enterprises and is a potent figure in the Wall Street market. The question universally asked, since Friday evening's announcement, is, What is to be the effect of Mr. Ryan's ownership on the future policy of the company?

We may conceive of a $4,000,000 payment for stock whose investment yield can never exceed some $3,000 per annum, being made from the highest motives of philanthropy, or, if a less lofty motive be inferred, from fear lest the state of things threatened by the Equitable's recent troubles might endanger other important enterprises dependent on public confidence. We shall certainly not insinuate that the gentlemen in the Ryan syndicate were actuated by any less worthy purpose. Their plan for trusteeing the stock, and for divesting the syndicate of voting power, is fair; and the promise that policyholders shall dictate a clear majority of the new directors is an important concession.

But the new owners of the Equitable must know that its future success de-

pends, not on indefinite promises or pledges, but on raising the company's future methods and practices beyond the reach of any controversy whatever. This being true—and we think it will not be denied—it follows that the Ryan syndicate must place beyond question its permanent renunciation of control, direct or indirect, over any future action of the company. It is the perfectly well-known truth that transfer of Mr. Hyde's stock to any person or group of persons identified with Wall Street was bound to inspire suspicion; such suspicion, just or unjust, cannot be allayed except by the utmost publicity regarding the whole transaction. We do not consider the trusteeship announcement sufficient. The contract of purchase with Mr. Hyde, whether written or verbal, ought to be published in all its terms. If there be a written contract defining the duties and powers of the trustees, that should equally see the light of day.

Still more necessary, we think, is a full and conclusive statement by the syndicate as to its plans with regard to the stock control. Trustees may resign or die; directors and officers will change in the course of years, as they are likely to change in consequence of this new development. But the ownership may, so far as the public knows, rest permanently in the hands of the present purchasers and their heirs. That is to say, recurrence of precisely the situation which has so nearly wrecked the company will always be possible so long as the basis of the Equitable's financial structure is stock ownership. We should like to see, first, the formal opinion of eminent lawyers as to whether or not buying in of the stock by the Society itself is feasible under its present charter. If their opinion is adverse, we are strongly of the opinion that the question of such amendment to the charter by the Legislature as should make possible that purchase, ought to be taken up at once. All of these matters must, in fulfilment of his duty, be set forth in the Insurance Superintendent's report, which is expected to-day. Mr. Hendricks has the power to call for all contracts and documents to which we have referred, and to make them public. We think he will scarcely shirk this obvious duty.

We have thus far refrained from commenting on the selection of Mr. Paul Morton as the head of the reorganized Equitable. Our judgment of Mr. Morton's railway career has been too plainly expressed for our readers to expect our approval of his selection for this office. We have felt that its incumbent ought to be a man whose business record was beyond suspicion. That Mr. Morton is not such a man, is sufficiently proved by the fact that his career as railway manager is at this moment under investigation by the Government's lawyers. We regret the necessity of thus criticising any one chosen in so grave a crisis for so important a task of financial reconstruction; but it has long been evident that nothing but plain and honest speaking would be of any avail in the Equitable's dilemma. These very doubts about the new chairman of the Equitable; the fact that, whomsoever the trustees may choose as a directors' board, Mr. Morton is the syndicate's appointee, and is apparently expected to retain his office, add greatly to the force of what we have already said regarding the further requirements of the situation.

EXISTING PENSION SYSTEMS FOR COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

The establishment of the Carnegie Foundation, creating a retiring fund for professors in the various colleges, calls attention anew to the inadequacy and complex character of many of the existing systems. A retiring pension for professors similar to that employed in the army and navy and for the justices of our highest court has been in vogue at various universities for some time. Where no definite system had been formulated, it has been the custom in many cases to make provision for retiring professors, granting to them, after long and distinguished service, either one-half or two-thirds of the salary received upon resignation.

Princeton University has for many years made provision for its professors, but not systematically. Columbia University provides that any person in its service by appointment of the Corporation, who has held an office higher than the grade of assistant professor for fifteen years or upwards, and who is sixty-five years of age or over, may, at his own request, or upon the motion of the trustees, be retired from the date of the beginning of the next succeeding fiscal year, with a retiring allowance of one-half of his last annual salary. The Corporation retains the right to alter this rule, without, however, abridging the rights which individuals in the service of the University shall have acquired under it. In case the age of sixty-five has been reached by a professor who entered the service of the University at an equal grade at an unusually advanced age, the Corporation may, at its discretion, add a number of years, not exceeding fifteen, to his actual years of service, as a basis for his retiring allowance. The committee is required to satisfy itself that the person proposed for such pension is entitled to the distinction by reason of the length and character of his service to the University, and also by reason of eminence in his profession. There is no special fund from which such pensions are paid, but the charge is made against the general income of the University.

The rules of Harvard University show a careful study of all questions involved, and embody a graded system, recognizing length of service as the basis for a pension. This corresponds to that in use in our army and navy, and constitutes a proper service-pension. The rules provide that any person in the employ of the University who is sixty years of age, and who has held an office of the grade of an assistant professor or of a higher grade for twenty years, shall be entitled to a retiring allowance of twenty-sixtieths of his last annual salary in activity, and to an additional allowance of one-sixtieth of his last annual salary for each year of service in addition to twenty; but no retiring allowance shall exceed forty-sixtieths of his last annual salary while in full activity. In counting the years of additional service, an appointment with the title of tutor, instructor, lecturer, or assistant in a scientific establishment on an appointment not annual, may be added, at the discretion of the President and Fellows, to the years of service as assistant professor or in a higher grade. No person under sixty years of age shall be entitled to a retiring allowance, but the President and Fellows are empowered at their discretion to pay to any person who, while in the service of the University, has become incapable of discharging his duties by reason of permanent infirmity of mind or body, or has resigned before the age of sixty, an allowance not exceeding that which he would be entitled to receive if he had reached the age of sixty. No person who has been in the service of the University less than twenty years shall be entitled to a retiring allowance, but the authorities are empowered, in case a professor enters the service at an unusually advanced age, to add a certain number of years at their discretion (not exceeding ten) to his actual years of service, and such persons may be granted a retiring allowance as soon as their total services, including the constructive addition, reaches twenty years. A professor may be retired by the President and Fellows at the age of sixty-six years upon the retiring allowance to which he is entitled. Years of absence upon leave are to be counted as years of active service. The rules may be altered, without, however, abridging the rights which individuals shall have acquired under them. The notable features in these rules are a pension graded according to length of service, and the privilege of a voluntary retirement at the age of sixty years.

The University of Toronto has a system of compulsory contribution on the part of the professor, to constitute a retiring fund. The interest upon this fund is compounded semi-annually at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the entire sum is given to the professor upon retirement, or to his heirs in case of his death. In order to meet in part

this tax upon the income of the professors, salaries were proportionately somewhat increased. The professor receiving a salary of one thousand dollars contributes 5 per cent. of his salary to this fund; between one thousand and eighteen hundred dollars, 7½ per cent.; between eighteen hundred and twenty-five hundred, 10 per cent.; between twenty-five hundred and thirty-two hundred dollars, 15 per cent.; and over thirty-two hundred dollars, 20 per cent. This system is practically that of the savings-bank. The University authorities become the custodian of a certain part of the professor's salary, and he is necessarily deprived of the use of his property and the possibility of its wise increase. It does not appear that any provision is made for an addition to this sum by gift from the University. There is no rule of compulsory retirement, and there is no fixed date for retirement.

McGill University has no statute governing the pensioning of professors. There is, however, a pension fund at the disposal of the Board of Trustees. On the recent resignation of two professors after forty-six and thirty-one years' tenure of their respective chairs, they were granted a retiring allowance for life. No contribution, compulsory or otherwise, is made by the members of the staff to the pension fund, which consists of an endowment established by the munificence of three members of the Board of Trustees.

The system at Cornell University embodies the onerous and complex features of the University of Toronto, but exhibits a certain improvement in that the University makes a positive contribution to the sum contributed by the individual professors. The statute fixes a graded sum which every professor must contribute in two semi-annual payments, and which may begin at the age of thirty. This sum at thirty years of age is $33, at forty $53, at fifty $97, at fifty-nine (the latest date at which a professor can avail himself of this privilege), $208. It is assumed that the amount of the contribution of the professor will be one-fourth of the amount of his ultimate pension. The total pension payment to each professor is fifteen hundred dollars per annum, after reaching the age of seventy. No provision is made for the voluntary retirement of the professor before this age, nor for his enjoyment of any pension before that date. There is also no provision for teachers of lower grades; neither is a definite period of service in the University designated as preliminary to the enjoyment of a pension. In case a professor should die before reaching the age of seventy, his contributions, compounded semi-annually at 3 per cent., are returned to his family. This system is defective in that it fails to make general provision for all professors, and from the fact that in a majority of instances the professor will fail to receive any return from his compulsory contribution.

According to the tables of mortality, the prospect of life at the age of thirty is a trifle over thirty-four years; at forty, twenty-seven years; at fifty, twenty years; at fifty-nine, slightly above fourteen years. Any insurance entered upon on these terms up to fifty years will necessarily involve loss on the part of the professor in a majority of cases. If, however, the annual tax at thirty years be accumulated at 5 per cent., this sum will amount at seventy to $4,217, thus being sufficient of itself to discharge the pension for three years. If entered upon at forty years of age, the sum will reach $3,720; at fifty years of age, $3,399; at fifty-nine years of age, $3,180. In case of death at seventy before entering upon the enjoyment of a pension, the amount returned at 3 per cent. would involve a loss to the family of $1,643, if repaid at the lower rate of interest. This assumes that the University receives 5 per cent. upon its investments, which is less than its actual returns reported at the present time. After thirty years of insurance, there would be a similar loss of $1,106; after twenty years, of $679. A sum corresponding to the tax fixed by the University, if invested similarly in a life annuity, would protect for the entire period of the life of the individual and secure a definite payment at the end. The professor, then, contributes a sum sufficient to meet his own pension for the two or three critical years after reaching the age of seventy, and the University assumes no responsibility until this sum is exhausted. The real pension thus begins at seventy-three. An irksome tax and complex bookkeeping would in this case be avoided, and a better result reached, if a bona-fide pension of one thousand dollars were paid by the University to each professor on reaching the age of seventy.

Yale University provides a pension for any professor or assistant professor who has served for twenty-five years and has reached the age of sixty-five. He may then be retired at his own request with a retiring allowance of one-half his last annual salary. In the case of any person of the age of sixty-five who entered the service of the University at an unusually advanced age, the Corporation may, at its discretion, add a number of years (not exceeding fifteen) to his actual years of service as a basis for granting him a retiring allowance. This act, which was passed in June, 1896, was amended in 1903, so that it provided for the compulsory retirement of all University instructors at the age of sixty-eight, except in individual cases where, by special vote, the Corporation might determine otherwise.

These various systems differ as to the age at which the professor may be retired, the period of preliminary service requisite, and the voluntary or compulsory nature of his retirement, and also respecting the right of assistant professors to enjoy a pension. They will undoubtedly be harmonized and made uniform by the Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. Less attention has been paid to that feature of the Foundation which requires that it shall make provision for the widows and families of "the said teachers." The form in which to make this provision, which is in effect in most of the German universities, will present a question not previously settled in our American university system.

M. DELCASSÉ'S RETIREMENT.

In 1889 Théophile Delcassé, journalist, was returned from the *arrondissement* of Foix in the Pyrenees. He received a vote of 10,691, which gave him a comfortable majority over his Royalist opponent, who received, however, 7,986 votes. For sixteen years, then, M. Delcassé has been in national politics, always representing Foix in the Chamber of Deputies. In the last general election, April, 1902, his constituency gave him 13,735 votes against 2,648 polled for a Socialist candidate and 1,871 for a Nationalist. This dry comparison of electoral figures is not without weight. It recalls that, when M. Delcassé first entered the Palais Bourbon as a Deputy, the Republic was on its defence, royalism still a menace, the "man on horseback," Boulanger, not yet exposed in his true emptiness. Thirteen years later, in the nation as in the historic district of Foix, Republicanism had become firmly established, and the Opposition had, from a compact body of Royalists, reduced itself to scattering and innocuous groups of violent Socialists and Nationalist malcontents. In this change M. Delcassé has played a conspicuous part. He has rehabilitated France before the nations. Her voice is again potent in international councils. He has given to a rather despondent loyalty grounds for exultation. Less sensational than M. Hanotaux's contribution, the Franco-Russian alliance, M. Delcassé's legacy of good will with Italy and England is more permanently valuable, and this should especially be said when the check in Morocco and a trifling setback in the matter of the Abyssinian railway give to an administration remarkably successful in the main a valedictory impression of failure.

M. Delcassé, like his great associate, the late Waldeck-Rousseau, was peculiarly fitted for the work of Republican defence. Both were avowed disciples of the great Republican, Gambetta. Delcassé first attracted the attention of the Government by his articles in Gambetta's paper, the *République Française*, for which in 1887, he received the ribbon of the Legion—from a Rouvier Ministry, we believe. Accepting a Co-

lonial under-secretaryship under Ribot in 1893, he soon saw that the subordinate position of the Colonial Office, then a dependency of the Naval Ministry, prevented effective work, and it was chiefly at his instance that several years later Casimir Périer's Administration created the Colonial Ministry. As Colonial Under-Secretary and then as Secretary, M. Delcassé pushed vigorously the plan of exploratory and military expeditions in the Niger basin, thus beginning that delimitation of Northern and Western Africa which later he hoped to perfect through the Anglo-French convention.

When Moderate Republicanism began to go stale—a process completed under Méline—M. Delcassé became a private member again and associated himself with the Radicals. It was in 1897 that, speaking as a private member, he outlined that great plan of compromise which was to end the secular animosity between Great Britain and France. In an analysis of all the possible cases of collision, he tried to demonstrate that each and all admitted of honorable arbitration. When a year later he replaced Gabriel Hanotaux in the Foreign Office, this conciliatory attitude towards England was put to the severest of tests. Hanotaux was retired, wearing gracefully the laurels of Dunkerque and Cronstadt; Delcassé was pitchforked into the Fashoda affair. For the Marchand fiasco he had made himself responsible when Colonial Secretary. He shouldered the responsibility and resultant unpopularity like a man, explaining practically that the Marchand mission had been in the nature of a feeler. It had taken its chance and had lost. This was sensible but most unpalatable doctrine, and the people have never yet fully forgiven M. Delcassé the humiliation of Fashoda. Before the world, however, he won the distinction of frankly avowing a bad miscalculation, and of facing a difficult issue of national honor without selfishness or sentimentalism. It was his diplomatic baptism of fire.

In the seven years that have elapsed since then, M. Delcassé's successes have been too numerous to admit of rapid enumeration, too well known to require especial comment. One need only recall the remarkable series of royal visits to Paris—Hanotaux himself was no more noteworthy as an exhibitor of crowned heads—the arbitration treaties with England and Italy, and more especially the Anglo-French *entente*, which adjusted, perhaps, a wider range of contested points, considered both geographically and numerically, than any similar document since diplomacy began. Here it should be noted that, whatever the outcome of the Morocco affair, the general value of the Anglo-French Agreement stands unimpaired. It has removed from international politics at least three sources of irritation—in the Sudan, in Newfoundland, and in the Morocco hinterland—and it has pointed the way for a rational and humane settlement of other outstanding disputes.

Into the merits of M. Delcassé's contest with the German Foreign Office we can go only very summarily. M. Jaurès last April roundly scored the Foreign Minister for his failure to consult Germany throughout the Moroccan negotiations. This rebuke, which was promptly followed by M. Delcassé's resignation, was later retracted in part. But recently M. Jaurès filed notice of another interpellation on the matter, only to withdraw it after the Cabinet meeting at which M. Delcassé offered his definitive resignation. We judge, then, that the attack upon him for failure to inform Germany of his Moroccan intentions was to have been renewed, and we feel that this was a pretext, and not a particularly fair one, to force his retirement from the Cabinet. For obviously no maladroitness of his own, but circumstances, have thwarted the Moroccan plan. To have consulted Germany in the first instance would have been to invite a check at the outset. She never would have assented either to French preponderancy or to an Anglo-French condominium. Against a resolute trouble-maker there is no peaceful recourse, and M. Delcassé's chagrin is due merely to the fact that, since the Russian reverses, Germany feels free to play that rôle of meddler which a few years ago would have been too dangerous.

The real reason for M. Delcassé's retirement seems to be insubordination, or what Premier Rouvier regards as such. It has been known that the Prime Minister was exercising a supervision to which the veteran Foreign Secretary was unaccustomed, and which he by no means relished. Not improbably, too, M. Rouvier has resented the general conviction that M. Delcassé was indispensable. Certain business houses, under such circumstances, give the indispensable officer a prolonged vacation. Whatever be the immediate cause of M. Delcassé's resignation, it is most regrettable. If personal infirmities of temper may have played some part in the event, there is all the more reason for recalling the great services he has rendered to France and to the world, and for hoping that his rare abilities may again find a field in international politics. Finally, no one should be oblivious to the pathos of a self-abnegating diplomatic career which began with Fashoda and now is rudely broken by the German mission to Fez.

"SATURNALIA" AND MUSEUM LOANS.

The decision in favor of the Metropolitan Museum, in the Biondi case, brings museum loans for the first time under judicial interpretation, and raises, besides, certain interesting questions in museum management. The contest was waged about the colossal bronze group entitled "Saturnalia," for which the sculptor Biondi had received a Grand Prix at Paris. It represented, with a technical skill of which the prize is sufficient evidence, a reeling group of degenerate Romans, men and women, returning from a debauch. The subject, which to be at all acceptable required all the mitigations of art, is rendered doubly offensive by the large scale of the composition and by an aggressively realistic treatment. The work is not immoral—indeed, it might afford a text for a homily *de inebrietate;* but it is disgusting to all except such realists as admit no issue of taste whatever.

A bronze group consisting of many figures and some thirty-odd feet long, cannot be set up in the average genteel residence. In fact, "Saturnalia" was frankly what the French call a "machine," an object primarily to create its sensation in a public exhibition, and, if possible, to be sold to the only possible customer, a public museum. In pursuance of this latter end, Signor Biondi sent "Saturnalia" to America, the land of big things, and during the Buffalo Exhibition the group graced the side-show, "Venice in America," at the closing of which it became homeless. But Signor Biondi's representatives had already entered into correspondence with Gen. Cesnola, the late Director of the Metropolitan Museum, with a view to first lending, and if practicable selling, "Saturnalia" to that institution or elsewhere. The loan Gen. Cesnola accepted gladly, engaging to exhibit the group for a year, signing the customary receipt, and assuming Signor Biondi's bond at the Customs. To the idea of purchase Gen. Cesnola also lent a kindly ear. Letters offered in evidence show plainly that, had he dared, he would have recommended the purchase of "Saturnalia" by the Museum; that, in fact, he considered himself, in a fashion, Signor Biondi's business agent in America. For this strange infatuation and this equivocal agency no explanation has ever been offered. At a private view, the trustees of the Museum decided that it was inexpedient to exhibit the group. "Saturnalia" went to the cellar, Signor Biondi sued for breach of what he held was a contract to exhibit his work, and for damage to his artistic reputation; Gen. Cesnola accepted placidly a reversal of his judgment which was virtually a reprimand.

In justice to Signor Biondi, it should be said that he has met with a cruel and unmerited disappointment, and on all personal grounds deserves sympathy. It is no comfortable position for a sculptor to find that he possesses in a distant land some tons of bronze that nobody wants, and Signor Biondi had no reason to doubt either Gen. Cesnola's good will or authority over Museum matters. It

may be granted that the Italian sculptor thought, and with good reason, that he had a contract by which "Saturnalia" must stand a year in the first museum of America. The court, however, naturally regarded the matter impersonally, and went straight to the point, Was there or was there not a contract to exhibit? and, granting that a *prima-facie* contract existed, had the Director of the Museum the authority to make it binding upon his trustees? On both scores the court ruled in the negative, opining that whatever papers Signor Biondi held from the Director of the Museum were merely in the nature of a receipt for the group, and not a contract to exhibit it. In equity, however, Judge Leventritt found that (since through the misunderstanding "Saturnalia" had outstayed the year allowed by the Customs, and could remain in America only on payment ot substantial duties), the Museum should, if desired, deliver the bronze to the artist in Italy at its own cost.

As for the question of authority, the decision rests upon the simple grounds that the servant is not greater than his lord. The governing body of a corporation has the right to supervise, or even to reverse, the actions of its employees. It should be added, however, that to reverse the policy of a museum director in a matter of any moment is to vote no confidence in him, and ordinarily should be interpreted as a request for his resignation. As a rule, the director must be the actual executive of a museum; but the board, or ministry, or final authority of any sort does not, by habitually delegating its powers, abdicate them, or waive its right of exercising them directly.

More novel is Justice Leventritt's characterization of the transaction between a museum and the lender of a work of art. He failed to find that any contract existed: "There was expressed only a willingness on the part of the Museum that the plaintiff might have the right to exhibit his group, revocable at the will of either party." In an earlier discussion of the Biondi case, we took the ground that, in a museum loan, the elements of mutual consideration and advantage are so obscure that the transaction can hardly be reduced to the terms of a commercial contract. To have one's pictures stored and insured for a certain period is an advantage calculable in cash, but the enhancement of value they may receive through being approved by a famous museum cannot be computed, nor can the value to a museum of a fine picture transiently on its walls. In other words, the transaction, by common sense, and now by legal precedent, seems to fall into a rather vague category of courtesy agreements. It was perhaps below the dignity of the court to cite the analogy, say, of the free checking-office at the entrance of the Museum, where, in exchange for your walking-stick, you receive a check. That receipt does not bind the custodian to put your stick in any particular compartment. It merely engages that on demand you shall get it back. Such a parallel brings into pleasing correlation the creators of gigantic groups like "Saturnalia," the wealthy connoisseurs of the city, and the humblest visitor.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION AT THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS.

PARIS, May, 1905.

It is the turn of Paris to honor the memory of Whistler, and a memorial exhibition of his work, opened with all form and ceremony by the Minister of Fine Arts, is now being held at the École des Beaux-Arts. As a sequel to the recent show in London, it gives an admirable opportunity for the further study of Whistler and his art. The International Society—his society—succeeded in getting together a wonderful collection of many of his finest paintings, as well as an almost exhaustive series of his prints, and the organizers of the French show have profited by their labors. Many of the pictures that were in London have been transferred to Paris, but there are also many that were not in London, so that the new show is something more than a mere repetition of the exhibition just held on the other side of the Channel.

Comparison, it must be confessed, is by no means in favor of Paris, for the Beaux-Arts has not the advantages of the New Gallery when it comes to arranging and hanging pictures and prints. The space is limited to one large room upstairs, and even this is so small in proportion to the quantity of work shown that it has had to be divided into alcoves, while the hall downstairs on either side of the great stairway has had to be used for the etchings. There is no such striking effect on entering as there was at London in the white-draped court reserved for the royal collection of prints; nor, in the hall above, broken up into its several divisions, is there the distinction of that one large room in London with its array of masterpieces. The arrangement of the new galleries at the Louvre has proved, if proof were needed after Dresden and so many other Continental museums, what a serious mistake this system of alcoves is, and how, seen in them, even the work of the master must suffer. To make matters worse, the lighting of the big hall at the Beaux-Arts is very poor, and there are certain Whistlers that never, at any hour, have I managed to see properly, if at all. Moreover, for a background to the paintings and prints alike, choice has been made of a gray which, in a gallery with a top light tempered by the velarium Whistler always insisted upon, might be right enough, but which here, where there is only a side light and an unfriendly one at that, is worse than ineffective. As M. Jacques Blanche pointed out to a French critic, it seems to absorb whatever light there is, and the pictures are left dull and colorless. On it the mystery passes from the nocturnes; and a picture like the "Miss Alexander," so triumphant where it hung at the end of the large room at the New Gallery, hardly tells. I thought the strong green background in London ill-advised, but even the effect of the green there was preferable to that of the gray in the light of the Beaux-Arts Gallery.

A more serious mistake has been to include too much in the collection. Where space is limited, it is best to recognize the fact, and to show in it no more than can be shown well. It would have been a gain to the larger paintings if fewer small ones, fewer little pastels and water-colors, had been scattered among them, even if, as a result, the number of contributions from a prominent American collector and from Whistler's estate had been reduced. The gain would have been still greater if much of the unfinished work exhibited had been left out altogether. It is interesting, of course, to see an artist's studies and sketches, but I am referring more particularly to the pictures that, evidently, Whistler either had not time or never had the intention to finish. If space at the Beaux-Arts were unlimited, it would matter less; but, under the circumstances, unfinished work might easily have been spared to give more room to the finished, or to have warranted greater effort in obtaining a still larger number of the more important canvases, many of which are now missing. There is an impression among people who know nothing of Whistler's art, and care less, that he could not finish a picture—that Sir Edward Poynter was right, that he was the "idle apprentice" who never mastered his trade as a student, never, throughout his life, learned the secret of application. When one considers the greatness and scope of his accomplishment, it is all the more regrettable, all the more unnecessary, that anything should be done to add to this impression just at the moment when the world—what with Boston, and London, and now Paris—is given the first opportunity to see and study and begin to appreciate his work.

It has been stated that the Paris collection has the inestimable value of containing exactly those things which Whistler himself, foreseeing a memorial exhibition, planned that it should contain. It is extraordinary that Whistler, who during his life was never willing to show his work until it was finished—until all traces of how it was done had disappeared from it—who rarely would let a canvas leave his studio, if he could help it, until it had ripened and mellowed with time, should have been eager to be represented after his death by paintings as entirely unfinished as are many of those exhibited. It was a desire in contradiction to his life-long theories. Anyway, the collection in London, where the unfinished picture was rare, seemed, as tribute to his genius, far more in accord with his own practice. Of the two shows, it is in the one organized by the International Society that greater discrimination in the choice of the paintings and their arrangement was shown.

I do not intend to suggest that there are not many things in Paris I should have been glad to see in London. If at the Beaux-Arts the "Carlyle"—there is a report that it is to appear before the exhibition closes—the "Mrs. Huth," the "Mr. Leyland," the "Fur Jacket," the "Irving as Philip," the "M. Duret," the "Symphony in White, No. iii.," the upright 'Valparaiso," the smaller "Blue and Silver" of Battersea Bridge, and several other

of the most perfect nocturnes are absent; on the other hand, London did not show, as Paris does, "The Music Room," the "Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," the "Rosa Corder," the "Little White Girl, Symphony in White, No. ii.," the "Thames in Ice," the "Falling Rocket," that blinded Ruskin and made him forget his manners, and some of the other no less perfect nocturnes. For certain phases of Whistler's art, indeed, the collection at the Beaux-Arts supplements the collection at the New Gallery, as if Whistler had also foreseen exactly what the English memorial exhibition would and would not contain. Mr. Swinburne has not sent over his "Mère Gérard," but from Messrs. Colnaghi comes another though less important study of the same old woman belonging to the same period, and, from Mr. Avery, Whistler's portrait of himself in large hat, and from M. Drouet, his old friend, a small "Head of an Old Man, Smoking," that are further confirmations of how deeply he was influenced by the study of the old masters, and how much at home he must have been in the Louvre, despised by the young Romanticists of a previous generation, and by the young Impressionists of his own. "A Rembrandt," I heard one enthusiast describe the head of the old man. Not quite a Rembrandt, however, but an uncommonly strong and learned piece of work for a student: a little picture that should be preserved in some collection of Whistler's paintings, that it might explain how wholly his later broader methods were based upon sound knowledge and vigorous training, and not, as in Poynter's immortal saying, upon idleness and incapacity.

It is interesting to see, not only the "Piano Picture," which was in London, but, with it, "The Music Room," which was not there—that amazing study of detail a Pre-Raphaelite might have envied, rendered with a delicacy, a feeling for harmony and tone, that not the most accomplished Pre-Raphaelite, in his most accomplished moment, ever equalled. I know of nothing among the Dutch masters as perfect in tone as this interior. I know of nothing anywhere as lovely as the painting of the curtain, with its gay pattern reflected in the mirror, nothing as subtle as the way the difference between the curtain itself and its reflection is suggested. It is a well-known picture of Whistler's, and may seem to call for no further description, so often has it been described; but to see it again is to wonder again at its beauty, at the ease and speed with which Whistler, the student, developed into Whistler, the master. How these early pictures, when they were painted, failed to be recognized as the masterpieces they are, it is to us to-day almost impossible to understand.

The regret in London was that there should be so little of what has been called his Japanese period—the period, rather, when his immense interest in, and appreciation of, Japanese art made itself felt in his selection of subjects and even in his design and color scheme. The regret in my own case was not so poignant, for this is the period which appeals to me personally, perhaps, the least keenly; and if any one had to be sacrificed, this is the period I would part with first. It has its very great importance, however, both because of its influence on Whistler himself, and because he then displayed certain qualities which, as he never tried for them in a later stage of development, people who talk a great deal about his work without knowing it have persistently refused to give him credit for. They will have a new idea of his scope and his powers if they go now to the Beaux-Arts, where they will find "Rose and Silver," "La Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," the picture that at last is to be restored to the framing he designed for it when he decorated the Peacock Room; the "Caprice in Purple and Gold—the Gold Screen," with its vivid, sonorous color and minutely carried-out scheme of decoration; the "Variations in Flesh Color and Green—the Balcony," even stronger in color, even more deliberately decorative in pattern. Of other periods and other methods, Paris may show much, but they were equally well, if not better, represented in London.

Of the great portraits, the "Mother" is here, and also "The White Girl," the "Sarasate," the "Rosa Corder," the two "Miss Alexanders." But in important portraits the London collection was richer. There is, besides, the "Master Smith of Lyme Regis," but hung in a corner where it might be easily passed over. And there are "L'Andalouse," the fine full-length already seen at the Paris Exhibition of 1900; a portrait of Mrs. Whistler, "Harmony in Red-Lamplight," of which I should not venture to speak until I had seen it in a better light; the portrait of the artist himself, the half-length belonging to Mr. George Vanderbilt; and the portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt, which must come as a disappointment to those who remember it in a previous stage while it was still in the studio. The catalogue explains that it is the last of Whistler's large, full-length portraits, a fact which accounts for its having unfortunately been left so far from finished. Another of the portraits painted during his last years and left in the same unfinished condition is the "Miss Kinsella," which was in London, and is, in every way, in its equally unfinished state, a far more beautiful example of his later period. The pity is that there could not be one collection somewhere to show the whole series of his great portraits. As it is, the two of Lady Meux and the "Yellow Buskin" have had no place either in London or in Paris.

With the nocturnes, it is as with the portraits: if many beautiful ones are omitted, many as lovely are hung. The "Crépuscule—Valparaiso" has been lent to Paris, as it was to London, and none in the entire series can surpass it. The wonderful sky, with its rifts of pale, luminous clouds, the arrangement of the boats, so decorative and yet, you feel, so true; the harmony throughout, the perfect tone and unity, make it, like "The Music Room," a picture to which you return again and again with renewed wonder and delight. Some of the marines, painted afterwards and now hanging near it, seem by comparison as flat and empty as a picture by Whistler could seem—though, no sooner have I written this than I ask myself if it is not a statement calling for qualification, and if the fault—noted always in pictures I had not seen before—does not lie with the light and the background. However that may be, the light, as it falls from the high windows on one side only of the gallery, cannot destroy the poetry and charm of the exquisite "Nocturne, Battersea," belonging to Mr. Vanderbilt—out of the clear night the London barges emerging, shadowy and unsubstantial, in a long row moored to the near shore, their tall masts, with sails furled, forming one succession of graceful lines in the foreground, and yielding to the mere magic of light all the pictorial poetry of a repeated pattern; or the "Nocturne—Blue and Silver—Battersea Reach," belonging to Mr. Freer—a night of mists and mystery, ghostlike sails, one far beyond the other, lights like stars burning in the distance. In both these cases I have named the owners of the pictures, for the simple reason that, by the titles Whistler gave to his paintings, they are at times not to be identified with any certainty. He had a way of repeating the same titles, to the endless confusion of the cataloguer, who, if he does not trace them now, will have eventually to face a task to which the cataloguing of the Primitives will be child's play. I doubt if any one as yet is quite sure of the number of the harmonies in Blue and Silver, of the number of Nocturnes at Battersea, for instance. But the catalogue prepared by the International Society for the London exhibition, and now the Paris catalogue made under the supervision of M. Bénédite, have helped to smooth the way for the student and collector of the future. Many examples of the work of Whistler's later years come from the executor of his estate, and, as might be expected, a no small proportion of these is among the unfinished things—the things he was at work on, or had on hand, when he died. One, probably the last of all, begun a very short time before his death, "Dorothy Seton: A Daughter of Eve," the bust of a girl, with glorious hair, who holds an apple in her hand, is enough to prove, even to his enemies, how little age and illness had weakened his powers, how much was lost to the world by his death.

To turn to the prints is to find that in this section there is no comparison possible between the London and Paris exhibitions, so much more complete was the series in London. The lithographs have an alcove to themselves in the great hall above. The series is incomplete, like that of the etchings. The different periods are well represented. There are examples of Whistler's work in line, in wash, and in color. But the omissions are numerous. There are numerous pastels—eloquent little impressions of Venice, the little Tanagra-like draped nudes, on brown paper—notes and little more, for Whistler believed in respecting the limitations of his medium, and never attempted to rival the effects of oil and water-color with pastel. There are numerous water-colors—portraits, little seas (and no one could suggest as he did all the feeling and spaciousness of the sea in a few simple washes), dainty little interiors, the little shops he never wearied of; these, too, restrained in size, water-color for him, no less than pastel, carrying with it its obligations. And there are drawings, in pencil, in sepia, in chalk; among them an amusing sketch of peasants dating back to those early days when, as a gay student from the Quartier, he journeyed down the

Rhine; sketches by the way from one of the last sad voyages of all, when, old and broken in health, he went to Corsica; and, as links between these two periods, so remote from each other, notes and memoranda mostly for his pictures. They are all of interest for so many reasons that, once more before them, I found myself regretting the want of space and the poor lighting at the Beaux-Arts.

The catalogue follows the model which Whistler adopted, or rather invented, and adhered to so faithfully himself. For it, M. Bénédite, Conservateur of the Luxembourg, has written a short introduction, stating briefly the main facts, events, and dates in Whistler's life. The pictures are catalogued chronologically to a certain extent, the portraits together, and then the nocturnes. They are carefully described, their measurements stated, the names of their owners mentioned, the dates or approximate dates sometimes given, sometimes not. It is no easy task to settle the dates of Whistler's pictures in most cases, and it may be that the compilers of the International Catalogue, so severely criticised in certain quarters for their disregard of dates, will, in the fine illustrated edition, be the first to undertake it. In cataloguing the prints, there has been no chance or necessity to do anything save supply the approved references, but no more efficient guide could be provided for the collector and compiler of the future.

Whether still another Whistler show will be held in Berlin, as rumor says, or elsewhere, I am not sure. N. N.

CLASSICAL STUDIES IN ROME.—I.

ROME, April 30, 1905.

The last ten or fifteen years have seen in the United States a decided though gradual change in the graduate study of the classical languages. Before that time no advanced course in Greek and Latin was considered complete without at least a year spent at a German university, and many Americans went to Germany to become candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, immediately after graduation. Although this has not been a matter of actual necessity since the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University, it is needless to say that the adequate equipment of American institutions for graduate training and research has been accomplished only within comparatively recent years. These abovementioned students often went to Greece or to Italy on vacation tours, but they rarely made any systematic attempt to become acquainted with the countries where the languages and civilizations which they were studying lived and flourished.

The changes to which I referred above have been two in number. In the first place, Americans are becoming more and more inclined to work for their doctor's degree in an American university, though they usually make an endeavor, either before or after attaining the second degree, to spend a year or more in Europe. One reason is that a few American classical faculties have earned such reputations that they can compete successfully with those of Europe, both in efficiency of instruction and in opportunities for research. On the other hand, it must be admitted that practical considerations have also been taken into account. No American university has attracted graduates in considerable numbers without offering stipends for study in residence, and in most cases the number of students does not greatly exceed that of the stipends. But another reason, fully as important, is that the holder of an American degree has usually a much better chance of securing a desirable position as teacher than his fellow trained abroad. Prominent members of American faculties have naturally a paramount influence in filling vacant posts, and just as naturally they usually exert this influence for the benefit of their own men.

I shall return later to the question wheer this new habit of staying at home be of advantage to American education. Here I may merely point out in passing that, inasmuch as American graduate courses leading to the doctorate in philosophy are a close imitation of the German plan, with its theses and oral examinations, it is not likely that a new spirit has been introduced directly into graduate, or indirectly into undergraduate, studies by the aforesaid change. It would be out of place to discuss the merits of the German scheme of higher education. Still, it is not antecedently probable that the system of one peculiar people, resulting from a long course of development and from particular racial and historical conditions, should be an entirely good thing for a nationality of different character, institutions, and environment. My more immediate concern is with the second of the above changes in the conditions of American classical study; namely, that it is now considered more essential for the student to pass the time of his European residence in Greece and Italy than in Germany. I proceed, therefore, to give an account of the opportunities offered in Rome for the training of classical scholars.

The most important schools now maintained by foreign Governments are the German, French, British, and American. Other nations support similar institutions; and even the South American countries, which North Americans are too apt to regard as backward in educational matters, are not without their representation. But these four being the only ones with which the student from the United States is likely to become acquainted, I shall restrict myself to them, except that the excellent facilities offered by the University of Rome deserve an important place in such a review. As is likely to be the case in modern foundations for education and research, the German School in Rome is the oldest and most completely organized. The institution, known as Das Archaeologische Institut, was founded in 1829 by the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV. Though this is a hard thing to realize now, it was at first, in its spirit and object, so entirely apart from the trend of the classical scholarship of that epoch that it obtained no recognition whatever from the Akademie der Wissenschaften at Berlin. To be sure, after its founder came to the throne of Prussia in 1840 as Frederick William IV., it did not fail to receive his wise and liberal patronage; but it remained a private enterprise until immediately after the Franco-Prussian war. In fact, the order of the King of Prussia which made the institute a part of the Academy, was dated from Versailles, March 2, 1871. In 1874 it was changed into an Institute of the German Empire, and a branch of it was established at Athens.

The present statutes of the School date from 1874. They call for four secretaries, two for the Roman Institute and two for the Athenian, who are nominated by and responsible to a body known as the Central Direction in Berlin, whose members, serving as officers of the Empire, are scholars of special knowledge in the province of classical archæology. The secretaries are professors as well as officers of administration, the two posts in the Roman School now being filled by those eminent archæologists, Professors Petersen and Hülsen. During the months from November to April they are expected to provide for public lectures, not necessarily by themselves, every other week. They personally give regular courses of lectures in the presence of the monuments and in the museums for the benefit of German students sojourning in Rome. The results of their own research and that of their students are published, if not in books, either in the *Jahrbuch des Archaeologischen Instituts* or in the *Mittheilungen des Römischen Instituts*. There is a special clause in the statutes which provides that the privileges of the Institute shall be as far as possible opened to the public.

The programme of the present year may serve as an example of the work that is regularly done. The First Secretary, Professor Petersen, is lecturing on Greco-Roman art. The Second Secretary, Professor Hülsen, delivered before Christmas about fifteen lectures on the topography and history of Ancient Rome, a course to which students from the American School are always admitted by a special arrangement. Professor Mau, also attached to the Institute, will lecture as usual on Pompeii, in the presence of the ruins, to the American School in May, and to German students in July. This latter course is for the special benefit of German classical teachers who wish to devote their summer months to study. Of the students in regular attendance during the academic year, four, who must have attained the doctor's degree at a German university or passed the State examination for teachers, receive stipends from the Government. There is also an annual scholarship in Christian archæology.

To the carefully systematized German Institute, the French School furnishes an instructive and characteristic contrast. It is not a regularly organized institution in itself, nor is it a part of one. It has no officers except Monsignor Duchesne, the director. But, at the same time, it is unquestionably one of the most profitable schools in Rome. It occupies beautiful apartments in the top story of the famous Farnese Palace, now the property of the French Government and the residence of the French Embassy. Its library is large and well selected. Six students come to it every year on liberal stipends, having received previously a thorough training either at the École Normale Supérieure, the École des Hautes-Études, or the École des Chartes. They are recommended by the heads of these institutions to the Minister of Public Instruction, in whom resides the nominating power. They are assumed to be competent to conduct researches in some branch of study connected with the literature, archæology, or history of Rome or Italy,

it matters not at what period. In fact, although the regulations of the British School are equally liberal, the studies of the French School are less than any other restricted to ancient times. A glance at any volumes of the *Mélanges d'Archéologie et d'Histoire*, their official publication, is enough to show the exceptionally wide range which they cover.

The British School is of all the most recent foundation, having been formally opened in April, 1901, but has already taken high rank on account of the excellence of the work done by its officers and students. Especially may be mentioned the archæological researches of Mr. Rushforth, formerly its director, into the history of the church known as Santa Maria Antiqua, and those of Mr. Ashby, formerly a student, and now vice-director, into the history and topography of the Campagna. The plan of this institution is admirable in its scope and comprehensiveness. The first of its statutes provides that "the School shall be, in the most comprehensive sense, a School of Roman and Italian Studies. It shall promote the study of Roman and of Greek and Greco-Roman archæology in all its departments, including palæography. Every period of the language and literature, antiquities, art, and history of Rome and Italy shall be considered as coming within the province of the School." It is stated, moreover, that "the School shall be also a centre at which information can be obtained and books consulted by British travellers pursuing serious objects in Italy." At present the director and vice-director, Messrs. Stuart-Jones and Ashby, devote themselves to advising their students, and to their own researches; but it is hoped that provisions will shortly be made for regular courses of lectures. The British School still remains a private foundation, although its sister college at Athens has received a Government grant. Its official publication is entitled "Papers of the British School at Rome."

The American School of Classical Studies in Rome was founded in 1895 by the Archæological Institute of America, which already had under its direction the American School at Athens. It is supported by private endowment, and also by contributions from twenty-two American colleges and universities, whose accredited students are in consequence allowed its privileges free of charge. Three fellowships, usually awarded by competitive examination, have been provided for, two for classical studies and one for Christian archæology. Mr. Richard Norton has been director since 1899, and is assisted by an annual professor of the Latin language and literature sent every year by one of the contributing colleges. In addition to these, Mr. H. F. De Cou has been in permanent residence for some years as secretary and instructor in Greek archæology. Courses of lectures are given on Topography, Greek and Roman Sculpture, Greek and Roman Epigraphy, and Classical Archæology, and also on other subjects chosen by the annual professors. The *American Journal of Archæology* is open to the officers and students for the publication of their research.*

I allow this institution to speak for itself as to its scope and object. Number 1 of its statutes reads as follows:

"The School shall be called The American School of Classical Studies in Rome. Its object shall be to promote the study of Classical Literature in its bearing upon antiquities and history; of Classical, Etruscan, and Italic Art and Archæology, including Topography, Palæography, and Epigraphy; and of the art and archæology of the early Christian, the Mediæval, and the Renaissance periods within the boundaries of Italy. It shall furnish regular instruction and guidance in some or all of these subjects, shall encourage and assist in original research and exploration, and shall coöperate as far as practicable with the Archæological Institute of America, and with the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, with which it is affiliated."

In accordance with the provisions of this last clause, all students who choose to go are taken by one of the officers on a six-weeks' tour in Greece, some time during the months of March and April.

Not many foreign students resort to the University of Rome, because, doubtless, the Italian language is little taught in the schools of foreign nations. The stranger, therefore, coming to Rome and finding a school where his own language is spoken is not likely to go much outside of it. But a few months' diligent study of Italian will enable the student to hear lectures in that language; and the opportunities offered by the University of Rome are rich, and its statutes liberal. One of its departments is the Scuola Italiana di Archeologia, the list of whose faculty includes the eminent names of Professors Pigorini for palæo-ethnology, Lanciani for Roman topography, Beloch for ancient history, Loewey for archæology, and Halbherr for Greek epigraphy. Professors Ceci for Italic epigraphy, Vaglieri for Roman epigraphy, and Festa for Greek epigraphy, are also attached to the department. Students, whether native or foreign, who are candidates for degrees or diplomas of any kind, must pay moderate fees and take examinations. But those who wish to hear lectures in a merely informal way are quite at liberty to do so, and do not even have to go through the form of asking permission.

So much for the equipment of the various institutions. But any description of them would be incomplete which should fail to mention the liberal and friendly spirit that prevails among them all, towards the public and towards each other. Interchange of courtesies among faculties and students are constant, and public lectures given at one school are sure of attentive and appreciative listeners from the others. The Italian Government gives to the teachers and pupils of each School *permessi* of free admission to all its museums, and its libraries are also easily accessible to scholars. While the Vatican museums and library are necessarily more jealously guarded, no person who can show that he has good use to make of them is ever turned away. The libraries of the various Schools are of course not open to the public, but qualified persons have no difficulty in obtaining admission to them. Especially is the management of the library of the German Institute to be commended in this respect. I have heard scholars of many nationalities speak in the most grateful terms of the liberal administration of this great collection, and of the helpful kindness of Professor Hülsen and the other learned gentlemen in charge of it. Likewise a student even in the Schools where regular courses of lectures are given, is not expected to attend them if they do not follow the subjects in which he is working. In this case he has no difficulty in securing the assistance of almost any professional scholar in Rome whose counsel he may need. Monsignor Duchesne, the accomplished director of the French School, has told me that, if one of his men needs special guidance, he has no hesitation in sending him to whatever specialist he considers most competent to give it him. But Roman scholars, so far as I know them, never force their erudition on their students. Rather they follow the wise precept of Horace:

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

H. EDMISTON.

*The liberal provision recently made by the Carnegie Institute of a fund for the establishment of two research fellowships in the American School at Rome, and for an annual publication, was mentioned in the *Nation* for January 12, 1905.

Correspondence.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN JAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation*, conscientiously keeping in touch with the latest discoveries in archæology and the history of art, architectural, sculptural, etc., I take the liberty of drawing your attention to some doings in a field of which very little seems to be known here. I refer to the new finds made in the island of Java, and the immediate cause of my writing you is a letter received this morning from a friend who resides not far from the Bôrôboedoer (Bara-Budur), that magnificent relic of a civilization gone by. He says:

"The bridge you have crossed so many times between Mendoet and Bôrôboedoer has been washed away, and, for several years to come, visitors to the finest building of old-time Java will have to use a bamboo ferry to reach the other side. . . . Of great importance, for science and art both, is the discovery, not far from the bridge that was, of three beautiful Sivaitic statues, life-size. Remains of the classical Hindu-time, they must have been imbedded in the earth some thousand years, and the remarkable feature of this new find is that, as already mentioned, the sculpture is Sivaitic, while the Bôrôboedoer, so near by, is one of the highest architectural expressions of the Mahayanistic idea in Buddhism."

In this connection, it may be remarked that the purely doctrinal significance of the Bôrôboedoer as a work of religion, apart from its artistic merits, is still a matter of controversy, and the King of Siam, when he visited Java the last time, only added to the confusion by pronouncing in favor of a South-Buddhistic origin. Similar discrepancies, moreover, may be observed between other ruins in close proximity, *e. g.*, those of Prambanan and Tjandi Sewoe, near Jogjakarta.

I shall not expatiate on this topic, fruitful of interminable dispute. I merely wish to point to the fact, pleasant to record amid so much that goes awry in Netherlands India, that the commission appointed for archæological purposes under the efficient leadership of Dr. J. Brandes is doing good and faithful work. Indeed, it was high time, not only that new researches should be made and something should be done to prevent our old Hindu monuments from going to complete ruin, but that theft and acts of the most wanton vandalism should be stopped. It is, for instance, not many years since,

after the visit of a distinguished personage to the Bôrôboedoer, eight carloads of statuary were carried off, a most beautifully sculptured lion and the image of the "builder," so-called, perhaps a *rakshasa*, among the rest; while of the more than hundred life-size Buddhas in the dagobas, only two or three managed to keep their heads on their shoulders. Government has been exceedingly careless in its charge of the treasures of Hindu art in Java, temples and other structures, illustrating a period of the island's history which else has hardly left any trace. Of the many temples mentioned by Junghuhn as existing on the Dieng plateau half a century ago, not more than seven are standing now, provided they have not been pulled down to get at the stones for building purposes since I revisited that locality of many wonders in 1902. The example of easy-going Rome, where, as we know, interesting old historical sites proved such excellent quarries for building-material in constructing new, uninteresting, cheap, "stylish" flimsinesses, finds followers in plenty. The Dutch Government itself is guilty in that respect. Less than twenty years ago, when the foundations were laid for the bridge over the Progo which showed itself no match for the weather of this rainy monsoon, I saw richly carved temple-stones sunk into the river for that purpose, with the sanction of the Government officials who superintended the work.

The Archæological Commission,* no doubt, will protest against the maxim of "Art is no business of Government" being stretched to that extent in the future. Meanwhile, the Commission goes on, within the limits of a rather scanty appropriation, restoring what threatens to crumble away, and digging for treasures still hidden. It has taken the Tjandi Toempang in hand in the eastern part of the island; it has relieved the Tjandi Paon from the picturesque but harmful embrace of a gigantic tree, which held it enlaced with such loving force that the temple was on the point of falling down disjointed, in a dead swoon; it has restored, as far as possible, the Tjandi Mendoet, with its colossal statues of the Buddha; a marvel of art, a perfect gem of architecture. And here I have to repeat the accepted theory that the Tjandi Mendoet was never finished, like, indeed, according to the latest opinion, the Tjandi Bôrôboedoer itself. Legendary lore speaks of an invading army beleaguering the holy place, and the garrison spoiling the builders' work by hurling down piecemeal its heavy ornaments upon the enemy, saving, luckily, the exquisite reliefs which illustrate Buddha's life along the upward path of the pilgrim. However this may be, the Bôrôboedoer and the Mendoet, with other temples in that neighborhood, before their completion, were most probably covered with sand and mud and ashes, in consequence of one of those terrible volcanic eruptions which Java experiences from time to time. The fact that the principal as well as the secondary Tjandi buildings, before their rediscovery, were nothing but mounds, overgrown with shrubs and trees, like the Prambanan temples more to the south, may be accounted for in this way; and in this way also they were preserved till, exposed again to the influences in turn of a tropical sun and tropical rains, they must meet their fate, perhaps rather soon if no more effective measures are taken. It is a pity to think that the ridiculously small sum of money grudgingly set apart for their maintenance hardly suffices to keep the buildings clean, and to provide for a little restoration work, distributed over a number of years, as in the case of the Mendoet, it being quite out of the question to undertake what is needed in the case of the Bôrôboedoer, one of the finest specimens of Hindu architecture in existence.

Excavations have been made near the Tjandi Mendoet with the gratifying result that another temple, at least the ruins of another temple, came to light, on the same foundation, and once, probably, in the same enclosure. There are indications of still more temples, but the search for them implies the removing of a kampong (a little village) situated several metres higher than the Tjandi base levels, in fact, on the surface of the layer of sand, mud and volcanic ashes which support the volcanic eruption theory.

Thus far, and specially taking into account their limited pecuniary means, the result of the work of the Archæological Commission may be called very encouraging, certainly enough so to warrant much more extended and sustained labor in the same field, which promises large returns. Nor should I forget, when speaking of the tardy and hesitating Governmental action, to mention what has been done on private initiative in the neighborhood of Jogjakarta. The archæological society of that place, with its leading members, Dr. Groneman and Mr. Raaff, may be proud of their exertions in unearthing the temples of Prambanan. More work is waiting at the Tjandi Sewoe, the Thousand Temples, and many, many other places of historic and artistic interest in Java. The most interesting of all, *facile princeps*, is the Bôrôboedoer, rising from the fertile plain of the Kadoe, the garden of Java, to the clear, blue sky as a prayer in living stone, tender, passionate, sublime. . . .

The traveller, visiting the Mendoet on his way thither, will do well to make the acquaintance of the Roman Catholic missionary Hoevenaars, from whom the key to the building may be had—a scholar, learned in the antiquities of Java, who knows, as few others, the later and also the earlier history of the great and beautiful temples among which he spends his life, doing for the natives what his hand finds to do as an instructor, a physician, a friend in need. And when the traveller crosses the Progo on the bamboo ferry (for it will take years before a new bridge is built—things move slowly in Netherlands India, if they move at all), he can compare the old Java with the new. Though the structures of men, like men themselves, seem to be dependent on the special stars under which they were born, their fate, withal, shows the worth of their builders: the Hindu Tjandis defy the ages, notwithstanding utter neglect, but the bridges of the Dutch Government tumble down every few years, whenever a freshet comes frolicking along. It is to be hoped that the next Progo bridge, with a few temple stones less for its foundation, will hold out a little longer. Perhaps it was the sacrilege that undid the last one; perhaps a combination of other causes which make the Department of Public Works a byword and a shaking of the head among the people. . . . J. F. SCHELTEMA.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., June 6, 1905.

*The real title of this commission is seven yards two feet and several inches long, Dutch fashion, but the shorter one will do just as well.

BUDDHISM AND THE MONGOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the note on the remarks of Sir Henry Howorth after the reading of Sir Frank Younghusband's paper at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the Tibet mission, your reviewer, perhaps from the necessity of brevity, leaves a wrong impression of the effects of Buddhism on the Mongols as stated by Sir Henry. Speaking of the large numbers of them who have become inmates of monasteries, he goes on to say:

"They have become celibates, they have given up their old military life and their rapacious habits; and whatever else has been done by these lamas of Tibet, they have succeeded in converting the most extraordinarily aggressive race that the world has probably ever seen into one of the most peaceful and the most quiet. Here from the Volga, where you have the Kalmucks at this moment, it is not far to go."

Now unless it is to be counted to a race and a religion, under the new dispensation of the strenuous life, a reproach to have introduced a profound state of peace where before violence reigned unchecked, the testimony of Sir Henry Howorth was evidently intended, so far as it went, as a good word for even "the extremely corrupt form of Buddhism," as he characterizes it, of the lamas of Tibet, and not a fling at it.

E. H. CLEMENT.

BROOKLINE, MASS., June 11, 1905.

CASTE AND TRADES-UNIONISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Caste is the greatest obstacle to progress in India, and how to break its iron rule over the people is the all-absorbing problem of those who have the Indians' welfare at heart. A recent writer illustrates this power by a reference to the difficulties of earning his daily bread which it puts in the way of a brass-worker who has become a Christian:

"All the springs of the trade, all the wealth and standing of it are against him. The mighty power of the members of the craft, down to the smallest child, grinds him hard through every relation of life. There is but one will and purpose through the hundreds of thousands of his people. His touch is defilement, his presence a curse. He is an abomination."

Can any words state more truthfully the attitude of the labor unions towards the non-union man? And are they not, under their present leaders, distinctly and emphatically anti-Christian? J. M. H.

BOSTON, July 12, 1905.

[We so believe. With their "unfair," "foul," and "scab," their labels even upon food, they have revived *tabu* in all its hatefulness.—ED. NATION.]

THE MEMORY OF WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article—full of interest—on "The Lexicon of Youth" (*Nation*, May 11, p. 369)

brings to my mind the remembrance of some interesting attempts to estimate the numerical extent of personal vocabularies. How many words can a man remember? That is to say, how many convey a distinct and accurate meaning without the necessity of referring to the dictionary for an explanation? Prof. E. S. Holden devised an ingenious method of testing the extent of his own vocabulary by means of Webster's Dictionary. The result was that he knew the meaning of 33,500 English words. On reading his paper in the "Bulletin" of the Washington Philosophical Society (vol. ii., appendix, p. ii.), I decided to make the experiment, and induced a friend to do the same. I found my available English words amounted to 35,250, and my friend's to 37,000. This was communicated to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society (Proceedings, vol. xxi., p. 11).

The vast and varied literature contained in the Bible is recorded with only 7,209 words. A Milton concordance shows 17,377, and a Shakspere concordance 24,000 words. Inevitably, the increasing knowledge and varied interests of the present age will tend to the enlargement of the personal vocabulary. Most persons engaged in literary or scientific pursuits, and many who are not, are familiar with some other languages in addition to their mother tongue. If such a man remembers 30,000 English words, what will be the extent of his Latin, French, and German vocabulary? When we consider the cases of men like Mezzofanti or Thomas Watts, the number of words that can be known and remembered assumes almost incredible proportions. There is a tendency, no doubt, to exaggerate the linguistic prowess of these sons of Mithridates, but it seems tolerably certain that Mezzofanti could write, read, and speak in fifty languages. How many thousands of words there must have been stored away in his receptive brain-cells ready to obey the call whenever it should be made!

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

GREENHEYS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,
May 25, 1905.

Notes.

Francis Quarles's 'Sions Sonnets,' in paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, has supplied the latest number in the Riverside Press choice reprints; a light little volume for the hand, archaically composed, and combining the excellences of the editions of 1625 and 1680, the latter being followed in the main. The vermilion binding is tastefully simple and appropriate.

Thomas Benfield Harbottle's 'Dictionary of Battles' in all ages (Dutton) is so far up to date as to include the sea-assault on the defences of Port Arthur, but neither of the two great land battles, nor the final reduction of the fortress. It is a handy compendium, but must be used with caution. Too many details are given to ensure freedom from error, *e. g.*, as in the numbers engaged and the losses in the principal engagements of our civil war. It would not be fair to judge the work by the article on Gettysburg. "On the 1st [of July, 1863], Meade's position in front of Gettysburg was attacked . . . and the Federals driven in confusion *into the town*. . . . On the 3d, . . . Lee's main attack *succeeded in driving the Federals from the ridge*." The compiler of this work died as it was going to press.

Mr. Ralph Curtis Ringwalt's 'Briefs on Public Questions,' with selected lists of references (Longmans), is sure of favor with the young debating community, but is also well calculated to enlarge the understanding and settle the convictions of journalists and legislators. Its themes are logically ordered under three heads, Politics, Economics, and Sociology, *e. g.*, under the first: Naturalization, Woman Suffrage, Negro Suffrage, Educational Qualification for Suffrage, Restriction of Immigration, Chinese Immigration, etc. The Popular Election of Senators, Retention of the Philippines, Reciprocity with Canada, Postal Savings Banks, Government Ownership of Railways, Single Tax, and Government by Injunction are others of the twenty-five. The statement of the proposition is followed by general references and considerations, then by the respective briefs pro and con, with references. The scheme and the execution are to be commended, and Mr. Ringwalt has had in mind in his bibliography the resources of ordinary public libraries.

It would have been much better if (Mrs.) Izora Chandler and (Miss) Mary W. Montgomery had not given 'Told in the Gardens of Araby' as title to their collection of Turkish *Märchen* (New York: Eaton & Mains). Curiously enough, we have not yet any specifically Arabian collection of popular tales, although we have a few from the border lands of Arabia—Mesopotamia, Mossul, Damascus. Nor need the folklorist look in this volume for anything of the kind. What is here is simply tales of the kind collected by Ignatius Kunos in Anatolia, and published by him in Turkish and Hungarian. Some close parallels, also, will be found in Stumme's gatherings in north Africa, but with Kunos's 'Märchen' it is a case of identity. Of course, that does not mean that the present authors may not have made a quite independent find. It would also have been better if they had not added to their title "untranslated until now." Their very first tale has had an interesting fate, and narrowly missed being included in the earliest of all European forms of the 'Arabian Nights,' the French version of Galland. Between March and June, 1709, Hanna, a Maronite monk of Aleppo, who had been brought to Paris by the traveller Paul Lucas, narrated to Galland divers tales, almost all of which he afterwards incorporated in his 'Mille et une Nuit.' On Thursday, May 23, 1709, Galland outlines in his diary this precise tale as having been so told. But he eventually made no use of it—recognizing, probably, its lack of artistic unity—and it was left for Zotenberg, in 1888, to publish the outline in his epoch-making 'Histoire d'Alâ al-Dîn.' Further, from Kunos's Hungarian version seventeen stories were translated by R. Nisbet Bain and published by him in his 'Turkish Fairy-Tales and Folk-Tales' (London, 1896). Several of these are the same as stories here. In the present volume are nine, told with very varying success.

A significant fruit of the present strange religious situation in France is a little volume, 'Religions et Sociétés' (Paris: Félix Alcan), consisting of seven lectures delivered before the École des Hautes Études Sociales, and now published by the School as number twenty-six in its "Bibliothèque Générale des Sciences Sociales." The preface, by M. Th. Reinach, makes very plain what it means when, under a bureaucratic régime, the Church is suddenly abolished and religious and moral instruction ceases automatically throughout the land. Here the problem would be attacked, with very varying success, by a system of Sunday schools. In France, apparently, any elaborate federation and development of these would be illegal, and the French attitude seems to demand further that the State must undertake the labors of the bodies with which it has made away. So, to replace the theological faculties, a chair of the history of religions has appeared at the Collège de France, and a section of religious history at the École Pratique des Hautes Études. But no provision has yet been made for a similar historical treatment of religion in the provincial universities, not to speak of the middle and elementary schools. An elaborate scheme of that kind is the hope of M. Reinach, though how much religion and moral training can be got from history—even religious—may be very dubious in our eyes. The present lectures are the contribution of the School of Social Studies to the problem, and deal, in consequence, less with dogma and literature than with the relation of religion to the social organism. They treat such matters as progress in religion regarded as a constant accommodation of religion to secular progress; primitive Christianity and the social question; the Amalricans, or brethren of the free spirit, as anarchists; Islam and modern civilization; Babism and its future. All have value, but probably the principal thing in the book for us is its suggestion of the situation which produced it.

Büchmann's famous 'Geflügelte Worte,' the classical German collection of sayings, adages, mottoes and the like, recently appeared in its twenty-second edition, 139,000 copies having been issued since its first publication forty years ago. In 1864, it made its appearance as a little reference book of 220 pages, and has now become a thesaurus of 871 pages. The present editor is Eduard Ippel, who has steadily labored to make this work a collection of scientific value for philological study, and commands the able assistance of such men as Richard M. Meyer, of Berlin.

Mr. Alexis V. Babine of the Library of Congress has issued for private circulation an account of 'The Yudin Library, Krasnoiarsk (Eastern Siberia).' The text is in English and Russian on alternate pages, and interleaved with facsimile reproductions of title-pages, bindings, manuscripts, etc.—altogether a fine piece of book making. The collection described is the private library of Mr. G. V. Yudin, a well-to-do merchant, living in Tarakanovo, a suburb of Krasnoiarsk. Here, far away from the literary centres, in a city but recently connected by railroads with the bookmarts of Russia, he has succeeded in collecting a library of not less than 80,000 volumes and 500,000 pieces of manuscripts. The library is particularly rich in Russian bibliography, history and literature, Siberia being, naturally, particularly well represented. The number of old and rare

books is very large. Complete files of all Russian periodicals devoted to bibliography, and a large number of indexes to Russian magazines and society publications, are to be found in Mr. Yudin's library, as well as the publications of learned societies, especially historical and archæological. One of the most precious volumes is the only known copy of the original edition of Lomonosoff's 'Polydore'; it was used by the Imperial Academy of Sciences for its edition of that poet's collected works. Particular interest is attached to the manuscripts of N. P. Rezanoff, a Russian pioneer in America, which contain many documents relating to Russian settlements on this continent. From Rezanoff's hand is also a "Memorandum for a Future Convention with Japan, if such should take place," undated, but presumably written about 1804. Mr. Yudin is not only an intelligent and scholarly collector of books, he is a bibliographer of note and an enthusiastic supporter of Russian bibliography, witness the three volumes, by S. A. Vengeroff, entitled "Russian Books, 1708-1893," which he published at his own expense, hoping—thus far in vain—that either the Imperial Academy or the Public Library in St. Petersburg would continue the work.

The Society for Book Industry in Stockholm arranged in the Royal Library last December an exhibition of incunabula, of which the catalogue, prepared by Dr. Isak Collijn, lies before us. Not less than 311 incunabula were exhibited, selected from the Royal Library, supplemented chiefly by the University Library of Upsala, and, in lesser degree, by that of Lund, by the libraries in Linköping and Västerås, and by the private library of Baron Per Hierta of Främmestad. The catalogue is arranged geographically and chronologically, according to Proctor's scheme, and begins with fifteen leaves of Gutenberg's 42-line Bible found by Dr. K. H. Karlsson among the archives of Stockholm. Swedish printing during the fifteenth century was represented at the exhibition by 21 of the 27 known incunabula printed within the realm. The larger public libraries of Sweden now possess some 3,300 incunabula, namely, 800 in the Royal Library, 1,500 in the University of Upsala, 200 in Lund, 500 in the cathedral library in Strängnäs, and about 150 in each of those in Linköping and Västerås.

A catalogue of the incunabula in the cathedral library in the last-named city has just been issued, with Dr. Collijn for its compiler. It is an alphabetical author-catalogue, with indexes of printers and subjects, and a very interesting list of previous owners. The majority of incunabula in Swedish libraries originally belonged to libraries sacked by the generals of the Thirty Years' War, and not less than 31 of those in Västerås are shown to have come to it as war prizes, namely, 19 from the libraries in Olmütz, and the rest from Prag, Braunsberg, Hradisch, and Nicholsburg. Of Swedish incunabula this library possesses only one: 'Breviarium Strengnense,' printed by Johann Fabri in Stockholm, in 1495. The oldest book in the collection is a volume of seven tracts by St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and Gerson, printed by Ulrich Zell in Cologne, about 1467.

The circular announcing the intention of the New York Library Club to publish a union list of periodicals in the libraries of Greater New York says truly that, "in this city of enormous distances and many special libraries, such a list is the only method of making available for students and inquirers the riches that should be and would be of inestimable service to them." The work of compiling the list will be done by the various libraries under the supervision of an editorial committee, consisting of Miss Isabel E. Lord, librarian of Pratt Institute, Mr. Henry W. Kent, assistant secretary of the Metropolitan Museum, formerly librarian of the Grolier Club, and Mr. Frank Weitenkampf of the New York Public Library. But the work will not be undertaken unless the cost of printing an edition of at least 500 copies is covered by subscription. It is calculated that the list will contain some 12,000 titles in a volume of about 300 pages, "following the general make-up of the Chicago List of Serials." Newspapers, directories, and serials of a purely administrative character will be omitted, as well as transactions and proceedings of societies, medical and pharmaceutical periodicals, and Hebrew and Slavic periodicals.

Without apparent stoppage, save in those public works most easily postponed, the civil Government enterprises in Japan go forward, despite war. Promptly the 'Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon' (pp. 163) appears, along with the atlas-like 'Mouvement de la Population' for 1901 (pp. 357), both with the imprint of the Bureau of Statistics of the Imperial Cabinet. The former gives results of the enumeration of 1903, showing 46,732,841 in Japan proper, 3,000,111 in Formosa, making in 1905 at least fifty millions of souls. Of foreigners resident there were 13,848; of Ainu (or the aboriginal white race) in Yezo there were 17,783; and of Formosan inhabitants, 37,077 were Japanese, and the remainder Chinese or the copper-colored aborigines. In an official publication, the Japanese still use the opprobrious term Aino, which suggests canine origin, instead of the true native word Ainu, which means men. On the penultimate page is a graphic representation of births and deaths in Japan proper from 1873 to 1901, showing a very irregular line of deaths between the 600,000 and 940,000 mark, and a constantly ascending line of births, with but few variations, between the 800,000 and the 1,500,000 mark. Improvement in morals, or at least marital relations, through improved legislation, is seen in the statistics of divorces, the reduction being nearly one-half; the average from 1899 to 1902, inclusive, being 64,841; that from 1895 to 1899, inclusive, being 112,508. The data concerning posts, telegraphs, and telephones, newly arranged, witness great expansion in every part of the empire. On vital statistics, finance, wages, in detail and in gross, the tables show improvement in clearness over previous editions, making a most creditable volume.

The conspectus of Japanese social life given in the 'Mouvement de la Population de l'Empire du Japon' for 1901 is interesting to the student of public hygiene and law, because of the minute detail of births, marriages, divorce, disease, foundlings, etc., recorded in every province. The peculiar customs of adoption, which require so much space in the new codes in treatment of the many cases arising in practice, make the subject complex, yet decidedly interesting to those who realize the composition of a Japanese family. Communal in idea, origin, and procedure, the family in Japan is less an organism held together by blood ties than a legal entity. Many of the so-called "divorces" are, in the light of Occidental ideas and habits, nothing more than the breaking of engagements, and not rupture of the marriage tie; as, for example, when a boy, babe, or youth, adopted to marry the house-head's daughter and take his name, fails to become a husband, the law of Japan registers this failure as a divorce. In the very minute tables of decease by disease, the place, sex, cause, and age are given, with recapitulations. Only 260 persons were declared and registered as foundlings, in 1901; 91 being babes under twelve months. Of persons naturalized in 1901 there were 27. Of lepers, 2,021 died in 1901; of syphilitics, 9,198; of plague patients, 3; of cholera patients, 484. The most disabling disease, affecting the nerves and circulation (from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army, according to Miss McGee) is *kakké*, or beri-beri; but the tables show it to be one of the least fatal.

In the latest (66th and 67th) issues of Medical Reports of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, two observers throw light on the supposed connection between mosquitoes and malaria. Thus, at Chungking, fever prevails most in the early spring, when there are no mosquitoes to be seen. The town is normally, also, so free from the insect that in many places the net is not required. When the streets are flushed by early rain, there is very little fever. At the Haihow harbor light-station, malaria of a quotidian type is serious. No places were found where mosquito larvæ were breeding or could breed, but Anopheles were plentiful in European and native quarters. Larvæ were numerously found in rice fields a quarter of a mile distant, obviously carried thither by the prevailing winds. "The officer in charge [of the station] made nightly war on those mosquitoes found within doors, and, whether due to this crusade or not, the members of the light staff have ceased developing the malarial paroxysms."

The Parents' National Educational Union held its ninth annual conference in London in May. Among the subjects discussed was the allowance of sleep necessary for boys in the first two or three years of their school life. Dr. T. Dyke Acland said that the result of inquiries which embraced forty of the great English schools and four of the best American, was that from nine to ten hours' sleep was needed by young growing boys, but that only two of the English schools with which he corresponded came up to the highest standard, while all four of the American reached it. In a paper on "Home and School," Dr. Burge, headmaster of Winchester, made a remark which has some bearing on a recent regrettable occurrence in one of our leading institutions of learning. He said that experience convinced him more and more that most of the foolishness associated with the life of boys at school and university was due to the fact that there was one standard of life for home and another for school and college. He welcomed anything that linked the life of the boy at school with the life of the boy at home.

Travelling schools for farmers' daughters are in operation in different parts of Germany and are giving great satisfaction. The

subjects taught are housekeeping, cooking, the selection of food, the care of cattle and poultry, the cultivation of vegetables, and butter and cheese making. It is now proposed to enlarge the curriculum by instruction in nursing, preparing food for the sick, sewing, mending, etc. The teachers are graduates of the best schools of housework, who have passed Government examinations. Twenty girls, over sixteen years of age, form a class, and a term lasts six weeks, the tuition being so low as practically to exclude no one. Our own remote (and not so remote) farming communities might profit by such an institution.

A month ago (May 11), in announcing the launching of the Vasari Society for reproducing notable drawings of the Renaissance, we made a slip in the address of the Honorary Secretary, Mr. G. F. Hill. It should have been, 10 Kensington Mansions, London, S. W.

—Ray Morris, editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, discusses, in the June *Atlantic*, the question of rate regulation, admitting the burdensome character of the present situation, but pointing out some of the serious difficulties in the relief measure now chiefly under consideration, the Esch-Townsend bill. In passing this bill almost unanimously, his opinion is that the House allowed itself for the time to be transformed from a deliberative body into a band of giant-killers. "Any Federal enactment that aims to cure radically and automatically all existing transportation ills, is sure to prove a remedy worse than the disease, if it does not fall ridiculously short of accomplishing anything at all." The second instalment of William Garrott Brown's study of the Reconstruction period deals with Secretary Seward's management of the State Department, very favorably on the whole, though material exceptions are made as to the conduct of our relations with Great Britain. Frederick Law Olmsted contributes a paper on "Village Improvement," made up largely of a hitherto unpublished manuscript of his father. The main points insisted upon are unity of purpose and persistence—easy things to talk about, but extremely hard to secure in an average American village.

—Considering both thought and action, Raleigh was the most representative Englishman of the great age in which he lived, nor could the virtues and vices of the period have been summed up more compendiously than they were in his career. For this reason he will always be such a favorite subject with essayists and biographers that we need never feel surprised when a new sketch of his life appears. The latest contribution is 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' a volume in the "English Men of Action" series, by Sir Rennell Rodd (Macmillan). Here full justice is done to the versatility of the man and to his noble qualities, while yet we are made to understand why in the days of the Armada he was more cordially hated than any one of the Queen's followers. In the speech delivered just before his execution, Raleigh said in extenuation of his vanity and other faults that he had lived a sinful life in such callings as were most conducive to it. "For I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, all of them courses of wickedness and vice; but I trust He will not only cast away my sin, but will receive me into everlasting life." Often enough the baser traits of character come to the surface amid prosperity, misfortune being required to show the presence of shining virtues amid much alloy; but Raleigh's whole career seems a comment upon Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life." Deep down in his nature were noble impulses which gave proof of themselves when the world was not too much with him—as it usually happened to be whenever there was a field for the exercise of his varied talents. With a most complex personality for his subject, Sir Rennell Rodd succeeds in indicating its contrasts without rendering them too sharp. A writer with the temper of Macaulay would have made the worst possible biographer for Raleigh, for where the data supply so much light and shade the artist has to guard carefully against exaggeration. This Sir Rennell Rodd has done, for, without lowering the moral standard, he shows a talent for being a casuist within bounds. For us the most interesting chapter of the book is that entitled "Cecil and Raleigh," wherein will be found an excellent account of close friendship waning to something worse than coolness. In Cecil's negotiations with James VI., prior to Elizabeth's death, Lord Henry Howard took an active part as intermediary, nor had Raleigh a more bitter enemy than this scion of the house of Norfolk. What affection Cecil had ever felt for his former friend seems to have disappeared utterly under the dictates of political expediency, which meant the need of excluding Raleigh and Cobham from the council of the Stuart King. Lady Raleigh could never bring herself to believe that Cecil was not a true friend, though the evidence now available shows him to have been the chief cause of her husband's downfall. Sir Rennell Rodd has a sure grasp of his documents and has used them with much skill.

—Every one who has lived in an English village knows how important in the rural laborer's life are the clubs to which he pays a few pence weekly or monthly. The improvident one who falls behind with his "club money" is a marked man, while to pay it in "regular" covers a multitude of sins. There are, in fact, few men in the village community who will not make the necessary sacrifice of beer in order to belong to the "Goose Club," which provides each member with a goose for his Christmas dinner, and to the "Burying Club," so that his wife (who is always assumed to survive him) may give him a decent funeral. If the question of these clubs has ever been looked into by the economists, it has no doubt been recognized how much they contribute to the comfort of the village home and to the solidarity of village society. But we have never heard of a "Trousseau Club" in England. So far as we know, the young women get married as best they can, and the trousseau, if prepared at all, is prepared in haste. They manage this better in France, as we learn from a recent number of the *Réforme Sociale*. The truth is that the French reformer of to-day has to face a condition which at present causes little real anxiety in any other equally prosperous country. This, we need not say, is the depopulation of his native land. He has learned to look on the child as a rare and precious thing. The scarcity of children among the rich he deplores, but he knows well that the rich are never reformed. The intelligent reformer remembers that in every civilized society of which we know anything, the rich have regarded children as one of those good things of which one may easily have too much, while the moderately rich, if they must deny themselves a luxury, have preferred to forego the luxury of children. So it is that if you take up any of the current literature of social reform in France, you will find that the reformer wastes no time in preaching against race suicide to the real offenders, but devotes his efforts to preserving the lives and health of the numerous children of the poor.

—A healthy child, however, implies a well-ordered home. Now it has been discovered that one of the greatest hindrances to the happiness of married life in the working-class in the towns is the lack of a trousseau for the bride; in fact, without it the home is often not founded at all—the nest is not built, simply because there are no feathers. Without the proper outfit of household and personal linen the *fiancée* of the French artisan refuses to face the task of bringing up a family. To meet this need there was founded some years ago the "Œuvre du Trousseau." This is a society which induces young girls of the age of nine to begin to make and to store up the trousseau which is to be handed over to them at the age of eighteen. At fourteen, if the girl has paid regularly the dues of fifty centimes per month and attended the sewing meetings of the society, she becomes a director of the concern by right of her stake in the business, and at the age of eighteen can withdraw her profits in the shape of a trousseau made by her own hands, or, in any case, wholly hand-made and of excellent material. The trousseau consists of seventy-three pieces of personal and household linen—not a bad feathering for the nest. Who is so likely to keep her linen closet in good order and replenished as she to whom it represents nine years of small economies and countless hours of effort? This is the "Œuvre du Trousseau" carried on now in more than sixty towns of France, not as a charity dependent on the caprice of the philanthropist, but as a regular business concern. The English "Goose Club" and "Blanket Club" and all the other village societies aim at adding to the comfort of the home. But the "Trousseau Club" is enriched by a sentimental interest which they lack, and is due to a desire for daintiness, even in the poorest surroundings, which is usually alien to the instincts of the British working-class.

—Under the title 'Tippu Tip: Lebensbild eines zentralafrikanischen Despoten' (Berlin: W. Baensch; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), Dr. Heinrich Brode publishes an autobiography of Hamidi bin Muhammad, the famous African potentate, who has had relations with many of the European explorers of Africa during the past forty years. In July, 1867, he met Livingstone, who was then on his last journey. Livingstone's brief account of the meeting indicates that the Arab chieftain was very friendly. Tippu Tib (a surname or nickname) relates that he found Livingstone destitute of all means of subsistence, and almost saved the missionary from perishing. He describes the latter as a very old man, and observes that, although his name was Livingstone, he called himself David. This reminds one

of the German who illustrated the difficulties of the English language by pointing out that a name spelled Dickens was pronounced Boz. Tippu Tib's chief interest for Americans and Europeans lies in his long-continued intercourse with Stanley, whom he first encountered in the autumn of 1876, and who described him as a large, active, energetic man, with handsome and intelligent features, well-bred and well-dressed. The portrait prefixed to the present volume, however, shows a typical negro face, although Tippu Tib is almost of pure Arabic descent, the only admixture of negro blood being derived from his grandmother. Like Cameron, Stanley was glad to avail himself of the advice and assistance of so powerful and important an ally. Tippu Tib's account of their negotiations differs widely from Stanley's, and he accuses the explorer of having made him many "lying promises." He states that when they parted, after sailing down the Congo together, Stanley expressed his gratitude in warm words, and said that on his return to Europe he would send him a watch worth $1,000, with diamonds and any amount of money. In 1887, when Stanley was in command of the Emin Pasha relief expedition, he was again desirous of securing the friendship and coöperation of Tippu Tib, and, with the consent of King Leopold of Belgium, appointed him governor of one of the provinces of the Congo State. A little later, Stanley accused him of treachery, and brought suit against him for over $50,000 damages, but this was amicably settled. The German invasion of Africa and the establishment of the Congo Free State had the incidental effect of breaking the Arab supremacy in Africa. Tippu Tib, nearly seventy years old, now lives in Zanzibar, a private citizen, whose wealth is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars, and his advice and opinion are often sought and highly valued by the ruling Powers. His greatest desire is to visit Europe.

THE UNVEILING OF LHASA.

Lhasa and its Mysteries, with a Record of the Expedition of 1903-1904. By L. Austine Waddell, LL.D., C.B., etc. (Lieutenant-Colonel Indian Medical Service). With 200 illustrations and maps. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

For the last half century, Tibet has been that among the unexplored regions of the world which has most excited the curiosity of geographers and students of religion, for though other parts of Central Asia and some parts of Central Africa remained equally little known, they were either deserts or inhabited by savages. In Tibet, however, there existed a sort of civilization, and it was the home of an extremely remarkable form of Buddhism, which had developed an elaborate monastic system and a powerful hierarchy. The English rulers of India had long wished to open up the country to trade, and some of them also wished to establish political influence over it, but the Tibetans, and especially the monastic organization of the Lamas, were resolutely opposed to all intercourse and refused to allow any white man to cross the frontier. Several travellers had from time to time succeeded in entering the country, and a few got within some days' march of Lhasa, the sacred capital. Only one Englishman, however, managed to reach Lhasa, Thomas Manning, who was there in A. D. 1811; and after him no one else except two French Lazarist priests, Huc and Gabet, in 1845. There had for the last twenty years been bickerings between the English and the Tibetans on the frontier of Tibet and of Sikkim, a small Indian protected State on the south slope of the Himalayas, and in 1903 the report of the visit of some Tibetan envoys to the Czar at Petersburg gave the restless and ambitious Viceroy of India the opportunity of inducing the British Government at home to permit him to send a mission into Tibet. The mission was accompanied by a large military force, because resistance was expected. Resistance was in fact offered, and the mission became an armed expedition, which fought its way across the lofty passes to Lhasa, dictated a treaty there, and returned safe into India, having narrowly escaped being cut off by falls of snow upon the passes.

Several books, as our readers know, have already appeared describing this expedition, but Col. Waddell's is the one which is likely to be of most permanent value because he had already given much study to the language and religion of Tibet, and acquired some knowledge of the people by wanderings along the frontier. His book is decidedly interesting. It contains a great deal of new matter regarding the country, descriptions of the scenery and the natives, notes upon the buildings, the customs, the religious pictures and the religious rites. It is in these respects so good that we are surprised it is not better. The author has seen a great deal, but he does not impress us as a man of a scholarly, independent, and broadly cultivated mind. Politically, he is an Anglo-Indian jingo of the familiar type, who sees no rights in any country but his own, and who in this instance does not recognize the Tibetan side of the case, but assumes that the British may go wherever they like, and that their objects are always admirable. Now and then, however, he has glimmerings of the fact that the conduct of Christian nations does not wholly correspond to the precepts of their faith, and he candidly records a conversation he held upon this subject with the high Tibetan ecclesiastic who acted as Regent after the flight from Lhasa of the Dalai Lama, and whom Col. Waddell, in his desire to find parallels in Tibet for Western things, quaintly calls "the Cardinal" because he ranked among the first Lamas after the Dalai.

"I told him that the mainspring of Christ's doctrine was 'peace and good will to men,' as was Buddha's; that Christ had said, 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' 'Love your enemies,' and that our Christian commandments were of exactly the same number as Buddha's decalogue. . . . On this he exclaimed bitterly, smarting under the defeat inflicted on his country by our troops, 'The English have no religion at all!' And on my inquiring why he thought so, he replied deliberately and emphatically, 'Because I *know* it. Because I *see* it for myself in the faces and actions of your people. They all have hard hearts, and are specially trained to take life and to fight.' . . . I assured him that the people of England spend enormous sums of money on religion, and everywhere have built beautiful churches, several hundreds of which are much finer and more costly than any temple in Tibet, and that the commentaries and other books on our religion would fill enormous libraries many times larger than those of the Tibetan monasteries, and that their priests were real ecclesiastics, preaching to and teaching the people, unlike the Lamas, who never teach the people, but keep all their education within their order, and are therefore not ecclesiastics. Hereupon he answered, with a fine scorn: 'But what is the good of all these buildings and all these books and teachings, if the people do not read them, or, in any case, do not practise their maxims?' As he was so hopelessly biassed, I could only reply that I hoped he would judge us more generously when he knew us better, and that he might discover that, because of our superior strength in war, we could now afford to exercise the Christian principle of showing mercy to the weaker."

There are some other passages in which Colonel Waddell shows a certain measure of sympathy with the people to whom the expedition was engaged in giving (by bullets and bayonets) lessons in practical Christianity. Much as he contemns the Lamas, he observes (p. 447) that "the best religions may sink into superstition," though the illustrations he gives from the public worship of the more extreme party among the Scottish Presbyterians is foolish and indeed offensive. The resemblances he points out between Lamaism and the monasticism and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are sometimes curious, but it is not a becoming thing to refer frequently to the Buddhist service as "Mass." However, we are so glad to have the body of new facts regarding Lhasa and Tibet which the book contains, and so willing to recognize the graphic way in which aspects of nature and man are often described in it, that we will pass away from any further criticisms on the writer to note some of the interesting new data which we owe to him.

Not all of the country wears that forbidding character which we have gathered from the 'Himalayan Journals' of Sir Joseph Hooker, who looked into it from the south, and from the travels of Dr. Sven Hedin and other recent explorers who have traversed its northern and northwestern regions. The valley of the Tsang Po and the valleys of the tributaries which it receives in its middle course, near to one of which Lhasa is built, have a good deal of level ground, and are in parts well cultivated. Lhasa, placed at a level of 12,290 feet above tide-water, stands among fertile fields of corn and vegetables. There are orchards of temperate fruits, and masses of brilliant wild flowers along the brooks, "clematis and potentillas, scarlet arums, buttercups, primulas and harebells" (p. 420). Still richer is the lower part of the Tsang Po valley, though, owing to the proximity of fierce tribes, it is but thinly peopled. Indeed, one gathers that the population of Tibet, which is estimated at a million and a half, is decreasing, owing, in our author's opinion, to "the enormous tax of celibate Lamas which the present priestly government exacts from the people, about one out of every two males; and to a lesser degree the practice of polyandry and promiscuity, decimating epidemics of small-pox, and bad administration. Not one-half of the arable ground is cultivated, and there may everywhere be seen evidence of the shrinkage, in abandoned tracts of former cultivation." Although much of the cultivated land appears to be watered by irrigation canals drawn from the streams, the rainfall is larger than has been usually assumed. It is given approximately as thirty inches for the neighborhood of Lhasa. Nearly all of this, however, falls

during the summer months, the period when on the other side of the Himalayas the rainfall ranges from two hundred and fifty to three hundred inches, or even more. Colonel Waddell says little about the line of perpetual snow, but we gather from occasional references that it averages about 14,000 or 15,000 feet. It is somewhat lower further south, on the southern slope of the Himalayas, where moisture is more abundant.

Of the scenery we hear rather less than we desired and expected. As the mountains rise from a plateau varying from twelve to fifteen thousand feet in height, peaks even so high as 24,000 do not produce anything like so grand an effect as do the outer Himalaya ranges when seen from the plains of India or from the profound gorges excavated by the torrents which find their way from the glaciers down to those plains. At Darjiling, on the borders of Sikkim, the eye takes in nearly the whole height of the stupendous mass of Kinchinjunga, for the bottom of the valley of the Tista is only a thousand feet above sea level, while the summit of that mountain exceeds 28,000. The peak on whose beauty our author dwells is Chamalari, a little over 24,000, by the western foot of which the expedition passed. He mentions no summit of notably greater height, and reports that the detachment of the British force which marched back into India along a route to the northwest behind the main chain, did not discover any peak more lofty than the one which the maps call Mount Everest, and which is variously known to the Tibetans and Nepalese who live near it by the names of Choma Kankar, Zapchi Kang, Gaurisanhar, and Devadhunga. Much debate seems to have arisen as to the name which it is best to apply to this summit, supposed to be the highest upon the earth's surface. Few will desire that it should bear the surname of an Indian surveyor, given to it by the map-makers when its native appellations had not been ascertained; and as the Tibetan name of Choma Kankar means (according to Col. Waddell), 'The White Lady of the Glaciers,' and is the name under which they worship it, or the spirit which dwells in it, this seems a proper title to adopt. This summit was not seen by the main body of the expedition, but it 's visible from Darjiling and from the heights above Katmandu in Nepal.

The hopes which the British seem to have formed of a great and profitable development of trade with Tibet, and which were used to furnish a secondary justification of the invasion—the primary one was of course the alleged intrigues of the Lamas with Russia—receive little encouragement from the facts set forth in these pages. Very few minerals are known to exist, and even the gold mines, about which many tales have been told, remain in the sphere of conjecture and belief rather than in that of fact. Borax is exported, and some wool and musk and furs, but in no great quantity. The country is (except the few fertile valleys already mentioned) so poor, nineteen-twentieths of its area being a high and barren waste, and the population is so small, that it furnishes a quite insignificant market for Indian or European goods. Doubtless the population might, under a better government and easier modes of transport, be expected to increase, and industries like the making of cloth and of rugs might be further developed; but when all this has been done, the gain to India from the trade with Tibet is not likely to exceed the interest upon the sums which the British Government in India has already expended upon the expedition, not to add that another expedition may be needed if the Lamas revert, as they will probably do, to that policy of exclusion and seclusion which they have for so many centuries followed.

The most interesting parts of this book are those which treat of the religion of the country, and the singular ecclesiastical organization which rules it. Buddhism is very different here from what it is in Ceylon, or from that still purer and more philosophic form which prevails in Siam. It has been so largely tinged by the primitive spirit worship of the Tibetans and of the cognate Indo-Chinese races which inhabit the long line of the Himalayas and the mountains of southeastern China and northern Burma, as to have become a species of idolatry, full of magical rites and incantations. Indian asceticism has also affected it, and has produced, not only the vast monasteries and nunneries in which so large a part of the inhabitants dwell, but also anchorites, whose severities of life exceed even those practised by the monks of the Thebaid in the fifth century, or those of the Celtic hermits, who banished themselves to bare rocks in the Atlantic, off the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Col. Waddell describes a visit to the cells of some of these anchorites in a rocky glen near the town of Gyantse. The recluse lives in a small cave, walled up at the mouth, with an aperture just large enough to permit him to pass out his hand to draw in the parched grain which constitutes his only sustenance, and which is brought to him once a day. His hand is gloved, that the light may not touch it, for part of the merit of his seclusion consists in the withholding from himself of all light. Here the self-made prisoner remains for many years, perhaps for life, neither seeing nor speaking with any living soul, and in so far worse off than even St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar or an Irish saint on his rock amidst the waves.

"Whilst interred in his living tomb, the hermit is given ghoul-like implements for his work and food—a rosary of bits of human bone, a trumpet of human thigh-bone, a goblet made out of the top of a human skull to hold his food. The tasks set him consist chiefly in the mummery of repeating millions of times a spell in meaningless Sanskrit jargon, accompanied by certain gestures and attitudes of the fingers and limbs for the purpose of expelling devils. At various stages of the repetition he must conjure up in fancy the most malignant of the devils, one of those hideous monsters which disfigure the walls of all the Lama temples, whom he must then vanquish by his spells" (p. 243).

Some of the monasteries contain large libraries of ancient books, mostly Tibetan translations of the Buddhist Scriptures of India, narratives of the life of Buddha and commentaries upon his sayings. Some books, however, consist of historical or quasi-historical narratives, purporting to go back to the seventh century of the Christian era. Col. Waddell describes the Lamas as being mostly stupid and ignorant fellows, who make little or no use of their books, except of those which enumerate charms and other appliances of sorcery. One exceptionally intelligent Lama denied all knowledge of those so-called "Mahatmas" about whom we heard so much, and believed so little, a few years ago.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the description given of the aspect and buildings of Lhasa itself, a picturesque and striking, albeit revoltingly dirty, city. But this description is long, and could not easily be abridged. The book, if it is far from satisfying our curiosity regarding the religion and history of this strange country, does add substantially to our knowledge, and well deserves the attention of those whose interest in Tibet is not confined to the superficial aspects of the people or to the political questions which the English expedition has raised.

A CONFEDERATE LADY'S DIARY.

A Diary from Dixie, as written by Mary Boykin Chestnut, wife of James Chestnut, jr., United States Senator from South Carolina, 1859-1861, and afterward an aide to Jefferson Davis and a Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army. Edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary, D. Appleton & Co., 1905. Pp. xxii., 424.

A diary is almost inevitably a record of the most vivid impressions its writer receives; but some minds are unimpressionable to certain subjects and very impressionable to others. No woman, except perhaps Mrs. Davis, had better opportunities than Mrs. Chestnut to see what was going on not only in Charleston, Montgomery, Richmond, and Columbia, but also, at times, near the army, on plantations in South Carolina and in Alabama, and at two summer resorts hundreds of miles apart. The result is hardly equal to the opportunities, for these were very great. Wendell Phillips once said: "Tremble, my friend, if your sixpenny neighbor keeps a journal. 'It adds a new terror to death.' " This diary would have warranted less trembling and fear of death by any friend than by the author herself and her family. Frankness compels us to say—and let it not prejudice the reader's mind against either the diarist, long dead, or her just published book—that among the ten or fifteen somewhat similar books written by Confederate women this one shows least of the typical Southern spirit of self-sacrifice, and contains more vain chatter about looks and flirtations and love-making than all the others together. At a time when so many women were heroic, industrious, thrifty and serious-mindedn, she was primarily a tittle-tattler, with both tongue and pen. And she moves one's pity when she tells of her often vapid and spendthrift festivities, and then quotes her husband's well-deserved but not very effective reproaches (pp. 257, 263, 271). Yet, strange as it may seem, even such jottings about frivolities have considerable interest and some historical value. Now we know that Cupid and Mars were like secret allies playing hide-and-seek in the dark, and that there was generally much more gayety than most contemporaries, looking through their tears, were able to see.

Contrary to what one might infer, Mrs. Chestnut's mind was, in regard to many subjects, both open and almost photographic; she was often very candid, and occasionally displayed rare literary skill or, at least, sprightliness. Scattered here and there are many vivid descriptions, both in-

teresting and historically valuable. Ten days before South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession, the diarist wrote:

"In Camden [near Columbia] we were busy and frantic with excitement, drilling, marching, arming, and wearing high blue cockades. Red sashes, guns, and swords were ordinary fireside accompaniments. So wild were we, I saw at a grand parade of a home guard a woman, the wife of a man who says he is a secessionist *per se*, driving about to see the drilling of this new company, although her father was buried the day before."

Mrs. Chestnut tells, in many bits and often only incidentally, much that is important or amusing, and sometimes both, about four generations of the Chestnuts, who ranked as prime aristocrats. The first one, John, being driven by the French and Indians from his father's farm in Virginia, went to South Carolina, where he was a clerk in a little grocery store owned by a Joseph Kershaw. Within a few years John became a rich planter, and sent his son, James, to Princeton, where tradition says he was called "the Young Prince." James's wife was a Northern woman of fine quality. He increased the wealth he inherited, and was a perfect type of the lordly patriarch, "brought up when men were not saints." He is said to have owned about a thousand slaves, and to have had sixty or seventy in the families of his house-servants alone. It would be safe to believe that he owned over five hundred slaves and was worth nearly $1,000,000, at a time when there were only a few millionaires even in New York city. In November, 1863, after there had been a blockade for two and a half years, his fine wine-cellar was still unexhausted of its "ancient Madeira and champagne." "If everything in the Confederacy were only as truly good as the old Colonel's wine-cellars!" (p. 249). Then, not many months later, in 1864, when he was over ninety years of age, he wrote, "Starvation stares me in the face." His son, James, jr., also educated at Princeton, was the Senator and Secessionist. He was too wealthy, in expectation, to give much attention to planting. But he played his political rôle with dignity if not with wisdom; and the sober-minded manner in which he looked at problems and accepted public and private adversities, seems to put him high above nearly all the other Confederate politicians in South Carolina.

Next was "Johnny," a plantation exquisite, who had just reached his majority and was beginning to enjoy his inheritance. When South Carolina seceded, he had cash enough in his pocket to raise a military company for himself; but, as the money was squandered ere the serious call to arms was sounded, he then turned hero. "So John Chestnut is a gentleman private. He took his servant with him all the same" (p. 59). And later Mrs. Chestnut remarks, "It takes four negroes to wait on Johnny satisfactorily" (p. 187). Johnny became a captain and had several furloughs. In November, 1863, these snapshots were taken of him:

"I do not think he has an idea what we are fighting about, and he does not want to know. He says, 'My company,' 'My men,' with a pride, a faith, and an affection which are sublime. . . .

"Yesterday Johnny went to his plantation for the first time since the war began. . . . 'How do you do, Marster! How you come on?'—thus from every side rang the noisiest welcome from the darkies. Johnny was silently shaking hands right and left as he rode into the crowd. As the noise subsided, to the overseer he said: 'Send down more corn and fodder for my horses.' And to the [slave-]driver, 'Have you any peas?' 'Plenty, sir.' 'Send a wagon-load down for the cows at Bloomsbury while I stay there. They have not milk and butter enough there for me. Any eggs? Send down all you can collect. How about my turkeys and ducks? Send them down two at a time. How about the mutton? Fat? That's good; send down two a week.' . . .

"'I was surprised that you did not go into the fields to see your crops.' 'What was the use?' 'And the negroes; you had so little talk with them.' 'No use to talk to them before the overseer. They are coming down to Bloomsbury, day and night, by platoons, and they talk me dead. Besides, William and Parish come up there every night, and God knows they tell me enough plantation scandal—overseer feathering his nest; negroes ditto, at my expense. Between the two fires I mean to get something to eat while I am here.'

"For him we got up a charming picnic at Mulberry. . . . Then we had as good a dinner as mortal appetite could crave; the best fish, fowl, and game; wine from a cellar that cannot be excelled" (pp. 250-51).

A few months later, in Richmond: "February 12, 1864. John Chestnut had a basket of champagne carried to my house, oysters, partridges, and other good things, for a supper after the reception. He is going back to the army to-morrow."

Johnny survived the war, but, like all others, lost nearly everything. A descendant and namesake of the Joseph Kershaw that had employed Johnny's great-grandfather, had become one of the most distinguished of South Carolina's soldiers. Johnny, pretending to believe that the shop-keeping Kershaws had long boasted that their ancestor once had a Chestnut as a clerk, expressed the hope that this military distinction would enable them "to let the shop rest for a while." Such was Johnny, "who saunters along here now [May, 1865], the very perfection of a lazy gentleman, who cares not to move unless it be for a fight, a dance, or a fox-hunt" (p. 393). The Chestnuts were exceptions, and so far disproved the popular saying that there were rarely more than three generations between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves (p. 392). The Chestnut estate had not even been divided in four generations.

The shifting attitude of master and mistress towards the domestic slaves and vice versa are sometimes picturesquely described in a few sentences like these:

"Not by one word or look can we detect any change in the demeanor of these negro servants. Lawrence sits at our door sleepy and respectful, and profoundly indifferent [although Anderson has just surrendered Fort Sumter]. So are they all, but they carry it too far. . . . People talk before them as if they were chairs and tables. They make no sign" (p. 38).

And, a month later, in Alabama:

"Saw for the first time the demoralization produced by hopes of freedom. My mother's butler (whom I taught to read . . .) contrived to keep from speaking to us. He was as efficient as ever in his proper place. . . . His wife came to my bedside next morning with everything nice for breakfast . . . and embraced me over and over again" (p. 53).

Within another month the slaves on the main plantation of the Chestnuts "were found with pistols." From about this time nearly everybody suspected that the slaves were thinking of flight. The field-hands, the chief sufferers from slavery, were most prone to steal away. Many body-servants, if intelligent and faithful, were often much pampered.

"Lawrence has charge of all Mr. Chestnut's things—watch, clothes, and two or three hundred gold pieces that lie in the tray of his trunk. All these he tells Lawrence to bring to me if anything happens to him. But I said: 'Maybe he will pack off to the Yankees and freedom with all that.' 'Fiddlesticks! . . . After all, what can he ever be better than he is now—a gentleman's gentleman?'" (page 84).

But Mrs. Chestnut remained skeptical. She had a wadded belt made in which she put her gold coin and diamonds; yet she records:

"I leave it under my pillow, and my maid finds it there and hangs it over the back of a chair in evidence. . . . When I forget and leave my trunk open, Lawrence brings me the keys and tells me, 'You oughten to do so, Miss Mary.' Mr. Chestnut leaves all his little money in his pockets, and Lawrence says that is why he can't let any one but himself brush Mars Jeem's clothes" (p. 112). "I fancy the negroes are ashamed to rob people as careless as James Chestnut and myself" (p. 153).

In March, 1862, the field-hands offered to fight for the Confederacy if Chestnut would arm them, but he "says one man cannot do it. The whole country must agree to it. He would trust such as he would select, and he would give so many acres of land and his freedom to each one as he enlisted" (p. 147). And after the war had ended: "The fidelity of the negroes is the principal topic. There seems to be not a single case of a negro who betrayed his master, and yet they showed a natural and exultant joy at being free" (p. 385).

Then there are glimpses of hospital life—the pitiable soldiers with "eyes sunk in cavernous depths and following me from bed to bed"; of the straits so many persons were put to before obtaining food and clothing; of numerous wounded heroes, especially Hampton and Hood; of the mourning and anguish every battle caused in a thousand homes; of Jefferson Davis on his Arabian horse, "graceful and easy in the saddle," as "his worst enemy will allow"; of the daredevil Toombs, "charging too recklessly," thrown, his foot caught in the stirrup—and "down there among the horse's hoofs was a face turned up toward us, purple with rage. . . . , " and then, "though awfully tousled and tumbled, dusty, rumpled, and flushed, with redder face and wilder hair than ever, he rode off gallantly"; of Benjamin, "a Delphic oracle, of the innermost shrine"; of an auction-sale of what was known to the trade as a "fancy-girl," "a bright mulatto with a pleasant face," "magnificently gotten up in silks and satins," and looking "so like my good little Nancy" "I . . . felt faint" and "sat down on a stool in a shop and disciplined my wild thoughts" (p. 13); of Mrs. R. E. Lee and her daughters and other ladies, sewing for the soldiers; of soldiers themselves, now marching ten thousand strong, now on apparently miles of platform cars, "rolled in their blankets, lying in rows, heads all covered, fast asleep"; of men at a station, "sitting on a row of coffins, smoking, talking and laughing, with their feet drawn up in tailor fashion to keep them out of the wet"; of "sandhill tackeys," more widely known as "crackers" and "poor-white-trash"—"one, forlorn, chill, and fever-freckled, yellow, dirty, and dry as a nut," with a few

peaches to sell, but saying, "Eat your fill. I never charge our soldiers anything"; and of many other sights peculiar to that strange time. Of course, such things are not quite history. But many of Mrs. Chestnut's phrases and sentences make such true pictures, although sketched with an impressionist's touch, that they mean more than a score of ordinary "original documents" from which our dry-as-dusts could make long and dreary quotations and pile up pedantic footnotes. Therefore, we find it easy to forget Mrs. Chestnut's peculiar weaknesses.

MERZ'S HISTORY OF RECENT EUROPEAN THOUGHT.

A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century. By John Theodore Merz. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 2 vols. Pp. 458, 807. 1903-04.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of American society at the present time is the University Zeal. Thirty years ago colleges satisfied us. The title University was indeed sometimes employed, usually in a vague way, sometimes as equivalent to College, seldom as superior. At most, the University was a group of high schools or faculties. Now it is changed. There are a score of institutions which claim to be "true" universities because they are endeavoring to advance knowledge and to develop the talents of superior scholars above and beyond the standard of what is called a liberal education or a general preparation for active life. "Graduate Studies" and "Research" are the shibboleths of University Zeal. An association has been formed and delegates meet every year to discuss the problems of higher education. Munificent sums are given to these institutions, which continue to ask for millions as confidently as the colleges used to ask for their *centum mille* endowments.

To all who are filled with the University Zeal, the volumes before us are addressed—not directly, it is true, but indirectly—for here may be found a learned and elaborate review of the conditions by which Thought has been promoted, and a discriminating analysis of the tendencies of European Thought during the century just closed. University Zeal will be enlightened by a careful perusal of these two volumes, the result of long-continued studies in diverse fields. To estimate their value and criticise their conclusions, a score of experts would be requisite, and, as coöperative history is in vogue, we might add that only by coöperative criticism could an accurate appreciation be formed of these suggestive and illuminating volumes. This is doubtless the reason why so little notice has been taken of them.

The author, Dr. John Theodore Merz, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is a sexagenarian, more or less concerned (unless we are mistaken) in chemical and electrical business, who received his early education in German universities, became a doctor of philosophy, and afterwards received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the University of Durham. Twenty years ago he published a memoir of Leibnitz in the series of Philosophical Classics, edited by Dr. William Knight. The first volume of the work now before us appeared in 1896, and the second, seven years later. The author restricts his view to Europe, and still further limits it chiefly to Great Britain, France, and Germany, touching but lightly on the Scandinavian, Russian, Dutch, and Italian contributions, and not at all, so far as we have noticed, upon the Japanese. He confines himself also to scientific thought, reserving his studies of philosophical and theological thought for future volumes.

His neglect of American contributions to the thought of the last century would awaken sharp animadversions if the author's spirit were that of one of his reviewers, who coldly dismisses the New World with these remarks (in the *Academy* for January 9, 1904): It is "almost unnecessary to discuss any American contribution in the history of nineteenth-century thought. Indeed, it is a serious matter, this, and one to give us pause, that the great Transatlantic Republic has yet to produce thinkers who shall be numbered with the immortals." But the author's estimate, unlike his critic's, is not depreciative; it is simply agnostic.

"The steady growth," he says, "and peculiar civilization of a new and vigorous people, on the other side of the Atlantic, force from me the twofold confession, that there is a large world of growing importance of which I have no personal knowledge, and to estimate which I therefore feel unqualified and unprepared; and further, that I am equally unable to picture to myself the aspect which the whole of our European culture in its present state may assume to an outside and far-removed observer who is placed in the New World. As this New World grows not only in numbers and national wealth, but also in mental depth, as it becomes more and more intellectualized and spiritualized, so it will no doubt experience the desire of recording its own inner life and culture, emphasizing the peculiarities which distinguish it as a whole from our cvilization. But the tendencies of this new culture are to me vague and enigmatical, and I frankly admit that I am unable to say anything definite on this subject" (i., p. 14).

Notwithstanding this restriction, American writers have not all escaped the eagle's eye, although the omissions are quite as noteworthy as the introductions.

Throughout this treatise the word Thought is used in a specific, if not in a technical, sense. No synonym satisfies the author—not Science, nor Philosophy, nor *Wissenschaft*, nor *l'Esprit*, nor Learning. In a footnote at the beginning of the first chapter, there is an interesting discussion of the special significance of these terms. The fundamental position of the author is this, that our age is elaborating, by the concurrence of many agencies, a deeper and more significant conception of the unity of all human interests, of the inner mental life of man and mankind. Not in one direction nor under one term can this treasure be cultivated, but individuals and peoples in their combined international life exhibit and perpetuate it. "The word Thought seems to me to be capable of the widest application, and to denote in the most catholic spirit whatever of truth and value may be contained in the combined aim and endeavor of all these modern aspirations. A history of this thought will be a definition of Thought itself."

The treatise is based upon a threefold division of Thought, scientific, philosophical and individual; and the author maintains that the nineteenth century has seen a great development of scientific thought, a great revival of religion, and a development, richer than in any preceding age, of philosophical theories and systems. Yet it is only Science, as we have said, that he here discusses. He enumerates four prominent and novel constructive ideas which have sprung up in the course of the century—namely, Energy in its conservation and dissipation; the doctrine of averages, statistics and probabilities; Darwin's and Spencer's idea of Evolution in science and philosophy; and Lotze's peculiar view of the world's "values" or "worths." These he terms "centres of thought."

Our inheritance from the earlier past is thus spoken of. The whole fabric of society, the whole structure of science and knowledge, all the applications of art, have to be remodelled on new principles to meet our changed demands.

"Very few of the old creations remain. One or two so-called laws of science that survive, a few dozen books that are reedited, half a dozen works of art, one or two great poems—this is about all that the nineteenth century will at its close have preserved as the living inheritance of its early years: all the others will be relegated to the growing bulk of historical records. Possessed of merely monumental interest as documents of a bygone life, these creations had to be left aside as incapable of marking or guiding any longer our onward career. A few centuries lapse, and posterity will look upon them as we do on the huge monuments of early Eastern civilization, on the Sphinx in the desert or the Pyramids of Egypt, wondering by what ingenious contrivances they were raised, what amount of human work and suffering they represent, or what idea lived in the minds of those who planned and placed them where they still remain."

Let us rapidly follow the geographical sequence which the author adopts. France led off, and early in the century established the home of the scientific spirit. This resulted from the union of three forces—the use of exact mathematical methods; the cooperation fostered by the Academy of Sciences (founded by Colbert for research) and by the network of provincial academies; and the Governmental support of scientific work and scientific schools. The popular appreciation of science by men of letters was a supporting agency. The recognized chieftains were Laplace, who lived until 1827, and Cuvier, who died in 1832. The former won this distinction by his epoch-making treatises on the Mechanism of the Heavens and on the Theory of Probabilities; the latter, by his genius in carrying exact research into the centre of individual and organized life, grounding it on the sciences of comparative anatomy and palæontology, of which he was the creator. "The nineteenth century knows no greater figure than Cuvier."

The German mind has found its most characteristic expression in its university system. For the higher intellectual work of the nation and of mankind, Germany had the most powerful and best-equipped army in the pursuit of pure truth and knowledge. If this phase is passing away, "the future will count among the greatest bequests of the immediate past that high and broad ideal of science which the life of the German universities has traced in clear and indestructible outlines." Notwithstanding the vigor of the universities, they were wanting in union and organization, and this disadvantage led to the establishment of scientific periodicals which were the medium for the exchange of ideas and the collecting-ground for researches in an age

when exact science was not systematically taught. The publication by Gauss, in 1801, of his 'Disquisitiones Mathematicæ,' and, shortly after, his invention of a new method of calculating the orbit of a planet, introduced the higher and abstract branches of science into the programme of a German university. Jacobi, seventeen years younger, led the first great school of mathematicians in Germany, and his work was well supported by the journal everywhere known by the name of Crelle. The experimental side of exact research received a great impetus from the establishment of the first chemical laboratories by Liebig at Giessen in 1826. A little earlier was Mitscherlich's discovery of isomorphism; a little later, Wöhler's preparation of an organic compound from inorganic materials. Still, the most brilliant performances of the exact spirit of research in Germany during the first half of this century lay in a different direction. They produced that central science which attacks the great problem of organic life, physiology, or, as known by its broader name, biology. The brilliant array of the names of great investigators in its manifold departments, and the enumeration of their contributions, justify the claim that biology is a German science, as chemistry is French—so far as the original impulses are considered.

Four characteristics of the German scientists are forcibly presented—their thoroughness; their endeavors to produce that which should be an integral portion of one great science; their readiness to be teachers; and their combination of science and philosophy. Our author concludes this chapter with a fine passage on the singleness of purpose shown by the Germans:

"The universities not only combined in themselves the spirit of research and the profession of teaching, but they infused into the widely scattered teaching staff of many hundreds of schools the same habit—almost absent in other countries—of looking upon private study and research as a necessary qualification of the lecturer and teacher. The educational organization of the combined universities and higher schools has thus become an equally powerful organization for research and for increasing knowledge. Wherever the progress of learning and science requires a large amount of detailed study, inspired by a few leading ideals, or subservient to some common design and plan, the German universities and higher schools supply a well-trained army of workers, standing under the intellectual generalship of a few great leading minds. Thus it is that no nation in modern times has so many schools of thought and learning as Germany, and none can boast of having started and carried through such a large number of gigantic enterprises, requiring the coöperation and collective application of a numerous and well-trained staff. The university system, in one word, not only teaches knowledge, but, above all, it teaches research. This is its pride and the foundation of its fame."

When the author turns to England, he refers to the fact that the history of science in France and Germany during the first half of the present century was identical with the history of the Institute of France and of the universities of Germany, and he raises the question, What have similar institutions done in the country of Sir Isaac Newton? Before proceeding to answer it, he names twelve great men, all identified with one or more novel ideas or definite branches of research. Two characteristics have marked most of these English investigators. They have, at all expense and sacrifice, guarded their individual freedom of thought, and they have almost always shown a strong desire to combine some application with their abstract researches, to take part in the great practical work of the nation. No great master in research can point to a school which undertakes to finish what the master has begun. The investigators often refuse to be tied by exclusive academic duties, still more by official restriction. Continental thinkers complain of the want of method and of the erratic absence of discipline which is peculiar to English genius. What England did possess is the idea of a liberal education. This review of the intellectual life of Great Britain and Ireland calls particular attention to the individualism of the English character, the self-reliant strength of natural genius, which comes out most strongly in its great examples of scientific work. It is not likely, says the author, that the works of Faraday and Darwin should be the last illustrious examples of great and far-reaching ideas sprung from the living intercourse of original genius and nature, without the support of any school.

It is the opinion of the author that, by the want of organization for research and teaching, such as other countries possess, the ideas of English thinkers have frequently lain dormant or have been elaborated by foreigners; but, consequently, original minds have been forced into a closer communion with nature and with life. It is his conclusion that the impartial verdict of history will be that "the largest number of works perfect in form and substance, classical for all time, belongs probably to France; the greatest bulk of scientific work probably to Germany; but of the new ideas which during this century have fructified science, the larger share belongs probably to England."

This brilliant introduction (which fills two hundred pages) is followed by chapters so long that they may be called treatises, on the manifestations of European thought in ten directions or groups of ideas. These are the divisions: Astronomical, Atomic, Kinetic, Physical, Morphological, Genetic, Vitalistic, Psycho-Physical, Statistical, Mathematical. Throughout the volumes, the footnotes are numerous and are even more entertaining than the text, because a certain freedom of style is permitted and many literary allusions are introduced. They are replete with lore. The geographical sequence is discontinued. Each of the summaries is crowded with facts and allusions, varied and interesting. The estimates of the author (sometimes repeated) are so intricately interwoven with these summaries, and his language is so compact, that it is quite impossible, in a notice like this, to do justice to them. The second volume is almost an historical encyclopædia of modern science, written with such care that specialists in each of the main departments must be called in, if judicial opinions of the author's reflections are desired. The index is admirable.

It may not be amiss to commend the entire work to a careful perusal of the scientific associations and reading circles now common in our higher institutions. Such a study would tend to broaden the mind of any reader, and to take him out of the specialization which often impedes intellectual activity, especially if indulged in at too early a period of life. The varied and exact learning of the author, his literary skill, his vivid portraiture of remarkable men, and his judicial temperament, are everywhere apparent.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New edition. Volume V. S-Z. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903-1905.

In previous notices of the several volumes of the present edition, we have considered the general advantages of this work in its older and its newer form; its acceptance as on the whole the most useful dictionary within its limited field; and also its drawbacks—such as the absence of readily found dates of birth and death; the absence, in many of the new notices, of that useful feature, the tabulated names of the artist's works; the frequently slight modification of inadequate old notices, especially with regard to the giants of the Continental schools; the unduly enthusiastic and disproportionate character of notices given to Englishmen of recent times. To all this should be added, now, the absence of any system of headlines or running-titles, or catch-words at the top of the page, so that when you reach a six-page notice you have to turn over leaves backward and forward and run your finger down the columns to find the title-word—the proper name—which should be as easy to locate as a term in a common English dictionary. The many inserted plates increase this hindrance to ready consultation.

When at the proper place, we noted that Ruskin, introduced as art reformer and not as painter or engraver, had a long notice, while the greatest art critics known, though mentioned as painters, had scarce a dozen lines devoted to their critical work, or even none at all. To this may be added, now, that Philip Gilbert Hamerton, most patient and useful of popular instructors in art-matters, but also most prosaic and unstimulating of critics, has a very proper, a most judicious notice; while the brilliant and profound R. A. M. Stevenson (though an exhibiting painter, too, and though he died in 1900) is not granted a line. And why is the author of 'Etching and Etchers' called George Philip Hamerton? Neither the notice in Bryan, nor the very full one in the great Dictionary of National Biography, gives this as an original form of his name; nor does it receive attention in Hamerton's Autobiography and Memoir. And Sir Joseph Archer Crowe—if art critics like Ruskin and Hamerton are admitted, why not also that benefactor of his kind?

In considering the fifth and concluding volume it will be well to call attention to the point which has been noted by many writers in American journals—the absence from the Dictionary of notices of American artists whose names would naturally be looked for. Only a few can be given here of the long list of names which we have prepared for comparison with the columns of Bryan. The date after each name is the date of death. Men who have died too recently for mention are not given, *e. g.*, Robert F. Blum, who died in the same year that the first volume was published. Noticeably absent, then, are the names of George A. Baker, 1880; Daniel C. Beard, 1900; James H. Beard, 1893; William Bradford, 1892; J. F. Cropsey, 1900; A. B. Durand, 1886; Wyatt Eaton, 1896; George Fuller, 1884; W. Hamilton Gibson, 1896; James

M. Hart, 1901; William Hart, 1894; W. S. Haseltine, 1900; Thomas Hovenden, 1895; George Inness, 1894; George C. Lambdin, 1896; Jervis McEntee, 1891; Homer D. Martin, 1897; Theodore Robinson, 1896; J. H. Twachtman, 1902; and A. H. Wyant, 1892. Obviously it is not practicable to include in one alphabetical list an essay on each and every painter and engraver whose name is known to well-informed students of art. Obviously every one who consults this Dictionary must judge for himself how far the numerous omissions are reasonable; and the editor of the new Bryan might say that he did not pretend to completeness in such an outlying painter's field as the United States. Still, it is the critic's part to point out the omissions, and such names as Fuller, Inness, McEntee, Martin, Robinson, and Wyant at least would seem to claim a place in every dictionary of artists. The question should be put to every future editor of such a book, Can you afford to dispense with an assistant editor for the United States?

If a similar overhauling of the great French school be made, not so many omissions would appear, not so much complete ignoring of the strong men; the method adopted with them in order to save room for the Englishmen and the Italians is to give to the recent Frenchmen only a very few words. Thus, while some painters, and especially some engravers, of great worth and renown are left without notice, this is less surprising than that a twenty-line notice should be given to Jean-Charles Cazin or to Thomas Couture; and as to the space, hardly longer, allowed Charles François Daubigny, does our editor really think him inferior, as a landscape painter, to John Constable, who is allowed two columns? Or Diaz, with one-third of a column, does he deserve only one-twelfth of the space allowed to Albert Moore? Or take Paul Huet: if the scale of the Dictionary allows him only about 200 words, what are we to think of the space, six times as great, allowed one who was hardly a working painter at all, Sir Charles Eastlake? One is driven to the conclusion that the book has been prepared for British students; and that the British student recognizes as of full rank among painters only those of the Revival and the following years in Italy, and his own countrymen of the British Isles. So it is that in Volume V. admirable work has been done on the lives and works of those early Italian painters of whom much that is new has been discovered. The preface to this volume names many of them. The other Italian men, better known but never known enough, Signorelli, Tiepolo, and Leonardo da Vinci, have been selected for careful study, and the article on Titian is notable for its discretion and its selection of material from the vast store accessible. So, among the Englishmen, Turner is the subject of a faultless article, much too short except for its long lists of special works. Of Whistler there is excellent criticism and an exhaustive catalogue, and the article on George Frederick Watts is full, and errs only in that exaggerated praise, that constantly recurring note of admiration, which it is natural for a friend (in this case Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the historian of *Punch*) to use when treating of the abundant and striking work of his friend so recently dead.

The conclusion must be that the great new Dictionary is not well and strongly edited; that no proportionate scale has been maintained; that there are unaccountable omissions, and still more unaccountable shortcomings in the treatment of some of the greatest personalities in art; and that the book is insular beyond belief. In spite of all that, it is still the most useful dictionary of painters we have, and also a relatively good dictionary of engravers.

William Hickling Prescott. By Harry Thurston Peck. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

A new life of Prescott should give emphatic reasons for its existence, and this is afforded in one side of Professor Peck's biography. His view of Prescott strictly as a writer—his description of his methods of working, the gradual improvement of his style, the general character and comparative value of his successive histories—is concise, clear, and judicious. The chapter on the 'Conquest of Mexico,' the criticisms it has undergone, and its permanent value, is excellent.

We may equally praise the account of Prescott's reception in England. But, with this slight exception, the account of Prescott as a man is far from satisfactory. It is instinct with what it is greatly to be feared the author would call "modernity." He seems wholly incapable of liking or even of understanding Puritans, or the descendants of Puritans. The Prescott race no doubt was not conformed to the image which that name ordinarily suggests; but they and their children—the soldier, the judge, the writer—were all born with the Puritan sensitiveness of conscience. It was this that converted the last of the trio, with every imaginable excuse, external or internal, for idleness, into one of the hardest workers of his time; it was this that made him sternly control, if he did not eradicate, a number of very harmless and even amusing weaknesses. Professor Peck, however, seems to set little value on this discipline of conscience. He is full of the decadent doctrine that any man, to be truly lovable, must have a strong "human" (*i. e.*, vicious) element. He is really sorry that the historian of Cortez suppresses an unsavory incident which affects the story in an infinitesimal degree. He ascribes this truly to Prescott's innate purity of mind (p. 144), which he calls "interesting," "delicate," "sensitive," instead of falling down in awe before it as he ought. On the contrary, he insists on reading between the lines of Prescott's early life, and inferring that Prescott must have been "human"—in other words, dissipated—in a passage which may serve as a model of what inferential analysis of a man's life ought not to be (p. 29).

The introductory chapter, on the literary history of the country, is, to say the least, eccentric. Surely, when he settles Bryant prematurely in New York, Mr. Peck knows that "Thanatopsis" first appeared (a fragment, it is true) in the *North American Review*, and that Bryant, wherever he lived, was a Yankee pure and simple. There are a variety of other peculiar statements; perhaps the most flagrant is saying that Scott dictated the 'Bride of Lammermoor' to Lockhart (p. 86). "Oxford," of course, is the usual term employed by Americans for either English University (p. 3).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Modern Bridge. By "Slam." Longmans. 90 cents net.
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The Week.

National pride is naturally flattered by the selection of Washington as the seat of the Peace Conference, and the compliment implied is the more acceptable in that it places in a clear light the absolute impartiality of this nation, and shows a confidence that President Roosevelt's act was based on altruistic motives. It is, indeed, seldom that a mediatory overture is of so frankly disinterested a character. Those observers who fear to find in the step which the President took in his personal capacity as Chief of State a warrant for his more dubious Central American activities, simply fail to make obvious discriminations. Under the Hague convention a purely pacific mediation is never to be construed as an offensive act. As a measure of sheer humanity, to prevent bloodshed, it is at the antipodes of all steps a nation may take to secure its real or imaginary interests abroad. Magnanimity has laws of its own, and the President is as much to be commended for his sane disregard of precedent in this matter, as he is to be condemned for covering aggressions in the past under a casuistical plea of the general welfare. As for the time of the conference, September will seem to many too far away. Yet unless the plenipotentiaries were to be selected among diplomats already in Europe or America, the details could hardly be arranged for an earlier day. The postponement makes an armistice seem more than ever a necessary prerequisite of peace—and less likely.

If President Roosevelt succeeds in extricating the various Government departments from the tangle of red tape in which they now labor, he will have accomplished one of the most signal and important reforms in the history of the civil service. In his letter of instruction to the very excellent committee appointed to carry out his plans, the President has certainly put his finger on the weak points in our present system. The tendency to regard properly docketed papers as ends in themselves, the needless multiplication of letter-writing and the making of official reports, the preposterous overpayment of some grades of work and the under-payment of others, are all things which a railroad company or manufacturing concern would long ago have regulated in the mere interests of economy. The chief criticism to be made regarding nearly all Government work is not that it is badly done, but that it is needlessly slow and expensive. Dr. Carl R. Fish points out in his recent book, 'The Civil Service and Patronage,' that the Government service attracted, in the heyday of the spoils system, a class of political adventurers who, however unstable and unreliable, often had rather unusual capacity if they cared to use it. These, he says, have been succeeded in the classified service by a steadier but less showy class, who are attracted by steady, moderate incomes, short working hours, and certainty of employment. Washington is full of minor officials whose mastery of detail and understanding of conditions is prodigious, yet who have lost completely the power of initiative. Their inevitable tendency is to cling to the familiarized routine, and there is an element of truth in the common reproach that the Government clerk's constant thought is to make two men's work where only one was before. This evil is far more pervasive than departmental graft, and it may be predicted that systematic efforts at improvement will meet more stolid and obstinate opposition than the probing of actual scandals.

In its haste to obey Presidential instructions and "make the dirt fly," the new Panama Canal Commission, or its engineer, Mr. Wallace, has blundered very seriously. The first bids to be called for were those for dredging Colon Harbor. The Commission issued specifications on May 23, announcing that no bids were to be received after June 15, thus allowing only twenty-three days in which a contractor might go to Colon, get data—which after a year and a half's work the engineers were unable to supply—return to this country, and put in a bid. *No boring results, soundings, or surveys* were given to prospective bidders. Bids were asked for the removal of coral rock, clay, and sand and mud. As no quantities were given until June 9, six days before the bids were to be opened, it was impossible for any contractor to put in a bid, as this had to be accompanied by a bond for 10 per cent. of the work, and a security of 20 per cent. of the entire contract. Since the quantities were withheld until June 9, certain bonding companies refused to make any arrangements, particularly as the contract was to go to the lowest bidder on all three kinds of material.

By what appears to be a regular dispensation, whenever the President initiates a policy Mr. Taft makes a speech. For example, it is known that the President, writing to Secretary Metcalf, has commented in severe terms on the recent outragous treatment of Chinese by the inspectors of immigration; and Mr. Taft, speaking at the commencement of Miami University, gives an inkling of the terms Mr. Roosevelt may have employed. Touching the recent detention and annoyance of educated Chinese, Mr. Taft asked:

> "Is it just that, for the purpose of excluding or preventing perhaps one hundred Chinese coolies from slipping into this country against the law, we should subject an equal number of Chinese merchants and students of high character to an examination of such an inquisitorial, humiliating, insulting, and physicially uncomfortable character as to discourage altogether the coming of merchants and students? One of the great commercial prizes of the world is the trade with the four hundred million Chinese. Ought we to throw away the advantage which we have by reason of Chinese natural friendship for us, and continue to enforce an unjustly severe law, and thus create in the Chinese mind a disposition to boycott American trade and to drive our merchants from Chinese shores, simply because we are afraid that we may some time lose the approval of certain unreasonable and extreme popular leaders of California and other Coast States?"

The gist of the matter is in the last words. Because a few people of demagogical importance hate all Chinese and believe that it is impossible to tell a mandarin from a coolie, both belonging to a slippery race, our whole nation treats all incoming Chinese as potential criminals. Against this policy humanity and trade interest combine; and in fighting this ugly parochialism, and trying to bring Americans to think nationally on a matter of national interest, the President and Mr. Taft may count upon the support of all good citizens. The worst abuses, be it said, admit of prompt executive remedy through a modification of the regulations and practice of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The meeting of the New York Civic Federation on Monday led to one of the most intelligent and illuminating discussions of the immigration question that we have had for some time. Such facts as were dwelt upon by the speakers ought to have the widest possible circulation, for they offset much of the hysterical talk of danger from foreign immigration. Thus, it was pointed out that, while the aggregate number of arrivals in the last few years has been unprecedented, it has meant relatively a much smaller infiltration of aliens into our population than in the days when foreign immigration is conceded to have been of benefit to the country. In the decade from 1851 to 1860, every thousand residents of this country had the task of assimilating 110 foreigners. In the ten years ending in 1900, however, the immigrants numbered only 59 to ea[illegible] thousand of natives. By way of contrast, at the same meeting a demand was formulated for the exclusion of Japanese, a curious corollary to the admira-

tion which Japan's victories have excited here. It was made, too, on the very day when in China meetings of students and of commercial guilds were discussing means for rendering their boycott of American goods more effective. The two items throw into high relief our preposterous policy of seeking extended markets in Oriental countries at the same time that we subject their citizens to oppressive and humiliating restrictions here.

Judge De Haven's action, in the Federal District Court of Oregon, in overruling the demurrer entered by Senator Mitchell's counsel and sustaining his indictment, opens the way to obtaining light upon the public land frauds. A list recently compiled by the officials of the Land Office shows that seventy-four persons have at various times been indicted for complicity in land frauds in Oregon and California. Of these, six have been tried and convicted, including Senator Mitchell's law partner, Albert H. Tanner, who was charged with perjury. The other five included three land dealers and two men who were merely tools. The cases of John A. Benson, Frederick A. Hyde, Harry P. Diamond, and J. T. Schneider of San Francisco, who were indicted for wholesale manipulations under the "Forest Reserve" law, must soon come to trial in Washington. Their last card was played when, a few weeks ago, the Supreme Court denied a writ of habeas corpus applied for by Hyde and Diamond. With the ousting of Binger Hermann from the Commissionership of the General Land Office a new spirit seems to have pervaded the Interior Department. Just twenty years ago President Cleveland's proclamation, calling upon the authorities to enforce a recently passed anti-fencing bill, was issued, but for twenty years the law has been coolly disregarded. Now the recent indictment of R. M. Allen, manager of the Standard Cattle Company of Nebraska, for the unlawful fencing of public lands has alarmed the grafters. A vigorous prosecution of the Mitchell case will go far toward convincing them and the public that the official attitude toward the land grabbers has really changed.

The past two years have been notable for the disappearance of the United States, at first gradual, then rapid, from the ranks of important wheat-exporters. The Government's returns for May show an export of wheat, in both grain and flour, amounting to 4,000,000 bushels; as lately as May, 1902, they were 15,800,000. The total wheat and flour exports since the harvest of 1904 have been the smallest of any year in our history since 1872. Expert opinion has veered to the belief that our place as a wheat-exporter can never be regained, the three reasons commonly assigned being loss of their early productiveness by the older wheat lands; diversion of the lands to other more profitable purposes, as rural communities grow into urban; and rapid increase in home consumption as our population increases. The past year's experience has actually proved that a crop which would have been deemed very large ten years ago, is now insufficient to feed our people and leave a surplus. But last year's 552,000,000-bushel harvest was small compared with the 727,000,000-bushel yield of 1901; the margin between the two would provide for a very respectable export trade. The test of the coming season will be extremely interesting, because the grain trade has figured out already, from the Government's acreage and condition estimates, an "indicated" crop of some 700,000,000 bushels. June indications are a precarious basis for expectations; it is the two subsequent months which really try the fertility of the soil. Nevertheless, the event should throw light on the country's future place in the grain-exporting world.

From Gov. Folk of Missouri we have come to expect nothing but strenuousness. His order, therefore, to the sheriff of St. Louis County to arrest all who violate the law by betting on horse races, is merely part of a daily routine. In a State as devoted to horses, horse-racing, and betting on horse races as Missouri is, Gov. Folk's firmness will cause both inconvenience and pain; but the Legislature has passed the statute, and the Governor purposes to enforce it even if he has to call out the militia. Gov. Herrick of Ohio has just declared his purpose to start a movement against professional lobbying. "The professional lobbyist," he asserts, "is a criminal. We must do more than arrest, we must exterminate him." This is excellent, although the Governor is aiming a deadly blow at one of the most profitable and best-protected industries of Ohio. In Milwaukee the grand jury meets this week for what the dispatches describe as a "graft-hunt"; and all the small politicians and contractors are running to cover. The Mayors' Association of Connecticut has just held its annual meeting and discussed the troublesome question of Sunday liquor selling. Whether the State will be any dryer than heretofore, no one yet knows. Connecticut, as the world learned in the recent contest for a United States Senatorship, is a land whose steady habits are often bad. But Bishop Brewster has recently spoken in condemnation of immorality in politics, and the ferment started by the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth may be still working.

The spectacle of the men who ruled Philadelphia autocratically a few months ago, now hurrying to secure bail in anticipation of arrest, is indeed noteworthy. That city, in fact, now knows a good many things about its rulers that it had hitherto only suspected. It came out in court last week that Israel W. Durham, State Senator McNichol, and his wife owned, between them, eleven-twelfths of the stock of the contracting firm in whose interest lower bids on the great filtration plant were thrown out under the Ashbridge administration. Mayor Weaver has promptly followed up this revelation by suspending work on these contracts and ordering a thorough investigation of all their phases. The very boldness of the plunderers appears to have made possible an exposure that leaves no excuse for doubt or question. Thus, the United Gas Improvement Company was so careless about covering its tracks that it had charged up to "permanent improvements" such items as candles, lamp wicks, and soap. We may look forward, then, to the results of probing the filtration contract, with the expectation that it will disprove even the poor boast of downtrodden Philadelphia that its ring was the shrewdest and most resourceful of any in America.

The refusal of Justice Warren B. Hooker to resign and thus save the State from an extra session of the Legislature will excite no sympathy for Chairman Odell and the Republican machinists. They are responsible for elevating to the bench a man of Hooker's character; and, now that his rascality has been made public, they must suffer for their alliance with him. In Hooker himself no sense of decency is to be looked for. A man who will defraud the Federal Government will cling up to the last minute to his salary as justice. He will stay till he is kicked out, in the desperate hope that, by fair means or foul, a third of the Legislature may be won over to his side. If the Legislature meets and, in the face of the evidence already presented, fails to retire Hooker, the Republican party will be badly damaged. Hooker's close personal relations with Odell in times past have been matters of common talk. Under such circumstances anything short of summary punishment for Hooker will be regarded as an exertion of political influence to keep a tainted judge in office.

The agreement concluded between Mr. Ryan and the three voting trustees provides that Equitable Life directors shall hereafter consist of twenty-eight policyholders and twenty-four "lawfully eligible persons," not necessarily policyholders. Every Equitable policyholder is invited to express to the trustees his suggestions for the first-named class of directors. In their discretion, the trustees may decide to confer on policyholders the right to a direct and conclusive

vote for such twenty-eight members of the board. No precise method of obtaining this vote is prescribed. The trustees, after such "mutualization," shall continue to vote in their own discretion for the twenty-four remaining directors. In case of death or resignation of any of the three trustees, he is to be replaced by vote of the survivors. The trust agreement is to be renewed and continued "as long as the trustees shall deem advisable." A provision of some importance is, that "no vote shall be cast upon said stock, for any purpose, except with the unanimous approval of the trustees." It will be seen that, on the face of the agreement, the plan of partial mutualization is for the present safeguarded. But it must also be observed that the agreement makes as yet no sure provision for the longer future

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The defects of the plan, as of the "mutualization" scheme to which Mr. Hyde agreed last Feburary, are, first, that it makes no provision whereby the policyholders' wishes may be effectively ascertained; second, that it leaves a strong probability of the Society being really managed by the compact majority of twenty-four directors chosen in behalf of the stock, and, third, that confidence based on the personality of any or all of the present voting trustees is dependent on a life-time. In other words, it appears to us, as it has appeared from the start, that the crux of the whole matter is the stock ownership. The agreement with the trustees makes no reference to a purpose of transferring the stock eventually to the company. Indeed, it describes the plan of electing twenty-eight directors through policyholders' vote as "the consummation of said plan for the mutualization of the Society." For ourselves, we cannot so regard it. Even Mr. Hyde's proposition of four months ago was that "if the board, upon such consideration, determines to retire the stock, I shall cheerfully coöperate in the change in any way which has due regard to the rights and equities of both stockholders and policyholders." Mr. Ryan can hardly do less than repeat this pledge. By his own formal statement, he, as the sole purchaser of Hyde's 502 shares of stock, occupies precisely Hyde's former position. It must not be forgotten that the situation involved by single ownership was the cause of the Equitable's troubles.

The Fourth of July racket is beginning somewhat earlier than usual this year. Independence Day is still twelve days ahead, and yet in some streets the din of explosives already keeps up throughout the day and evening. Therefore the invoking of a new section of the Penal Code against a dealer in fireworks who sold a noise-making contrivance that ultimately destroyed a boy's eye, is an item of great interest. It goes without saying that, so long as the authorities permit fireworks to be discharged in our streets, the vending of them is in itself an entirely lawful and legitimate business. Yet, if regulation is to be attempted, the shopkeeper is the man most easily reached. For one thing, he has a definite place of business and can be found, while the small boy who makes the trouble is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. Besides, the doctrine that the buyer assumes all risk is ludicrous when the buyer is an irresponsible urchin, anxious only to produce as startling effects as possible for as few pennies as possible. Whatever may be said of the orgy of noise on the glorious Fourth itself, it is certainly proper that everything possible should be done to suppress wanton noise-making in the long weeks that precede the holiday.

If it was not given to Maximo Gomez, as to Garcia, to aid the Americans when they landed near Santiago; it was to him that the Americans turned for aid when the Spanish evacuated Havana, and the assistance he then rendered was of far greater value. Thanks to his advice, the Cubans were content to pass through a period of probation; thanks largely to him, the Wood régime came to an end without any public mutterings against that unpopular governor. In return for his services, both the temporary government and the present republic showed themselves grateful by granting large enough sums to make the General's old age more than comfortable—he had sacrificed a considerable fortune in the course of his warring. But this was not necessary to make him throw his weight for peace and internal order. He had had his stomachful of fighting, and he no longer enjoyed friction even of a purely political sort. Up to very recently he had stood, with all his great influence, behind President Palma. Latterly, it was reported that he, too, had grown uneasy over the responsiveness of President Palma to American influences, and there was in consequence some discussion of his name as an Opposition candidate to succeed his friend. His death has interfered with any such schemes. That Gomez would, in any case, have given his consent to any serious opposition to the United States is incredible, for he was quite conscious of the fact that not even his dogged courage and grim determination could have overthrown Spanish tyranny without aid from the United States, first given by individuals and later by the army and navy.

A quarrel on a point of personal dignity seldom is settled on a basis of severe logic, so one may welcome the rumored compromise of the dispute between Berlin and Paris by the calling of a Moroccan conference formal enough to please the Kaiser, but innocuous enough not to displease Premier Rouvier. It appears that Rouvier has assented "in principle" to an international conference, and that Bülow has promised that the congress shall do nothing to impair the Anglo-French agreement. Since that treaty practically has established the lines of Moroccan policy, not only as regards France and England, but also with respect to the world at large, it is evident that an international conference called under the conditions aforesaid would practically have nothing more to do than to ratify the Anglo-French agreement and adjourn. On the other hand, such rather empty proceedings would at least give to Germany that recognition as a Mediterranean Power for which the Kaiser has been contending, and, in case of any weakening of the French-English arrangement, might serve as a precedent for considering the Sherif as the ward of Europe. Since Germany has had excellent success in treating the present "Sick Man of the East," she desires to have the entrée to the equally promising invalid who occupies uneasily the throne of the Moorish Empire. Whether Germany's apparent diplomatic triumph has not been too dearly bought is an open question. Since the Kaiser's speech at Tangier, who can be certain where the mailed fist will next be brandished? The Moroccan affair may very well increase the growing isolation of Germany.

The paradox that reigns in things Russian is illustrated by the contrast between the official attempt to prevent the sitting of the Zemstvo Congress at Moscow and the cordial reception of its delegates at Tsarskoe-Selo on Monday. The Czar not only welcomed the delegates most heartily, but assured them that he counted on their aid in repairing the damage of the war, and, more particularly, promised that "the admission of elected representatives to works of state would be regularly accomplished." He added, "I watch every day and devote myself to this work." And now one may only hope that the generous wishes expressed to the Moscow zemstvoists may become effective. As yet conflicting reports of the peace negotiations, frequent changes in the Ministry of the Interior, and the revival of the Third Section, forbid one to assert that the time of hesitation is over, and that single-minded counsels prevail at St. Petersburg. But, with all these doubts, the "well done" of humanity will go to the Czar for his clear-cut admission of the honorable and necessary aims of the reformers, and for his promise of a representative assembly. Merely to speak such words is a pledge of action, if only on the familiar principle that we sometimes are what we seem to ourselves—*possunt quia posse videntur.*

LABOR AND GRAFT.

The venality of the Chicago labor leaders, as revealed in the current dispatches, surprises nobody. Of late we have supped so full of tales of graft, from the highest finance to the lowest, that news of another walking delegate gone wrong stirs but languid interest. The case of John C. Driscoll, "strike-settling expert," parallels in many features the cases of Parks and Weinseimer of New York. Driscoll admits that in the last five years he has settled some four hundred strikes, large and small, and that he has paid out about $50,000 of employers' money in doing so. These payments, of course, have been made to chieftains in the various unions. Apparently, the presidency of a labor union is in its way a good thing.

The methods of Driscoll were exquisitely simple. According to his own confession, the strike of the clothing makers was a cheap affair, costing only about $500. W. T. Brownridge, president of the National Wholesale Tailors' Association, handed the money to Driscoll, with instructions to "go ahead and fix the labor people." Driscoll accordingly "squared the trouble all right." During the strike of the bakers against the National Biscuit Company, Driscoll was offered various sums of money by the employers if he would keep the teamsters out of the controversy. He turned over some money—he doesn't remember how much—to the officials of the local unions. The result was that the teamsters saw no great moral principle involved; they let the bakers go it alone, and the strike was broken. In the strike of cooks and waiters in 1903 the strikers wanted the teamsters to refuse to carry coal and other supplies to the hotels and restaurants, but the Hotel and Restaurant Keepers' Association raised $500 for Driscoll. As Driscoll himself phrases it, "If it had not been for my influence there would have been plenty of trouble." Frank Rea, business agent of the Commission Wagon Drivers' Union, said Driscoll, "got $5,000 out of the stockyards strike last summer." Naturally, Driscoll had considerable respect for Rea's ability; certain other leaders he contemptuously designated as "a cheap bunch."

Another man who did not belong to the "cheap bunch" was Albert Young of the Coal Teamsters' Union. In the affair involving Young, J. C. Roth, manager of the Great Northern Hotel, proved to be an "easy mark." He paid $1,000 because the coal teamsters, during the engineers' strike, threatened to shut off the coal. Driscoll handled the money, and the officials of the union pocketed it. There was, as Driscoll learned afterwards, never any danger of a strike, although Albert Young and his associates frightened Mr. Roth into believing that there was.

A further detail of Driscoll's operations is worthy of note. One of his important duties as a strike-settling expert was to employ a good healthy "wrecking crew." This crew would, when policy demanded, attack non-union workmen. But with equal zest and impartiality it would, under orders, maim or kill a union man himself, one of the Lord's anointed. If a labor leader had received money to settle a strike, but was unable to persuade his followers to give up, he had recourse to the wrecking crew. "There was," asserts Driscoll, "many a strike picket who suffered when a labor official, without being able to call off a strike, had given his tacit consent to the 'clearing of the alleys.'" To continue in Driscoll's own words:

> "After the union leaders had been 'fixed,' we started at it. 'Clearing the alleys' means putting out of business the pickets who may have had orders to prevent teamsters from driving loads to struck houses. We didn't pay any attention to those orders, because we had the wink from the union officials. I had men to see that the alleys were cleared, and if the pickets didn't obey the instructions of my 'wrecking' crew, they had their blocks [heads] knocked off."

This is, we believe, as low a depth of treachery as any labor leader has yet plumbed—not only to sell out your followers, but to deliver them over to the violence of your own hired thugs.

Even Driscoll had his code of honor. He indignantly denied that he had ever "given money to start strikes or to manipulate them in certain ways." In the New York building trades, be it remembered, the ethical code was not so exacting. If a construction company was having difficulty in completing a contract on time, the simple remedy was to pay a labor leader a suitable fee, have a strike called on the work, and then offer the strike as excuse for the failure. A convenient way, also, to clear your rivals out of the alleys here in New York was to knock their blocks off by persuading their men to strike. In fine, the field for the activities of a strike expert in any large city is practically boundless. To quote again the precious words of Mr. Driscoll, "the game of labor commissioner, one to which few men are adapted," is "perfectly legitimate in view of the rotten condition of the labor market."

Nothing is easier than to denounce the baseness of men like Parks, Weinseimer, and Driscoll. They are the real enemies to labor unions; compared with them, the various associations of employers, formed in every part of the country to fight unionism, are positively friendly. For the Parkses and the Driscolls cast discredit upon the whole movement with which they are identified; they throw suspicion upon every strike, and give color to the sweeping accusation that all labor leaders are blackmailers. No strike, as experience has proved again and again, can succeed unless it win public sympathy. In Chicago, however, these confessions and recriminations will for a long time make it impossible for any union to command popular support unless it is protesting against some extraordinary and palpable injustice. The cause of downtrodden labor, as the eloquent agitators term it, has received a smashing blow.

But Driscoll and the "cheap bunch" whom he "squared" from time to time are not the only actors in this sordid tragedy. From Driscoll and his rabble one cannot expect high intelligence and a delicate sense of propriety. They were out for ill-gotten gain as frankly as any vulgar stock-jobber. Back of them stand eminent business men, who cannot plead as excuse either poverty, ignorance, or criminal training. For every blackmailer there is a man who will pay blackmail; for every bribe-taker, a bribe-giver. It takes two to make a corrupt bargain as well as an honest one. Driscoll could, according to his own admission, have accomplished nothing had it not been for the kindly coöperation of W. T. Brownridge, once president of the National Wholesale Tailors' Association, certain officers of the National Biscuit Company, J. C. Roth of the Great Northern Hotel, and others of equal standing. These gentlemen, models of commercial integrity, joined hands with an avowed corruptionist in a conspiracy against both labor and capital.

THE PAUL MORTON CASE.

It is now officially admitted that Judson Harmon and Frederick N. Judson, the two distinguished lawyers employed by the Government to investigate the giving of rebates by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, have withdrawn from the case because of dissatisfaction with the attitude of the Attorney-General. Put in plain language, they have declined to continue their researches because they consider that the Government, by not giving them a free hand, has broken its faith with them. The bone of contention is Paul Morton, whose service as Secretary of the Navy terminates in another week. It is understood that Messrs. Judson and Harmon—the latter a warm friend of Mr. Morton's father, with whom Mr. Harmon sat in President Cleveland's second Cabinet—wish to prosecute Mr. Morton for giving secret rebates, and that the exponents of the "square deal" at Washington are not in favor of this procedure.

Since the Attorney-General, Mr. Moody, is now trying to come to an agreement with Messrs. Judson and Harmon upon some form of statement, we have no desire to prejudge either his action or that of Mr. Roosevelt. The hour has, however, come to present the facts in this case precisely as they are, and review without bias the actual charges against Mr. Morton. It is hardly neces-

sary to do more than point out that the incident is fraught with danger for a President who has justly acquired of late a very enviable renown for his readiness to prosecute not merely the "bad" Trusts, but all corporation offenders. His zeal in this direction has made him appear to thousands upon thousands of citizens a knightly defender of the rights of the people, ready to break innumerable lances in their behalf upon the armor of the Trusts and corrupt public-service corporations. If it should appear, therefore, that he was unwilling to expose a member of his own official family to deserved punishment, the disappointment in him would be widespread and great. Not even his well-known loyalty to his friends would excuse a failure to deliver Mr. Morton to the prosecuting authorities and the courts. It would, moreover, increase the doubts as to his earnestness in fighting for the rate-making power which are apparent in diverse quarters since the practical admission that there is to be no extra session of Congress for that purpose.

In his statement of Thursday Mr. Moody admits that there is a "point of difference" between his investigators and himself. But there can be no difference of opinion as to what Mr. Morton's offences were, because they were proved by his own testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission. His statements and those of other officials who were concerned led to such an outburst of protests from the entire West that there was nothing for the Government to do except to proceed with a view to punishing the guilty. Testifying before the Commission in Washington on December 19, 1901, in regard to a certain contract, Mr. Morton said, under oath: "Yes, sir, it was an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew it." A year previously this same witness had said to the Commission: "I think the corporation should be fined whenever it grants a rebate, and the shipper should be fined and forced to disgorge what he had received." A year later, in 1902, this same Paul Morton, then vice-president of the Santa Fé, was in especial charge of freight traffic. His subordinate, W. P. Biddle, freight-traffic manager of the Santa Fé, admitted last January on the witness stand that he had given a rebate on coal shipped by a certain company. Mr. Morton openly defended his subordinate, saying: "What Mr. Biddle did was exactly right in my judgment. Everybody did just as we did, and they had to, or go out of business." Commissioner Prouty characterized this action as "a barefaced violation of the law."

But these samples of Mr. Morton's unblushing activity as a law-breaker do not complete the indictment. In 1902, his brothers, Joy and Mark Morton, owned a salt mill in Hutchinson, Kansas, part of the Trust known as the Hutchinson-Kansas Salt Company, which decided to freeze out its independent competitors by obtaining special freight rates. The Mortons were the men of the hour; they had previously built sidetracks and switches less than a mile in length, to connect their mill with the Atchison and the Rock Island Railroads. Joy and Mark Morton sold to themselves these sidings for $8,000, and formed the Hutchinson and Arkansas River Railroad Company. Without being possessed of a single car or a locomotive, they applied to Brother Paul for a traffic agreement—and got it. A few months later this fake railroad received $15,301.39 as its share of the freight rates, although the salt from the Morton mill was "billed in the same way, was taken out by the same engine, was transported in exactly the same manner, as it had been." Thanks to this clever scheme, the Morton mill had an obvious advantage over the independent mills.

Now, to allow such a plain violation of the law to escape punishment would be bad enough from the point of view of the Administration, but it would be even worse from that of the people. It would confirm a very widespread belief, particularly strong in the West, that a corporation rascal can escape every time where a small thief gets a long term in jail. Our Hydes and Alexanders go scot free after abusing their positions of trust; it is the Equitable clerk who steals $27,000 of the policyholders' money who finds himself in jail. As we have frequently pointed out, all the Trust prosecutions in the world will not reach the real evil if the men behind them, those who violate the laws, grant rebates, take unfair advantages or corrupt public officials, are to go free. When that eagerly desired day comes on which a corporation officer goes to jail for something less than cracking a safe, the common people will begin to feel that there is, after all, justice in America, and that the law is at last catching up with the new type of law-breaker whom District Attorney Jerome described so well last week. Mr. Jerome cannot make his correspondents believe that the acts of men in the management of the Equitable differ essentially from those of Larry Summerfield, confidence man. Mr. Moody will have to exert all his great ability to make such honest if out-of-date people appreciate his reason for differing with Messrs. Judson and Harmon as to his duty to prosecute the avowed law-breaker Morton, associate of Presidents and financiers.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

To understand the recent outbreak against Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons and to judge the reiterated charges of bad faith brought against him by Unionist journals like the *Spectator*, one must examine his attitude towards the proposed colonial conference on the fiscal question. Mr. Chamberlain, in his famous Birmingham speech, assuming that the colonies all desired a closer union, urged that a conference should be called to fix a basis for Imperial reciprocity. He held, practically, that only by this means could Parliament at once learn the depth of Imperial sentiment and secure a mandate for specific legislation. Amplifying this idea, Mr. Balfour has always maintained that, until the colonial conference should meet, Imperial reciprocity, while regarded by the Government with benevolent expectancy, was not and should not be a party policy, nor even a subject of Parliamentary comment. This view that the fiscal question had no immediate importance, Mr. Balfour has carried so far as to require the majority to leave the House whenever that issue is raised by the Opposition.

Moreover, he had formulated his programme of fiscal Fabianism in the now famous promise of two elections: first, the country was to vote whether or not it desired to call a colonial conference on the preferential plan; next, it was to vote on any recommendations such a conference might make. At this project of reciprocity by stages Mr. Chamberlain has always looked askance. He has expected to be beaten on an appeal to the constituencies, but to come in triumphantly, after a short interval, over the bodies of the demoralized Liberals. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, has assumed that he could win the next two elections, and his determination to resign before he so much as called a conference has given a certain logical color to his otherwise grotesque contention that the most discussed matter of the day is of no immediate concern to Parliament.

But when Mr. Balfour promised not to call an especial conference before a general election, he had clean forgot that there was a regular colonial conference, adjourned since 1902, which would naturally convene in 1906. To let this regular meeting of colonial premiers slip his mind was, if strange, at least explicable. The conference of 1902, which passed mild resolutions recommending Imperial reciprocity, has been, in a sense, Mr. Chamberlain's private affair; it had been of rather little importance in the public eye until Mr. Chamberlain had magnified its amiable endorsement of his schemes into an urgent mandate. But once the conference of 1906 was recalled to Mr. Balfour's mind, what was he to do about it? By obtaining a reëlection before it convened he might fairly accept its decision in lieu of that of a special conference. Otherwise, he was bound either not to call the stated meeting or to exclude the fiscal issue from its deliberations. It was at

this point that Mr. Balfour's way became devious: far be it from him either to fail to call the regular conference, or to limit in any way the topics which might come before the representatives of free British colonies.

It was this decision, or the credible rumor of it, that let loose pandemonium in the usually decorous House. On all sides it was felt that Mr. Balfour had proposed a game of "heads I win, tails you lose." For of what avail would it be to promise that the next election should turn merely on the question of convening a colonial conference *ad hoc*, if meantime the regular conference of 1906 should make a vigorous pronouncement in favor of the Chamberlain plan? In other words, Mr. Balfour was suspected, and justly, of maintaining his attitude of philosophic doubt on fiscal matters only until circumstances should cast the die, and he was roundly charged with postponing the issue for two elections, while fully conscious that the conference of 1906 might automatically and inevitably make the fiscal issue the storm centre of the next election. And, in fact, how could that contest be purged of fiscalism? Speaking before the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, in Albert Hall, June 3, Mr. Balfour thus taunted the Opposition: "Do they mean to treat with contempt the oft-expressed wish of our mighty children—Canada, Australia, South Africa? Do they mean, without examination, without consultation, to reject the overtures that have been made to us?" The very phrases are Mr. Chamberlain's, and when they are repeated by a thousand orators on the hustings after the colonial conference of 1906, it is easy to see what pledges that the fiscal issue cannot enter into the contest will be worth.

It is the sense that Mr. Balfour promises one procedure while confidently expecting to be forced into another, that lends bitterness to charges of bad faith, and utterly deprives of value such pledges as Lord Lansdowne made the other day in the House of Lords. He said that the Government most certainly would not lay before the country any conclusions regarding the fiscal question reached by the colonial conference of 1906. If the Government were returned to power at the next general election, it would summon a special colonial conference to discuss preference, and the conclusions of that special conference would be laid before the country. Here is the familiar dogma of two elections in its full form, subject only to the modification that the conclusions of the colonial conference of 1906 may insist on laying themselves before the country. In which case Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne would be absolved from their promises much as an express company disclaims responsibility for non-delivery due to "the act of God."

How equivocal this attitude is, will be perceived when it is recalled that there is no obligation to convene the conference of 1906; in fact, it would be inexpedient to have it discuss partially and unauthoritatively matters which are to be handled more fully by a special conference representing the entire Empire. First to forget the regular conference completely and then to be willing to use it as a *ballon d'essai* to find how the fiscal wind blows, is more creditable to Mr. Balfour's openmindedness than to his ideals of political fair dealing. The straight course would be either to omit the conference of 1906 or invest it with plenary capacity and go to the country before it meets. As things stand, Mr. Balfour is a good deal in the position of a judge who appoints a trial spin prepared to declare it a genuine race if his favorite wins. The general suspicion that he is not playing fair must hurt him, and the Liberals surely have no occasion to regret a vacillation that may hasten an election on the fiscal issue. The capture of nineteen Unionist constituencies in the past three years, and the regular increase of Liberal majorities in bye-elections, show the prevailing sentiment against protectionism.

GERMANY AND HER SUBJECT RACES.

It is not merely in Southwest Africa and in her other distant colonies that Germany has to deal with subject races. Within her own borders she has been struggling for decades to absorb the French in Alsace-Lorraine, the Danes in Schleswig-Holstein, and the Poles in Prussian Poland. All of these territories came to her through the sword, and, in all, the existing conditions go far to bear out the maxim that war solves no questions. The French are still hoping to become once more a part of the Republic; the Danes, with no expectation of becoming subjects of Denmark, cling obstinately to their language and customs; while among the Poles the desire for a separate nationality is if anything keener than in the days of Kosciusko. It matters not that millions of Poles are Russian and Austrian subjects. The 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 Poles who owe allegiance to the Kaiser, have so obstinately refused to be absorbed that the Government not only finds itself compelled to use force to maintain the German language in the public schools, but has actually spent many millions of marks in an effort to drive out the Poles by acquiring their lands.

How keen this struggle for the soil has been is well described in the *Contemporary Review* for June by Emil Givskov. As his name indicates, this writer's point of view is not that of a Bismarck or a Von Bülow, yet he has not brought out the intense bitterness which this century-old struggle has created in Germany, or pointed out that defection from the Government's policy of gradual expropriation of Polish landowners is all but equivalent to high treason. When it became known the other day that Lieutenant-Colonel von Keszycki, commander of the historic Zieten Hussars, had sold his great estate in Posen to Poles, there was at once an uproar throughout Germany which has seriously endangered that officer's military future. The Nationalist newspapers were particularly furious because this was the third case within a couple of months of such a sale by persons supposedly loyal Germans, who are now accused of selling out their country's interests for thirty pieces of silver. In each of these cases they could have sold their property to the German Land Bank, which represents the nationalization movement, at a slightly smaller price, but their patriotism was not sufficient to make them welcome the sacrifice.

The sharp-witted Poles have not only maintained and extended their positions in Posen and West Prussia, but have actually taken the offensive by purchasing forty large estates in Pomerania. Even in Upper Silesia they are buying and parcelling out great estates. Yet Bismarck, when he began aggressive measures against the Poles by expelling 50,000 Polish laborers, thought he had dealt a staggering blow to the Polish landowners. The resultant scarcity of labor did ruin many holders of large estates, and Bismarck seized the opportunity to appoint a committee on colonization, armed with $20,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring large tracts and reselling them to settlers from other parts of Germany. This committee met at first with great success; but gradually, as the proprietors sold out, they put their money into the Polish land banks, of which there were soon a large number. After a while these banks were able to buy farms for Polish peasants quite as fast as the German committee succeeded in getting estates from the landholding class. When the committee's first twenty millions were expended, it was given twenty, and finally fifty millions additional. By January 1, 1904, it had bought up 405 estates and 226 peasant farms, and an area of 726 square miles. A German population of 49,000 has actually been settled on these lands, one-half of which have been parcelled out for nearly eleven millions of dollars. In addition, the committee has built 25 churches, 17 chapels, 24 dwelling houses for the clergy, 177 schools, 191 municipal and 497 private buildings, among them many inns.

Impressive as this showing undoubtedly is, Mr. Givskov is able to offset it by a few official figures. Thus, while the Germans, in the years 1896 to 1901, parcelled out 7,828 estates, containing 617,-

200 hectares, the Poles have distributed 9,079 estates, containing, however, only 213,700 hectares. While the Germans have thus resold more land, the Poles are ahead in the number of new farms created, 6,000 more Polish homes having been erected than German. In the last two years this lead has been proportionately increased, because the Pole is ready to become a peasant farmer, while the average German wants more land and more comfort than his rival. Thus the average German farm comprises twenty-six acres, while the Polish contains only twelve. Finally, this peaceful warfare for a country is illuminated by the fact that the Germans have acquired 3,772 estates from Polish owners, who have, however, turned the tables by buying up 5,188 estates from Germans. The latter have in this way actually lost possession of 128 square miles in the years 1896 to 1902 inclusive. It is needless to add that this extraordinary contest for the land has sent prices up in a remarkable manner, from an average of $60 per acre in 1886 to $115 in 1903.

Forty years have elapsed since Germany annexed the Danish provinces. Yet, if Mr. Givskov's figures are to be trusted, she has made very slight progress in Germanizing her most northern subjects, there being actually more farms owned by Danes and fewer by Germans to-day than in 1864. Like their Polish fellow-citizens, the Danes, moreover, insist upon retaining their language and national characteristics, and even induce the few German immigrants to learn Danish. This fact is the more surprising in that the Danes are forced to serve three years in the German army, during which time they are supposed to acquire German speech and habits of mind. Only in the towns is the German influence growing. All this is, of course, in remarkable contrast to the readiness with which the United States makes over its immigrants into good Americans.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR ART.

We have received from Chicago a circular bearing the ambitious title, "On the Ideal Relations of Public Libraries, Museums, and Art Galleries to the City." It is compiled by Dr. O. C. Farrington, representing the Chicago Library Club, and it recommends the formation of an advisory paid commission, consisting of officers and directors of public libraries and museums, which shall consider all matters of common interest and policy and gradually "find its own powers." Now, this plan may or may not be the best, and it may or may not be accepted by the city government, but it is evident that there is a common ground between art and literary institutions over which a joint commission might exercise a very salutary jurisdiction.

Under the present arrangement, or lack of it, there is constant overlapping and waste. For example, until, of late years, the Metropolitan Museum set up its own reference library, any visitor who desired information of a special sort on its exhibits was obliged to go either to the Astor Library, the private Society Library, the Avery Library, or that of one of the literary clubs. Similarly, a student of the applied arts might well be in doubt whether to begin work at the Cooper Union or at the Metropolitan Museum, while a collector drawing up his last will and testament to-night may not know so elementary a principle as that textiles should go to the Cooper Union, and wrought iron and ancient glass to the Metropolitan Museum; or that prints and engravings should be given not to any of the art institutions, but to the Public Library, which, in the Avery collection of modern etchings, and in collections of historical subjects and of Japanese color wood-cuts, has an admirable beginning of a department. Returning to the student's point of view, it will possibly surprise many amateurs to learn that the fascinating subject of barbaric design must be studied in New York, not at any of the art museums, but at the Natural History Museum, which has instructive collections in Orientalia, as in primitive archæology generally.

In part, such illogical dispersion and duplication is merely an inevitable effect of individualism in men and institutions. Donors are guided largely by personal acquaintance and predilection; institutions are seldom magnanimous enough to decline or divert into logical channels valuable gifts which lie aside from their proper work. In a matter so essentially temperamental as collecting and bequeathing works of art, no organization will ever wholly eliminate caprice, but an intelligent committee might at least define the proper functions of its constituent libraries and museums, might set up an ideal to which private benefactors would gradually approximate, and, by the exchange of loan collections, or, where conditions permit, by actual purchase or barter, might do much to reduce to order a group of institutions that have "jest growed." Such a board, since our museums and libraries are mostly of a half-private nature, could probably have no official standing, and would exercise very limited powers, but it is a matter in which intelligence and good will may easily gain the weight of authority without its invidiousness. By degrees a kind of friendly compact might do away with harmful duplication and competition. In short, a museum and library board might fairly hope to accomplish in the field of art that useful work as a clearing-house now effected in the field of philanthropy by the Charity Organization Society.

We need emphatically a more plentiful supply of general ideas in matters artistic. Take the case of the Metropolitan Museum—not because it is exceptional, but because it is more striking: At present it falls, in its contents and policy, somewhere between the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum. It is building up a collection of choice articles chiefly for purposes of human delight, and it is assembling heterogeneous, if comprehensive, collections chiefly from the point of view of historical study and of practical design. These aims are in a measure incompatible; at least they require clear perception and judicious recognition in the arrangement of galleries. Evidently it would be unfortunate for the Museum haphazardly to make all art to be its province, in disregard of the parallel activities of the great libraries and museums of the metropolitan district. It might turn out that a far greater specialization than at present exists is desirable; that the rough division between the fine and industrial arts which is strictly and successfully observed at Berlin and less stringently in London and Paris, would be expedient here also. One may conceive, for example, that the field of the applied arts might with advantage be left to institutions like the Cooper and Pratt, where these exhibits are immediately serviceable to the artist artisan, and not less available for the student and art lover. And if testamentary conditions stood in the way of actual transfer of exhibits, there could be no obstacles to loans—for long periods.

Short of such radical readjustment, it would do the officers of our libraries and museums much good merely to know what the others are doing, and a body that expressed the best judgment on art matters would have abundant *raison d'être*. We have no doubt that, from the present personnel of these institutions, a board could be chosen which would soon acquire an influence corresponding to the unquestioned scholarship and sagacity of its presumptive members.

MAZZINI'S CENTENARY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 18, 1905.

The wise instinct of the world has long since admitted Joseph Mazzini into the company of its great men. He would certainly be included, along with Cavour and Bismarck, Lincoln and Emerson, in any group of half a score representatives of the nineteenth century. For forty years he embodied the European Revolution—a monster to some, a model or a martyr to others; but as soon as death removed him as a living menace, his foes conceded his eminence. To-day, his great book, 'The Duties of Man,' is a text-book in every Italian school. Time has done for him what it does for all rebels—it has stripped off the temporal and left the permanent. And at last we see that—unlike those rebels who combat a special abuse and, when that abuse falls, have no further significance—Mazzini belongs among the little band of world-benefac-

tors whose rebellion is rooted in the everlasting conflict between Good and Evil. Thus there are two Mazzinis—one who worked for his contemporaries, the other who worked for posterity. In the case of no other man of equal rank is it so necessary to distinguish clearly between the two. This we can now do without fear of misunderstanding.

Glance first at the *temporal* Mazzini. He was born in Genoa, June 22, 1805. At sixteen, the sufferings of the victims of a futile revolt burnt into his soul. The vision of freedom, and of its responsibility, haunted him. "I felt," he says, "that since we could, we ought to struggle for freedom." Ten years later he was imprisoned for many months, not for any overt act, but simply because the police had marked him as a "thinker." During his confinement, he systematized the principles to which he consecrated his life. He issued from prison only to be banished. At first from Marseilles and then from Switzerland he directed Young Italy, the society which sprang up at his call to free the Peninsula. He led an invasion into Savoy, which collapsed almost without firing a gun (1833). He was ridiculed, accused of betrayal, persecuted; and at last, at the instigation of foreign governments, Switzerland drove him out, to find refuge in London. There, in almost beggarly condition, he carried on his revolutionary propaganda, terrifying the Continental cabinets, planning fruitless insurrections, cheering the oppressed, and creating, not in Italy only, but throughout Europe, multitudes of disciples who pledged themselves to his ideals.

He could never cancel the stigma which his foes early branded on him of countenancing assassination, nor did he escape the charge of personal cowardice. As to the first, opinions still differ, and, in spite of his own avowals and those of his intimates, probably they always will; but the charge of cowardice, based on his practice of sending his followers on errands which proved deadly, may well be dismissed. He risked his own life over and over again on secret missions to Italy, and no man who bore himself as Mazzini did during the perils of the Roman Republic in 1849, lacked either fortitude or courage. Those brief months of practical dictatorship tested his ability to *do*, and although he inevitably failed, he showed both decision and foresight. Thenceforward, he fell back on conspiracy, only to be more and more discredited as his plots at Milan, at Mantua and at Genoa were smothered in blood. When Garibaldi freed the Two Sicilies, Mazzini hurried to Naples and begged the hero to organize his conquest on a Republican basis, but Garibaldi fortunately followed his own intuitions, which were usually much sounder than his reasons. So far as Italy was concerned, Mazzini ceased to be an important political factor after 1860, and, during the last ten years of his life, he saw other men, with new aims, turn aside the course of the Revolutionary Party in Europe, of which he had so long been the head. Nihilism, Anarchism, aggressive Socialism, the International, were symptoms that—speaking broadly—the Revolution had begun to pass from a strictly political to an economic and industrial stage. Mazzini himself took no satisfaction in the independence and unity of Italy, because he believed that the monarchy would vitiate the good that had been achieved. To Daniel Stern he wrote: "Little it matters to me that Italy, a territory of so many square leagues, eats its corn and cabbages cheaper; little I care for Rome if a great European initiative is not to issue from it. What I do care for is that Italy shall be great and good, moral and virtuous, that she comes to fulfil a mission in the world." So to the end he remained officially a rebel; but Victor Emanuel's Government winked at his last visits to Italy, where he died incognito, on March 10, 1872.

Stated thus briefly, Mazzini's active career seems a failure. Externally no doubt it was. Not one of his immediate purposes bore the fruit he desired. At his death, his enemies possessed the field from which they had driven him. But, in a larger sense, he was victorious. He equipped more regiments than his adversaries knew for the unification of Italy. The life-long conspiracies in which Mazzini engaged, and which sometimes seemed to him, as they did to his contemporaries, to be his chief business in life, now turn out to belong to the transient part of him; while his immense moral energy, his obedience to ideals, and his almost unequalled genius for bringing ideals within reach of the masses, constitute his permanent greatness. The harm which he did through abortive uprisings is patent, but the good can never be measured, for it is impossible to follow the course of his regenerative influence into the myriads of hearts that he aroused. What George Meredith said many years ago, and Swinburne sang in his noblest poem, is literally true:

"But this man found his mother dead and slain,
With fast-seal'd eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise."

Until Mazzini founded Young Italy, conspiracy had wholly a political character; he quickened it with moral aspirations. We must remember that conspiracy was the only means by which, after Waterloo, European Liberals could make their desires known; for they had neither free speech nor free press nor any voice in the government. The French Revolution, to which the downtrodden masses looked for an example, had magnified the Rights of Man; Mazzini preached the Duties of Man. He purged patriotism of selfishness. He taught that political liberty and independence must be striven for, because through them alone could every individual grow to his full stature and play a serviceable part in society. But while Mazzini wisely recognized that the individual is the cornerstone, he was no Individualist. "Collective Humanity" was his ideal—a world in which each nation, state, town, and citizen should be striving for the common welfare of the race, all exercising to the full their special energies. He would have neither Socialism, with its levelling and its strait-jacket for every talent, nor Anarchism, with its insatiate selfishness. Into the warfare between Labor and Capital he projected moral considerations. That conflict will never be settled, he held, by any mere arrangement patched up by economists. Wherever two human beings meet, no matter in what relation, there conscience joins them; and you cannot, by calling them employer and employee, settle their grievances by the economic law of supply and demand instead of by human justice and sympathy.

It would be impossible to exaggerate what Mazzini's religious awakening meant to Italy, where the Church had long since ceased to have any hold on the intelligent classes, and where it ruled the peasantry through ignorance and superstition. At most, the Church operated an apparatus of ritual, which had little to do with either true piety or noble conduct. Mazzini made his appeal directly to the individual soul. He showed the moral issue of every act, public and private. With terrible sincerity, he brought the institutions, practices, customs, and aims of the age to a Day of Judgment where Duty judged them. Duty and Fellowship—those are the words oftenest on his lips, the ideals whose beauty and majesty he celebrated throughout his life. "The earth is our workshop," he wrote; "we may not curse it, *we must hallow it.*" And again: "God will not ask us, 'What hast thou done for thine own soul?' but 'What hast thou done for the souls of others—the sister-souls I gave thee?'"

He addresses his message not to Italians only, but to men and women everywhere. It is as plain now that Mazzini was the greatest moral force in Europe during the nineteenth century, as that the world has scarcely begun to draw from him the benefits which he has to bestow. As long as he lived and was spending his energy on special enterprises, he seemed a partisan, a fanatic, an incendiary. His enemies thought that the failure of his concrete experiments discredited his principles. Now the mortal part of him has dropped away, and through those principles he will help to shape the new generations. He lives not so much by his specific teachings in politics, in social and industrial reform, in art, in literature, and in religion, as by the spirit in which he taught and by his power to stimulate and to spiritualize.

We need only to compare Mazzini with his contemporaries in the Party of Revolution in order to see how he surpasses them in significance to-day. Ledru-Rollin, Schoelcher, Louis Blanc, are scarcely more than names for our generation; Victor Hugo, the sublime rhapsodist, the inexhaustible improviser, with his colossal vanity and his pageant of rhetoric, seems now, even in his sincerest utterances, to be declaring the glory not of God, but of Victor Hugo; the grave, high-minded Herzen worked only to cure Russia's malady; Kossuth, with his magical eloquence and fiery courage, had no general message; Lasalle was fascinating, but mankind is too healthy to date a new era in its progress from a man who was killed in a duel over a courtesan; Marx, whose doctrines have had the widest vogue during the past thirty years, is essentially a materialist, a ponderous German pedant, whose remedies, if they could take effect to-morrow, would leave unsolved the fundamental human problems; even Lamennais, impassioned and sympathetic, touched but an arc of Mazzini's circle.

We must go back to Dante to find an Italian who had, like Mazzini, the combination of vivid practical intellect with a highly sensitive, even mystical, spirituality. Dante, too, plunged into political affairs, and would have reformed the abuses of his time; he, too, conspired, was banished, seemed beaten. Between him and Mazzini came Savonarola, akin to them in his fierce onslaught on iniquity, and in his apparent failure; but

compared with them he is circumscribed in genius and local in scope. As Dante spoke for the mediæval world, so Mazzini is thus far Europe's most authentic spokesman of the ideals and hopes of our new epoch. Had he not been a prophet, he might easily have taken a very high place in literature. As it is, he has left some of the profoundest literary criticism, besides political and ethical treatises of the first rank, and an extraordinary volume of living correspondence.

The beauty of Mazzini's private life reinforces all his teachings. The world, let it be never so hostile, cannot resist the argument of self-sacrifice. The lapse of time sanctifies his forty years of exile—the poor lodgings, the unstinted helpfulness, the sympathy with the joys and griefs of all with whom he had to do. He renounced home, family, even marriage, for the sake of the apostolate to which he dedicated himself. He bore up against all defeats, and conquered the desperate doubts which, in moments of reaction, rose to tempt him. One remembers his bringing up the coal for his feeble landlady, his sharing half his small earnings with strangers, his night school for the Italian bootblacks and organ-grinders in London, his attack on the "white-slave traffic." One remembers, too, his rare capacity for friendship—witness the sweetness and delicacy of those letters of his to Jane Carlyle in one of her fits of wifely jealousy. No one, it seems, could escape the spell of his presence—the spell which he imparts through his life and writings to those who never saw him. Some time ago I urged the person who, I believe, is best qualified, to give us the adequate biography of Mazzini for which the world still waits, and the reply came to me, "I cannot—I revere him too much!" That feeling of reverence comes to every one who penetrates to the heart of Mazzini's life-work.

"Dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds bedim,
Was all his life.

"Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt, and are not: He is here,
The sunlike man."

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

CLASSICAL STUDIES IN ROME.—II.

ROME, April 30, 1905.

Leaving out of account the University of Rome, which has a complete faculty of arts and sciences, certain characteristics of the foreign establishments deserve consideration. It will have been perceived from what I have already said that the German Institute is of the four the most strictly limited to the study of classical archæology. From its organization, statutes and publications, I cannot discover that it has any other object than the study of ancient monuments and topography—that is to say, of archæology in the strictest sense of the term; as was perhaps to be expected from the German tendency to specialization and to the formal subdivision of the field of knowledge. The French and British Schools are the most liberal in their scope, excluding nothing that pertains to Italian civilization in any period. It should be observed, however, that the French institution, which offers no lectures and apparently never intends to do so, expects the student to be something of a specialist when he comes. The American School appears to occupy a somewhat medial position between these extremes. Its statutes call for "the study of classical literature in its bearing upon antiquities and history," but appear not to contemplate a study of classical literature in general. The art and archæology of the early Christian, the mediæval and the Renaissance periods are also provided for, but it is noticeable that nothing is said about the literature or history of any of these epochs. Another circumstance that must always be borne in mind was pointed out in the columns of the *Nation* a number of years ago, namely, that whereas the chief object of the other foreign institutions in Athens and Rome has been the training of specialists, usually in archæology, the chief function of the American Schools in both these places has been to provide American students who have already received a classical education, with a general knowledge of Greece, Italy, and their monuments before they should begin their work at home as teachers in schools and colleges.

I now wish to point out (needless to say in no unfriendly spirit) what I consider to be some defects in the methods, both of investigation and teaching, now employed by classical scholars in Rome, and this more especially with reference to the needs of American students. The difference to which I have just adverted between the American School and all the others is easily accounted for by difference of conditions. In the United States there are not many professorships of classical archæology or curatorships of museums, while in France, Germany, and Italy there are such posts in abundance, as well as employment in connection with Government excavations; and such work, though not very lucrative, yet gives a young man enough to live on, and affords him valuable experience in preparation for his professorship or curatorship. This being true, it is certainly not wise for an American student to spend much of a usually brief sojourn in Rome hunting after potsherds and brick-stamps. But even for the non-American students I should like to suggest that the methods of study now pursued are somewhat too restricted and professional. Archæology has by no means said its last word on the monuments that have already come to light; many new discoveries, also, are now being made and will be made in the future. Yet the danger is certainly not remote that archæologists, trained as specialists themselves and so training their pupils after them, will continue laboring in a particular field long after it has ceased to be productive. It has, in my opinion, been partly the misfortune of classical studies in Rome that they have been developed almost exclusively by the archæologists, who often refuse to look at anything unless it is standing in ruins or has been dug up out of the ground.

In other words, I believe that the student in Rome, more especially the American student, who rarely becomes a professional excavator or explorer of antiquities, should devote a considerable portion of his time to the art and literature of the Renaissance and mediæval periods. In support of my contention I am glad to be able to quote the authority of Mr. Norton, the director of the American School, who, in a recent report, strongly urges on his managing committee the undertaking of mediæval and Renaissance studies, and also the requirement from all students of a reading knowledge of Italian as well as of French and German. I would direct attention, however, to the fact that it is doubtful if, according to the present rules of the American School, the study of any post-classical literature be permissible. The regulation I have already cited provides for the study of classical literature only "in its bearing upon antiquities and history," but says never a word about neo-Latin or Italian Literature. I quote this provision not merely for the purpose of criticising it individually, but also as a typical expression of the character of classical studies in Rome; for any scheme which leaves out mediæval and Renaissance art and literature is, in the broad sense of the terms, unhistorical and unphilosophical. In spite of frequent assertions to the contrary, the cataclysm of 476 did not break the continuity of history or of civilization; and a dividing line at this point is quite artificial. Few will deny, moreover, that the ancient Roman culture, considered with reference to the higher and nobler arts, was at once derivative and inferior; and that not the least of its functions was the transmission of those Hellenic ideals which helped to make the Pagan Revival, especially in Italy and England, outvie the highest achievements of the Hellenic spirit itself. And the Middle Ages, so often and so ignorantly dispraised, produced in Dante a universal genius and one of the chief purveyors of classical influence. For presumably it was not merely to devise the pleasing fiction of a personally conducted tour that Dante made Virgil his guide through Hell and Purgatory. Nor did the poet who, with sublime arrogance, placed himself among the greatest of the bards whom his vision saw, idly throw away a part of his own praise in ascribing to the constant perusal of his master's works that beautiful style which had done him honor.

The student, therefore, commits the grossest error who studies in Rome the degenerate Roman sculpture with no attention paid to Italian pictorial and plastic art; or who contents himself with what he has learned of Latin literature, and quits the country of Dante, Petrarch, and Politian completely ignorant of their works in themselves, and of their relation to those literatures of which he is supposed to be acquiring an expert knowledge. I believe that I am upheld by the soundest modern criticism in especially urging the cultivation of Italian literature as most important for the complete training of the classical scholar. For the Italian writers, especially the poets, caught the secret of classical—that is, Hellenic—perfection of form, which English literature, in spite of its unrivalled richness and power, has attained only in exceptional instances.

Two difficulties may be urged against such a broadly inclusive plan of study: defective equipment and lack of time. The former is true only of the foreign Schools, and is fully made good by the University of Rome, where the stranger enjoys the additional advantage of not hearing lectures in his own language. Not only in the Greek and Latin languages and in classical archæology does this institution offer excellent opportunities, but also in such subjects as comparative literature and neo-Latin. All the neo-Latin writers are not to be despised. What

better model can the classical scholar take than Politian, the greatest scholar of his age, the master of Greek and Latin prose and verse, who also perfected one of the most important poetic forms in his native tongue?

A more serious objection may be made out of the second count, that of lack of time, and it will certainly be difficult for the young classicist to include Italian art and literature within the range of his studies, if he goes through the mill of a long post-graduate course, leaving only a few months for a sojourn in Greece and Italy. Thus the question of time involves also the question whether the American student of the present (for it is he that I have chiefly in mind) ought to do most of his graduate work at home. If I, who have lived at five institutions of higher learning in the United States, and have become fairly well acquainted with a number of others, may be allowed to express an opinion, he is usually not wise in so doing, even at universities that have the appearance of being well equipped. After all, a full set of texts and German periodicals does not constitute a complete apparatus for classical study. Apart from the great stimulus that comes from living in the home of an ancient civilization, literature (and especially ancient literature) should be studied where there is a culture sufficiently firm and long-established to have produced habits of thought sympathetic with such pursuits, and to afford a background, as it were, against which the facts of literary history may be seen in proper light and perspective. The places in America of which such qualities may be predicated are so few that it would be invidious even to mention their number. In other words, I believe that a combination of the former habit of resorting to Europe after graduation, and of the recent habit of going to Greece and Italy instead of to Germany, would be the most profitable course for most Americans. Except for the Greek specialist, Italy is certainly the better country for a long residence by reason of the greater continuity of its culture.

Another most important question here involved is that of ideals of scholarship—whether for education the type of the German specialist or of the man of letters be the more desirable. However useful the American graduate schools of the present may be in serving the ends of professional scholarship, there can be no doubt that, with their wearisome grind of seminary and thesis, they are responsible for much of the dull and uninspired teaching that has gone far towards discrediting the study of the Greek and Latin languages. I am far from denying the utility of scholars who devote themselves to minute research, but that the teaching of classical literature in our country should be almost entirely in their hands is assuredly a misfortune.

H. Edmiston.

FONTENELLE.

Paris, May 28, 1905.

"If those whom the gods love die young, as the ancients said, Fontenelle was not among them, as he lived nearly a hundred years." Thus begins a study of Fontenelle which has just taken its place in Hachette's series of "Les Grands Écrivains Français," and which is the work of M. Laborde-Milaà. Fontenelle never complained of being too old, and when, in his later years, his age was alluded to, he used to put his finger on his mouth, and say, "Chut!" so as not to draw the attention of Death. His intellectual development was uninterrupted to the end, and Grimm could well write of him: "Monsieur de Fontenelle, who has just finished his career, was one of those sane men who, after having witnessed for a century all the revolutions of the human mind, have themselves effected some and paved the way for several others." The Fontenelle described by La Bruyère as a pretentious *bel esprit*, was not the philosopher that he afterwards became; his horizon was always widening.

Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle was born on the 11th of February, 1657; he was the nephew and godchild of Thomas Corneille, brother of the illustrious Pierre Corneille. He pursued his studies with the Jesuits in Rouen, was admitted as a lawyer to the bar of that city, and, having lost his first case, chose to adopt a literary career. He went to Paris at the age of twenty-three, and we find him in the society of his uncle Thomas, and of the writers of the *Mercure Galant*, among whom were Boursault, Tallemant, and De Vizé, the King's historiographer. He wrote verses for the *Mercure Galant* and cultivated his taste for music and the fine arts, but we see him also manifesting great curiosity for science, which lasted all his life. He became acquainted with Lémery, one of the creators of chemistry; with Sauveur, the geometer; with some of the famous Jansenists; with the Abbé de St. Pierre and Malebranche.

La Bruyère, speaking of Cydias, is thinking of Fontenelle: "Enter his shop; you can choose; prose or verse—which will you have? Cydias succeeds equally well in both." Fontenelle's first literary essays are justly forgotten. M. Laborde-Milaà seems to me too indulgent when he finds some resemblance between his subject and Marivaux; but it gives him opportunity to recall a circumstance very creditable to both of them. When Marivaux was ill, he received a visit from Fontenelle, who said to him: "My friend, in your situation people may have need of money; true friends ought not to wait till they are asked for it, their hearts can understand. Here is a purse of a hundred louis which I leave at your disposal." "I consider the purse received," answered Marivaux; "I have used it, and I return it to you with all the gratitude which such a service demands."

The 'Dialogues des Morts' appeared between 1682 and 1684, and had great success. People were amused at meeting in the Elysian Fields the most unexpected personages engaged in conversation—Alexander and Phryne, the Emperor Augustus and Aretino, Agnes Sorel and Roxelane, Seneca and Scarron, Plato and Margaret of Scotland, Paracelsus and Molière. The Dialogues are very paradoxical and ironical. They abound in maxims, in the style of the famous ones of La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Pascal: "Being a genius or a fool is determined by the merest nothing, by a little disposal of fibres, by something which the most accurate anatomy could not perceive." There is always an ironical vein in Fontenelle's writings. Take, for instance, what he says about afflictions:

"An imaginary circumstance which it pleases us to add to our afflictions, is the belief that we shall be inconsolable. Not that this persuasion is not sometimes a sort of consolation; it is so in the case of pain in which we can glory, such as that we feel on the death of a friend. Then, to be inconsolable is to prove to ourselves that we do care, are tender, faithful, confiding; it is to give ourselves great praise. But in circumstances when vanity does not sustain affliction, and when eternal sorrow would have no merit, let us beware of thinking that it will be eternal. We are not perfect enough to be always afflicted; our nature is too variable, and this imperfection is one of our great resources."

Fontenelle is never tired of placing intellect on a higher level than sentiment; he has an instinctive prejudice against love, women, marriage:

"Dans les nœuds de l'hymen à quoi bon m'engager?
Je suis un, cela doit suffire.
Si j'étais deux, mon état serait pire;
C'est bien assez de moi pour me faire enrager."

He was all brain. Madame de Tencin once told him, putting her hand on his breast: "It is not a heart you have there; it is brains, as in your head." He would not have approved the famous maxim, "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur." His poetical work suffered from this absence of sentiment; it was never really poetical.

The qualities of his mind were fairly shown in his critical work alone, in his extraordinary ability as a vulgarizer, an exponent of the scientific discoveries of his time. When he wrote, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, his 'Introduction to the History of the Academy of Sciences,' he spoke eloquently of the revival of mathematical and physical sciences, and of the necessity of concentrating in academies and organized scientific bodies, in all civilized countries, the researches of the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, the botanist. He felt that between all men devoted to particular branches of science there ought to be a *trait d' union;* he had special aptitudes for uniting scientists with one another and with the public. This was the task of his life. "Scientific work," says Renan, "contains two very distinct parts; the genius of discovery, the work of original research, and the art of rendering them accessible to the public. These two parts can be properly undertaken only by the same person. Science has nothing to gain from interpreters ignorant of its methods and its ways." Fontenelle undertook to become the educator of the general public, of society, in all matters scientific. He was the prototype of a class of writers which became afterwards, especially in our time, very numerous.

His first attempt was the 'Pluralité des Mondes' (1686), which had a great vogue and which can still be read with pleasure, owing to its luminous and agreeable style. Fontenelle imagines himself walking, on a fine evening, in a park, after supper, with an amiable marchioness, his hostess at the time:

"There was a delightful coolness which recompensed us for the very warm day which we had borne. The moon had been rising for about an hour, and its rays, which reached us through the branches of the trees, made an agreeable mixture of a light whiteness with all this green which appeared dark. There was not a cloud to

obscure or to conceal the smallest star; they were all of a pure and shining gold, made more brilliant by the blue ground to which they were attached."

The conversation begins on astronomy, and Fontenelle sets forth the astronomical views of his time on the solar system, the sun, the earth, the moon, the various planets. He does it with a mixture of allusions, citations from Ariosto and Scudéry, criticisms of the older superstitions. This work marked him as a candidate for the French Academy, into which he was received on May 5, 1691. In 1701 he was elected to the Academy of Inscriptions; in 1699, the Academy of Sciences was reconstituted, and Fontenelle became, some time after, its Secretary. In that function, he pronounced the eulogies of deceased members, and made analyses and extracts of the most important Academical works. For this he was admirably suited. The collection especially of his "Eulogies," which all took a biographical form, is a document still preserved and often used. His eulogies of Malebranche, of Leibnitz, of Newton, are among the best known.

Fontenelle's philosophy is found in all his works, but never takes a dogmatic form; it can, however, be expressed in a few words. He was eminently the propagator of the notion that everything in nature is subjected to laws, and that nothing is arbitrary or independent of these laws. He considered, also, that the sciences interpenetrate and are connected together, and are really only the particular aspects of a unique and universal science, which is nothing else than the coördination of all phenomena by mathematical rules. We thus see in him a successor of the famous Descartes; he was also a great admirer of Newton, and, in his eulogy of him, written in 1727, he draws a very fine parallel between these two great masters of thought. "Both of them," he says, "were geniuses of the first order; . . . both of them were excellent geometers and saw the necessity of carrying over geometry [this word was used at the time for the mathematical sciences] into the physical sciences." M. Laborde-Milaà says justly, at the end of his work, that "for more than sixty years Fontenelle was one of the masters of French thought, and formed with Montesquieu and Voltaire a glorious trinity. He witnessed the revolution of ideas, and took his part in it with honor." He died on the 9th of January, 1757, in his house in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris.

Correspondence.

A PETRARCH CONCORDANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The concordance of the minor Italian works of Dante, prepared by members of the Dante Society, is now in the hands of subscribers. In view of this fact, and of the interest in Petrarch stimulated less than a year ago by the celebration of the six-hundredth anniversary of his birth, the occasion seems suitable for announcing that the undersigned has begun the preparation of a concordance of Petrarch's 'Canzoniere,' and hopes to publish it within a reasonable time. Kenneth McKenzie.

Yale University, June 17, 1905.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me a word regarding the portrait by Lotto, in Vienna, of a man in three aspects, referred to in your issue of May 18. You accept my friend, Mr. Kerr-Lawson's view, recognizing the person represented as Lotto himself. This painter was born in 1480, and the picture in question bears every internal proof of having been painted no earlier than 1530. We should therefore expect the likeness of a man of fifty. But we have a man of thirty, or thirty-five at the utmost, who thus cannot have been Lotto. B. Berenson.

I Tatti, Settignano, Florence, June 4, 1905.

Notes.

'The American Catalog 1900-1905' (New York: Publishers' Weekly) makes a volume in excess of 1,200 pages, but octavo in form in place of the stately and more elegant quartos of 1876-1900. The date 1905 is exclusive; but some books so stamped, though actually printed in 1904, are included. Government and State publications are now disregarded. The second part of the old Catalogue, arranged per subject, is merged, in the present scheme, under one alphabet with the authors. Yet intimation is given of a possible supplementary volume composed of the Weekly Record of the *Publishers' Weekly*, with descriptive notes, arranged in yearly alphabets. If we cannot praise the linotype for its mechanical beauty in this instance, its aid to bibliography ensures full condonation.

In 'Half-Hours with the Lower Animals' (American Book Co.), Mr. C. F. Holder has endeavored to prepare a "popular combined review and supplemental reader, on the lower forms of animal life from the Amœba to the Insects, inclusive," with abundant illustrations in the text. In too many cases the adjective "popular," in connection with books on natural history, signifies "sensational and inaccurate." Mr. Holder, however, is not a mere compiler, and while his style is vivacious, his brief chapters contain little that is open to reasonable criticism. The only serious error we have noticed is his statement (p. 211) that "of all insects the fleas are the most amenable to instruction." It has long been known that the so-called "educated fleas" have neither been given nor accepted instruction of any kind; and that their struggles to get away are responsible for all the movements which superficially appear to be actuated by intelligence. The little book has much to interest young children, especially if used by an intelligent teacher in combination with object-lessons from life. Its illustrations, gathered from a variety of sources, are on the whole good, and it will doubtless serve the useful, if humble and temporary, purpose for which it is designed.

Every English county and shire produces, about every generation, a local antiquary who brings its history and its place-names up to date. Mr. W. H. Duignan's glossary, 'Worcestershire Place Names' (New York, Henry Frowde), has more than a merely local interest; for the English place-names, which nearly all have their root in Anglo-Saxon, occur again and again throughout the whole country, and in them her early history is latent. The word "Bentley," for instance, which means 'untilled land covered with coarse grass, or bents," is to be found as a place-name in almost every county. All such work as Mr. Duignan's has to be done afresh in our day because, before the middle of the nineteenth century, Old English was a neglected study, so that county histories of earlier date, when they give the derivation of a place-name, are usually wrong. Mr. Duignan points out that the recent Ordnance Survey maps, on which the English so implicitly rely, are inferior to the original survey. "Old names are altered without reason, and ancient sites and monuments unnoticed."

Three interesting volumes have recently been added to the series "Les Grands Artistes" published under the patronage of the Administration des Beaux-Arts (Paris: H. Laurens). In the volume entitled 'Praxitèle,' M. G. Perrot presents the results of modern investigation concerning Praxiteles, his works, and style. As is natural and proper in a small book intended for general reading, those works which have only a doubtful connection with Praxiteles are generally disregarded. Furtwängler is followed for the most part, but we are pleased to note that his ascription of the so-called Eubouleus head to Praxiteles is not accepted. The companion volume on Lysippus ('Lysippe'), by M. Collignon, contains in popular form the information available concerning this sculptor and his works. Great importance is attached to the statue of Agias, at Delphi, which is regarded as the best existing indication of the style of Lysippus. Prof. Percy Gardner's deduction, that the Apoxyomenos in the Vatican is not a copy of the statue by Lysippus, is not accepted; on the contrary, the Apoxyomenos is treated as second in importance only to the Agias. We opine that the author somewhat underrates the difference in style between the two works. Each of these volumes contains 128 pages and 24 full-page illustrations. The volume entitled 'Douris et les Peintres de Vases Grecs,' by M. E. Pottier, contains a description and discussion of the social, industrial, and artistic position of the Greek potters and vase-painters, their technical processes, and the relations of their works to literature and monumental art. Duris is chosen as the best representative of his class, not only on account of the excellence of his work, but also because his signed paintings are more numerous than those of any other vase-painter. The 24 plates are well selected and well executed. These three little books are admirable popular treatises by scholars of universally recognized distinction, who are at the same time masters of French style. We fear it will be long before any English books appear to compete with them, and in the meantime we recommend them most heartily to our readers.

The house of Cotta, famous for having originally published the works of both Goethe and Schiller, has brought out as a memorial of the centennial of the latter's death what is probably the best popular edition of his work, in sixteen volumes, bound in cloth, and costing only 32 marks. The editor is Eduard von der Hellen, who has been assisted by the well-known littérateurs Fester, Kellner, Köster, Minor,

Petersen, Erich Schmidt, Walzel, and Weisenfels. The text is accompanied by special introductions to the leading works, and by explanatory notes at the end of each volume. In the last volume are found all the known writings of Schiller not included in his "Werke"; and the first volume contains the arrangement of his writings in four groups—not in three, after the manner made current by Körner. This division Schiller himself made shortly before his death and intended for an *édition de luxe*, which, however, did not appear.

The German Asiatic Society of Japan continues its sessions and issue of scholarly papers in illustration of the civilizations of the Far East. Volume X. contains an illustrated article on the ornaments and jewels in use among the Chinese, shedding much light upon their significance and use. The paper on the Economic Development of the Hokkaido shows rapid and hopeful development of Yezo and outlying islands of the north. A brief but suggestive article on the preservation by freezing and convenient use in summer of three staples of Japanese diet, reveals methods of food preservation unknown in Europe. Of greatest literary interest is Dr. H. Haas's long chapter on the Canon of Buddhism in Japan, which has never been translated into the vernacular, though founders of new sects, notably Shinran, have added writings which are received as holy scripture by adherents of the particular sects for whom the master's communications were intended. Only those sutras belonging to continental Buddhism, and mostly of the Mahayana or Northern Vehicle, come under review, but comparison is made with the work of American and European cataloguers and commentators.

The *Korea Review* for March opens the field of Korean Conundrums, showing that the small boy in the Land of Morning Calm is very near of kin to his young American venter of puns as answers to odd questions. There is a roughly illustrated article on the minting of bronze perforated "cash," a horseload of which is required for an ordinary journey, a stalwart coolie being able to carry 60,000, or $12 worth of money. In twenty years the Japanese dollar has so appreciated that, instead of purchasing 2,000, it can now buy 5,000 Korean cash. There is a scorching review of "the little war of 1871," as related in Rear-Admiral Schley's book, 'Forty-five Years under the Flag.' In this war several hundred Koreans were needlessly slaughtered by American marines and sailors. The editor's comment, after stating the facts inside and outside, is, "We invited an insult and then bitterly avenged it, leaving behind a hatred ten times as bitter as before, and making it impossible that any treaty should be signed until the Regent stepped down from the seat of power." The whole affair was based upon a misapprehension, and the Koreans, like the Americans, imagined that they had won a victory. The editorial notes report continued exploitation of the country's mineral wealth by foreigners.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for June contains a detailed description, with twenty charts, of the methods adopted by the Weather Bureau for forecasting the weather, by its chief, Dr. W. L. Moore. It is a chapter from his forthcoming work, 'The New Meteorology,' and, it should be said, is too technical to be easily understood by the casual reader. In his section on tornadoes Dr. Moore characterizes as ridiculous the shooting at hail clouds as practised in parts of France and Italy. Consul J. C. Covert of Lyon, says, on the contrary, in the Daily Consular Reports, January 7, 1905, that the recorded losses from hail in a certain district in France, consisting of sixteen communes, during the fifteen years before cannon were used, was more than two and a half million dollars. In the five years in which cannon have been in use the losses in this district aggregated $159,412, while in the year 1904 there were no losses whatever—a fact which is attributed entirely to the use of the cannon. Rear-Admiral C. E. Clark contributes a note on the population of China, which he believes to be estimated at twice the correct total. From personal observations during his three years' service on the Asiatic Station, which included a trip 1,000 miles into the interior, he thinks there are less than two hundred millions of people. Still, it should be noted that he did not visit the most densely populated region, the province of Szechuen. A War Department map of the present seat of war in Mantchuria is given as a supplement to this number.

The proposed merger with Technology cuts a large figure in the current quarterly issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, both in a documentary way and in Professor Shaler's genial sketch of the late Gordon McKay, whose millions and testamentary purposes are at stake. Effectively, if not formally, this writer casts his vote contra. A portrait of Mr. McKay accompanies the article, and there is another of George Walker Weld, a generous boating patron of the University, and a third of the late James C. Carter, still another benefactor, of high personal distinction. If we miss anything in Mr. John Noble's sketch of Mr. Carter, it is mention of the permanence of the stamp of rustic simplicity in this country-born lawyer, the utter absence of affectation or self-consciousness, which lent personal weight of honesty to the arguments of a great advocate. A group of portraits of eminent members of the class of 1855 instructively offsets one of the first eight of the Phi Beta Kappa men of 1906—a happy innovation *honoris causa*. Other matters of interest are the movement for a teachers' endowment fund; the purchase of Professor Norton's library for ultimate incorporation in the University Library, and raising of a fund for its renewal; and the essay of a Harvard Travellers' Club, which deserves more support than it has apparently received.

The current volume of Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester last October, and in special meetings of the Council on the deaths of Egbert Coffin Smyth and Senator Hoar, contains the will of Thomas Hore of Bristol, England, a burgess of considerable wealth, who bequeathed to the city his oak chest. Upon the discovery of the will two years ago, Senator Hoar instituted researches which unearthed the chest in the garret of the Council House. It has meantime presumably been placed in the National Museum. A picture of this interesting relic accompanies the will. Mr. Hoar, relating the above circumstances to the Society in October, 1903, spoke of his ancestor as also one from whom Holmeses, Lowells, Quincys, John Adams and his posterity, Prescotts, and many other distinguished families and individuals were descended. It would be a curious service for some trusty genealogist to display these and many similar New England connections, in an authentic manner.

The experiment of a "Reformgymnasium" with the classical languages eliminated in the lower forms, and their place taken by scientific studies, does not satisfy the teachers of secondary schools in Germany. The Bavarian philological State convention held in Würzburg has pronounced against the innovation, chiefly on the basis of the report of its official visitor, Dr. Henrich, to the model Frankfort Reformgymnasium. He testified to an excellent teaching corps and good material in the Frankfort school, but maintained that the results were in no way superior to those of the classical gymnasium. A similar report was presented by a university professor. The twelve hundred philologians assembled unanimously agreed to petition the Government to have nothing to do with the "Reform" educational scheme.

The current annual expenses for the higher educational institutions of Prussia have increased enormously during the past three decades, both absolutely and relatively. In 1870 there were 412 such institutions in that kingdom, with an enrolment of 101,772. Now there are 652 schools, with an enrolment of 174,467. The expenses in 1870 were about seven and a half million marks; in 1892 these had increased already to more than thirty millions, and according to the last annual report published the amount was 50,249,120 marks. Of this nearly twenty million was returned in tuition fees, the rest coming from the State treasury (some twelve and a half million) and from endowment funds. In 1870 the average cost for each pupil was 73.1 marks, but now it has risen to the extraordinary figure of 288 marks. The heaviest item in the expenses is the salaries of the teaching corps, which have increased from five and a half million in 1870 to twenty-four million in 1892, and to 42,580,655 marks at present. In other words, the salary charge at the Prussian universities and secondary schools is six and a half times what it was three decades ago, while the teaching corps has only been about doubled during that time.

The programme of the Economic Expansion Congress, to be held at Mons, Belgium, next September, and at which the Belgian Government is particularly desirous that the United States should be officially represented, shows a wide range of subjects to be discussed. Education is the topic of the first of the six sections, and the main question is whether training for a business career should begin in the elementary and secondary schools, or be confined to the high schools and universities, and what are the best methods of instruction. Another section relates to the development of semi-civilized countries, and stress is laid on the inquiry how best to acquire a scientific knowledge of the social condition, habits and customs of the natives, and to raise them to a higher level of civilization. Questions of political economy and customs tariffs and navigation, including subsidies, are to be discussed, and an effort will be made to formu-

late a system of international statistics or a uniform method of classification of commercial data in order to render comparison more easy. The last section treats of the creation of a foreign trade, with special emphasis on Government aid through consular reports, floating museums, and permanent exhibitions.

—It can scarcely have been the intention of the Secretary of the Royal Academy, in compiling 'The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830' (London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), to show how undistinguished, in the main, have been the members of that body, but that is what he has done. Of the more than one hundred artists who attained to Academicianship in the first sixty years of the Academy's existence, and concerning whom some biographical information is here afforded us, about thirty, on a liberal reckoning, may be known by name to the well-informed student of art, while not more than ten or eleven are to be seriously considered as of some real importance in art history. Of the Associates elected during these same years who did not attain the higher honor, only one, Washington Allston, has a name that means anything to us to-day. And these were the palmy days of the Academy. The list of Academicians elected since 1830 contains even fewer names of any real distinction. The list of Associates of this second period is, on the other hand, a little better than the earlier one, owing to the presence of the names of two or three men who died young—Fred. Walker's being the most prominent—and of two or three who should have been Academicians, but were not, foremost of these being Burne-Jones, A curious feature of the roll of the Academy, from the beginning until now, is the number of names of foreigners which it contains. The earlier portion of Mr. F. A. Eaton's book has a certain odd sprightliness, in parts, and a dash of humor, which would seem to be owing to the collaboration of J. E. Hodgson, R. A. It also contains an occasional bit of criticism of some value. The later pages, where G. D. Leslie, R. A., succeeds to Mr. Hodgson, are better written but duller. Mr. Eaton's own contributions to the history of the Academy as an institution, and the appendices which he has provided, have a certain value and will occasionally prove useful to the student. The book is commendably light in the hand, has eleven good illustrations, mostly photogravures, and is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, King Edward VII.

—'The Adventures of King James II.' (Longmans) is a fresh study of court and political life in the seventeenth century by that anonymous writer whose 'Falklands' and 'Life of Sir Kenelm Digby' we have noticed on former occasions. Apart from the interest which the book possesses in itself, it has another claim to attention from the fact that, prefixed to the text, there stands an introduction by Dr. F. A. Gasquet, Abbot President of the English Benedictines. Macaulay said of James II. that "to his policy the English Roman Catholics owed three years of lawless and insolent triumph and a hundred and forty years of subjection and degradation." This statement is in no sense an exaggeration, and one is always curious to see what attitude will be assumed by the modern Catholic historian towards the character of the King who strove so hard on behalf of Rome that his efforts ended in such complete disaster. Father Ethelred Taunton fastens the blame for James's ill-timed policy upon the Jesuits. Father Gasquet has nothing to say about the Jesuits, but deals rather severely with the King himself for having overstepped all limits of reason. "His abolition of the Test Acts, under cover of the Royal Dispensing Power, however legal from a constitutional point of view, under which alone it had the sanction of the majority of the judges, was a mistake, if not a crime." On the score of religious partisanship, the strongest plea which is made on behalf of James in this volume takes a negative form, the author stating that, "even if he had gone beyond toleration and reëstablished the Catholic religion, there is nothing to show the least likelihood that he would have introduced penal laws against Protestants resembling in severity those then existing in England against Catholics." On the testimony of Lord Acton, Wiseman once asked Doellinger what pope there was whose good name had not been vindicated, and Doellinger's reply, that Boniface VIII. wanted a friend, prompted both Wiseman's article and Tosti's book. By way of contrast, the writer of this biography, though he says what good can be said of James II., is not looking around for an unpopular Catholic to be rehabilitated. Having pointed out that James is commonly judged by the part of his life which falls within a brief reign rather than in the light of his whole career, he sets out to write a personal narrative rather than a political estimate. Here James, the brave soldier, industrious seaman and faithful friend, is set out in contrast to the more unprincipled figures of the Restoration court. That the Duke of York was for some years lawless in his amours is freely admitted, but much stress is laid upon his subsequent remorse. The author of this book is an old hand at criticism as well as at biography, and well knows the dangers which arise from over-statement of one's own case. Accordingly, he does not permit his tone to become unduly controversial, nor does he lose sight of his avowed purpose to make his sketch a tale of adventure rather than a plea of extenuation. While less convicing than Dr. Airy's life of Charles II., this volume has the merits which are represented by a fulness of information and incisive writing.

—Ida Freund's 'The Study of Chemical Composition' (Cambridge [Eng.] University Press; New York: Macmillan) is a work upon a novel plan. A sub-title informs us that it is an account of the method of that study and its historical development, with illustrative quotations. Another feature of it is that it selects the most instructive examples and sedulously avoids all appearance of giving complete details of anything; showing, for example, the general plan and results of the best determinations of the atomic weights of more than half of the elements, but saying nothing about the atomic weights of the others, nor generally about other determinations of those that are referred to. Its historical parts go back to the phlogistic period and even earlier. We cannot see how the plan could have been carried out with greater skill; and it is an excellent plan, provided the narrow limitations of its utility be recognized. To a professional student of chemistry it will afford amusement, and here and there call his attention to a stray fact or consideration. To a non-professional student it presents the disadvantage that, after he has gone through it, it will not serve as a handbook; but he will be driven to handbooks of which he has made no study, and which very likely falsify their names in not being at hand. Nevertheless, to such a student it offers the signal advantage that, if the study of it be supplemented by a few months of entire absorption in laboratory work, it will furnish him with very nearly such *aperçus* of this branch of science as the real researcher in it has. The authoress has evidently held this purpose steadily in view, and accordingly directs attention at each epoch of each problem to its logical aspects; and her opening chapter is devoted to the method of the inductive sciences, a subject to which the historical method is more advantageously applicable than to chemistry. Unfortunately, she has made no exact study of scientific logic, and both this chapter and other parts of her book have suffered grievously from this deficiency.

—'Die Doppelehe des Landgrafen Philipp von Hessen,' by Dr. W. W. Rockwell of the Andover Theological Seminary (Marburg: N. G. Elwert), has a double claim to notice. The work done by American students in Germany, however creditable it may be on the whole, seldom reaches in either scope or quality the level of excellence here attained. And even if this were not a striking example of thesis literature at its best, the intrinsic importance of the subject might well lead us to comment upon a new and learned treatment of it. Ever since Luther's own lifetime, great scandal has been caused by the attitude of Protestant theologians towards Philip of Hesse's bigamy. How, it is asked, could the men of Wittenberg, with the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew before them, have consented to sanction such a breach of the moral law and the divine command? What Roman Catholic controversialists have had to say regarding Lutheran antinomianism derives its chief color from this episode, and even Köstlin admits that Luther's part in the matter is the chief blot on his career. Unfortunately, all the prima-facie considerations seem to point in one direction. Philip of Hesse was, politically speaking, the bulwark of the Lutheran cause—a man whose defection would have been a serious blow. This being the case, it is hard to convince one's self that Luther and Melanchthon did not cut a sharp corner, and connive at the immorality of a powerful supporter for the sake of keeping him on their side. Dr. Rockwell, however, does not accept the traditional view, nor does he assume an apologetic tone. While criticising the position of Roman Catholic writers, his real attack is delivered upon the confession of Köstlin that Luther did himself little credit in winking at the Landgrave's sins. The question is considered from many standpoints, and the views of all the leading reformers are introduced into the discussion. But, taken as a study with a motive, this monograph centres in Luther rather than in Philip. Dr. Rock-

well's statement of the circumstances, though adequate, is not the vital part of his work. From a particular instance he passes on to a general account of the views which were held on the subject of polygamy during the age of the Reformation. Obviously the Old Testament was a magazine of arguments for one side of the question; and the best that can be said on Luther's behalf is this—that while, on the one hand, he found an undoubted precedent in the example of the patriarchs, on the other, he could not discover in the New Testament a distinct and unequivocal prohibition. Dr. Rockwell shows great straightforwardness and learning in his treatment of this difficult theme. He has written the most thorough account of the incident which we have yet seen; nor is it likely that many studies of equal value emerge even from the seminar of Mirbt.

—For nine years, beginning with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1895, the "Senior Dramatics" at Smith College were occupied solely with Shakspere, and every season with a different play. Last year a breach was made by the performance of "Sakuntalā." Last week there was a wise return to the original source of inspiration; and if the repertory was not extended, the repetition of "As You Like It," first essayed in 1896, was a virtual novelty—of course altogether such so far as the participants were concerned, the "management" alone remaining the same. The result amply justified the decision of the class, and has probably fixed the Shaksperian loyalty of the College for an indefinite period. In other words, every year there will be a Shaksperian representation in Northampton; and of how many American cities can that be said? In how many cases, moreover, that the quality of the professional performance equals in general evenness of talent, intelligence, and refinement the amateur work of these young women? In this latest instance, in place of a star *Rosalind* and a scratch company, the three leading romantic rôles were sustained by actors strongly competing in merit, and, as it happened, in physical beauty; and, throughout, the attention of the audience was firmly held by the action. The comic parts were relatively less well done—less adequately, perhaps, than has been common heretofore; in these the sententious character of the text called for especial distinctness and weight of delivery. On the other hand, there was no overdoing of the "business." The scenic effects were pleasing, and the magic of the poet's diction effaced all minor defects inseparable from the personation of one sex by the other, just as the primitive stage-setting was effaced in Shakspere's own day. There remained, besides, a sense of grace and breeding not to be experienced in an ordinary playhouse.

RUSSIA VIEWED BY TWO OBSERVERS.

Russia in Revolution. By G. H. Perris. With illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1905.

Russia as It Really Is. By Carl Joubert. London: Everleigh Nash; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1905.

Mr. Perris's point of view is clearly indicated by the quotation (which he uses as a motto on the title-page) of a phrase from the communication of Prince Trubetzkoy, president of the Moscow Zemstvo, to Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, in December, 1904: "What is passing [does he mean "taking place?"] at present is not a simple riot, but a revolution." His aim is to set forth the whole political history of Russia, from the beginning of its existence as a State, and especially during the last thirty-five years, down to April of the present year. After a succinct survey of "Natural Conditions: Geographical, Climatic, Economic," he proceeds to "Historical Conditions," and remarks: "The system of absolute monarchy is, in fact, deeply rooted in the natural history, and closely bound up with the geographical situation, of the country." On the following page he says:

"Western carpet-baggers talk of the Slav being incapable of self-government. The fact is that, down to this day, the humble muzhik has enjoyed a power over the essential conditions of life, political and economic, such as the Western peasant has not possessed since the dawn of the Middle Ages; and in the form of the artel, or co-operative society, he maintains his collectivism even in the strongholds of modern machine industry."

These quotations will serve to show Mr. Perris's sincere effort to be fair and impartial, but the same paragraph furnishes two other quotations which equally well illustrate his defective vision in consequence of his prejudice against nearly everything in Russia in its present form.

"The virus of Byzantism," he says, "was even more deadly in the East than that of Romanism in the West. It gave a simple pagan people something of culture, something of ethics and philosophy; but it gave these in a degraded form, and one peculiarly mischievous in that it cut them off from Western thought by its separate alphabet and language, art, and political ideals. . . On the religious side, as on the political, it may be said that, while the Orthodox (which does not even pretend to be a Catholic) Church helped at the outset to maintain the national spirit amongst [against?] the invader, that justification has long disappeared."

The remark about the alphabet and the language, so easily applied in numerous other cases, is amusing. As to the Orthodox Church, Mr. Perris is misinformed: it claims the title of "Catholic," and professes to be the original "Catholic" Church, as a would-be authoritative writer should know. A little further on, he alludes to "the great movement of religious dissent, the immediate cause of which was the arbitrary innovations of the Patriarch Nikon"—the fact being that Nikon made no innovations whatever, but merely had clerical and similar errors corrected in the Scriptures and Church Service books. Mr. Perris pays his respects, in the same spirit and degree of weight, to the Church and its affairs and acts, at intervals throughout his book. Under the heading, "The Oligarchy," he sets forth the machinery of the Government, the councils, and the character of their members and their actions; and, having described the confusion of the labyrinthine laws under the caption of "The Land without Law" (all this is rather difficult reading, partly by reason of its conciseness), he enters upon the most interesting part of his subject, the real topic of his work. He has collected a number of first-hand accounts from political prisoners, of a sort with which the world has already been made familiar by previous writers, and which may be accepted with some reserves. When, however, Mr. Perris himself undertakes to summarize a situation or narrate as historian, he is not always properly equipped.

For example, in speaking of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, he says: "Here the Decembrist leaders were buried"—presumably intending the reader to understand that they died there. Most of them were sent to Siberia, and, when they were pardoned, a majority refused to return to Russia because of their love for Siberia. Again, a more important instance; in discussing "The Annals of Schlüsselburg," Mr. Perris alludes to the sad fate of several prisoners, stating, among other things, that a certain one, condemned in the "Trial of the Fourteen," went insane in 1884. We are at liberty to infer that he also died, like others mentioned, in similar circumstances. This man (whose vocation is wrongly stated) was sent to Sakhalin, where he served the Government well, and later spent a couple of years in Siberia. In 1896 he returned to Russia; he has had all his privileges and rank restored to him, has been sent by the Government on more than one important expedition, and is at present serving in a position of trust in one of the Ministries. The amusing feature of this case (so far as Mr. Perris is concerned) is, that on page 125 he remarks that he has copied three illustrations from a book "by a former exile, Mr. Mirolubov," which appeared in the *Russian Historical Review*. He is, apparently, not aware that "Mr. Mirolubov" is the pen-name of his "insane" prisoner at Schlüsselburg; and that the man in question is a regular and valued contributor, under his own signature, not only to the *Historical Review*, but to other publications. We may remark, in parenthesis, that the name "Mirolubov" was compounded by the ex-political from the words *mir* (peace) and *lubov* (love), which he has taken as his motto, asserting that the Government treated him exactly right, and that peace and love are the only legitimate or valid weapons, not violence or revolution.

On page 101 the author, in speaking of the Emperor, says: "When, as Tsesarevitch, he visited Siberia, he was believed to have personally inspected the condition of the political exiles. He really did and could do nothing of the kind, for the politicals were carefully removed or put out of sight before his passage." Again there is some misunderstanding, or misrepresentation. The writer of these lines received a letter at the time from a friend who lived at one of the important towns in Eastern Siberia visited by the then Tsesarevitch and was present at his reception, and who wrote: "The condition of the politicals here is totally misunderstood abroad. When the Tsesarevitch came through, there were politicals appointed on the reception committee, here as elsewhere in Siberia; and he shook hands with them and talked with them exactly as he did with the Governor." Again, the case of "Mr. Mirolubov" above cited refutes a statement on page 120 about Sakhalin: "A man or woman deported to this hermetically sealed island is lost to the world." More serious is the assertion, commonly but falsely made by revolutionists and their foreign sympathizers, that "the peasants have been of deliberate policy kept in a condition of degrading ignorance and subservience;" and that, "through its [the Holy Synod's] State-protected network of village

schools, any substantial advance of elementary education in the Empire is effectually stopped." Without entering into details, it may be stated as a fact that the whole question of schools or their absence is, primarily and mainly, one of economics —on the part of the State and Synod, how to provide the immense means required; on the part of the peasants, how to spare the labor of children of school age.

Many writers have approved of the Government monopoly of liquor; our author does not. Neither does he approve of M. Witte, by many regarded as a great statesman and financier. He declares that most of the latter's "huge transactions" were "mischievous, burdensome, and perilous in a high degree," but later on he admits that "M. Witte, when all criticisms have been uttered, is a great administrator, with an ambition equal to that of Cecil Rhodes, and an executive capacity almost comparable to that of Lord Cromer"; and that the establishment of the spirit monopoly and other important acts were "colossal designs." One sentence (in Mr. Perris's chapter on "The Tariff"), will make many Americans wince, while they smile; "The whole of the manufacturing class is reduced to a servile position; it is encouraged, even compelled—this is the whole *raison d'être* of the system —to sell dear at home and cheap abroad." When he comes to the discussion of the present war with Japan, he frankly acknowledges that "Great Britain made this war possible when she concluded the treaty of 1902, and so lay under a secondary responsibility," and that "with Japan lies the responsibility of forcing on hostilities"; but when he asserts, a little further on, in a list of Russia's crimes, that "it has maintained upon his throne Abdul the Assassin, with license to slaughter the Armenians at will," he is less frank, and will surprise those who have regarded it as conceded that England is responsible for the maintenance of the condition of affairs in Turkey.

The biographies and autobiographies of the propagandists, Tchaikovsky, Volkhovsky, Stepniak, and others, at times repeat, at times supplement, previous narratives; and again, some are entirely fresh. All are of the greatest interest, as are, also, the chapters on "The New Generation" (including the students and their agitations), "The Rise of the Labour Movement," and "Bloody Sunday: A Broken Idol." The author's interpretations of events—even his statements of facts—do not always accord with interpretations and statements from equally (if not more) authoritative and competent sources; but such a compact and regular narrative of events from one point of view is undeniably valuable. In his concluding chapter, "The Prospects of the Revolution," the author tries his hand at prophecy, in hopeful vein. On the whole, he has performed well a difficult task, and his book, subject to the cautions we have suggested, may be recommended as both important and useful. Of the illustrations, most of them fairly well reproduced, and some without much point, the best and most interesting are the portraits of the "politicals" and propagandists.

'Russia As It Really Is' is one of the most curious and puzzling books it has been our lot to see for a long time. In his preface the author mentions the numerous works on the subject already extant, and declares, with sweeping denunciation, that "all are written from the point of view either of the traveller, or of the alien politician, who seeks to demonstrate the effects of Russian expansion on the policy of his own particular country. Some have been written with scanty knowledge and restricted powers of observation; others are dependent on official information for the facts (?) which they set forth." He then states that a couple of books on Russia had been recently presented to him by their author, and, after reading, he "pondered how those books could have been written, published, and sold to the public. They purported to describe Russia—it might almost as well have been Timbuctoo." The reader of Mr. Joubert's book is, on the whole, forced to ponder along the same lines; particularly in view of his statement that he has lived nine years in Russia, has visited every Government in the empire, has associated with every class, and "acquired the languages of the country, Russian and corrupt Russian, Polish, Lettish, Lithuanian, and Yiddish." After this preamble, downright amazement seizes upon the reader with the opening paragraphs of the book proper. "His Imperial Majesty Emperor Nicolas Alexandrovitch, Autocrat of All the Russias," he writes. "By these and many other titles is he known—the Holy Tsar of Russia. He himself has commanded that he should be so called; for no subject can give him honors and titles. And, therefore, is he known as *Zembla Bogh*—'The God on Earth,' 'The Pope of the Greek Church,' 'The Master and Maker of the Holy Synod,' 'The Adjuster of the Earth,' 'The Peace and Goodwill on Earth.' For Russia is the Tsar, the Tsar is Russia. The Synod belongs to the Pope; and the Pope is the Tsar, and the Tsar is God on earth"—with more to the same purpose. As a matter of fact, the Emperor bears not a single one of the alleged titles, self-conferred or otherwise, except that of autocrat; moreover, there is no such word in the Russian language as "zembla," though the expression "Zembla Bogh" is such a favorite with our writer that he uses it constantly throughout his volume, as though the title and the actual words were the most commonly current in Russia.

The chapter on "The Holy Church" is replete with curiosities. "The Metropolitans," he says," by order of the Tsar, arrange the ritual to be observed in the churches," and this assertion is made concerning a church whose pride it is that its ritual has been fixed for centuries! More extraordinary yet is the assertion that different brands of "superstition" are deliberately supplied to the inhabitants of different parts of the empire, with the general intent of keeping them from dangerous thoughts. The author has mistaken the popular folk-lore, the tradition of ages, so highly prized by scientific observers, but warred against by the Church, for something entirely different. It is needless to enter into further details; but it may interest Mr. Joubert to learn that he is mistaken in an ordinary matter of fact when he speaks of "the great Church of the Annunciation, where the Czar assumes the crown, paved with jasper, carnelian, and agate." The Tsar assumes the crown in the Cathedral of the Assumption; and the neighboring tiny Cathedral of the Annunciation is paved with jasper only. One wonders how acute the observation of more recondite matters can be. As the war in the Far East has set an entirely new standard of indifference to the life of soldiers in general, we need not pause over Mr. Joubert's views upon the attitude, on that score, of Russian officers, which contradicts the views of many previous writers.

In view of what has been said concerning the missionaries (of England in particular) as the "advance-agent of annexation," and particularly in view of England's recent expedition to Lhasa, the brief chapter on "The Missionary" is merely amusing. The premature graduation last February of medical students whose services were needed in the Far East is misrepresented. The rough-and-ready statement of the censor's duties is incorrect. The large section devoted to "The Jew in Russia" is interesting, especially on its anecdotal side (as is the whole book), but neither novel, profound nor exhaustive. The volume seems to have been written, in truth, for the sake of the story contained in Part III., entitled "A Power above the Tsar," which monopolizes one-half of its bulk. The power referred to is money, which Mr. Joubert discreetly employed to rescue from Siberia a scientific friend, condemned to exile on slight grounds. The tale is of absorbing interest, though everything happens exactly as in a well-regulated fairy-tale—by which we do not mean in the least to impugn its veracity, but merely to intimate that it is a case where the truth is stranger than fiction.

There is one point, however, to which we have already referred, and which is brought forward again very prominently in this connection, namely, the author's firm belief in his perfect knowledge of the Russian language. He even explicitly declares that he can talk Russian better than he can English, and sets out in quest of his missing friend disguised as a Russian. It was partly on this ground that we characterized the book, at the outset, as curious and puzzling. As it has run into the seventh edition in the course of as many months, and therefore ample opportunity has been afforded for revision, the Russian language as it appears in these pages must, in justice, be accepted as representing the author's proficiency in it. The great majority of the words and expressions are incorrect. Admitting that Stambov (for Tambov) is a typographical error, Yaroslaff (for Yaroslavl) is not. In describing the costume of the peasant man and woman, Mr. Joubert calls their coat a *shinell*. The waist-fitting, knee-length sheepskin *tulup* of the peasant (or even the occasional cloth coat on the same lines) is entirely different from the long, flowing *shinell* of the officer or civilian, with its pendent sleeves and deep cape. Even nine years of familiarity with the ordinary Christian names and patronymic formations have, apparently, not initiated Mr. Joubert into that simple lore. For instance, "Petrushka" is the diminutive of Piotr, not (as represented) of "Petrus." Still more surprising is the confusion (page 45) over Ilya and its derivative. "What is your name, brother?" he asked. "Ivan Ilyitchovitch." "Is it possible that your father's name was Ilyitch? . . . I went up to Ivan Ilyitchovitch." The father's name was Ilya (Elijah), and the son's could have been nothing else than "Ivan Ilyitch"; Ilya being one of the rare, irregular excep-

tions to the formation of the patronymic. Mr. Joubert represents the priest in Siberia as calling him "paltchik moia," having previously defined *paltchik* as 'little boy.' The word is "maltchik," and, being masculine, should not be accompanied by a feminine adjective. "Nasha Russki Mallatchi! (our Rusian bravery)" is, probably, intended for "nashi Russkie molodtzi (our brave Russian fellows.)" If the simulated Russian (Mr. Joubert was, by advice, happily not simulating at the moment in question) had used one feminine and one masculine adjective, both in the singular number, with a masculine noun in the plural, as he represents, his disguise would have been easily penetrated, though *fulkas* (rolls) for *bulki* might possibly pass muster.

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY.

Shakespearean Tragedy. By A. C. Bradley, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Macmillan & Co. 1904.

To the reader seriously interested in literary scholarship, no book more cheering than this has appeared for many years. Much of our criticism is so superficial, much of our learned writing so dry, that the publication of a work solidly based on erudition, marked everywhere by keen insight and fine judgment, and abounding in fresh and stimulating ideas, is a great literary event. That the powers implied in these qualities should have been employed in the interpretation of the supreme masterpieces of our literature, is still further a cause for the heartiest congratulation.

It is easy, in these days of the laborious investigation of detail, for the scholar to lose sight of the ultimate aim. Yet in his saner moments the most uninspired of philological diggers, or the most curious hunter after

> "two points in Hamlet's soul
> Unseized by the Germans yet,"

admits that the defence of his work lies in the hope that it may contribute to some far-reaching generalization, or to the better interpretation of some great work of art. It is to be sorrowfully admitted that the mind capable of using the results of research for these grand purposes appears only at rare intervals. Here once more, however, it has appeared, and it is to be welcomed with enthusiasm and gratitude.

The plan of Dr. Bradley's book is simple. After a short introduction, the author proceeds to the discussion of the substance of Shaksperian tragedy, of the construction of the tragedies, and of Shakspere's tragic period. These three lectures serve for the exposition of the main ideas forming the background of the subsequent treatment of the four great tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth," to each of which two lectures are devoted. Some thirty notes on moot questions lying aside from the main lines of interpretation close the volume, and are of especial interest to the professed student.

A serious difficulty confronts the critic who would deal with matters already so much discussed as those just enumerated. If account is taken of the large amount of even valid and plausible interpretation that has already been made, the bulk of a book on Shaksperian tragedy will be swollen almost beyond bounds; if things already well done are silently passed over, the work will be apt to suffer in proportion, and to be misleading to all but specialists. Nothing proves Dr. Bradley's literary tact more conclusively than his treatment of this dilemma. He never descends to mere recapitulation, yet, while using most of his space for discussions where he has something individual to contribute, he seldom fails to keep perspective, and to indicate sufficiently the views of the more important of his predecessors. No one who has essayed to write freshly on a well-worn theme will fail to perceive the distinction of such an achievement.

An idea of the actual method of the book may be gathered from an outline of Dr. Bradley's treatment of the fundamental question of Shakspere's conception of tragedy. It is to be noted at the outset that it is the Shaksperian tragic conception that is dealt with, not the Aristotelian, or any a-priori theory. In other words, Dr. Bradley attempts to extract from Shakspere's tragedies themselves the dramatic theory which undoubtedly underlies them (whether or no it was ever explicit and conscious in the mind of the dramatist), just as Aristotle derived his theory of tragedy from the actual works of the Greek dramatists of his time. Aristotle's results are inevitably in the author's mind, but they do not dominate, as they have so often dominated in critical attempts to state the theory of Elizabethan dramatic art. Beginning with the mediæval conception of tragedy as a story of the terrifying downfall of a man of high estate, he shows how this persists in Shakspere, but how it has added to it certain further elements. First, this downfall is the culmination of a series of human actions, and these actions are due to character. Next, though abnormal mental conditions, insanity, hallucinations, and the like, are admitted, these are not the causes of deeds important for the development of the plot, but are rather symptoms or consequences. If they were main causes, the first statement that the action must be caused by characteristic deeds would not be true. The bearing of this on, *e. g.*, the question of Hamlet's madness is obvious. Similarly, though the supernatural is frequently introduced, it enters the action only in close relation with character, and never so as to deprive the tragic hero of the power and responsibility of deciding his own line of conduct. Finally, chance is allowed a part in the action, *e. g.*, in the determination of the fatal moment when Desdemona drops her handkerchief. But this part is always subordinate, and never crosses, but only hastens or confirms, a course of action already set agoing by character. This statement of the nature and elements of Shaksperian tragedy is supplemented by a consideration of the Hegelian view of tragedy as a conflict between the hero and a hostile force; but this Professor Bradley regards as an inadequate formula for Shaksperian tragedy on account of the importance, in the tragedies of Shakspere's maturity, of a conflict *within* the hero's soul.

So much for the tragic action. Shaksperian tragedy is characterized also by a particular type of hero. The tragic hero is not merely a person of exceptional position enduring extreme calamity; he is also marked by "a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion, or habit of mind." He is not always "good," as the Greek tragic hero had to be, but he is always on a great scale. This greatness it is which prevents a Shaksperian tragedy from depressing us. Whether the catastrophe involve the destruction of a superb villain like Richard III. or Macbeth, or the heart-rending downfall of an Othello, we are kept clear of cynicism by a picture of the tremendous possibilities of human nature. This sense of the greatness of humanity as displayed in the tragic hero points to what Dr. Bradley calls "the centre of tragic impression—the impression of waste." If human nature be so beautiful or so great, why must it suffer so and be so thrown away? To this question the dramatist gives us no answer. It is the fundamental mystery which leaves us awed and solemnized at the close of the drama, as it is the fundamental mystery which remains unsolved in life.

But in this world of tragedy, in which the mysterious waste of greatness is the essential tragic fact, what is the dominating power? The two opposing answers that have usually been given are both set aside as inadequate. It cannot be an omnipotent, just, and benevolent power, or it would not leave us with the closing sense of mysterious suffering and waste. It cannot be sheer fate, either blind or malicious, for then it would leave us rebellious, which the great tragedies do not. Something of both forces we seem to feel. The suffering, though often not entirely deserved, is at least largely traceable to the hero's weakness or crime. Yet the forces set in motion by such weakness or crime seem augmented by chance coincidences which produce a train of consequences leading far beyond what the human agent intended or conceived. Man is seen as a child starting some tremendous machine which he can neither understand nor control, but which, on the other hand, never starts of itself, as it does in Greek tragedy. If man is not supreme, he is never mere victim. Further, it is misleading to speak of the order of the world, moral or other, as something detached from man and his activities. The hero, and the weakness or wickedness which leads to his destruction, are part of this order, which is to be viewed as a system striving to purge itself of a poison, and in doing so sacrificing much in itself that is innocent and wholesome.

"Sometimes," indeed, "from the very furnace of affliction a conviction seems borne to us that somehow, if we could see it, this agony counts as nothing against the heroism and love which appear in it and thrill our hearts. Sometimes we are driven to cry out that these mighty or heavenly spirits who perish are too great for the little space in which they move, and that they vanish not into nothingness but into freedom. Sometimes from these sources and from others comes a presentiment, formless but haunting, and even profound, that all the fury of conflict, with its waste and woe, is less than half the truth, even an illusion, 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' But these faint and scattered intimations that the tragic world, being but a fragment of a whole beyond our vision, must needs be a contradiction and no ultimate truth, avail nothing to interpret the mystery. We remain confronted with the inexplicable fact, or the no less inexplicable appearance, of a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by self-torture and self-waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy."

The independence and profundity of

thought implied in this induction are characteristic of Dr. Bradley's work throughout. The later lectures, dealing concretely with the familiar figures and actions of the *dramatis personæ*, are naturally more easily followed, and will appeal to a wider circle. But in these also we find the same qualities: the remarkable persistence with which this writer clings to the documents, the absence of that tendency to wander off on subjective lines which has vitiated much of the criticism of Coleridge and the Germans, the freedom from the bias of a literary orthodoxy to which he must conform, the illumination of a mind that has pondered deeply on life itself.

Dr. Bradley would be the first to deny that there is no more to say on these themes, that there are no other points of view worth occupying or methods worth pursuing. Here and there one is inclined to think that an interpretation would be modified by a closer examination of the theatrical conditions which the plays were designed to meet, or by a wider comparison with Elizabethan tragedy outside of Shakspere. But it is not safe to assume that any omission of this sort is due to ignorance on the part of the author. It is not his method to prove his learning by footnotes; but there are abundant indications of a thorough study of the literature about Shakspere, as well as an extraordinarily minute consideration of the plays themselves. A great mass of erudition, thoroughly digested, reasoned, and ordered, is brought to bear not merely on the four tragedies professedly dealt with, but incidentally on the other plays as well; the ideas are expressed in a style always admirably clear and often of a finely restrained eloquence; and the result is what one is compelled to regard as a permanent addition to the two or three great books on Shakspere.

The Old Farmer and his Almanack: Being some observations on life and manners in New England a hundred years ago, suggested by reading the earlier numbers of Mr. Robert B. Thomas's 'Farmer's Almanack'; together with extracts, curious, instructive, and entertaining, as well as a variety of miscellaneous matter. By George Lyman Kittredge. Embellished with engravings. Boston: William Ware & Co. 1904.

There is little about either the Old Farmer or his Almanack in this volume, of which the title-page recalls to a critic such a name as *omnium-gatherum*. "The Man, his Book and Correspondents"; "Astrology," "The Man of the Signs," "Murder Will Out," "Wit and Wisdom," "Lawyers and Quacks," "Toad and Spider," "Sugar and Salt," "The Flying-Stationer," "Drowned!" "Fire!" "Huskings," "Indian Summer," "Army and Navy," "The Schoolmaster," "Titles of Honor," "Munchausen," "On the Road," "Entertainment for Man and Beast," "Moonhoax," "What to Read," "Barberries and Wheat," "Indian Talk," and "More Indian Talk"—few of these topics fail to deaden the momentum with which, in the table of contents, we pass on to their successors. There are, indeed, not a few purple patches sewed into this crazy-quilt, but they are hid from our eyes unless we find clues in the capacious index. These elegant extracts were largely compiled from the hundred-volume series of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and similar publications, either voluminous or rare, like the works of Bradford, Mather, and other ancients, as well as the more recent town histories, Dwight's Travels, and Stiles's Diary. Thanks are also given to authors still in their best years for permission to forage in their harvest fields or to transplant cuttings from their nurseries. Yet, while importing such exotics, Professor Kittredge sometimes fails to borrow the vital spark. A typical case is the locution, Indian Summer. Regarding its origin, he states that earliest date, 1794, which it cost Mr. Albert Matthews more than a decade to establish, but he neglects to tell us the place where it first appeared—an omission which nullifies the significance of the Matthews finding. When both date and place are given by Matthews, the one is taken and the other left. Matthews's mention that he found it in a general's journal is borrowed, but no syllable shows where its author was born or lived or wrote. The *where* is as important as the *what*, the location as the locution. Marred by similar hiatuses, not a few sections are both too short as lacking an essential fraction, and too long as crammed with trivialities which make them dull, in Voltaire's phrase, "through saying everything."

A manifest aim and ear-mark of this Almanack commentary is popularizing folklore bibliothecally, and the result is garnering a plentiful harvest from books. But we miss the wisdom of the streets, immemorial sayings which are slow to pervade and permeate language with new words and new meanings, but always smack of mother-wit and first-hand observation. Such analects abound in Franklin, and are not lacking in Thomas. A handful of such as these, gathered up and held in store for the mellowing of occasion, would prove a saving salt for a flock of platitudes which in our author are not appetizing. If learning has not made our author mad, it has kept him too bookish, or made him pass by on the other side, as unconsidered trifles, such books as the 'Biglow Papers,' which would perfume his pages all through with the genuine old Yankeeism. We cannot enough regret that he did not oftener turn his back on bookworms and books, and sit in conversation at the feet of his oldest nonagenarian neighbor. Thus, concerning postage in our early decades, we find in this medley no statement rousing a reader to notice that it would cost more than a dollar to mail a dollar bill for a single mile over the 400 limit. The old man, however, would first remind Professor Kittredge that each piece, however small, must pay the full rate, so that the bill and receipt required four postages each of a quarter. He would add: My father I saw cutting his bills in twain and doubling his postage, for, as he said, letter thieves would be thereby baffled since they would find half a bill valueless, and he retained the second half till he heard of the first at its goal. So, too, in talking of training-days, the man of three generations would tell of anvils serving for improvised cannon-crackers—and more noisy; of companies well-named floodwood (since they were like trees swept down, of all heights and sizes, in mountain torrents), and of a regiment lined up in a bee-line, not by a lucky accident, as our author has it, alongside a fence, but with all toes touching a furrow in the grass cut beforehand with a dull axe true to a cord stretched from stake to stake. If questioned in relation to schools, the man of many decades would recall that his schoolma'am imprisoned naughty girls in a dark closet under the stairs, or made a bad boy sit between two of them for a triple shame. Her cuteness was at its best when she forced two bigger boys to switch each other while she stood ready to flog the first flincher. If asked about antique lunar credulity, our sage might say: Look at my centurial clock; mark on its face moon changes in figures on the centre. Thus, by opening his little finger, one who has long walked hand in hand with time, would let loose such relics of ancient New England as are rare in Professor Kittredge's book of erudition, which is tied to his topics only by an attenuated thread.

His ultimate and longest lucubration, "Indian Talk," may have been added in hope of praise won for a gay and festive ending like the furrow-end of Homer's ploughman, who sees there a boy with pitcher and goblet for his refreshment. This finale treats of aboriginal endeavors to imitate or at least mimic white men—in form, if not in truth—as to speech, writing, titles, and whole manner of life; and begins with an Indian writ in these words: "Me High Howder, yu constable, yu deputy, best way yu look um Jeremiah wicket, strong yu take um, fast yu hold um, quick yu bring um before me.—CAPTAIN HOWDER." The comic element here is perhaps not unalloyed with pathos.

Great Zimbabwe, Mashonaland, Rhodesia: An Account of Two Years' Examination Work in 1902-4 on behalf of the Government of Rhodesia, by R. N. Hall. With an introduction by Prof. A. H. Keane. With 200 illustrations, maps, and plans. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. Pp. xliii., 459. 8vo.

Great Zimbabwe—a native term for stone buildings—was forty centuries ago the metropolis of a gold-mining region in South Africa. It occupied an area about two miles square, the principal ruins being a temple and an acropolis or hill fortress. As gold in large quantities and in almost every form (from dust to most delicate and artistic ornaments), and furnaces, scorifiers, and crucibles have been found in them, it would certainly seem as if the ore must have been brought here from the surrounding country, smelted and manufactured or taken in ingots to the coast, the route being indicated by remains of forts. Though the site was discovered by the Portuguese in the early part of the sixteenth century, the first scientific explorer of it was the late Theodore Bent. In 1902 the Rhodesian Government commissioned Mr. R. N. Hall, who had spent several years in a general investigation of all the ancient ruins in the territory, to make a special examination of Great Zimabwe, and this volume is a report of his two years' work. It contains, after a description of the place, its relics and "finds," and the ancient architecture, a minutely detailed account of each ruin or group of ruins. From this it will be evident that the book is intended for the archæologist rather than for the public at large, though some lively pictures of native life and the impressions which the place made upon the author show that

he was capable of writing a book of general interest.

Although he has a decided conviction as to who these ancient miners were, he does not discuss the subject, but simply endeavors to let the ruins tell their own story. Prof. A. H. Keane, however, contributes an introduction, in which he restates his theory that this region was the "Havilah," 'where there is gold,' of the Old Testament (Gen. ii. 11), the port Sofala being Tarshish, while Ophir was the great Himyaritic emporium on the south coast of Arabia, whence the gold was distributed over the Eastern world. This is not a new theory; it was held in substance by Milton, who, in 'Paradise Lost' (Book xi, 400) includes

> "Sofala (thought Ophir) to the realm
> Of Congo, and Angola farthest south"

among the kingdoms seen from the Mount of Temptation.

There have been numerous "finds," but no inscriptions; and, stranger still, no indications of burial-places have been discovered. But as nine-tenths of the ruins remain practically buried, it is possible that inscribed tablets like those of Tel el-Amarna may be brought to light. It would take three years, says Mr. Hall, to explore the acropolis alone, there being seven distinct strata of débris. Though the absence of written documents prevents the fixing of exact dates, the ruins bear abundant testimony to the fact that at least four thousand years ago this region was inhabited by a vast number of people whose chief industry was gold mining. Among them were skilled architects and builders, expert jewellers, and men having some knowledge of astronomy. Their oriented temples containing soapstone beams with bird effigies and phalli, their architectural decorations and gold ornaments, show that they were akin to the South Arabians and Phœnicians. Their many fortresses on precipitous cliffs, made almost impregnable by narrow and tortuous passages, prove that they were foreign invaders of the soil and confronted by an ever-present foe who finally overwhelmed them. One cannot but feel that the place was the theatre, in those prehistoric times, of events as momentous as those in the annals of Babylon or Thebes. The numerous illustrations with which the volume is adorned give a graphic impression of some of the oldest works of man in existence.

Italian Backgrounds. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated by E. C. Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

This collection of essays on Italian subjects is full of suggestive ideas on the point of view people take as to what they expect to find, and what they wish to see, in their travels. Mrs. Wharton has many unusual qualifications for writing on the art of Italy in its many phases, among others a brilliant style, historic research, and a catholicity of taste. She herself, to use her own classification of travellers, belongs "to those idlers who refuse to measure art by time, and for whom Italy has a boundless horizon." The second category, "the happy few who remain more than three days," might well profit by her mediations as to how to employ their time and how to enjoy the "middle distance" which is their share; but, for the "hasty traveller" "for whom the foreground is asterisked," her experience cannot serve. He has neither time nor capacity for seeing; does he not hurry through the Vatican rooms as if flying from destiny, and wondering what he has come to see? It is quite true that Italy cannot be understood or enjoyed by a hasty survey of its art treasures and sites of interest; only long sojourn, the serious study of its history and art development can prepare one for seeing intelligently and understanding the *raison d'être* of the different epochs which have left their mark on all the great cities with such astonishing predominance. The baroque character of Rome, for instance that seventeenth-century "debased style," according to the guide-book, which Bernini, Borromeo, and Maderno evolved in architecture, and Guercino, the Caraccis and Claude Lorrain in painting, derived its inspiration directly from Michelangelo's ceiling in the Sistina, and the Moses in San Pietro in Vincoli. It is the expression of ecclesiastical pomp and Spanish ceremonial blended with the desire for nature's lines and the feeling of space; and how wonderfully the seventeenth-century churches are in harmony with the ruins of old Rome, and how little there would remain of what Rome actually is, were we to eliminate the baroque and limit our admiration to its classic and mediæval period. Styles are also very much subject to fashion. In Venice, where the "Byzantine Gothic" is the foreground, with a flavor of the early Renaissance, the eighteenth-century buildings were at one time considered the glory of the city, and St. Mark's was characterized as "barbarous Gothick." And it was this period which evolved Tiepolo, Canaletto, Guardi, and Longhi, painters who in their respective work express so vividly the joyous, careless life of pleasure of their time.

The great point insisted on by our author is that we should understand how literature and art and nature and history are blended together and go to the making of each city; and that we find in the backgrounds of old masters of the fifteenth century the life that went on around the artist very truthfully depicted, while the foregrounds, with their holy families, saints, and donors, are merely conventional. We are warned against dividing ourselves into the two camps of Gothic and classical art; rather to keep our minds open to the appreciation and understanding of all that is good of whatsoever time.

In the chapter on "Picturesque Milan" we are given a very good description of the Portinari chapel behind the choir of Sant' Eustorgio; the mausoleum of Saint Peter Martyr, one of the most exquisite achievements of Italian art, and till quite recently very little visited and known. The combination of Michelozzo's design and reliefs with Vincenzo Foppa's painting is very remarkable in harmony of line and for pure iridescent color scales of pale red and blue overlapping each other like the feathers on the breast of a wood-pigeon. The terra-cotta frieze of angels dancing and swinging between them large bells of flowers and fruit is a theme of complete joyousness, quite unique in design. In the chapter on Milan, too, we get a good account of that pilgrimage church of the Madonna of Saronno, which all lovers of Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari should visit, although these Luinis are rather in his latest manner, after he had fallen under Raphaelesque influence, while those of San Maurizio Maggiore are more characteristic of his peculiar charm.

Another excursion of great interest is our author's quest among the hills between Volterra and the Arno for the monastery containing a series of life-sized terra-cotta groups representing the scenes of the Passion, supposed to have been the work of a blind modeller of Gambassi, an artist of the seventeenth century, named Gonnelli. These groups were found at San Vivaldo, a monastery which the Italian Government had restored to the Franciscan order, San Vivaldo having been a follower of the Poverello during the latter half of the thirteenth century. Mrs. Wharton had the satisfaction of establishing their attribution to an earlier epoch than that of Gonnelli, the close of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century, recognizing at once in them far greater artistic quality than they were supposed to have possessed.

Notes from a Diary; 1896 to 1901. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

With these, the thirteenth and fourteenth of his published 'Notes'; Sir E. Grant Duff brings to a close that amazing diary which he began to issue about five years ago. Amazing, we call it, because his fourteen volumes are merely a selection from the whole record, which must be a leviathan among personal diaries. Grant Duff was in his day a well-known though never a distinguished figure in English politics and administration; but this side of his life, obviously the most interesting to the reader, he has rigidly excluded from his 'Notes.' "I have carefully avoided the chief interests of my life," he tells us in the preface, with what would almost amount to insolence were it not rather peculiarly British naïveté. The reader is therefore to understand that these copious notes are only the by-products; for the man's real interests he is invited from time to time to consult the newspapers of the day. The minor interests of the five years that we are now to consider are not, of course, of the strenuous kind, since the diarist's active years were ended. The collecting of plants and precious stones, dinners and breakfasts at certain literary and political clubs, and the anecdotes and reminiscences of elderly contemporaries collected even more assiduously than the plants and gems—this is the substance of Grant Duff's discreet pages.

Among the pupils of Jowett there has been more than one who, having attained to high honors in public life, has counted it not the least of his distinctions that he was "a pupil of Jowett." But though Grant Duff came under the influence of the Socrates of Balliol for three years of his Oxford life, he repudiates the notion that he owed anything to the intercourse. "We were always on the best of terms; but I am not conscious of having received much from him." This reminds us of a certain undergraduate who, after an evening with Jowett, wrote the following: "He asked me if I would have a glass of wine, so I poured out a glass of wine and drank it; then he asked me if I would eat an apple, so I ate an apple. But he said nothing and I said nothing. I'm told that he asks you to wine

that he may find out what sort of a fellow you are, but I wasn't going to let him see what sort of a fellow *I* am." We may be sure, however, that this engaging youth never lived to write like Grant Duff on Jowett: "We arrived at very similar conclusions upon many of the great subjects that have interested our times, by totally different though not distant paths."

We should be sorry to have to count the number of times in these two volumes that their author "dined at Grillion's," the London club at which both the leading men of both political parties meet and dine together with the avowed aim of averting social estrangement. By the time the industrious reader has reached the close of the diary he will find himself able to reconstruct a dinner at Grillion's, to put the right man in the chair, to seat half-a-dozen peers in their favorite places, and to give a typical conversation. Nearly all Grant Duff's anecdotes were gleaned at these dinners, and, if we may believe his reports of them, the conversation of English politicians consists almost entirely of rather pointless stories. But his reminiscences are colored by his conviction that "the most agreeable conversation is that which brings new grist to the mill of one's intelligence, in the shape of something one did not know before," and discussion was not likely to thrive in his immediate neighborhood. Occasionally the anecdotes are worth quoting:

"An Irish private went to ask his colonel for a week's leave, on the ground that he had been exceedingly useful to his wife at her spring cleaning the year before, and that he should like to be so again. 'It would give me,' said the colonel, 'the greatest possible pleasure to grant your request; but I am sorry to say that I have received a letter from your wife to say that you were of no use to her at the spring cleaning, and she hoped you would not get leave.' . . . 'There must be,' rejoined the man, 'two of the greatest liars in the world in this room, for I never had a wife.'"

The story of the death of Ollendorff also is well invented. He was dying, when a bystander caught these words: "Je meurs. On peut aussi dire, je me meurs." But an earlier pedantic decedent had said, "Je m'en vais, ou je m'en vas; l'un et l'autre se dit." That is an excellent story of Cecil Rhodes told by Lord Acton at a meeting of the Breakfast Club. Rhodes had asked him: "Why does not Mr. Theodore Bent say that the Zimbâbwe ruins are Phœnician?" Acton replied: "Because he is not quite sure that they are." "Ah!" said the other, "that is not the way that Empires are founded."

On page 8 of the first volume Grant Duff gives a curious explanation of the familiar word "doyly." It is that the family of D'Oylys "once held the Castle of Oxford and very broad lands in the neighborhood; the obligation being to defend the same against all comers, while the formal act of homage was the presentation every year to the King of a small tablecloth to be used at dinner." If this be the true derivation of the word, it has escaped the editors of the Oxford Dictionary, where it is stated that the doyly is so named from one Doyly, a linendraper, who kept a famous shop in the Strand. We have not elsewhere met with the statement (on page 120 of the same volume) that the line in Gray's Elegy regularly printed:

"Await alike the inevitable hour"

ought to read

"Awaits alike the inevitable hour."

hour being in the nominative.

The memoirs of a moderately interesting man can be made very interesting indeed if their author has the gift of reporting and has been in close contact with the great men of his day. Grant Duff, in his long life, has known everybody in London worth knowing, but, as he is too scrupulous to use personal gossip, however harmless, and, according to his plan, ignores the great questions of the day (the Boer war for instance, is barely mentioned in his 'Notes'), he has missed his chance of being the Greville of his generation. This is a real loss to posterity, for he had all the opportunities of a Greville.

The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Natural History. By John Denison Champlin, with coöperation of Frederic A. Lucas. Henry Holt & Co. 1905. 8vo, xvi, 725 pp. Ills.

This is one of a series of cyclopædias for the young. In it the author has endeavored to compile in inexpensive form a book of reference in which may be found the main facts in regard to animals concerning which information is sought. The general plan adopted is to give the scientific facts regarding each animal's place in nature, its family or genus; an account of the important species of each group, with indication of the habitat, individual history, and habits of each, and pertinent information bearing on its origin, relationship to other forms recent or fossil, its relations to man, methods of hunting or capture, domestication, and such economic products as may be derived from it. The author is of opinion that he has furnished "an outline of the entire animal kingdom, from the largest mammal down to the tiniest insect," and that "no important branch or class has been neglected, and the fauna of no one part of the world has been selected to the exclusion of that of another part." This is claiming a good deal, and much depends upon what significance is given to the word "important."

We find the Cyclopædia quite full in the matter of vertebrates, especially mammals and birds; and the close examination of a number of selections at random reveals no serious errors. One would have thought the lowest vertebrate, *Amphioxus*, important enough to deserve a figure and an entry in the index, but its scientific name does not occur, and a few lines under *Leptocardii* give a very insufficient idea of the animal. Without conspicuous inaccuracy, the information in groups lower than the vertebrates declines rapidly in quantity and quality as we descend in the scale. This is perhaps natural, as the adequate presentation of such groups requires a grasp and knowledge not to be expected in an ordinary compiler without scientific training; and the defect would not have been particularly dwelt upon here except for the undue pretensions of Mr. Champlin's preface.

The text in general shows little systematic grasp in the arrangement of facts, either in the articles as a whole or in any article in particular. Most of the conceded facts may be found by hunting for them, but they do not appear to be stated in any determined order, rather, as it were, haphazard. The accounts of such animals as ants and bees are lacking in freshness, though correct enough in a general way. The text throughout bears testimony to painstaking compilation rather than to ready knowledge.

There are more than eight hundred illustrations, many of them derived by a process of reduction from the uncopyrighted treasure-house of Brehm's 'Thierleben,' which has served to enrich most American works of this class for many years. It is needless to say that they are good, even when they recall the "rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." However, all things are relative, and for certain purposes and people this volume may have a value which justifies its publication, and may ensure its success.

International Law. Part I.: Peace. By John Westlake. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

Mr. Westlake, who is Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge, is well known as a writer on international law, both private and public. In his preface he speaks of his intention to follow this volume by another on international relations as affected by a state of war, and perhaps in this he will include all the questions grouped under the heads of Neutrality and the Law of Prize, thus completing a work which will have the scope of the Law of Nations as a whole. He rather unnecessarily disclaims all design of producing an "encyclopædia"; his present volume is a small and compact collection of essays which challenges comparison at many points with the work of the systematic writers who have followed in the footsteps of Grotius. At the same time he wishes it to be noticed that his treatment is not "deductive," for while he admits that such a treatment "might start from State sovereignty or from the assertion of certain rights as inherent in a State," he seems to be of opinion that it would lead in many cases to no result "unless the starting-points were defined with a precision only attainable by embodying the conclusions in them." Not being deductive (and the professedly historical method being also excluded), it follows that the volume is mainly descriptive of the actual state of international law, and the topics embrace a "General View of International Law," "The Sources and Principles of International Law," "The Classification of States," "The Origin, Continuity and Extinction of States," "The Title to State Territory," "Rivers," "The Sea," "Territorial Waters," "Nationality and Alienage," "National Jurisdiction," "Diplomacy," "The Political Action of States," "The Protection of Subjects Abroad," and "International Arbitration."

We have been much struck with what Mr. Westlake has to say on the last head. His analysis of the difference—difficult or impossible to define, yet very substantial—between "legal" and "political" questions, is very good, and throws light on the vexed question of the proper scope of arbitration treaties. So, too, the chapter on "The Protection of Subjects Abroad" is valuable, though here, if we are not mistaken, the author's method is not very advantageous to a satisfactory solution of the questions involved. What we crave here is precisely "deduction"—the key in some principle

of the true view; for the practice of States tends rather to obscure the matter than to clear it up. Is there any difference between deliberate fraud practised by a sovereign State on foreign bondholders and an ordinary maritime tort? Is one to be redressed, and the other ignored? Here, certainly, the rule of "equal treatment with nationals" cannot help us much; it could hardly be an answer to such a claim that the sovereign State had also deliberately repudiated the bonds held by its own citizens. The author's remarks on this subject seem to us wanting in clearness. On the other hand, Mr. Westlake's account of Title by Discovery and Effective Occupation is an admirable one, both for clearness and for brevity. We have not space to go into such technical matters as alienage, nationality, the *jus soli* and *jus sanguinis*, and domicile. On this whole range of questions, Mr. Westlake's standing is well known.

Manuel d'Assyriologie. Tome Premier. Par Charles Fossey. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1904. Pp. xiv., 470.

This is the first volume of a work of ambitious scope. In his preface, M. Fossey complains that while few sciences have in the last few years made such rapid progress as Assyriology, and few can promise more rapid progress in the years to come, from lack of some central, systematic publication it is impossible for the student to ascertain, without infinite searching of journals and reviews, the state of any question Assyriological. There is to-day no general review of Assyrian-Babylonian literature, no complete résumé of the innumerable geographical data contained in that literature, no inventory of the texts relative to any one of the divinities of the Assyrian pantheon, etc. M. Fossey proposes, if he finds sufficient support, to make this Manual of Assyriology a central publication, up to date, of everything which pertains to Assyria and Babylonia.

In the present volume he discusses explorations and excavations, the decipherment of the cuneiform text, and the origin and history of cuneiform writing. Others, as, for instance, Rogers and Hilprecht, have given a general survey of explorations and excavations from the earliest time onward, and of the history of the state and interpretation of the cuneiform text; but no one has produced so complete and so systematic a survey as Fossey in the present volume. Commencing with Benjamin of Tudela, he gives a list of all who are known to have journeyed in Babylonia, Assyria, and adjacent regions belonging to the Assyrian-Babylonian civilization, and who have left any record of their travels or explorations, with a brief statement of what they did. The first book closes with a list of the principal Babylonian-Assyrian epigraphical monuments, arranged according to their place of origin. While the title-page bears the date of 1904, the list of explorations closes with the year 1902, and does not, therefore, include the last American expedition to Bismya, undertaken under the auspices of the University of Chicago, the latest work of the English at Nineveh, the latest results of the German and French expeditions in Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, or the Assyrian-Babylonian discoveries in the Austrian and English excavations in Palestine, which should be included, according to the scope of the work. As a book of complete reference it is, therefore, already out of date.

The second book deals with the decipherment of the various forms of cuneiform script, Persian, Susian and Assyrian-Babylonian, collating first the references to cuneiform writing in classical authors—Herodotus, Thucydides, etc.—and then of modern travellers. The history of the actual decipherment commences with Grotefend. In his interest in Grotefend's work in deciphering the Persian cuneiform, M. Fossey quite loses the sense of proportion. Grotefend's work was remarkable chiefly because it so long antedated the actual decipherment of the inscriptions; practically it had little effect. His original paper was read before the Göttingen Academy in 1802; it was not actually published until 1895. The real decipherer of the Persian cuneiform was Sir Henry Rawlinson, whose work was published in 1846-49. Yet only two pages are devoted to Rawlinson, and nearly twenty to Grotefend. Even Lassen has a place several times larger than that assigned to Rawlinson. This is due to the author's interest in the beginnings of decipherment, whether productive or not. Similarly, in the chapter on the decipherment of the Assyrian-Babylonian writings, excessive space, so far as practical results are concerned, is given to Botta, Saulcy, and Hincks.

The third book deals with the origin and history of the cuneiform characters. The greater part of this section is devoted to the discussion of the curious Sumerian controversy. Halévy, it will be remembered, contended that there was no Sumerian language, and that the inscriptions supposed to be Sumerian were really Semitic-Babylonian written in a hieratic script. Inasmuch as the controversy is now settled in favor of the Sumerian origin of the Babylonian cuneiform, the author scarcely needed to devote one hundred pages to a report and discussion of Halévy's peculiar theories.

Following these three books is a condensed and convenient bibliography arranged according to chapters, complete up to 1902, but containing also some references from 1903 and 1904. The book is also furnished with an index, and a map (which the author says that he had much difficulty in preparing, owing to the peculiar nature of the material available), the single object of which is to illustrate the history of the explorations and excavations. We have not noted, in our examination of this map, the omission of any place of importance.

The value of this work is as an encyclopædia of ready reference, and it is to be regretted that the author has sometimes lost sight of that fact.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bailey, L. H. The Outlook to Nature. Macmillan $1.25 net.
Benson, Arthur C., Edward FitzGerald. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Crowninshield, Mary Boardman, Letters of. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dicey, A. V. Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the 19th Century. Macmillan.
Ferry, Edmond. La France en Afrique. Paris: Armand Colin.
Graves, Algernon. The Royal Academy of Arts. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $11.
Herrick, Robert. The Real World. Macmillan Co.
History of All Nations. Vol. VIII., by Hans Prutz. Philadelphia: Lea Bros. & Co.
Kent, Charles Foster. Israel's Historical and Biographical Narratives. Scribners. $2.75 net.
Macquoid, Katharine S. Pictures in Umbria. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
McCrackan, W. D. The Fair Land of Tyrol. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60 net.
Prentys, E. P. Japanese for Daily Use. William R. Jankins. 75 cents.
Roberts, Theodore. Brothers of Peril. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Rouvier, Gaston. La Nièce de M. Jacob Gaspard. Paris: Charpentier.
Seton, William. The Building of the Mountain. O'Shea & Co.
Sheehan, P. A. Glenanaar; A Story of Irish Life. Longmans. $1.50.
Varigny, Henry de. La Nature et la Vie. Paris: Armand Colin.
Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung. Notes by O. Kramer. Imported by Scribners. 50 cents net.
Warner, H. E. The Ethics of Force. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wilbrandt, Adolf. A New Humanity, or, The Easter Island. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Woljeska, Helen. A Woman's Confessional. Life Publishing Co.
Wollaston, Arthur N. The Sword of Islam. Dutton. $3 net.

The Evening Post says: "It is not often nowadays that a theatrical book can be met with so free from gush and mere eulogy, or so weighted by common sense . . . an excellent chronological appendix and full index . . . uncommonly useful for reference."

Dramatists of To-day

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The Nation.

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The Week.

President Roosevelt has laudably announced to the State Department and to the diplomatic service that "the purpose of the Government of the United States is to show the widest and heartiest courtesy toward all merchants, teachers, students, and travellers who may come to the United States, as well as towards all Chinese officials or representatives in any capacity of the Chinese Government." No President hereafter can openly take a different attitude, not even if he be the especial choice of the Pacific Coast labor unions; and if under such an Executive the practice once more becomes as disgraceful and uncivilized as of late, the representative of China at Washington need only point to this letter of President Roosevelt to prove that the Chinese Empire has the right to demand better treatment. It is true that the President might have moved sooner, and that he did not act until compelled by a rising tide of popular indignation at the insults to which educated Chinese have been subjected in our gates, and by the growing fear that the country is confronted with a serious boycott in the East. Now that it appears that even the long-suffering Chinese will turn at last, there has been a sudden awakening. Even on the Pacific Coast it is felt that something must be done, unless a magnificent trade is to come to an abrupt end. The Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce, for instance, has become conscious that insisting on the Open Door in the East and boasting of our possessing in the Philippines the commercial key to Asia are not going to sell a dollar's worth of American goods in China if the boycott takes effect. As for the South, it has promptly developed a foible for the Chinaman which is in striking contrast to its feeling for the negro. The reason lies herein: Southern millowners are not unaware that three-quarters of their products are sold in China, and that the boycott would cripple an industry which has been built up against great odds until it is the particular pride of the South.

The list of Secretary Taft's Philippine party, now published, shows that twenty-eight Senators and Representatives have been willing to give up their summer and pay all personal expenses, except their transportation, on the trip for the sake of some first-hand knowledge about our Eastern dependencies. It is perhaps a good thing that the party is made up so largely of members who have not been prominently identified with the Philippine issue in the past, for the most to be expected of the trip in any case is an awakening of interest in the affairs of the archipelago among just such men. As a matter of fact, only two members of the Senate Philippine Committee and two of the House Insular Affairs Committee are in the number. Senator Lodge, chairman of the former committee, remains at home. Not one of the Senators belongs to the powerful inner circle of the Senate, while the House triumvirate is represented by the Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor alone. Chairman Payne, of Ways and Means, and Foss of Naval Affairs, in the House, may find this a valuable experience, for both these committees have to deal with Philippine subjects, the former in the supremely important tariff question. It may also be remarked that with Bourke Cockran, De Armond, Grosvenor, and other famed debaters among the party, whatever the excursion may develop, the stay-at-home members of Congress and the people at large may look forward confidently to hearing all about it later on.

The first trial of Oregon's new primary law brought out one curious characteristic of the electorate which is evidently an outgrowth of former political conditions. When the direct primaries for Mayor of Portland were held, it was taken for granted on all sides that the Republican nomination was equivalent to election. After an energetic campaign, it will be remembered, the Mayor then in office, Williams, was renominated by a minority of the primary vote. The vote in the Democratic primary was extremely small. But on election day the anti-Williams Republicans voted for the Democratic candidate and elected him. Even such papers as the *Oregonian*, which believed in the new law, protest that this unlooked-for result lays the direct primary open to fair criticism. The Republicans had a chance to defeat an unfit candidate in their own primary, yet, in fact, they treated a nomination which they had a hand in making exactly as they would a nomination forced upon them by a boss, and bolted the ticket freely. It is evident that Oregon's voters do not regard participation in the primary as equivalent to a pledge of support to its nominees. Yet, if this is an objection at all, it applies equally to the caucus and convention system. Here in New York, for instance, to enroll for the primaries, a voter merely states, in effect, that he is in general sympathy with the principles of one party or the other. He is just as free legally and morally to "bolt" as the Oregonians have shown themselves to be.

The view that a sympathetic boycott is a criminal conspiracy is sustained by a temporary injunction granted at San Francisco. Because a local firm dealt in the goods of Dietrich E. Lowe & Co., the boycotted hatters of Danbury, Conn., the California State Federation of Labor and the San Francisco Labor Council warned all persons to abstain from buying of the firm that admitted the "unfair" hats to its shelves. In other words, labor unions in no way connected with the dispute between the Lowe Company and its employees are endeavoring to destroy its business at a distance of three thousand miles. In granting the temporary injunction, Circuit Judge Morrow opined that the unionists had no right, in their warfare with an employer, to injure an innocent third party, and that collective action of this sort was presumptively a criminal conspiracy. In this connection one should note that in almost all cases brought to adjudication the courts have made short work of labor sophistries based on false analogies of warfare. By the laws of war nothing would be more justifiable than to cut off an enemy's supplies, but the common law gives to the individual citizen something more than belligerent rights. Though Judge Morrow's opinion is merely casual, it is welcome, because it advances by so much the campaign of a Danbury firm which for several years has made a plucky fight for the right to conduct its own business.

A significant decision in support of the open-shop principle was that handed down on June 21 by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in the case of Michael F. Berry against Jerry E. Donovan. Donovan was a member and an officer of the boot and shoe workers' union, with which Hazen B. Goodrich & Co. of Haverhill made a contract last January to employ only union labor. After the signing of the contract, it was found that Berry was a non-union worker, and Donovan asked that he be discharged. This was done, and Berry's suit against the union was begun. The trial court awarded damages of $1,500, and the union appealed from the verdict on the ground that Donovan's action was justified because he acted merely in accordance with the contract based upon the fact that "his action was a kind of competition between union help on the one side and non-union on the other, or between employees on the one hand and employers on the other." The Supreme Court, however, has decided that Donovan's action tended to suppress competition and create a monopoly. It will be noted that this decision is contrary to the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals, which decided, in effect, that any attempt to extend

union influence by combination was legal so long as it was peaceable. Society is slow to realize that "peaceable" is inapplicable to the methods of unionism, which is organized warfare with all the concomitants.

The proposal of a "benevolent corporation" to monopolize the retail sale of liquor in Los Angeles suggests inevitably the less ambitious plan now on trial in the Subway Tavern here. It is, in fact, an attempt to do in an American city where, after our plan, the seller of liquor and not his place of business is licensed, what has sometimes been accomplished in English towns, where the licenses go with a certain limited number of public houses. The Los Angeles plan contemplates the purchase of the fixtures of the 200 saloons, the compensation of their owners for the "good will" of the business, and then arbitrary closing of 125 of them. In the residential districts the saloons will be converted into "coffee clubs," while in the neighborhoods of mills and factories only beer and light wines are to be sold. The city will be guaranteed a revenue equivalent to a license of $2,480 a year from each of these proposed seventy-five saloons, or $930 for each of the 200 to be bought out. The corporation will restrict its profits at the same time to 6 per cent., and put all above that return into public improvements. This scheme is brought forward at a time when in South Carolina and other Southern States there is a strong movement against the dispensary system, and in favor of either prohibition or high license under careful restrictions. The notion of monopoly, either public or private, as a solution of the liquor problem, has certainly made but little headway of late. Still, if the Los Angeles plan is adopted by the City Council, the results will be very well worth watching.

It was quite inevitable that the Insurance Department's highly incriminating report on the practices of the recent Equitable management should be followed by prosecutions. Investigation by the responsible State official finds that the law had been flagrantly and repeatedly violated, and for purposes of illegal personal gain; the necessary result is that the law department of the State should move to recover for the company these illegal profits, and to impose any civil penalties to which the guilty persons should be found subject. Attorney-General Mayer remarks, in outlining his purposes of procedure, that "it might be to the interest of policyho'ders to learn the character of and occasion for some of the legal services pa'd for during the last few years." We sincere'y trust Mr. Mayer will pursue this line of investigation diligently. It will naturally lead him at once to the trail of Chauncey M. Depew, who, while not a lawyer in active practice, and while occupying a place on the Equitable's board of directors, has been receiving a salary of $20,000 per annum. The only service discovered by Mr. Hendricks to have been rendered by Senator Depew in return for this modest honorarium was his achievement, two and a half years ago, of adding $25,000 each to the salaries of Mr. Hyde and Mr. Alexander—an increase not asked by the president. Whether Mr. Depew has rendered other services, such as warding off investigation, by public authorities, of the illegal practices of officers whose salary he had managed to get increased, might come to light in such an inquiry. The Senator's "impassioned plea for harmony," at the February meeting of the Equitable board, when the coming exposure of the crooked official practices was plainly in the air, suggests one way in which he may have deemed himself to be earning his $20,000.

In his advice against the building of over-costly college fraternity houses last week, President Faunce of Brown put his finger on one of the lines in which the scale of undergraduate expenditure has most strikingly increased of late years. But there is a reason for it. To begin with, it was demonstrably a good investment for some twenty or thirty young men of common tastes and interests to rent a house and run it coöperatively. The next step was for some young men to arouse the pride of the alumni and pledge the credit of future college generations to build a house of their own. And the temptation to go beyond reasonable requirements is really far stronger in a Greek-letter brotherhood than in almost any other sort of organization. In recruiting its membership every autumn it has to compete for the favor of prepossessing freshmen, who have been on the ground so short a time and know the men so little that they are necessarily guided by externals. It is a rule, tested by many successful experiments, that the way to revive a moribund chapter is to beg or borrow somehow enough money to build the best house on the campus. This fault is really inherent in the absurd "rushing" system, under which a student, with comparatively few exceptions, must make his choice between fraternities in his first fortnight at college or not at all.

Mr. Balfour has rallied a majority of 74 against the vote of censure on the army-supplies scandal. It is always a question how far an Administration is responsible for the dishonesty of its agents, and now the monstrous swindle at Pretoria brings discredit to the Government chiefly because they have endeavored, in the face of overwhelming evidence, to hush the matter up. In itself the scandal, as described by the army committee, is remarkable not only for its magnitude, but for its simplicity. Finding at the close of the war that it had on hand provisions for 300,000 men and 200,000 animals, the Government decided to sell the surplus in South Africa. Lord Kitchener expected to make a moderate profit on the transaction. As the plan was executed, stores poured into Pretoria—they should have been sold at local stations—and were knocked down at base prices by the sales department. Meanwhile, the supply department was advertising for supplies. The result was a kind of endless chain, by which the army invariably sold cheap and bought dear. For example, one lot of chaff, erroneously described as "damaged forage," which had cost £2,926, was sold for £481. Meyer & Co., contractors, bought oats at 11s. a hundred pounds from the sales department and resold them at 17s. 11½d. to the supply department. These are sample findings of a report which was restricted to half-a-dozen cases that had become notorious. The most discouraging feature of the matter is the undoubted collusion of army officers with the contractors. This scandal has been trying to come to light for three years, and has been as regularly stifled. It will be thoroughly investigated by a Parliamentary committee, and until the whole matter is revea'ed one cannot tell whether Mr. Balfour's partisan vote of confidence is in the nature of a vindication or of a reprieve.

It is reported that the Kitchener plan for the reorganization of the Indian army is slated to pass the Commons. Such action would end a long-standing controversy between the Commander-in-Chief and the Viceroy in favor of the former. Lord Curzon, supported by the Council, has been willing to abide by the present provision of 80,000 men under arms; Lord Kitchener has, almost to the point of insubordination, pressed a plan for a standing force of 140,000 and a large increase in the estimates. Since the dispute has degenerated into the usual stubbornness on the part of the civil authority, jealous of its prerogative, and contemptuousness on the part of the military, the acceptance of the Kitchener project would be a severe blow to the Curzon Government. Lord Kitchener's correspondence is remarkable for soldier-like frankness. Salisbury himself never spoke more assuredly of the prospect of Russian invasion, and now England is asked to keep her Indian army permanently on a war footing. The whole project seems to represent militarism run mad. Nothing has been more clearly proved in the past year than the inability of Russia to conduct an aggressive campaign. It may be assumed that a few regiments could hold the northern passes of India and Afghanis-

tan for an indefinite period. In fact, it might fairly be maintained that the defence of India is primarily a diplomatic or cartographic problem. That is, if the Home Government would once draw the line of first defence—delimit, in a word, the British sphere of influence—there is little question that the present army would meet any immediate demands of defence. The rumored success of the Kitchener programme is important chiefly because it marks Lord Curzon's first serious rebuff, and because, while straining the military budget, it shows lamentably that Great Britain is oblivious to the argument for reduction of armaments furnished cogently from the battlefields of Mantchuria. Meantime, there is a rumor of Lord Curzon's resignation.

It is a curious shift that transfers to German use the taunt "*perfide Albion*," while the French papers abound in cordial expressions towards a potential ally. As a matter of fact, the charge that England has deliberately plotted against the greatness of Germany must rank with the wildest fancies. One must regret that Professor Schiemann, an adviser of the Kaiser and Prince Bülow in the Moroccan affair, speaks publicly of a plot between English, French, and Russian politicians to humiliate Germany. Such a statement, so far as England is concerned, misinterprets, as of political import, a certain unmannerliness. That the tone of the British press has been contemptuous towards Germany is undeniable. One can understand that this would be resented widely in the Fatherland, and it is surprising only that any one in the diplomatic circle should cite these international infelicities as a serious explanation of the Moroccan affair. It is to be feared that the snarling of the English press is taken into consideration only because in high quarters at Berlin delusions of greatness—always an irritating malady—abound. However that may be, Germany cannot fail to see that England is beginning to acknowledge her mistake. Comment on the Moroccan affair has been singularly moderate, and even favorable to Germany. It is symptomatic that the ever-judicious *Economist* accompanies its editorial article, in which it takes the orthodox view that the Anglo-French Agreement must be defended at all hazards, with another article in which full credence is given both to the aspirations of Germany in the Mediterranean and to the peacefulness of her intentions. All of which suggests that there are, happily, recognized atonements for a lapse in manners.

Statistics of strikes in France for the year 1904 have just been published by the Bureau of Labor at Paris. There were in all 1,026 strikes—nearly double the number for 1903. The strikers numbered 271,097, and were employed in 17,250 establishments. The loss of labor amounted to an average of eighteen days for each striker. As an offset to the great increase in totals may be noted the short duration of strikes in 1904, of which 36 per cent. lasted a week or less. Similarly, the long-sustained dockers' strike at Marseilles makes the figures for last year look rather worse than they are. An innovation, for which the way had been paved in Italy, is the formation of agrarian unions, which have ordered on the vineyards and elsewhere no less than 129 strikes, affecting 10,515 employers. In more than half the cases a demand for higher pay caused the dispute; in about a quarter, demands for the dismissal or restoration of laborers. The general wastefulness of the strike as a means of industrial reform is attestel by the ratio of strikes that ended in a compromise, 38 per cent., or in a total failure, 33 per cent., to the 29 per cent. that succeeded.

The plan for a so-called "Business Ministry" has utterly failed in Hungary. Premier Fejervary, who announced himself to the Diet as an *ad-interim* official, bent only on conducting arrears of routine business prior to prorogation, was indignantly hooted down after the most approved Magyar precedents, and was not allowed to read the Royal writ of prorogation until a vote of no confidence had been passed on his Ministry as of an "unparliamentary and unconstitutional character." In view of this action, the Emperor-King has no alternative but to order new elections, or appoint a Premier committed to the programme of the coalition majority. What that programme is, Count Apponyi tells very frankly in a recent number of *Die Nation*. The Independence party in the Diet will accept nothing less than independent Hungarian customs, the national flag and word of command in the Hungarian army, and the revision of the electoral system. Since the King will not concede so much to the Independence party, the deadlock is complete. In fact, the parallel with the recent condition in the Norwegian Storthing is instructive. There, King Oscar, finding himself flatly opposed to the plan for separate Norwegian consuls, as passed by the Storthing, declined to name a new Prime Minister after the resignation of the old. In Hungary, the King takes only a less uncompromising attitude by trying to appoint prime ministers who are unacceptable to the majority, on the ground that such appointments are of a non-contentious and temporary character. There is no way out except a concession on one side or the other. At present there is little prospect of a moderate Hungarian party, and new elections would, it is predicted, merely strengthen the Kossuth party and make it less dependent on the other Parliamentary groups.

Rioting and slaughter at the Polish city of Lodz and revolutionary manifestations at Warsaw follow with ironical promptness assurances that the reform ukase had settled the Polish question once for all. As a matter of fact, the reform of land tenure and the proclamation of religious toleration are of little interest to international socialists, who, working in the mills, hold no land, and frequently profess no religion. It has been the fate of reform from above to be too late, and to fail to include the dangerously disaffected classes. What is needed to reduce the discontent is some clear utterance of the Czar's intentions. As things stand, hope finds no resting-place, and discontent has a whole vague world to occupy. For example, when the Czar's brave and friendly words to the delegation of the Moscow zemstvoists were interpreted in too liberal a sense, what was done? The necessary official explanation merely stated that no truly democratic parliament was intended, and that the principle of autocracy would be upheld. Where an announcement of the precise form of national assembly approved by the Czar might have disarmed criticism, all was left vague, and the way was again opened to distrust. Anarchy in Caucasia and in Poland merely expresses the dangers to which an empire is subject when its subjects are sure they are oppressed but the Emperor is not sure of his own mind or powers.

The most striking feature of the zemstvoists' address to the Czar on Monday week was the statement of their unanimous belief that representation in the proposed national legislature should not be according to classes, and that nobody should be excluded from representation on account of race or religion. "You are the Emperor," said Prince Trubetskoy to the Czar, "not of the landowners, merchants, or peasants, but of all Russia," and he then proceeded in brave fashion to plead for freedom of speech and publication in regard to the promised popular assembly. If this is granted—and the publication of Prince Trubetskoy's speech foreshadows the consent of the Czar—the Russian Jews will surely be heard from. Discriminated against enough in all conscience, they have not unnaturally resented the suggestion that they should be excluded from a participation in the long-desired Parliament. Indeed, it would be an extraordinary blunder if popular representation were to begin with the disfranchisement of six millions of persons solely on account of their religion. The zemstvoists have correct convictions as well as the courage of them, and should be upheld by all who would see constitutional government set up in a contented Russia.

WHITEWASHING LOOMIS.

Mr. Taft's report on the Bowen-Loomis scandal has, as we anticipated, resulted in Mr. Bowen's summary removal from the diplomatic service. In his case no other decision was possible. Mr. Bowen's counter statement does not excuse his diplomatic indiscretions, but it at least explains them. It appears that more than a year ago he furnished the State Department with evidence of Mr. Loomis's questionable dealings at Caracas, and was driven to make public accusations by the refusal of the State Department to act in the matter. We believe that Mr. Bowen took a very foolish course, but it would be unfair not to admit the provocation, and the whole tenor of Secretary Taft's report on the affair bears out Mr. Bowen's suspicions that Loomis was to be resolutely whitewashed. No reader of the report will be inclined to doubt Mr. Bowen's statement that "Secretary Taft, in conducting the hearing, acted not only as the trial judge, but as counsel for Mr. Loomis." As for new evidence, Mr. Bowen's statement contains very little. We may cite, however, a discrepancy between Mr. Loomis's testimony on the Mercado claim and one of his letters now published by Mr. Bowen. Mr. Loomis had explained his possession of a portion of Mercado's claim as due to "*a mere loan* with assignment of security," but in a letter of August 25, 1900, he explicitly speaks of "the portion of Mr. Mercado's claim *which I bought*," and lays down his lowest terms for satisfaction of the claim. Wherever Mr. Loomis's transactions are touched, something slippery is felt. For example, Mr. Bean of the Bermudez Company, explaining a check given to Mr. Loomis, declares that $244.15 was paid by him to Mr. Loomis "for wines and supplies" left on hand, and finds it necessary to add that Mr. Loomis made the sale "at a very considerable discount." Apparently a mere matter of mutual convenience, this item of the Taft report is suggestive to those who know of Mr. Loomis's avocations at Caracas.

On the showing actually made in the report the retention of Mr. Loomis is nothing less than scandalous. Compare, for example, with the previous specifications of impropriety, Mr. Taft's mild but labored reprimand which closes the document.

> "I cannot say, because I do not think, that the record of Mr. Loomis as Minister in Venezuela, as shown in this record, is such as to disqualify him from service as Minister in the diplomatic service of the United States, but I sincerely hope that his bitter experience in this case makes it unnecessary further to point the moral that one who occupies the position of Minister of the United States cannot afford, in any country to which he is accredited, in which business enterprises must more or less be affected by Government favor and concession, to make personal investments of any sort, or to leave the slightest doubt as to the absence of all personal interest in any matters which he may bring before the Government to which he is accredited."

From these words would any one imagine the sum of Mr. Loomis's offending as contained in the report itself? Let the record speak:

(1.) Mr. Loomis exchanged checks for $5,000 with the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company—a litigant for asphalt concessions in the Venezuela courts—whose claims he had vigorously pressed. Let this pass for a patent indiscretion; obviously he should have banked elsewhere.

(2.) Mr. Loomis advanced $5,800 to the putative American, Mercado, on the security of contested torpedo-boat scrip issued by the Venezuelan Government. In other words, an American Minister enters into an unexplained note-broking transaction in the scrip of the nation to which he is accredited.

(3.) Mr. Loomis, stipulating that he should first resign as American Minister, agreed with Charles R. Mayers to engineer for an estimated profit of over one million dollars the refunding of Venezuelan loans held by an American syndicate. Of this transaction Secretary Taft says: "He [Loomis] was certainly treading on dangerous ground in bringing his official life so close to a transaction in which, after receiving Mayers's letter, he must have expected to have a great personal interest."

(4.) Mr. Loomis became the agent of a West Virginia corporation organized to obtain mining concessions in Venezuela. Like the exchange of checks with the Bermudez Company, he explains that the transaction was purely nominal.

Now recall that these are not widely separated lapses in a long and otherwise well-spent life. They were typical episodes of a period extending over a few months in the spring and summer of 1900. In a capital which fairly reeks with financial scandal, Mr. Loomis contrived to bank with a litigant concessionnaire, to dabble in contested Government claims, to engage to refund a large portion of the national debt, and to negotiate for a group of mines. Grant that this is the entire record of Mr. Loomis's extra-ministerial activities, concede that he drifted into these dubious transactions merely as a convenience to himself and to oblige friends, still one cannot fail to admit that he is either too guileless for this world or too restless for the diplomatic calling. As for Mr. Taft's statement that Loomis is "cruelly slandered," it is mere fudge; the man who, being put in a position of especial trust, temperamentally blunders into equivocal jobs, has no grievance if the world interprets his gray as black.

How far must a man be smirched before he is too shady for the State Department? To judge by the Taft report, all mere irregularities are condonable and subject only to fatherly rebuke. No one has yet proved that Mr. Loomis has robbed a till or accepted a bribe; accordingly, Mr. Taft opines that nothing "disqualifies him from service as Minister in the diplomatic service." Of such a view one can only say that it fails to recognize any finer standard than that of law. It displays a certain obtuseness to finer considerations of personal honor. It is a characteristic expression of an Administration which in many instances has made "hustle" the sole criterion of public service. Mr. Loomis in the State Department, Paul Morton chief of the Navy—these are not reassuring spectacles to those "decent" people throughout the land to whom Mr. Roosevelt so frequently appeals. In a legal trusteeship we permit no man to serve two masters—that he does it carelessly or out of sheer amiability is no excuse; the law removes him relentlessly. The evidence is abundant that Mr. Loomis was willing to trade on his prestige as an American Minister, and that in the case of the mining concessions he did so do.

Now imagine Mr. Loomis accredited to a foreign chancellery with the Taft report as his credentials—and as containing his official record the report would be absolutely relevant in the premises—can one believe that such recommendation would establish him as *persona grata?* But we need not imagine. He has actually been appointed special ambassador to France in connection with the removal of the recently found body of John Paul Jones. This simply goes to prove that the Administration, when its favorites are concerned, no longer lays much stress upon personal and official integrity in men holding high office. Since it is admitted that Mr. Loomis was selected for this duty *while still under charges*, to many people it will appear more clearly than ever that his acquittal was predetermined. Apparently, we may be thankful that the John Paul Jones ceremonies were postponed for a couple of weeks, or we might have had Loomis representing these United States at the moment when it was an open question whether he, when Minister to Venezuela, was morally delinquent in more than one business transaction. This appointment is an insult to France and to public decency in this country. By his action in the Morton and Loomis cases Mr. Roosevelt gives the lie to all his preaching about the need of upright officials. And what has become of that pet phrase, which so often came lightly from his lips, about having in office only such men as were "clean as a hound's tooth"?

"A MISPLACED SWITCH."

At the very moment on Wednesday week when the President was preaching to college students the value to the country of upright public service, he was destroying the worth of his words by publishing his apologia for Paul Morton. Never in his whole career did the President put his name to such a web of

special pleadings, of casuistical and illogical arguments, as here appear, varied only by an irrelevant excursion into the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance Society—as if to distract attention from the real defendant. The whole statement is a most disheartening endorsement of a man who is by his own sworn testimony a defiant law-breaker. On his part, Mr. Morton seeks to explain jocularly that it was against his express orders that the Santa Fé continued its illegal rebates in defiance of the courts, by an oversight—"by a sort of misplaced switch," as it were. We have to note a misplaced switch of a more serious kind. No hostile critic has dealt Mr. Roosevelt a harder blow than he has given himself by this extraordinary document. Coming as it does after his action in the case of Mr. Loomis, it ought to be apparent to every unbiassed person that the President's moral sense is not to be trusted whenever the conduct of a personal friend is concerned.

But the significance of the whitewashing is more than that. Mr. Roosevelt has given pledge after pledge to the country that lawbreakers of whatever degree shall be sternly dealt with at his hands, and in the case of the Post-Office grafters he showed how uncompromising he could be. Of late he has been filling the country with his denunciations of those lawless railroad officials who have, by means of favors in the matter of rates, built up Trusts and large corporations at the expense of the smaller shipper, precisely as he had demanded to be allowed to get at the "bad" Trusts. Well, an opportunity was given to him. By sworn testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was proved beyond a doubt that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad had illegally conspired with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in the year 1902 to the end that, by a secret rebate, the railroad should retain the iron corporation's business. At once, with a great flourish of trumpets, Mr. Roosevelt announced that he would investigate this case, and, to prove his absolute freedom from partisan bias, he appointed as special investigators two Democratic lawyers of the highest standing, ex-Attorney-General Judson Harmon and Frederick N. Judson. These investigators quickly found that beyond doubt

> "The laws have been violated by the traffic officers of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company and those of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The former have by the same acts violated the injunction in that case. The formal proof required to punish them for contempt of court and also criminally, if it shall be thought best to do that, too, can be had *only* by judicial process. This is ready to our hands in the above-named case. The proof elicited before the master will also be available for criminal proceedings against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and its officers and agents."

They then appealed to the Attorney-General for authority to prosecute those guilty officials. It is this permission which has been denied to them, with the result that they have resigned in disgust. It has been withheld from them primarily because Paul Morton, whose father sat in Cleveland's Cabinet next to Mr Harmon, was one of the accused men. The President and his Attorney-General seem to have decided, because of their friendship for and belief in the good intentions of this one man, that *all the other guilty officials* of the two companies shall escape prosecution for their openly admitted offences. Thus, W. P. Biddle, freight traffic manager of the Santa Fé, confessed, in 1902, to giving a rebate, and Mr. Morton, his superior, defended his action by saying: "What Mr. Biddle did was *exactly right*, in my judgment. Everybody did just as we did, and they had to, or go out of business." Mr. Biddle is allowed to go scot free by President Roosevelt, according to the latter's letter of approval to Attorney-General Moody, first because "no one has suggested bringing action against several Western railroads that granted rebates to the International Harvester Company," and "there is, of course, no possible excuse for discriminating one case from the other." In other words, one set of offenders is to be exempt from prosecution in the courts because neither the press, the public, nor the Attorney-General has as yet urged the prosecution of a lot of similar offenders! This is extraordinary doctrine.

The President's other points are that he has never prosecuted individuals, but always *corporations;* that Mr. Morton denies all knowledge of any wrong-doing, and that no evidence to the contrary has been produced, thus overlooking the Judson and Harmon statement that "the *formal proof* can be had *only* by judicial process." In other words, Mr. Roosevelt declares that corporations may be as wicked and as guilty as they please, but their officers are innocent parties, not to be prosecuted until the legal evidence against each individual is perfectly clear. Lest our readers think we exaggerate, we call attention to Mr. Roosevelt's own instructions to Mr. Moody to prosecute the accused pork packers individually only if the Chicago grand jury shows by indicting them that it has what it considers adequate proof. This attitude, it is scarcely necessary to say, will bring into contempt the whole Administration campaign against Trusts and lawless railroads. In proceeding against the lawbreaking corporations the Government is reduced to the single deterrent of a nominal fine. If personal prosecutions are to lie only when the Attorney-General can be sure of the *motive* of the responsible corporation officer; if this motive is to be presumed as good, failing legal evidence to the contrary, then Congress might as well strike every anti-Trust law from the statute-books and save future Presidents the burden of noisy agitation for an impossible reform.

So far as Mr. Morton is concerned, the President not only vouches for his moral blamelessness, but also proffers him inexpert advice as to how to conduct his new life-insurance business. The Holy Father himself could give no more complete absolution with greater unction or more obvious certainty of representing the highest power on earth or in heaven: "I do not think that you need pay any further heed to the accusations that have been made against you." Mr. Roosevelt then reasserts his own full confidence in the man who testified *under oath* in 1901, in another case before the Interstate Commerce Commission: "Yes, sir; it was an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew it." Similarly, Mr. Roosevelt pays no attention whatever to the outrageous case of the fake Hutchinson and Arkansas Railroad Company, owned by Paul Morton's brothers, Joy and Mark, with whom Paul Morton made a favorable traffic agreement as if it were a bona-fide railroad, although it possessed neither locomotive nor car. These cases were not, of course, under investigation by Messrs. Judson and Harmon. That they were not considered or touched upon by Mr. Roosevelt in putting the seal of his high approval upon Mr. Morton, shows that there was indeed a "misplaced switch" somewhere.

MR. HENDRICKS'S REPORT.

The supremely important part of Superintendent Hendricks's report on the Equitable Life scandal is his formal conclusion on the question of ownership and control. Summing up the situation as it has existed since the sale to Thomas F. Ryan of James H. Hyde's majority stock holding, and referring to the new owner's asserted purpose of reform, Mr. Hendricks says:

> "I do not question but this is the honest intention of those who have acquired the control of the stock of the Society. I do not think, however, that this will go far toward restoring the confidence of the present policyholders or aid in procuring new business for the Society. In my opinion the only thing that will restore that confidence and benefit the company will be the elimination of stock control, and, what I deem of equal importance, the elimination of Wall Street control. No superficial measures will correct the existing evils of this society. A cancer cannot be cured by treating the symptoms. Complete mutualization, with the elimination of the stock, to be paid for at a price only commensurate with its dividends, is, in my opinion, the only sure measure of relief."

We think that in this conclusion the Insurance Superintendent expresses the belief and demand of the entire body of Equitable policyholders, and of the larger public on whose patronage the Society must hereafter depend to reconstruct its fortunes. If, indeed, such feeling had not already obtained so firm a hold as it has done on the public mind, the formal assertion of the head of the State Insurance Bureau—an officer noted for his extremely cautious view of

insurance matters—that "*the only thing* which will restore that confidence . . . is the elimination of stock control," would suffice to create such a belief among the public.

Of Mr. Hendricks's report as a whole we shall say at once that it fulfils all reasonable expectations, and that it not only absolutely confirms the findings of the Frick committee, but uncovers an even more shameful record of official faithlessness and graft. We wish we could make our praise of the Superintendent's thoroughness unqualified, but the fact that these revelations, covering irregular practices indulged in as far back as 1876, are now for the first time brought to light, is itself a confession of past negligence. The Department has at no time been without warning in these matters. Some of these very abuses were investigated by a committee of the Equitable board itself, in 1877. Its recommendations were notoriously unheeded, and there was every conceivable reason, long before the outburst of incriminating charges last February, to believe that corruption in matters of this sort had extended far beyond the scope of a generation ago. If the Insurance Superintendent had taken the matter courageously in hand before the crisis of the present year arose; if he had done so last February, instead of devoting himself to "harmonizing" the two incriminated officers and suppressing the scandal, we doubt if the present equivocal status in regard to ownership would ever have arisen. The best atonement that Mr. Hendricks can make for his negligence in this regard is to inform himself, speedily and thoroughly, regarding the affairs of other life-insurance companies.

So far as the President and Vice-President of the Equitable are concerned, Mr. Hendricks's report agrees with the Frick committee's findings. As to Mr. Alexander, the Superintendent does indeed affirm that policyholders are under obligations to him for his demand, last February, for the Society's mutualization and for Mr. Hyde's retirement. But that Mr. Alexander had approved the company's questionable operations with its subsidiary concerns; that he acquiesced in a policy of extravagance and waste; that he continued and reinforced leases of Equitable property whereby the Society was a heavy loser and companies owned by Equitable directors correspondingly the gainers, and that he personally participated in syndicates organized for the illegal sale of securities to the Equitable, the report declares to be absolutely true.

Of Mr. Hyde, it is found that he permitted the Equitable to lose heavily in business transactions with companies largely owned by himself; that he "exacted salaries out of all proportion to his age, ability, or the value of his services"; that he "introduced and conducted the syndicate transactions and involved others with himself"; that he "has been accustomed to draw large sums for expenses on his own unitemized vouchers"; that, in short, "he has not seemed to consider himself accountable to any one for the expenditure of the Society's funds." Both of these gentlemen should be compelled, Mr. Hendricks declares, to pay back to the Equitable, with interest, the profits on their syndicate sales of securities to the companies, and he further states that it is an open question whether they, and the officers and directors who shared in these transactions, are not "disqualified, under Section 36 of the Insurance Law, from hereafter holding any office in a life-insurance company."

These conclusions regarding the two chief officers of the company make up but a small part of the Insurance Superintendent's incriminating findings. His review of the Equitable's relations with other corporations, during three decades, tells a story of official malfeasance and loot which amply justifies the reopening of those closed pages. Briefly, the practice of the Company's high officers appears during all this period to have been to organize outside companies in their own behalf—bringing in the Equitable at times as the least favored subscriber—and then so to conduct the Equitable's business dealings with such companies that the Equitable invariably lost and the other companies gathered in for their owners the resultant profit. That this official graft was deliberately introduced by the Society's founder, and was zealously extended by the men who held office after him, until the acceptance of their resignations, ten days ago, is the Insurance Department's unqualified conclusion.

There is more to say on these and some other phases of Mr. Hendricks's notable report, but the question to be met at once is, What steps shall be taken to guarantee the Society against recurrence of such evils? Ownership by a private individual provides and can provide no such guarantee; if his own purposes are above question, he is still at liberty to sell or bequeath his shares. Transfer of voting power to trustees does not provide it; trustees may resign or die, and the trust itself must eventually expire. The one lesson of these exposures, first by the Frick committee and now by the Insurance Department, is that the evils in the Equitable's past have originated directly from the stock-ownership principle, and that its future can never be secured from recurrence of similar abuses until that principle is abandoned.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The recent astounding defalcation at the Smithsonian Institution must raise the question whether the policy of Congress in dealing with that establishment ought not to be radically changed. We say astounding, because the amount of the peculations, as semi-officially reported, exceed the entire annual income of the Smithsonian fund. To make the matter more inexplicable, the case was not the familiar one of a trusted subordinate absconding with the funds of a moneyed institution, but of a minor official abstracting year after year an important fraction of moneys supposed to have been deposited in the Treasury of the United States, and needed in the transaction of current business, without any one knowing what he was doing. What makes the affair mortifying from a national point of view is that the funds embezzled were those of a trust committed to the United States by a foreigner three generations ago. In the absence of detail, we have no wish to prejudge the case, and it is all the less necessary to do so from the fa that, whatever may be the verdict, some of the blame must fall on Congress, which has charged the Institution with the duties of a department of the Government without providing it with the machinery necessary to departmental administration. The abuse, if such it be, is one of those which have grown up so gradually as to escape public notice. It needs only a rapid glance at the course of events to reach a conclusion which, we think, will commend itself to the judgment of every one who carefully examines the situation.

It is not necessary to do more than cite the well-known facts that the bequest for founding the Smithsonian Institution was made by James Smithson of England to the United States of America, and that Congress accepted the gift and provided a Board of Regents to administer it. The executive officers of this board have borne three great names in American science—Henry, Baird, and Langley. By the liberal terms on which the funds were deposited in the Treasury of the United States, an income was assured which, modest though it may now appear, was great as measured by the standard of the time, and which has been increased both by saving and by bequests. Such an income, economically and wisely expended by such executive officers as we have named, under the direction of a national board composed of men conversant with the transaction of public business, was all that seemed necessary to make the Institution an agency of the first class in the promotion and diffusion of knowledge among men.

The successive steps by which it became so much more than this that, today, the expenditures of the Smithsonian are a mere incident of the administration, have been so gradual and at the same time so natural, that one scarcely knows where criticism should commence except in a single point. In the

very beginning, before Professor Henry took charge, a building was planned and started out of all proportion to any present or prospective needs of the Institution as actually organized. Not only was the cost of this building a large fraction of the income during a number of years, but its mere maintenance was a permanent drain upon it. No doubt uses were found for it as they can always be found for a public building in Washington; and the collections made not only by the Institution itself, but by the Government, and the donations of interesting objects by foreign governments, gradually grew so as to fill the building. The expense attendant on the care of this collection was more than the income of the Institution could bear, and Congress came to its assistance by making additional appropriations to defray it. Thus arose the National Museum. In a smaller way the system of international exchanges was organized and ultimately supported by Congress. Then the Zoölogical Park was added. One by one, organizations of this sort grew up, until the Smithsonian became practically a Government department for the administration of almost everything having a scientific flavor which other departments did not especially want.

The question at what point in this course of events a different policy should have been adopted admits of an easy answer on principles accepted by Professor Henry and commending themselves to the judgment of thinking men. Whenever any such organization was so developed that its work could be successfully carried on by the Government, the latter should take sole charge of it and relieve the Smithsonian of its care. In one important case Henry succeeded in carrying out this policy by having the valuable library started by the Smithsonian transferred to the Library of Congress. But no other step in the direction of this policy was ever taken.

No criticism on any one connected with the management of the Institution is implied in pointing out the features which unfit it for the functions of a governmental department. First among these must be placed the absence of that legal responsibility to the national Executive which is one of the first requirements for such functions. Every other department has a head directly responsible to the President. The Executive of the Smithsonian is not responsible to the President—not even to Congress—but only to the Board of Regents. The latter is a national body appointed partly by joint resolution of Congress, partly by the President of the Senate, and partly by the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Legally, the Secretary of the Institution takes no part in the selection of the men of whom he is the appointee and executive officer, but there is good reason to believe that he is, in many cases, allowed to determine the choice. This is one of those customs which grow up without exciting public attention until some flagrant case like the present brings it to light. The practice of subordinates influencing the selection of a chief is one which public men are apt to look upon with too much charity. From a correct point of view, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution is the one person in the land who should have nothing to say on the subject of the men who, as agents of the Government, are to judge and supervise his proceedings. It is no reflection upon the eminent citizens who compose the Board to say that the practice must tend to throw upon the Secretary a part of the responsibility of the Board itself. But for this, we must suppose that the Board would have seen the necessity of some system of keeping accounts that would make impossible such an occurrence as that which suggests the present review.

Peculations like those which have so suddenly come to light must have been greatly facilitated by the connection of the expenditures of the Institution with those of the Government. Considered by itself, there is a certain well-defined income from the funds bequeathed by Smithson; and there are in addition receipts from the sale of publications, all of which pass through the hands of the Secretary. This officer is supposed to have calls for all its income, and, it must naturally be supposed, would keep himself constantly informed of the amounts available for expenditure. In pursuit of this policy, if there were, at any time, a discrepancy between the amount reported by the treasurer as on hand and that found in the accounts of the Secretary, it would be immediately brought to light. That such was not the result must be, in great part, due to the indefinite character of the division of expenses between the Government appropriations and the Smithsonian fund. At least, this is the most charitable explanation of the case that occurs to us.

But there is still another circumstance which must greatly facilitate mismanagement generally on the part of minor officers of the Institution in conducting its business. We allude to the absence of that publicity as to expenditure which should be a feature of every institution for the management of which the Government is responsible. Only the most vague and general statements of receipts and expenditures of the Smithsonian fund are found in the annual reports. It is not known to what extent even the Board of Regents may be acquainted with the details. Official knowledge they may be considered as having, but such knowledge is purely formal and does not suggest action. We think the claim sound that the expenditures of a public trust should not only be safeguarded in the same way that public expenditures are, but should be as public as any Government expenditure. There is no reason why the cost of a research by the Institution should be kept from the public, that would not equally apply to one conducted under Government auspices. It is difficult to suppose that, had a clear statement of details of expenditure been published from year to year, the large sum which it would have been necessary to charge to embezzlement would not have been brought out by some curious inquirer.

It seems to us that it is assuming nothing more than a sane appreciation of the situation on the part of both the Regents and their Secretary to say that any measure which Congress may take to relieve them from any responsibility for the administration of Government expenditures, in order that they may devote their whole attention to the management of the Smithsonian fund proper, should be welcomed by both. No more honorable and important function than this could be entrusted to men of such high repute. The scientific standing and real usefulness of the Institution would be enhanced by such a policy. Under the actual policy, it stands before the public too much in the light of an auxiliary to a department of the Government charged with the administration of the National Museum and other public establishments. It should be made an independent agency, and relieved from every source of expense except that attendant on carrying out the provision of the founder in the spirit of twentieth-century science.

THE MOROCCAN AFFAIR.

Premier Rouvier's latest note has set the German Foreign Office an awkward question. He asks, in a word, "What do you want?" That it should be difficult to answer so simple a query casts a certain light upon the vagueness of the German contention. The Kaiser has worked desperately to secure a European conference on Morocco. Count von Tattenbach has persuaded the Sultan to reject the French reform proposals, and to decline to move except in obedience to the unanimous voice of an international conference to be held at Fez. Such an idea M. Delcassé opposed *à outrance*, holding that the Western Mediterranean question concerned only France, England, and Spain. Now, M. Rouvier, flattering German punctilio by admitting in principle that the Moroccan question is an international one, says, virtually, that France will be delighted to enter into a conference, provided that Germany will first define satisfactorily the topics to come before the congress, and in particular will agree that France shall not be required to renounce any obligations she has already assumed in the premises.

To this most reasonable and conciliatory request for information, Prince Bülow cannot give the true answer. Even shirt-sleeves diplomacy will not permit him frankly to say, "Why, my dear M. Rouvier, we wished to confer simply about kicking you out." It will also be troublesome, without overtly attacking the tripartite agreement between France, Spain, and England, to invent specific grounds for reassembling that ineffectual Congress which adjourned in 1880 at Madrid. Recent dispatches from Berlin hint that M. Rouvier's polite request for specifications has demoralized the Wilhelmstrasse for the moment, and there has been talk of substituting for the international conference a general understanding that France and Germany shall parley whenever occasions of dispute or considerations of common interest arise. To such a proposal, which would virtually give silent assent to the Anglo-French agreement, M. Rouvier could have no possible objection. He thus might relieve a dangerous tension, and he runs merely the risk that Germany may inaugurate a policy of pin-pricks, which is only a customary hazard of the diplomat's trade. In any case it is evident that the Kaiser and the Sultan have too optimistically indulged a common hope that an unfettered conference might substitute another protector for Morocco than France. It is not to be expected that M. Rouvier could fall into so patent a trap, and the universal indifference of the Great Powers to the invitation, as well as M. Rouvier's clever demonstration that Germany has no constructive plan to propose, forecast the bankruptcy of the scheme, while revealing the Kaiser as merely an indefatigable fisher in troubled waters.

For the rest, recent advices explain the aggressiveness of Germany as due largely to the Parliamentary weakness of M. Delcassé at home and his consequent failure to follow up the publication of the Anglo-French Agreement, April 8, 1904, by appropriate action. Beyond a loan of 50,000,000 francs from the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, and the dismissal of the Scotch favorite and military adviser of the Sherif, Kaid Harry Maclean, M. Delcassé's policy of peaceful penetration did not go. Finally, and in lieu of more concrete demands, he presented to the Sultan and Council a general scheme of police and military reform. To both the Sultan and the Makhzen this rather academic and comprehensive invitation to purify their rotten régime was extremely offensive. Naturally, the Moroccan powers that be welcomed the first influential friend, and took courage last month, from the Kaiser's assurances, to reject the French proposals *in toto*.

How did Théophile Delcassé, surely one of the ablest diplomats in Europe today, come to commit himself to this policy of empty self-assertiveness? In part, we believe, through a pardonable lack of prevision. He could not have foreseen the collapse of Russia, which gave the Kaiser a free hand, and he naturally, if imprudently, supposed that there was time enough to formulate the details of the policy of peaceful penetration. Yet he cannot be absolved from blame for procuring a diplomatic advantage which he was not in a position practically to utilize. Here again M. Delcassé was caught in a predicament he could hardly have avoided. His unpopularity with the Socialists was cumulative, and he could not be expected to realize its extent. Leaders like Jaurès and Pressensé increasingly resented his autocratic and secret conduct of the Foreign Office. It was, they held, un-Republican, and gradually their opposition extended to want of confidence. Under Rouvier M. Delcassé no longer enjoyed the free hand he had had under Combes; he became the subject of vexatious Parliamentary attacks; it is doubtful if he could have obtained any discretionary appropriation, or indeed could have executed any effective policy in Morocco, with constant badgering from the leaders of the Socialist Left. Thus the now evidently foolish demands upon the Sultan were in the nature of a counsel of despair, and were dictated simply by the necessity of doing something. And the final collapse of M. Delcassé's cause was, as Mr. Ion Perdicaris points out in the *International Quarterly*, due "not so much to any foreign opposition as to the unwillingness of the Radical-Socialistic majority . . . to vote supplies or accord a generous support . . . to M. Delcassé."

We have no desire to play the umpire between M. Delcassé and his French critics, but we feel that their chief accusation, that M. Delcassé did not seek Germany's assent to the Anglo-French Agreement, is ill-founded. To have approached Berlin would, we are convinced, merely have given an earlier opportunity of obstruction to Germany; and a wearing obstruction along diplomatic lines would have been quite as serious as the Kaiser's more melodramatic intervention at Fez. Certainly, M. Rouvier's egregiously friendly attitude toward Germany has not demonstrated anything more than its moral advantage over M. Delcassé's alleged Teutophobia. M. Jaurès and his associates also may well regret that in humiliating the "Czar of the Quai d'Orsay" they have put arms into the hands of the Kaiser. Whatever the immediate outcome of the present negotiations, time is likely to do justice to M. Delcassé's merit in substituting, for the intolerable plotting and counter-plotting that followed the Madrid conference in 1880, the clear-cut principle of French preponderancy in Morocco. Whether the Germans like it or not, time works for France. As the *Economist* recently said: "Her 'peaceful penetration' is for the most part absolutely out of the reach of the other Powers' action. Harvesters will come, in any case, from Morocco to Algeria yearly, and will go home with substantial wages in five-franc pieces, and with a growing belief in the advantages of civilization over barbarism. Hospitals and schools along the Algerian frontier and within the Moroccan border will strengthen French influence."

THE MUNICIPALIZATION OF MUSIC.

It is one of the paradoxes of our time that while Germany is undoubtedly the most musical of all countries, it is far from being the paradise of musicians. The great ambition of German opera singers (and they are the best paid of all musicians) is to secure an engagement at Covent Garden, London, or, better still, at our Metropolitan Opera House, where they can earn more in four months than at home in four years. The same good fortune awaits the German pianist or violinist if he succeeds in winning favor on this side of the ocean. German music teachers look enviously upon the receipts of their colleagues over here; and while it is true that some of those in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, or Vienna are able to charge $5 or more a lesson, this is due entirely to the American and English pupils who flock to their studios.

The earnings of the minor musicians in Germany are extremely meagre. Near the bottom of the scale stands the orchestral player, who is expected to be an expert and an artist, yet must deem himself lucky indeed if he makes $2 a day. When he hears that Mr. Conried spends nearly $4,000 a week on his orchestra alone, he wants to pack his trunk and cross the Atlantic at once; but the Mutual Musical Protective Union has taken measures to discourage such aspirations. In recent years matters seem to have approached a crisis. In the current number of the Berlin periodical, *Die Musik*, Paul Marsop has an article on "Die Sociale Lage der Orchestermusiker," which describes the deplorable condition of these players. He points out that two decades ago conductors like Hans Richter, Felix Mottl, and Hermann Levi earned little more than the concert-masters at the royal opera houses in Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden earn to-day. Now Mottl gets $9,000 a year for his work at the Opera in Munich alone. The honorarium of the leading singers has also gone up very much, owing, largely, to foreign competition; but the orchestral player gets little more than he used to.

He ought to have twice as much as he has now, Herr Marsop thinks; but where is it to come from? The opera houses in the most musical of all countries are not self-supporting institutions. In Berlin the Kaiser pays $160,000 out of his

own pocket to enable the Royal Opera to produce good music. Other opera houses have a proportional subvention. To double the pay of a hundred players would strain the situation, unless economy were practised in other directions. The leading singers, Herr Marsop thinks, get too much, but he realizes that if their emoluments were clipped they would be more than ever inclined to hurry to Yankeeland. He thinks that less money should be squandered on scenery, and advocates the abolition of the expensive and antiquated ballet, the money thus saved being divided between the orchestral players and the equally underpaid chorus singers.

For a radical remedy, however, Herr Marsop suggests the municipalization of orchestras. Several German cities—Cologne, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Freiburg, and Leipzig—have already taken this step, and it is expected that the Kaim orchestra of Munich, the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Konzertverein of Vienna will sooner or later pass under municipal control. Cologne, it is even stated, will soon be able to support two town orchestras, one for opera, the other for concerts. In these cases the musicians become communal employees, entitled to pensions. In Italy, too, there is a movement in this direction. Last winter the rulers of Rome gave up the municipal brass band and put in its place a town orchestra which gives free concerts and at other times can be hired by operatic managers. Since cities create and control parks and educational institutions, why, it is asked, should they not foster high-class musical entertainments, which wean people from vulgar music and the demoralizing places where it is played?

Whether the salvation of the orchestra is to be worked out in accordance with the plan adopted in Rome and the German cities named, remains to be seen. The experiment is, in any case, an interesting one, and if it succeeds there is no reason why it should not be repeated elsewhere. In our own country, to be sure, the conditions are different, and the necessity of municipalization is not apparent. In Germany and other European countries bequests to orchestras by wealthy persons are extremely few, whereas over here nearly every large city has had its donations for orchestral concerts, headed by the million dollars of Mr. Higginson. It is to be feared, too, that if our cities had municipal orchestras, politics would compete with art, and the conductorships would not go to the best men, but to the men with the biggest "pull." Imagine New York with a municipal Philharmonic under control of a man like our present Commissioner of Parks!

Germany's own experience with military bands holds out no encouragement for the municipalizing of music. Herr Marsop paints their conditions in dismal colors. He declares that the function of the military bands has been entirely perverted, so that their main business now seems to be to give public concerts in competition with orchestras; he denies that they educate the public taste—their programmes are usually made up of cheap and trashy music, or music unsuited to the instruments used; and reports that his own experiences in investigating this matter were "one long chain of annoyances and vexations." His explanation of this state of affairs is curious. If the German public, he declares, flocks to the band concerts more than it does to orchestral entertainments, the reason is to be found in the newspapers. The orchestral concerts are commented on by blasé professional critics who are apt to be unduly severe, whereas the band concerts are reported by enthusiastic young reporters in the city department, and always lauded to the skies. Marsop wants the regular critics to be sent, for a change, to the band concerts, to tell the truth about them. That would, no doubt, provide fun for the readers.

AN OUT-DOOR MASQUE IN NEW ENGLAND.

WINDSOR, VT., June 24, 1905.

The little community of Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River, has been *en fête* this week, and the celebration may have more than a neighborhood interest from its nature and from the national—even international—reputation of some of the people concerned in it. Twenty years ago this summer Augustus Saint-Gaudens bought in the town of Cornish an old brick house and the land surrounding it, and made his summer home there. The somewhat forbidding original structure has been added to and embellished, surrounded with colonnades and gardens, until its original builder would surely fail to recognize it, and here Mr. Saint-Gaudens has gradually come to spend more and more of the year, until it is now his only permanent residence. His presence attracted other artists, and everyone who came found the charm of the beautiful scenery and of the simple and ideal country life irresistible. Though they came as visitors they remained as colonists, and there has gradually grown up a community of painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians which is, perhaps, unique in this country. The varied talents of "the colony," as it is affectionately called by its members, have just been utilized in a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's coming to Cornish.

The weather has always to be reckoned with in this country and the performance, which was to have been held on the 20th, had to be postponed to the 22d. The rehearsals had been held under varying conditions of extreme heat and unseasonable cold, but Tuesday opened under a low, black sky with such a threat of pneumonia that an open-air performance in classic draperies was evidently out of the question, and there was a heavy downpour of rain all day Wednesday. Even on Thursday the sky was still overcast, but the rain was gone and the temperature was rising. Some of the guests had been forced, reluctantly, to return to their homes and their vocations, and others must leave on the morrow; one or two of the performers of minor parts had been called away; and it was determined to wait no longer. The lawns and groves of Aspet, Mr. Saint-Gaudens's estate, might perhaps have appeared to greater advantage under sunshine, but, as far as the spectacle itself is concerned, it is doubtful if the gray light of a cloudy afternoon was not more favorable to the color-effects aimed at than would have been that of a sunnier day.

The guests were assembled before a gray curtain hung between two tall pines bearing great gilded masks, and, at a little after six o'clock, this curtain parted, and Iris, messenger of the gods, stepped forth to deliver the Prologue. A tall and graceful girl, clothed in shimmering, many-hued gauzes, she was an exquisite vision, and spoke her lines charmingly if in a not very resonant voice. The Prologue itself, a tribute to the art of Saint-Gaudens, who sat with his wife and son and his son's wife in the front row of the audience, is a piece of true poetry which it is to be hoped its author, Mr. Percy Mackaye, may see fit to publish.

The Masque which followed was in a lighter vein, almost that of burlesque, and was written by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, with some slight additions by members of the company. It was crammed with local allusions, many of whch were more for the benefit of the chief guest and of the actors themselves than of the other guests, who could hardly be expected to understand them all; but it was meant only for agreeable nonsense and as an excuse for the spectacle, which was as beautiful as some of our foremost painters and sculptors, aided by the experienced stage-management of Mr. John Blair, could make it. The incidental music, which added greatly to the effectiveness of the piece, was composed or arranged by Mr. Arthur Whiting, and performed under his direction.

The drawing of the curtain disclosed a natural glade or opening in the pine grove, converted by temporary architecture into much such a setting as that of Puvis de Chavannes's beautiful painting of the "Sacred Wood, Dear to the Arts and the Muses." At the back was an elevated altar beneath a little temple of Ionic columns, wreathed and garlanded; and other columns and a few benches of classic form completed the picture. Here were discovered Jupiter and Juno, attended by Mercury, who had descended to earth on a mysterious errand which Jupiter refuses to disclose until the council of the gods is assembled. After a pretty domestic quarrel, Mercury is sent to summon the other deities, and, in his absence, a New England farmer, capitally played, wanders onto the scene. The strangers having revealed themselves to him, he proceeds to entertain them by an account of the colony as seen through the eyes of the native.

Mercury returns, the farmer is dismissed under the impression that he has been dreaming, and the gods begin to arrive, and are graciously received by Jupiter, who exchanges a few lines of dialogue with each of the greater deities. As they entered through the trees, each of the principals accompanied by his satellites in carefully thought-out color schemes, the effect was indescribably beautiful. First came sombre Pluto and his court in black and gold and

purple; then Neptune and Amphitrite, with their attendant Nereids in sea-green and blue; Venus and her bodyguard were in varying shades of tender rose, Diana and her nymphs in white and silver and pale blue, the wood gods in green and dun and yellow. Nearly the last, came Apollo and the Muses, all in white and gold, and grouped themselves about the altar at the back. When the stage picture was completed, from this radiant group, *couleur de jour*, the hues were blended in delicate gradation to the deepest tones which occupied the immediate foreground. Altogether there were some seventy people on the stage, or rather on the carpet of pine needles, and noticeable above the general harmony were some remarkably successful individual costumes—Ceres, all in yellow, crowned with corn; Pan, gilded all over and exactly imitating the reproduction of a well-known archaic Greek statue which has long ornamented the grounds of Aspet; Mars, a gigantic figure in blood-red draperies and cleverly contrived armor. All are assembled, and Jupiter rises to address his fellow-gods when a great clatter is heard without, and Chiron the centaur, the one frankly comic figure of the piece, forces his way in, unbidden, at the head of a rout of children, his pupils. The construction of the monster was a triumph of mechanical skill on the part of the well-known illustrator who enacted the rôle, and the children, of which blessings Cornish possesses an unusual store, were delightful in their natural abandon.

When the confusion is quieted, Jupiter rises again to inform the assembly that the position of the gods is no longer as satisfactory as of old, and that he has decided to resign. A spirited rivalry immediately springs up between Pluto and Neptune for the succession, and all the gods take sides with one or the other. The tumult is quelled by Jupiter, who calls upon Minerva to decide the contest. From this point on, the piece becomes a pretext for the introduction of a bowl of gilded bronze, reproduced from an antique found in Italy, which was to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Saint-Gaudens as a memorial of the occasion. Minerva, after discouraging both claimants, makes a solemn invocation before the altar, and Fame, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," rises through smoke and flame with the bowl raised aloft in her hands. The young lady who took this part is scarcely less remarkable for classic regularity of feature than for unusual stature; and, in her gleaming golden tunic, lighted up by the parti-colored altar fires, was superbly statuesque and a marvel of splendid color—a Venus of Melos warmed with life. There is is a pause—a charm of wreathed dance by Iris, who makes a fleeting reappearance—and the bowl is brought to the front by Minerva, who proclaims that it bears the name of him most worthy. The name is given, and wood and field ring with shouts of "Saint-Gaudens! Saint-Gaudens!"

The play is finished, but the prettiest part of the spectacle is to come. Minerva steps across the turf and presents the bowl to the hero of the day, who receives it with real surprise and emotion; Mercury comes to his side to announce the actors; a procession is formed, group by group, and passes in review, then encircles the audience; as it returns to the point of departure, a chariot is dragged forth by fauns and satyrs, the sculptor and his wife are mounted upon it, and, heralded by scampering children, surrounded by the grave forms of white-bearded elders, followed by Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune and the long train of lesser gods and goddesses, are drawn triumphantly across the lawn to the distant pergola, crowned with the vine and lit by many lanterns, where, at long tables, a supper for two hundred persons is set out. The procession, formal at first, breaks into confusion; Diana and her nymphs crowd forward in disordered ranks. Apollo, in his white and gold, is seen skipping the rope of flowers swung by the two younger of the rosy Graces. All this, on the vivid green of the grass, under a sunset sky, made a picture almost overwhelming in its beauty—a picture never to be forgotten by those who beheld it. As the twilight deepened, the gleaming robes of Fame shone as with fire, the colors grew ever richer and more mysterious, this or that unpremeditated group was formed to break again. Finally, a charming and unintended allegory, the tiny lady who enacted Cupid was seen racing across the field in the chariot, drawn by Mars, her willing bond-slave. *Amor omnia vincit.* A dance in the great studio concluded the evening, and, at about eleven o'clock, the tired actors and the delighted guests began, afoot or in carriages, to wander home across the fields or along the country lanes.

It was a neighborhood frolic—a combination of private theatricals, picnic, and fancy-dress ball—but it was much more than this, too. It was a spontaneous and genuine tribute to a great artist and a much-loved man from those best qualified to judge of his artistic and personal worth, and as such it has a public—perhaps even a historic—interest which justifies this account of it. And, whatever may have been, from the professional point of view, the shortcomings of the amateur actors, as a piece of organized beauty it was anything but amateurish. It could have taken place only in such a community as this, and such a community of workers can rarely spare the time and labor which were cheerfully given to do honor to a master and a friend. It was as evident that a true and kindly enthusiasm underlay all the fooling, as that real artistic competence had directed the grouping and made the costumes out of odds and ends and studio properties. We shall not soon look upon the like again.

K. K.

Correspondence.

THE INVULNERABLE BATTLESHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Park Benjamin can hardly be aware that the greatest living naval authority has, *since* the battle of the Sea of Japan, said again, in substance, that what we need is the battleship "heavily armored and heavily gunned." Now that it is moderately clear that, under modern artillery fire and the assaults of modern torpedoes, the battleship is about as invulnerable as an orange is in dog days, he proves again by his strictest logic (*i. e.*, his most positive assertion) that all we need is enough of these naval sarcophagi to make us altogether invincible and to enable us to live at peace forever after—not by reason of our peaceable disposition (which in some other ways of looking at things might suffice), but because of the awful fear which other people, with nothing but guns and torpedoes, would have of us. It is of course all perfectly irrelevant that what happened to the Russian battleships would happen (so, or about so) to the battleships on both sides if both were sufficiently "gunned," to adopt Mr. Roosevelt's businesslike expression. How we shall have impenetrable armor all over everything and irresistible guns that shall hit all over everywhere, and make these advantages exclusive, is the problem to which Mr. Roosevelt, if he would make his peace argument conclusive, should direct the attention of "young" Mr. Morton, or (shall I say?) Mr. Bonaparte, his successor.

Well, no "lesson" will deter those who want to butcher and be butchered from pursuing their desire. But it will be something if the peaceable laboring folk, who have really to find the money, can be relieved of the burden of providing every half-dozen of them with a five-million-dollar contrivance to do it in.

Ancient Mariner.

Madison, Wis., June 17, 1905.

AFRICAN AND INDIAN FOLKLORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the course of your reviewer's notice of 'Fetichism in West Africa,' reference is made to the fact that Dr. Nassau finds in the tales told by Uncle Remus another survival of African life in America. "But this," says the reviewer, "is still doubtful, for the negroes borrowed much from the Indians on the Southern plantations." The poor negro! It seems that when he is not borrowing, he is stealing; and when he is doing neither, he is imitating.

So far as I know, this idea that the negroes borrowed much from the Indians made its first appearance in a letter written by the head of the Ethnological Bureau a quarter of a century ago. That letter was intended to be a mere suggestion, in response to an inquiry about another matter made by a writer who knew no more about comparative folk-lore than those who professed to know; by a writer to whom the term "scientific" meant a great deal more at that time than it does now. There is not a particle of evidence to be found that the negroes borrowed any of the Brother Rabbit tales from the Indians. Parallels and variants of the negro tales may be found among the Indians, but why is not this evidence that the negroes told them to the Indians? The late Professor Hartt of Cornell, who was interested in the folk-tales of the Amazon region, had a theory that the stories he collected had been borrowed by the negroes from the native Indians; but this theory had to be abandoned when it was discovered that the same tales were told by negroes whose importation from Africa was so recent as to preclude all possibility of contact with the natives.

A very intelligent gentleman—the late W. O. Tuggle of Georgia—had occasion to go into the Cherokee Nation on business, and while there he made a study of their folklore, in the course of which he made a collection of stories. Among those that were fit to print were some parallels or variants of the negro stories, but not a particle of

evidence did he find that the tales were not borrowed from the negroes. Those that were too obscene to be told in print, certainly belonged to the red men, for their like is not to be found among the tales the negroes tell. JOHN HENRY ROMULUS.

[Careful students of Indian and African folk-lore recognize the American Indian element in some of the negro tales and legends. Writing in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* in 1888 (vol. i., p. 106), Mr. James Mooney said of certain Cherokee animal myths ("chiefly of an amusing character, in which the rabbit is the principal hero and the author of all the mischief"), that "they resemble the Uncle Remus stories, which I hope yet to prove are of Indian origin." The same distinguished ethnologist, to whom the Tuggle MS. was well known, and by whom it was used, discussed this question again in his monograph on "Myths of the Cherokee," in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. Here we read (p. 233): "The negro, with his genius for imitation and his love for stories, especially of the comic variety, must undoubtedly have absorbed much from the Indian in this way [as a result of contact and intermixture], while, on the other hand, the Indian, with his pride of conservatism and his contempt for a subject race, would have taken but little from the negro, and that little could not easily have found its way back to the free tribes." Says Mr. Mooney, again (p. 233): "It is not commonly known that, in all the Southern colonies, Indian slaves were bought and sold and kept in servitude and worked in the fields side by side with negroes up to the time of the Revolution."—ED. NATION.]

THE FAMOUS NEW STATUE IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your London correspondent exactly describes an impression which first strikes one in a cursory glance at Mr. Thomas's now famous new statue, which the New Gallery catalogue entitles "Lycidas." Perhaps it was some such impression that induced the Committee of the Royal Academy to at first reject a work which they later asked the sculptor to present again after authorities like Sir William Richmond and Mr. Sargent had declared it to have the qualities of a Greek statue. This dictum has been echoed by all the daily press of the kingdom, from the *Times* down; and all the higher weekly publications, the *Saturday Review*, *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, etc., have given it the highest praise.

Mr. Thomas, now one of the most noticed men, is a direct descendant of the John Harvard who founded our own University, and he is named for his ancestor John Harvard Thomas. He has had a professional training in his art, at London and Paris, under the best masters of his time. Profoundly thoughtful and original, he has deeply studied the Greek masterpieces in European capitals. Their haunting enigma had attracted him as a boy when he first came in contact with a collection of casts from the antique in an art school in Bristol. It is a problem which confronts all serious thinkers about art. Why, in the presence of Greek art, does all other artistic production seem, at best, but something more or less cleverly constructed; something lifeless in itself made by the artist to simulate life, but not a living reality? Why, in the best Greek work, on the contrary, do we feel the existence of a living personality, as real and vital as our own?

The young modern sculptor is taught the facts of human anatomy, how the skeleton lies under the flesh, and how the flesh and muscle should be made to cover it.

"Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band."

His work may be the acme of cleverness; but, alas! it lacks just the one quality which makes it seem in very truth a living, breathing organism. We feel that his clever statue is an inanimate piece of marble or bronze. We are not, for a moment, cheated into the belief that it is life itself. But, in the best Greek work, the old fable of the statue coming to life seems a possibility. It *may* begin to speak and move, if it chooses to do so. Michelangelo believed himself unable to construct new feet for the Farnese Hercules, "because only a God could make them as living as the rest of the statue." Have we not here the reason why "restored antiques" seem to be a collection of unhappy ladies and gentlemen who have lost their own legs and arms, and are making the best possible shift with stony artificial substitutes for their absent members? It emphasizes the hitherto impassable gulf which has sharply divided modern sculpture from the best Greek work.

Mr. Thomas has been, for many years, withdrawn from the influence of modern art methods, amid the classic surroundings of the Bay of Naples, at Pompeii and Capri, ardently studying from the antique and the unspoiled peasant nature about him. He has from his earliest boyhood sought to solve this problem, viz.: how the great difference between ancient and modern results in art occurs, and how we may return to Greek simplicity and reality. Year by year the writer has watched the practical outcome of his studies as they have issued from his studio. Eight years ago some low reliefs of peasant and animal life about him were intensely interesting to one who had carefully observed their originals. The art was absolutely true to the facts of nature, and at the same time highly poetic and suggestive. It would be unfair to the artist to undertake in a brief notice to give an idea of his theories of art. Sir William Richmond and other enthusiastic friends hope to induce Mr. Thomas himself to set them forth at length. It suffices now to say that he believes the Greeks did not arrive at their marvellous reproduction of life by the analytical study of interior anatomy. It is certain that this method has not as yet produced a new Phidias.

Mr. Thomas's "Lycidas" has been hailed in England as if it were the work of some such mighty master; but the sculptor himself, with his great reverence for Greek work, would be the first to smile at such a lofty assertion. In his silver statuette of a nude dancing youth exhibited at the Royal Academy four years ago, however, Mr. Thomas did prove to us that it was still possible to produce a work of art which has this long-lost quality of living personality. The sculptor has been at work ten hours a day for three years on the present life-size statue in black wax of "Lycidas," and has accomplished a work which does impress the beholder as an actual living human being. It is this most unusual quality which goes far to justify the universal chorus of praise which has greeted the appearance of his statue at the New Gallery this season.

There is nothing studied or artificial in this nude youth, with hands and arms suddenly upraised as in surprise and grief. It is true that the attitude at first impresses one as almost too lacking in the conventional graces, and we do feel a certain yielding weakness in the poise which we cannot at once satisfactorily account for. The sculptor himself, answering in his quiet way to some such suggestion, once remarked: "Yes? But is not that a natural attitude under the circumstances?" Perhaps the remarkable deeply moved expression of the fine Greek face should have made us more readily susceptible to the subtilty of the whole suggestion of the figure. Are we not so accustomed to the less-searching conventions in art that we at first fail to recognize the simpler actions of Nature herself, and their power and significance? However that may be, here is at last a statue which gives us life itself—not a histrionic pose nor an imitation of antique methods and manner. Here is a reality, not a simulacrum. This in itself is a triumph of which the artist may be justly proud, both as a proof of the correctness of his theories and as a justification of the general enthusiasm with which their results have been greeted.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

CAPRI, June 12, 1905.

[We find this letter of interest to print; but John Harvard died childless. —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

James Pott & Co. will issue in the fall 'To-day on the Nile,' by H. W. Dunning; 'The Woman of To-morrow,' by Miss Helen M. Winslow; 'The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain,' by Ralph A. Cram; and 'Thoughts of a Non-Thinker,' by Charles Battell Loomis.

Lord Acton's distinguished successor, Mr. J. B. Bury, has just ended his life of St. Patrick, which is to be published directly by the Macmillan Co. Hitherto this saint has received scant justice at the hands of the historian. Either he has been misrepresented in the interests of party, or else he has been reduced to a myth, or, worse still, a nobody. Now for the first time the sources of his biography have been submitted to a critical examination, and an attempt made to ascertain his true place in history, with the general conclusion that the Catholic view of his work is "nearer to historical fact than the views of some anti-papal divines." Mr. Bury has written for the general public as well as for the specialist, not interrupting the narrative with technical discussions, which are relegated to appendices. The same firm will be the American publishers of 'Black's Medical

Dictionary,' a popular compendium of handy size and fully illustrated.

'The Romance of Red Fox,' by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, is to be among the autumn publications of L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

A volume elegantly and privately printed for the New York chapter of the Colonial Order of the Acorn, and entitled 'Early New York: with Illustrative Sketches,' consists of six copperplate copies (sometimes altered in scale) made by Mr. Edwin Davis French from old and rare prints, and of as many chapters, by several hands, more or less closely descriptive of the engravings, or discursive concerning New York life in each successive period. The earliest view is of Fort New Amsterdam in 1651; the latest is Rollinson's, 1801. A remarkable divergence between the plates for 1671 and 1673 implies a prophetic imagination in the designer of the latter, so much have two years done for the bulkheading and embankment of the East River waterfront, and for the general solidification of the town. Much information of a bibliographical sort, and some historical, is conveyed in the letterpress, and the collection is to be prized.

Beside the foregoing has just appeared a portfolio of twenty prints, 'The Broadway of Yesterday,' with brief descriptions by Charles Hemstreet, and an ingenious parallel series of photographic views of to-day made from the same points of view (New York: Cadwallader Publishing Co.). The extreme dates for this series are 1765-1853. We are glad to learn that it is only a beginning.

Mr. Edward Strachan Morgan's version of the 'Chronicle of Matarazzo' (Dent-Dutton) is a really fine piece of work. Indeed, we have never seen a translation which has more completely caught the spirit of the original. As everybody knows, Matarazzo tells the story of Perugia under the rule of the Baglioni, that clan of full-limbed men and lovely women, whose delicate complexions and golden locks filled and dazzled him with such a sense of their more than human beauty that he almost forgot their crimes in his fervid, well-nigh amorous, worship of their splendor and their strength. Such is the chronicle which Mr. Morgan has ventured to do into English; and it is hardly too much to say that the English is as good as the Italian. No lover of Italy should fail to read it; and all who read it will be grateful.

'Katz Awa, Founder of Japan's Modern Navy,' by E. Warren Clark, who was formerly a teacher in Japan, is a pleasing sketch of a noble character, who made the link between the old Yedo bureaucracy and the modern Imperial Government (New York: B. F. Buck & Co.). It is a biographical picture of history as one feels it, rather than the production of a writer familiar with the currents of thought and philosophy that drove on Okubo and Ito, and that make Togos and Oyamas. For example, the author does not seem to know the real reason why Katz, though an adherent of the Shogun, was intellectually hand in glove with Saigo, the Mikado's general, and how it came to pass that, through their comity of opinions as well as their friendship as alumni of the Oyomei school of philosophy, Yedo in 1868 was saved from the torch of the avenging army. This was done even when the images of rebel gods were pulled out of the temples by the Imperialist soldiers and hacked to pieces with their swords. There is not a word about the Oyomei doctrines on which Katz, Kido, Echizen, and the makers of new Japan generally, including the Satsuma generals and admirals of to-day, fed their souls. Despite some glaring errors and overweight of the subjective element, the little book is highly illuminating. Katz (1826-1899) was one of the moderate and reasonable men in the stormy period of transition. He had no superior as a reconciler and constructor. He navigated the first steamer across the Pacific. He was ever opposed to swashbucklers, killers, and jingoes of every sort. Besides being leader in many acts of statesmanship and civil and industrial development, he was the real founder of the navy of modern Japan. The author has told his story at close range with charm and fascination.

Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, in his 'Young Japan' (J. B. Lippincott Co.), has a special eye to the line of educational development, showing how eager the Japanese have always been to absorb the best of whatever culture presented itself to them. In his view the Japanese stand at the threshold of a new national manhood. His reading has been among the books of writers who know the sources, but he has also conned well the living book of the human nature of Japan, for he dwelt several years as teacher in the country itself. His main divisions are: Early Culture, Adolescence, and Modern School Days. He is strongest in his comparison of the islanders with the continentals. "The fundamental distinction is that between æsthetics and ethics. . . . The keynote of the Japanese character is sentimentalism; that of the Chinese, conservatism." He thinks the genius of the Japanese strangely un-Oriental," and that "Japan is out of place in the Orient," her people being temperamentally at variance with their neighbors." After their long inner development comes their expansion, yet Dr. Scherer gives no hint of the fact, proved by Dr. Batchelor, that the Ainu language is of Aryan stock, nor of the large admixture of Ainu blood—the blood of a true white race. The book is a companion to the author's 'Japan To-day,' and, with index and copious illustration, is well worth perusal. It is perhaps the best general view of the long education of the Japanese, though but slightly touching upon the philosophy which has nourished the leaders of modern thought and action. The omission of such a chapter seems a defect even in a "popular" book, for thought moved the men of 1868 even before Occidental culture and machinery attracted them.

The *Vossische Zeitung* reports that, in the library of Friedrich von Raumer, which the Prussian Government has bought for the city library of Bromberg, a copy of Jöcher's 'Allegemeines Gelehrtenlexicon' has been found which, according to an inscription of the former owner, originally belonged to Lessing, all four volumes being filled with annotations by this philosopher. The city librarian of Bromberg has sent these volumes to Professor Muncker of the University of Munich, who declares that they are valuable, and will publish the annotations in his new edition of Lessing's works (now going through the press), as a part of volume xxii., which is to appear in 1906.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number four, contains a description of the changes in the southwestern coast of Schleswig-Holstein, due largely to diking and the planting of samphire-grass. The extent to which the land has gained upon the sea during the last century is graphically shown by a series of colored maps. Dr. J. Hoffmann demonstrates from observations taken in German East Africa, on the coast and in the highlands of the interior, that the heat at and near the equator is not so great as is commonly supposed. The reported geographical curriculum of the German universities and high schools merits attention, as showing the intelligent way in which the Empire is developing its foreign interests. Among the subjects treated at the University of Berlin we note the history and antiquities of Mexico and the geography and recent history of Morocco.

The French Government, through its educational and commercial departments, assists financially the "Society for the International Exchange of Children for the Purpose of Acquiring Foreign Languages" (Société d'Échange International), which counts among its zealous supporters an exceptionally large number of prominent men. This society has just issued its first annual report, from which it appears that, during the past year, 44 French children, 39 German, 4 English, and 1 Austrian, between the ages of eleven and twenty-seven, were "exchanged." Of these 88 children, 17 were girls. The report states that experience proves the years from thirteen to seventeen to be the best for such practical acquisition of a foreign tongue, as children do not possess the necessary knowledge before that age. The majority remained only during the vacations. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* warmly approves of this innovation, on the ground that it supplements school work in a most successful way, and contributes to a better understanding of neighboring peoples. No serious difficulties were encountered, as the Central Bureau was careful to "exchange" children between families of about the same social standing. Parents and children, as shown by letters printed in the report, were more than pleased with the venture. The director is M. J. Toni-Mathieu, 36 Boulevard de Magenta, Paris.

The recent rapid increase of the plague in India—the number of deaths in the first three months of 1905 having been more than double those in the whole year 1901—is naturally attracting much attention in that country and in Great Britain. One of the difficulties in contending with it is the fact that there are nearly 56,000,000 occupied houses in India, of which at least 50,000,000 are unsanitary. The one promising weapon against it, according to a writer in the London *Times* of May 30, if the experience in Bombay can be trusted, is inoculation. It is now proposed to increase the favor with which this is regarded by combining life insurance with the operation.

A bundle of documents issued by the Red Cross Society of Japan, rewritten and showing the work done up to the 20th of October, 1904, reveals this as one of the most active of the branches of the world-wide organization. The larger pamphlet, (pp. 159) beside a map of the empire showing stations, including Formosa, Riu Kiu,

and Pescadores, and plans of the two hospital ships, *Saviour* and *Mercy*, is well illustrated. It shows the methods of arousing public interest, and gives the details of relief in time of earthquake as well as of war, with rules, history, etc. Dr. Nagao Ariga, the famous authority on international law and legal adviser to Gen. Nogi, is the painstaking and eloquent scribe. The account of the organization of the relief detachments is very interesting. On October 1, 3,266 persons of thorough scientific and practical training, mostly retired army privates, had been sent out as men nurses and stretcher-bearers on the field, and as many more as were necessary stood in readiness. All at the front are men; on the hospital ships the sexes are equally represented; at home all the nurses are women. In the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, many women of the highest classes are found. This is a great change from the situation a decade ago. As Buddhist nuns cared nothing for nursing, and "the rules of good society were stronger than humanity," as Dr. Ariga says, only women of lower rank would at first serve as paid nurses. The example of ladies of the nobility and gentry has changed all this, thousands of them being now in the service, or acting as moral guides and instructors of the paid nurses. The finances of the society are in excellent condition.

Following Japanese precedent, the French evidently intend to increase their influence in the Chinese world by the establishment of higher educational institutions. The Government of Indo-China has planned to establish a Chinese university in Hanoi, to be modelled after that of Japan. Already since January a higher Chinese school has been in operation in Tonkin, intended exclusively for the sons of Chinese mandarins. The course of study will be exactly the same as that of the Chinese schools of the Japanese.

Every scholar and friend of letters who has had occasion to visit the Central National Library at Florence, must regret to learn of the death, in the first week of June, of Comm. Desiderio Chilovi, for twenty years the director of that institution, and for a quarter of a century more a diligent librarian in Florence and in Rome. Signor Chilovi did what he could to procure an ampler receptacle for the treasures under his charge, and was keenly alive to modern improvements in library methods and management. In his relations with his own associates he was greatly esteemed for his humane spirit, and he was ever courteous to all who sought the privilege of consulting the Library.

—The July *Century* gives first place to a discussion of the Secession Movement in German Art, by Albert Kinross. After producing a Dürer, a Holbein, and an Altdorfer, Germany sank into a sleep of several generations, a lethargy from which she was to be shaken only by the efforts of Böcklin and Menzel, whose followers, such as Leibl, Liebermann, Von Uhde, and Klinger, have fought a fight to the death against the old decadent forces and have won. With this triumph, German artists "are allowed to paint as Providence intended they should paint, expressing themselves, their own eyesight, their own feelings, their own philosophy, as every artist must who would endure." Rev. J. S. Sewall, who accompanied Perry to Japan as captain's clerk on the *Saratoga*, contributes a very readable chapter of recollections of that famous expedition, the real or alleged results of which are springing up in so many directions. Dr. Sewall reports truly that Perry threatened to sink the cordon of guard boats thrown by the Japanese around his fleet if they were not withdrawn in fifteen minutes. So brief a time limit seems more in accord with modern shirtsleeve methods than with the pious prayer recorded in the Commodore's own narrative under the same date, "that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed." Manager Stone continues his narrative of the news-gathering methods of the Associated Press, freely admitting in some cases an "enterprise" but little short of that displayed by the independent service of the more sensational dailies, as when the laundry lists sent out of the Conclave with the soiled linen of a cardinal carried cipher messages to the outside world concerning the progress of the Papal election, after a dove, brought in under the belief that its semi-sacred character would protect it, but secretly trained as a homing pigeon, had had its unlucky neck wrung by order of the shrewd Rampolla.

—In the May number of the *University Review*, Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein of the University of Birmingham, England, writes an article on "Shakspere and Stoicism" to demonstrate the influence of Seneca, the philosopher, on the English dramatist. In the course of his argument he points out a parallel passage which has hitherto escaped the notice of parallel-hunters. The famous speech of *Portia* in the "Merchant of Venice," "The quality of mercy is not strained," has always been regarded, says Mr. Sonnenschein, as "one of the brightest jewels in the poet's crown. . . . Yet it is neither more nor less than a beautiful rendering of the leading ideas of the treatise 'On Mercy,' the *De Clementia* of Seneca, in which he addresses an eloquent appeal to the youthful emperor Nero to exercise his despotic powers in a spirit worthy of his position." We quote a few of Mr. Sonnenschein's parallels.

SENECA.	SHAKSPERE.
Nullum clementia ex omnibus magis quam regem aut principem decet (I. 3. 3).	It becomes The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
Eo scilicet formosius id esse magnificentiusque fatebimur quo in majore praestabitur potestate (I. 19. 1).	'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.
Quod si di placabiles et aequi delicta potentium non statim fulminibus persequuntur, quanto aequius est hominem hominibus praepositum miti animo exercere imperium? (I. 7. 2).	But mercy is above this sceptred sway; It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings; It is an attribute to God himself.
Cogitato . . .quanta solitudo et vastitas futura sit si nihil relinquetur nisi quod judex severus absolverit (I. 6. 1).	Consider this, That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation.

"In this last passage," says Mr. Sonnenschein, "even the form of the sentence is similar; in the English, as in the Latin, we have an Imperative Mood with a dependent clause." He finds in five other plays of Shakspere ideas and phrases which suggest that their author had read the *De Clementia*, but none are as convincing as those quoted above.

—Now it must be observed that the first English version of Seneca's tract was published about twenty years after Shakspere wrote the "Merchant of Venice." There were, indeed, French and German translations. But, as Mr. Sonnenschein says, it is far more likely that Shakspere read Latin at school than that he read French or German translations of Latin. Mr. Sonnenschein therefore seems to have made a real contribution to the vexed question of Shakspere's scholarship, not to be lightly answered with Ben Jonson's epigram, "Small Latin and less Greek," in the face of such evidence as this. Few, probably, will agree with Mr. Alfred Austin, who objected to Mr. Sonnenschein's theory on the ground that "the white heat, the fine frenzy of the brain, in the moment of such composition, precludes so cold a procedure." In the first place, we do not believe that the Poet Laureate is an authority for moments of "white heat" in writing poetry; and some of the finest modern poetry has been built precisely after this fashion, as any scholar who has read Swinburne's "On the Cliffs" knows well. It is the peculiar delight of the classical student, a pleasure hardly dreamt of by the general reader or by the student of modern literature who knows no Greek, to linger over such reminiscent poetry as this, to pick up the threads of Sappho in Swinburne, or acknowledge each allusion to the great tragedies of the Greek drama in "Pauline." No other reader so keenly appreciates the art and the inspiration of the modern poet who has stiffened the texture of his work with those gold threads from the Greek poets. To such a reader Portia's speech will now have a new meaning and an added beauty.

—The illustrations of the latest number of the Newnes Art Library, devoted to Tintoretto (F. Warne & Co.), give a fair idea of the art of that turbulent genius whose love for violent action, with or without reason, led him sometimes to the verge of absurdity, and whose fecundity of imagination and rage for production rarely left him time for thoughtfulness of conception or completeness of rendering. The text is of no value, and repeats much of the nonsense that has been written about this artist, and perhaps there has been more nonsense written about him than about any other painter that ever lived, not excepting Turner. He excited Ruskin's imagination, and the result of this excitement was the most extraordinary series of descriptions of pictures ever written, in which not only are meanings attributed to Tintoretto that he cannot have thought of, but the material objects represented are entirely misunderstood. In spite of the pictures themselves, and even of Ruskin's partial retraction, these descriptions die hard. They are still repeated in guide-books, and studied, in front of the works themselves, by puzzled tourists; and one of the most fantastic of them turns up here, it being gravely stated that, in " 'The Baptism of Christ,' the clouds on which the heavenly spectators rest . . . form a fish, the well-known type of the Redeemer amongst the early Christians"; the fact be-

ing, as Ruskin afterward admitted, that there are in the picture no "heavenly spectators" resting on clouds of the form of a fish or of any other form—only ordinary human spectators sitting on the river bank. Ruskin saw a dozen other things in the picture which are equally absent from it, as an impartial inspection of the reproduction given in this volume will show. The sketchiness of the work and the badness of the light in the Scuola di San Rocco are the only excuses for his vagaries—there is no excuse for those who repeat them now. Yet everybody seems to go a little crazy on coming in contact with Tintoretto, and a sane judgment of his powers and failings is difficult to attain. In looking over the plates in the present publication, one is equally astonished at the evidences of an almost colossal ability, and at the lack of balance and even of seriousness. Much of the work is sensational, marked by an unbridled desire for effectiveness at any cost, while very, very little of it at all represents the best of which its author was capable. Tintoretto's finest things are as fine as any one's, but there is no fault, except timidity, of which he is not occasionally guilty, and his worst things are sheer bombast.

—Technically, feeblemindedness includes the idiotic and those mentally or morally imbecile. It excludes the insane, those with a normal equipment who have gone astray, the literally deranged. The idiotic, those who never had a mind, are hopeless, because mind may only be developed, not created. They require constant care, which can best be extended in a properly organized institution. The perpetual presence of an idiot in a private family is a sacrifice of all the finer sensibilities to an unwise service of affectionate duty. Imbeciles, those having some mental endowment, are for other reasons still more properly cared for under an organized service. It gives them vastly better opportunity for the development of the single talent than when it is buried in the napkin of an incompetent, although it may be a loving, household. And these imbeciles range from the fatuous, who can never be trusted, to the partly equipped, who may ultimately become self-supporting. A third class are the moral imbeciles, those in whom the moral sense exists barely, or not at all. They are not simply bad. They range from moral idiocy to moral imbecility, and the notorious Jesse Pomeroy may be taken as a type of the savage variety. They may be simply brutish, or they may be charming in appearance, attractive in manner, and satanic in their capacity for devising deeds that to other minds are only evil. Many of these are, in the various social grades of the unconfined world, selected by the expert with difficulty and by the inexpert only after repeated experience with their obliquities. All of these should be under trained instructors, and appropriate schools are gradually being established for such unfortunates. Dr. Martin W. Barr, now at the head of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children, established, although not founded, by Dr. Joseph Parrish of blessed memory, has prepared a considerable volume, 'Mental Defectives' (Blakiston), from his experience there. It is copiously illustrated and contains much description of useful training methods and a good deal of detail about many of the pupils. Dr. Barr believes that epilepsy represents progressive deterioration, and is incurable in the radical sense; which may incite criticism. He strenuously urges asexualization as soon as competent judges pronounce a child imbecile. Having occasion to mention Helen Keller, although she is in no respect a mental defective, Dr. Barr errs in saying that she was a pupil of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and he quite fails to acknowledge the genius and the consecrated patience of Miss Sullivan, who, unaided, rescued her by the tactile sense alone from her living tomb.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

La Séparation de l'Eglise et de l'État en 1794: Introduction à l'histoire religieuse de la Révolution française. Par Edmé Champion. Paris: Armand Colin. Pp. xiii., 279.

This is a little book, but a really remarkable one, which no one interested in the French Revolution can read, or even reread, without great advantage. Only recently have the animosities engendered by the Revolution so far subsided as to permit an effort on the part of historians to come at its fundamental results and to estimate fairly the motives and methods of those who carried it through its several stages. Attention is no longer fixed primarily upon the disorders of the period, but rather upon the permanent achievements. Sorel, Aulard, Morse Stephens, and Champion not only have at their disposal material which was inaccessible when Mortimer-Ternaux, Wallon, Sybel, or Taine wrote; they have, what is still more important, an attitude of mind which enables them to see something more in the acts of the National Assembly and of the Convention than *la fureur des combats et le goût des ruines.* The legitimate rehabilitation begun by Carlyle in the case of Danton and Desmoulins has been carried on until at last we are able clearly to discern, amid much superficial and exaggerated turmoil, a great series of momentous reforms accomplished by legislators who were, on the whole, upright and self-sacrificing. They made some mistakes, it is true, for they had had no experience to fit them for their difficult duties, and worked at a tremendous disadvantage; but it seems certain that no body of men ever accomplished such a vast reform in so brief a space of time, and, judged by the permanence of the changes, with such marvellous success, as did the members of the National Assembly during the years 1789-1791.

Among the reforms, none were more important than those connected with the national Church; yet these have been especially obscured by the notion that the Revolution was an essentially irreligious movement—an idea fostered from the very first by that large class who are always ready to mistake an objection to an expropriated tithe for a repudiation of Christianity. Then, the survival, even down to the present moment, of the old questions concerning *congrégations,* religious instruction, ecclesiastical subsidies, and ultramontanism has served to perpetuate a partisan spirit, whether clerical or anti-clerical, which is incapable of reaching sound historical conclusions. Yet these very issues give an especial interest to M. Champion's admirable description of the ecclesiastical policy of the first French Assembly. His spirit, his knowledge, and his graceful style immediately evoke the reader's confidence and admiration. His closing paragraph may serve as the key to his little work: "Envisagée par les petits côtés, cette histoire n'offre qu'une suite de débats et de conflits souvent impatients, parfois pitoyables. Vue de haut, bien comprise, elle apparaît comme une glorieuse ascension vers la lumière et la liberté."

Previous to 1789, the clergy in France were regarded as constituting the first order in the State, a distinction which they hardly enjoyed in any other European country aside from the Papal Dominions. They performed the important civil functions of recording births, marriages, and deaths, upon which much naturally depended. They owned vast tracts of land and untold personal property. Their religion was a monopoly sanctioned and defended by the State. Heretics could not be legally married, nor could their births and deaths be subject to official record. As late as 1781, even Condorcet could not venture to urge toleration. "We do not ask," he says, "that the Protestants should have their own worship and ministers, we only ask that they may have children." The Government guarded the Church, its doctrines, and institutions from attack. A royal declaration, issued only a generation before the opening of the Revolution, imposed the death penalty upon any who should write, print, or distribute any attack upon religion. The monarch appointed all the chief officers in the Church: archbishops, bishops, and abbots. The sovereign courts opposed the extension of ultramontane control, and extolled the Gallican liberties of the clergy.

The novelty and extent of the irreligion of the eighteenth century have generally been grossly exaggerated, as well as its effect upon the course of ecclesiastical reform. This is especially emphasized by M. Champion, whose conclusions are in harmony with the growing conviction among scholars that the influence of the *philosophes* has been much overrated. They disliked fanaticism, disorder, and oppression, and clearly perceived the numerous ecclesiastical abuses, but they were rarely actively irreligious, and would scarcely have comprehended the virulence of modern anti-clericalism. The suppression of the Jesuits in 1763 should not be attributed to them, since it was but the logical outcome of the suspicions and accusations which go back to the first appearance of the order in France two centuries earlier. Nor was it the fault of the *philosophes* that the King appointed a commission of archbishops, who, in 1768, suppressed more than a thousand religious communities, and even some entire orders, which appeared to have quite outlived their purpose.

It was not until 1787 that, as M. Champion thinks, the first blow was given to the supremacy of the Church, and by so devout a ruler as Louis XVI. From time immemorial the law of the land had held that the marriages of non-Catholics were but concubinage and their children bastards. This was now changed, and the priests were ordered to register all births, marriages, and deaths, regardless of creed. This by no means implied religious toleration. The Protestants must still scrupu-

lously observe all Catholic festivals, and might not hold any public religious services. This new measure appears at first sight an obvious and simple act of humanity and justice, but it was by no means simple, and implicated the King in an attack upon the Catholic religion and upon the freedom of conscience of its ministers. For the Protestants might, by the terms of the edict, require the Catholic priests to register their marriages, and the parish priest to whom they applied was required, in drawing up the certificate, to declare that the parties were "united in a legitimate marriage." In short, he was compelled by the Government to declare valid a union which his Church repudiated as sinful and void since it was unsanctioned by the sacrament of matrimony. The Convention never hazarded a more tyrannical and sacrilegious innovation. In order to remedy to a slight extent an ancient abuse, the ministers of the God-fearing martyr King could think of nothing better than to introduce a new abuse almost as bad. It is probable that the public were scarcely startled by the situation, since it was but an illustration of the singular and hopeless confusion of religious and civil functions to which they had always been accustomed. It was the ungrateful task of the first National Assembly to begin the untangling of the French Church and the French Government which had so long and so completely interpenetrated one another.

The *cahiers* prepared in 1789 by the clergy, high and low, the noblesse, and the commoners in town and country give us the most complete and reliable expression that could be desired of the general attitude of the French people toward their national Church. While the clergy lament, as has been their wont from all time, that there are distressing indications of irreligion, there is no hint in any of the *cahiers* that any one dreamed of depriving the Church of any of its ancient dignity or exclusive privileges, or of questioning the duty of the State to foster it and protect it from all attacks. There was, in short, no religious question in 1789, only the question of well-known ecclesiastical abuses, especially the tithes, the niggardly stipends of the parish priests, the payments to Rome and the appointment of the prelates by the King.

When the Assembly met, the reform of these vices did not seem imminent, but the widespread disorder in the latter part of July, 1789, led to the abolition of the feudal dues on August 4-5, with the hope of quieting an impatient people. It was almost inevitable that the hated and oppressive tithe should be included with the innumerable feudal exactions which it somewhat resembled. Many of the *cahiers* of all classes had bitterly denounced this due, which is thus described by the clergy themselves, in one of their *cahiers:*

"Our deputy to the Estates General shall call attention to the fact that the tithes were originally designed to support the priests and meet the needs of the churches and the poor. Contrary to common justice and their proper purpose, the greater part of them are now held by chapters, communities, abbots, and other benefice holders who contribute only by a trifling stipend to the performance of the parish services."

The expenses for these services had to be defrayed by a second payment on the part of the people, although the tithe amounted to an eighth, sixth, or even a larger per cent. of the net revenue of the peasant. The clergy themselves surrendered the tithe, but with the expectation that it would be replaced by some other source of revenue from which the religious expenses of the parish might be paid. So the Assembly was led on from abolishing this universally unpopular due to considering the whole question of the property of the clergy, and an ecclesiastical committee of twenty was chosen to report on the matter. It was not, therefore, as commonly asserted, the embarrassment of the public treasury which led directly to the confiscation of the Church possessions.

Financial exigencies, however, hastened the reforms implied by the abolition of the tithes. To whom did the Church lands belong? Not to the clergy, surely, but to the Church. And what was the Church of France except the faithful of France, namely, the nation viewed from the standpoint of religion? This was the line of reasoning adopted to meet the arguments of those among the clergy who protested that their lands were not *biens nationaux* at the disposal of the nation, but were dedicated to God, and consequently sacred and inviolable. Had those who so violently maintained that the appropriation by the State of the lands of the clergy was the first act in an impious conspiracy due to the *philosophes*, but studied the *cahiers*, they would have discovered that zealous and even fanatical Catholics had given their deputies formal instructions to declare the possessions of the Church, especially those of the monasteries, at the disposition of the nation. The noblesse had been particularly insistent in this matter. Many of the *cahiers* of the nobles and of the Third Estate urged that the monastic orders should be absolutely suppressed, or at least greatly reduced in numbers, and their property applied to the public needs. In accordance with these instructions, the National Assembly declared illegal all irrevocable monastic vows, suppressed all communities where such vows were required, and forbade their reëstablishment. To one familiar with the terrible disrepute into which the monks had long before fallen, as even Montalembert freely concedes, there is nothing in the circumstances attending the abolition of the monasteries which suggests irreligion. Indeed, there is nothing in any of the measures hitherto mentioned which is not perfectly natural and explicable without assuming the slightest distrust among the Deputies in regard to the Catholic Church and its teachings. It is true that there were indications of a tolerance out of harmony with the traditions of the Church. A clause had been inserted (August 23, 1789) in the Declaration of the Rights of Man providing that "No one shall be disquieted on account of his opinions, including his religious views, provided their manifestation does not disturb the public order established by law." But the law could still prohibit, as it had done, the public services of an heretical sect. The Assembly went farther when (December 24, 1789) it revoked all laws excluding Protestants from office. Here was impiety indeed, from the standpoint of those who had strenuously opposed the omission by Louis XVI. of the clause in the coronation oath in which the King engaged to extirpate heresy. Yet there was no indication in this of an incipient revolt against the Church.

In order to realize the reforms demanded by the *cahiers*, and to carry out its previous resolutions, the Assembly sanctioned in July, 1790, the famous Civil Constitution of the Clergy. This is a remarkably clear and succinct document in four sections, each of which rectifies a long-standing abuse. (1) The bishoprics, which were regarded as too numerous and as varying too greatly in size and population, are reduced to eighty-three, and are to be conterminous with the newly constructed Departments. The parishes are to be readjusted later. (2) Bishops and parish priests are to be chosen only in one way, namely, by popular election. (3) The salaries of the bishops are equalized, and those of the parish priests greatly increased over what they had received from the tithe-holders, or *décimateurs*. (4) Strict rules are established requiring the churchmen to remain in residence and attend to their duties. Radical as all this has seemed to some, and conservative as it has seemed to other, critics, the Civil Constitution is almost fatally appropriate to the conditions in which it was drawn up. Its provisions were certainly not irreligious, or at least were not the result of irreligion. Even the Pope long hesitated before he condemned the document partially and in qualified terms. Posterity has passed a harsh sentence upon the Civil Constitution. Quinet and Michelet agree that the Assembly did not go far enough, and weakly compromised with an outworn system when they should have frankly and permanently severed Church and State. The absurdity of this contention must be clear from what has been said. It would, as M. Champion well says, have been as impossible at that time for the Assembly to effect a separation of Church and State as to light the Riding School, in which they met, with arc lights.

"They did not reject this separation, they did not think of it, and could not have thought of it. We shall see how the idea was suggested by succeeding events. To argue as if this idea had been familiar to the Revolutionary leaders is to distort, or rather suppress, the whole religious history of the period, for this history is nothing more than the record of events which gave birth to and gradually propagated the idea of separation."

The growing hostility toward the Assembly increased rapidly. The Civil Constitution of the Clergy was denounced as a wicked usurpation on the part of the Deputies. Those priests—and they were many—who accepted the new order were discredited as "*intrus*," incapable of performing the sacred duties which they had rashly assumed. The oath of fidelity which the Assembly required of the clergy was a not unnatural measure, designed to put an end to the agitations against the new appointees; and the Assembly had no reason to anticipate that so many would refuse to take a seemingly innocent pledge. Many of the clergy, high and low, did take it, but it served as an excuse, as is well known, for a new attack on the Assembly, and later gave rise to much persecution and bloodshed. The Civil Constitution was a failure, and yet Grégoire could truly say, when Napoleon's Concordat was accepted by the Pope: "All the motives for submission, all the proofs that you urge in favor, of the Concordat, are precisely those made use of to prove that the Civil Constitution should be accepted. You have set Europe on fire

and stirred up civil and foreign war, caused massacres and persecutions, in order to do ten years later what we did ten years earlier."

The counter-revolutionary party now began to brand as irreligious pretty much all that the Assembly had done. Mirabeau pointed out, what not uncommonly happens, that the extreme conservatives among the clergy were the strongest allies of such radical enemies of religion as then existed. "The only difference between the advocates of irreligion and the members of the ecclesiastical aristocracy is, that the former hope for the ruin of religion in order that liberty may the more surely triumph, while the latter promotes the destruction of the faith with the expectation of involving in its downfall both liberty and the Constitution." In May, 1791, the Assembly first granted liberty of worship. This measure was not, however, primarily due to an abstract love of religious freedom, but to the necessity of shielding those who preferred to attend the services of the recalcitrant priests. Thereafter, every one should not only be at liberty to think as he pleased, but to worship as he wished.

The first step toward a separation of the religious from the civil powers with which they had so long been confused, was taken May 10, 1791, when Bailly requested, in view of the conditions in Paris, that all declarations of births, marriages, and deaths "should be received by civil officers in a form compatible with every species of religious opinion." In spite of the weighty reasons urged for its speedy passage, so conservative and cautious were the representatives of the French people that the measure was not passed for many months (September 20, 1792). "The Revolution," Champion remarks, "more promptly and easily abolished feudalism, dispossessed the Church of its enormous wealth, declared war against Europe, and overthrew the throne, than passed a law in regard to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths."

On November 13, 1792, Cambon, as representative of the committee on finance, asked the fundamental question whether the priests should not be supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful, and the Government subsidy be withdrawn. The Jacobins denounced the suggestion in unmeasured terms. They were convinced that the people at large were sincerely attached to their religion, and that the withdrawal of the Government subsidy would mean civil war. The counter-revolutionary party, however, rapidly completed the discredit, among the leaders of the Convention, of both priests and religion. With the exception of a few Deputies, like Grégoire, who remained Catholics, the revolutionists gradually accustomed themselves to regard religion as the chief obstacle in their way and as the chief resource of the counter-revolutionists. But while some of them would have destroyed by any means possible this potent weapon which was constantly turned against them, others refused to precipitate a persecution which would outrage their own principles and the sentiments of the mass of the nation.

After a very brief interference on the part of the Paris Commune with the Catholic worship, mass was again celebrated in many of the churches. Yet the attempted dechristianization, ineffectual as it was, served to spread the idea that the Government might perhaps withdraw the salaries which, according to the Civil Constitution, it engaged to pay to the priests and bishops. On September 18, 1794, Cambon's motion was passed by the Convention, and France ceased to support the Church. This decree had none of the traits commonly attributed to revolutionary measures—"nothing premature, startling, or brutal. It did not anticipate, but only followed, events themselves. It was in no way the result of long-preconceived ideas, nor dictated by fanaticism. It came when the Catholic reaction was well under way." To Joseph de Maistre, however, this final act of the Convention in regard to the Church was full and complete proof of the Satanic origin of the Revolution. The world had beheld monarchies crumble before, but never before had it heard "ce mot isolé dans l'histoire: La nation ne salarie aucun culte."

KROPOTKIN'S RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Russian Literature. By P. Kropotkin. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

We have here the work of a Russian exile, eminent in his early life as a man of science, and in his later years as an exponent of philosophic anarchism. Prince Kropotkin, though a man of artistic tastes, whose 'Memoirs of a Revolutionist' has shown his command of literary style even in English, to him a foreign language, has never been a professional student of literary history, or even primarily interested in literary criticism. The merits and defects of his book are such as we might expect from the temperament and training of the author.

A Russian, however, is comparatively little hampered by this lack of special preparation for writing literary history. In the first place, Russian literature is practically a creation of the nineteenth century; its real founder, Púshkin, was born in 1799. Russian writers before his time, though their names are numerous, and though Pýpin, in his great 'History of Russian Literature,' devotes more than sixteen hundred pages to their consideration, are of about as much contemporary importance as American writers before Bryant, or English writers before Chaucer. In the second place, the sociological point of view, which is just what most interests Prince Kropotkin, and from which he is best qualified to speak, is of peculiar and distressing importance in the history of modern Russian literature. In our author's own words:

"Literary criticism has in Russia certain special aspects. It is not limited to a criticism of works of art from the purely literary or æsthetic point of view. Whether a Rúdin [in Turgéneff's novel of that name], or a Katerína [in Ostróvski's drama, "The Storm"], are types of real, living beings, and whether the novel or the drama is well built, well developed, and well written—these are, of course, the first questions considered. But they are soon answered; and there are infinitely more important questions which are raised in the thoughtful mind by every work of really good art: the questions concerning the position of a Rúdin or a Katerína in society; the part, bad or good, which they play in it; the ideas which inspire them, and the value of these ideas; and then—the actions of the heroes, and the causes of these actions, both individual and social. In a good work of art the actions of the heroes are evidently what they would have been under similar conditions in reality; otherwise it would *not* be good art. They can be discussed as facts of life" (p. 286).

And again:

"Every class of the toiling masses which in other literatures would have appeared in novels as the background for events going on amidst educated people (as in Hardy's 'Woodlanders'), has had in the Russian novel its own painter. All great questions concerning popular life which are debated in political and social books and reviews, have been treated in the novel as well" (pp. 221-222).

A list of the chapter headings, with page numbers added, will give the best idea of the proportions of Prince Kropotkin's Russian Literature: I., Introduction (1-38); II., Púshkin, Lérmontoff (39-66); III., Gógol (67-87); IV., Turgéneff, Tolstóy (88-150); V., Gontcharóff, Dostoyévsky, Nekrásoff (151-190); VI., the Drama (191-220); VII., Folk-Novelists (221-262); VIII., Political Literature, Satire, Art-Criticism, Contemporary Novelists (263-318).

Some minor shortcomings of the book need be mentioned only in passing. Such is the startling assertion that the *bylíny* "correspond to the Icelandic *sagas*" (p. 8). The mistake, of course, is in regard to the sagas, not the *bylíny*, which the author correctly describes as ballads. In general, the half-dozen pages on Russian folklore are far from satisfying. Again, it can be only by inadvertence that Kropotkin gives no account of so important a writer as Gárshin, whom he himself mentions with admiration while speaking of Tolstoy (p. 124). We have looked in vain for a statement of the date of birth of Púshkin, Lérmontov, Turgéneff, Gontcharóff, or Dostoyévsky. A couple of paragraphs on the contrasting home environment of Turgéneff and Dostoyévsky would have been useful in explaining the nature of their literary work. Errors of the press are frequent. On page 108 a sentence is made unintelligible by some serious mistake of the printer.

As a Russian radical, Prince Kropotkin makes his book centre about two great movements in Russian society—that for the liberation of the serfs, which culminated in 1861, and the movement "towards the people" (p. 107) which occupied the minds of the younger generation, among whom our author was not the least prominent, in the seventies. Thus his allusions, and even his general point of view, are often far from clear to persons unfamiliar with Russian social history. We say this in no spirit of depreciation of the book, which, better than any other known to us, enables the English reader to understand the historic position of Russian literature and its value for the Russian people. But a separate chapter on social conditions in Russia, and on the chief schools of Russian thought, gathering up into itself all the illuminating remarks and suggestions which are scattered broadcast through the book, would have been of immense service.

An illustration will show the dangers of Russian sociological criticism of literature. 'Anna Karénina,' we are told, "produced in Russia a decidedly unfavorable impression, which brought to Tolstóy congratulations from the reactionary camp and a very cool reception from the advanced portion of society" (p. 126). Now an American will search 'Anna Karénina' in vain for any defence of autocracy or of Eastern orthodoxy. But it appears that "advanced" Russians, in their assaults on oppression of all sorts,

did not forget the tyranny of the marriage laws. Freedom of separation, in consequence of the replacement of an old affection by a stronger one of later growth, became one of their leading tenets. Hence Tolstoy (who, by the way, as a thoroughgoing individualist, had never joined the ranks of the "advanced" party or of any other) with his 'Anna Karénina,' which bears the menacing Biblical epigraph: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," was denounced as a renegade. By a stern insistence on the moral law, quite comparable to Hawthorne's, Tolstoy had betrayed the cause of civil and religious freedom! Tolstoy is later restored to Kropotkin's good graces. By his interpretation of the Gospel teaching, he developed a doctrine of the simple life—simple to a degree unthought of by Wagner—that has much in common with the movement "towards the people" in which Kropotkin took part. Hence of Tolstoy's later works our author gives a sympathetic criticism that should bring them many new readers.

Making allowances for his peculiar bias, Kropotkin's analysis of Tolstoy's genius seems to us the most adequate of any we have read. Thus he makes clear (p. 115) the almost morbid love of self-analysis, combined with absolute sincerity, which lies at the bottom of the novelist's work from the very start. And in the following passage he lays his finger on the greatest artistic excellence of Tolstoy's writings, the capacity for all-embracing, impartial, objective observation, which runs parallel with an immense moral earnestness, but is never colored, except in some of his latest works, by the author's social and philosophic theories:

"Tolstóy's artistic power carries him beyond and above his theories. . . . His appreciation of this or that action, of this or that of his heroes, may be wrong; his own 'philosophy' may be open to objection; but the force of his descriptive talent and his literary honesty are always so great that he will often make the feelings and actions of his heroes speak against their creator, and prove something very different from what he intended to prove. This is probably why Turgéneff, and apparently other literary friends, too, told him: 'Don't put your "philosophy into your art." Trust to your artistic feeling, and you will create great things.' In fact, notwithstanding Tolstóy's distrust of science, I must say that I always feel, in reading his works, that he is possessed of the most *scientific* insight I know of among artists. He may be wrong in his conclusions, but never is he wrong in his statement of data. True science and true art are not hostile to each other, but always work in harmony" (p. 117).

Of Turgéneff, also, Kropotkin gives an excellent æsthetic appreciation. And while, like other critics, he lays stress on the simple beauty of this writer's style and the perfection of his narrative art, he makes especially clear the value of his novels, as representing successive periods of thought and successive types of character in Russian society. Thus our critic should be of real service to American readers who, judging Turgéneff's world by their own Anglo-Saxon ethics, become disgusted with his weak and flabby heroes.

For the reactionist and religious zealot, Dostoyévski, Kropotkin has a hearty dislike, and hence, it seems to us, decidedly underrates his literary genius. It is true that in his masterpiece, 'Crime and Punishment,' Dostoyévski attacks materialistic philosophy absurdly enough, making it lead his poor, demented hero to a crime that he must afterwards expiate by the severest mental torture, which ends only with a return to the trusting faith of his childhood. But the social propaganda of this novel is really a matter of minor importance, which would, indeed, be overlooked by most English readers; Raskólnikoff commits murder rather because of his own morbid temperament than in consequence of philosophic heresies. The narrative of his later agony is told with a power unsurpassed in fiction. Kropotkin, with his healthy common sense, performs a service by emphasizing the faults of Dostoyévski's work, and showing the absurdity of calling him the most representative of Russian authors, but he goes much too far in placing him below the commonplace and bourgeois Gontcharóff.

Sympathy for the toiling masses, and admiration for the men who give utterance to their hopes and their sorrows, lead Prince Kropotkin to devote much space to the "folk-novelists," Ryeshétnikoff, Levítoff, Uspénski, and others — writers who are scarcely known to the Western public even by name, and for whom even our author can claim no high rank as literary artists. They did their work in quickening the sympathies of educated Russians for their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, in preparing for the time when Russia shall be truly a nation. So even Gorky seems to attract Kropotkin less by his literary talent than by his passionate humanitarian aspirations.

Finally, we must note the buoyant, hopeful spirit which pervades this book, and which contrasts so strongly with the bitter, pessimistic tone of the novelists who have made Russian life familiar to Western readers.

James Watt. By Andrew Carnegie. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. 241.

Its lively, not to say jerky, style would hardly be a sufficient inducement to read this book. It contains, beyond a scrap or two, no new information about Watt. A particular interest, however, must attach to Mr. Carnegie's commentary on Watt's life, as one sees as soon as one recalls what that life was. Not the testimony of eulogists, but systematic critical comparison, warrants us in placing Watt among the world's great intellects, narrow though the field was to which he confined himself. Even when he was a child, his genius produced its impression, and was recognized by a few perspicacious men for what it was. At the grammar school he was backward in his recitations. He was not good at answering such questions as boys are expected to answer. Yet he must have been making good use of his time, since the early records of his thinking astonish us by bearing the marks of a trained mind—his stores of knowledge seem so well ordered, he strikes the nail so squarely on the head with unfaltering promptness, he is so sure to carry his most attentive scrutiny to the points where logical leakiness was most to be apprehended. The specifications of his patent, drawn up by this almost unschooled young man at an early stage of the invention, continued during near a generation to furnish lawyers with new surprises at their completeness.

When, at twenty years of age, he went to set up his little shop in Glasgow, explicit testimony and unmistakable actions show us that the extraordinary minds then clustered in the University began from their first interviews with the young instrument-maker to entertain a very thorough respect for his acquirements and intellect. John Robison, the well-known astronomer and physicist (afterwards called to a professorship in Russia), happening, when himself not quite twenty (Watt being then twenty-two), to drop into the shop, confesses, "I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favorite study, and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior."

When, at the age of twenty-three, he took up his great problem, the judiciously contrived pumping-engine of Newcomen (which Mr. Carnegie does not understand, and misdescribes; but then Newcomen was born in the south of England) was beginning to be inadequate for the deepening mines of Cornwall, although its general principle is that of a modern pumping-engine, and though it had unquestionably been better adapted to pumping out coal mines than any more complicated contrivance, especially if requiring a considerable pressure of steam, would have been. It had a boiler and a separate piston-cylinder. Steam, being admitted to the vertical cylinder below the piston, raised this, and was first cut off and then chilled in the cylinder; whereupon atmospheric pressure, aided by the weight of the piston, restored the latter to its first position. The power was transmitted to the pump by means of a beam oscillating about its centre. Watt began by making an experimental study, sufficiently thorough and accurate for all the practical purposes of his generation, of the thermal phenomena of the boiling of water. He discovered for himself the heat of vaporization, though he at once found that Black, who was professor in Glasgow, but who printed hardly anything, had taught the whole doctrine of "latent heat" for two years. He also discovered that the same amount of heat was required to convert water from a fixed temperature into steam, no matter under what pressure it was boiled, as nearly as he was able to measure this heat. Being thus sufficiently equipped with theoretical data, he proceeded to the work of invention; and within a few months after his rediscovery of the heat of vaporization he had hit upon the idea of his essential improvement of the steam-engine, that of the condenser. That is, instead of chilling the steam in the cylinder, which chilled the metal of the cylinder and thus the new steam sent into it, he opened a passage into an exhausted cold chamber where a jet of water cooled the steam. He did not stop here, however, but perfected the engine in its principal features and in its minutest accessories considerably beyond what could advantageously be put into practice in his day.

Although these inventions were not all made before he began actual work, they were mostly made within four years. For thirty-five years Watt's life was a struggle to get the engines made and running. There was no machinery to make them with, nor any good tools. There were no even barely tolerable journeymen machinists. There were no men fit to be trusted to run the engines; and the best there were were liable

at any time to smash things in their drunkenness. For twenty-five of these years, Watt was the second partner in what was for those times a vast concern—the greatest mechanical establishment in the world. He was not naturally a man of business. He detested it. Financial affairs terrified him; and he always dwelt too much on adverse contingencies. He had the Celtic passion, pride, imagination, glow, social sympathies; and it needed another Celt to interpret him to us. The publishers well understood what was wanted in asking Mr. Carnegie to undertake this biography. It is very satisfactory to find that his judgment of the conduct of the firm is distinctly commendatory. Many sagacious observations of general application to the direction of large works are scattered through the volume, which its author evidently endeavors to render practically useful; so that it becomes not only a study of Watt, but an elucidation of Carnegie. In this connection, one will remark how full and clear an idea of the entire contents of the book he carries away from the reading of it. We note that here is one business man more added to the list of admirers of Samuel Smiles.

Happily, no literary person has been permitted to tamper with the text, as several passages convincingly prove. The preface names two highly competent engineers as having revised the technical passages, but here and there a sentence may be found to which they can hardly have lent their deliberate approval. Thus, on page 74, we read that the Newcomen engine "was an atmospheric engine, and in no sense a steam engine." In no sense? On page 49, and in a paragraph devoted to explaining what is meant by the phrase "latent heat," we read: "Heat . . . lies also in water. . . . The heat lies latent and dead until we raise the temperature of the water to 212 degrees, and it is turned into vapor. Then the powerful force is instantly imbued with life." But, in fact, the living force is not derived from the water, but from the coal; and more heat is "latent" in the steam than in the water.

Mr. Carnegie is quite mistaken, too, in attributing the first discovery of the composition of water to Watt. It having been already known that water was produced when hydrogen was burnt, Cavendish in 1781 ascertained that pure water was the sole product, and that it equalled in weight the sum of the oxygen and hydrogen consumed. He told Priestley of this, who, with a rather amusing notion of his own competence as compared with that of Cavendish, undertook to repeat the experiment with greater precision. In 1783 Priestley communicated the result to Watt, but stating it in terms of the phlogiston theory to which he was wedded. All that Watt did was to set Priestley's logic right by stating the matter as everybody now states it, and as Cavendish had originally conceived it. Mr. Carnegie can find the whole story, as all critics now concede that it should be told, in Thorpe's 'Essays in Historical Chemistry' (Macmillan, 1902).

On page 15 it is said that, "at fifteen, Watt had read twice carefully 'The Elements of Philosophy' (Gravesend)." This was not, however, Gravesande's great 'Introductio ad Philosophiam,' of 1736, which may be said to have given birth to the Scotch philosophy of common sense, but was only (doubtless in translation) his 'Physices Elementa Mathematica, Experimentis Confirmata, sive Introductio ad Philosophiam Newtonianam,' of 1720.

The reader would have been placed in a better situation to appreciate Watt's intellect if his lesser inventions could have been more fully explained, such as the indicator diagram, and especially that approximate parallel motion which he himself considered his *chef-d'œuvre* of ingenuity, for which see Kempe's 'How to Draw a Straight Line' (Macmillan, 1877).

Although Watt's statement that the total heat of saturated steam is the same at all pressures is so far from being true that no less than three-tenths of the sensible heat of the water must be subtracted from the total heat in order to get a substantially constant remainder, yet it does not follow that Watt's observations were in error. He could not do otherwise than assume that the heat imparted to the water, up to its boiling point, was measured by its temperature, which he naturally would ascertain by a mercurial thermometer, doubtless reading it only to the nearest Fahrenheit degree. If, then, he determined the heat of vaporization by passing the steam into water not very much cooler, it might very well happen that, although every figure he recorded was correct, these figures should have indicated an exact constancy of the total heat at all pressures.

Our readers will be interested in knowing that Watt not only read French and Italian, but, at a time when any knowledge of German was rare, took pleasure in discussing German poetry, and that he seems also to have had some acquaintance with Kant.

American Bibliography. By Charles Evans. Vols. 1, 2. Privately Printed for the Author. Chicago. 1903-1904.

For some twenty years, Mr. Charles Evans of Chicago, at one time librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, has been engaged in an undertaking of great magnitude, namely, to make a record of "all books, pamphlets, and periodical publications printed in the United States from the genesis of printing in 1639 down to and including the year 1820." The manuscript is now completed, and the first two volumes have been issued. The first volume, covering the years 1639 to 1729 inclusive, was published in 1903. It contained 3,244 titles, 968 of which fall in the seventeenth century. The second volume, with the imprint of 1904, has just been issued; it carries the record down through the year 1750, and the titles to number 6,623. The third volume is promised for the fall of this year, and the remaining five or six at yearly intervals.

The work is in many ways unique. Its typographical appearance is striking, the body of the titles being printed in capitals and small capitals, with lower-case letters for imprints and notes only. But the most important feature of this bibliography is the chronological arrangement of the titles. By choosing a chronological rather than an alphabetical or systematic arrangement, Mr. Evans has performed a real service, directly to students of American literature and civilization, and indirectly by the example he has set for future compilers of national bibliographies. Each volume has an alphabetical index of authors (and of titles of anonymous books), a classed index of subjects, and a list of printers (the last-mentioned, however, with no clew to the books printed by them). The titles have been copied "with scrupulous care from the works themselves, or from comparison of existing authorities." Unfortunately, Mr. Evans does not tell what authorities he has used, nor does he indicate the titles which have not been copied from the books themselves. A bibliography like the present work, which is intended to be final, should, in all cases where the record has not been made from personal inspection, state the fact, and also give explicit reference to the source or sources of information. The neglect of this *first principle* in bibliography, and the absence of all critical apparatus, must be regarded as a serious defect.

"The use of line-titles," Mr. Evans remarks, "so dear to the heart of the young bibliographer, has been purposely avoided from what is believed to be a well-considered belief that they should have no place in modern bibliography. Their use belongs, and rightly, to the incunabula of printing, or to books without title-pages, and to these two classes their use should be restricted."

We are inclined to differ. The object of line-titles is to indicate, as far as possible, the typographical appearance of the title-pages, particularly in the case of older books with longwinded titles like most of those catalogued in the present volumes; they are also of value where punctuation has not been used, in obviating the necessity of adding it. The liability "to create editions which do not exist" is not greater if line-titles are used than otherwise, while in certain cases their employment will enable the student to discriminate between issues which cannot be distinguished in any other way. However, while this matter is not quite as unimportant as Mr. Evans would have us believe, we are willing to admit that it is a minor detail.

Mr. Evans's 'American Bibliography' is certainly one of the most important contributions to bibliographical literature of recent date, and, when completed, will rank among the most useful tools of librarians, bibliographers, and students of literature.

The Fair Land Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys: A Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites. By Amelia B. Edwards. Third edition. London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: Dutton.

Books in English upon the Tyrol are still so few that any addition to the number is in itself welcome. Considering the billow of Americans which dashes against the Alps of Switzerland and flows down the passes into Italy, it is amazing how few penetrate the Tyrol, and how much fewer are those who really come to know it. Yet railway carriages from Paris to Vienna without a change thread the whole length of the land from Bregenz to Zell; and the Brenner Road carries thousands of tourists through the beautiful little city of Innsbruck, without stopping. For noble, high Alpine scenery, for magnificent mountain roads, for superb cliff and chasm, for sweeping forests, and for beautiful upland valleys, the Tyrol equals, and in some respects surpasses, most parts of Switzerland.

Moreover, Switzerland is, after all, a pleasure city, the haunt of the unemployed, while the Tyrol is a country which exists for itself; and its hale and friendly people (many of whom are also good innkeepers) can still live, even though the Englishman does not come.

Mr. McCrackan has chosen to write a book different in scope and treatment from any other in English; while it resembles his previous books on 'Romance and Teutonic Switzerland,' he has struck out rather a different tone in his combination of the personal element with the topographical. Readable for itself, and giving an excellent notion of the country, the book is also usable side by side with a guide-book, as an intelligent and interesting description of the principal places in the country. For example, the four chapters on Innsbruck might well be in the hands of any traveller who really wished to enjoy the remarkable sights of that place; and the same may be said of the four chapters on Meran and its surroundings. The author has a special eye for castles, although it may be questioned whether "it may be generally assumed that every castle in Europe was once a Roman castellum"; and his account of Castle Karneid and Castle Runkelstein will add to the visitor's pleasure. The remote valleys do not so much excite his interest, although the chapter on "Life on the Alm" has in it the breeziness of the high mountain pastures. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on "Dante in the Trentino," and no reader of Dante who has ever passed through the desert and savage gorge of the Val Sarca can fail to favor the hypothesis that this is the region which suggested the horrid rocks of the Inferno. Few English writers on the Tyrol have brought out so distinctly the charm of the historic characters as Mr. McCrackan has done in the chapters on Philippena Welser, on Andreas Hofer, on Stainer, the maker of violins, on Walther von der Vogelweide, and on Fallmerayer, the fragmentist.

To Mr. McCrackan, however, the Tyrol is a land of cities and valleys and passes. Outside of the interesting account of the Ortler, by far the most picturesque mountain in the Tyrol, there is almost nothing to suggest that the country is grouped against a spine of magnificent snow mountains, extending from Switzerland eastward to Carinthia. Since the author has furnished no map except the barest outline on the fly leaves, the reader would hardly realize from the book that the Tyrol houses beetling cliffs, slippery ice slopes, and profound gorges, equal in effect and almost in height to the giants of Switzerland. He passes all around the superb Oetzthal group, west, north, east, and south, with hardly a mention of it, with its sharp-cut valley-troughs and its mighty glaciers. Gross Glockner and Gross Venediger are also to him a sealed book; it is true that these regions are visited almost exclusively by German tourists and often by too many of them, that the country is sprinkled with refuges and so-called "huts," and that most American climbers make the acquaintance of Monte Rosa before they so much as hear of the Ortler or Gross Glockner; but there is no complete Tyrol that does not include the great snow mountains.

In the five chapters on the Dolomites, which conclude the book, more attention is paid to the high mountains, and, indeed, that country is inseparable from its peaks. To the right-minded Dolomitist, whose memory goes back to the days of the glory of the Aquila Nera at Cortina, no treatment is ever adequate: no book is long enough, or full enough; no pictures are clear and sharp enough; and nobody explores enough, or has a sufficient command of adjectives, to describe what he sees. Upon the Dolomites, Mr. McCrackan's book is pleasant and helpful, and may well lead up to Robertson's more elaborate and detailed treatment; but now, as twenty-five years ago, the indispensable work is Miss Edward's 'Untrodden Peaks,' of which a third edition is before the public. It appears to be from the same plates as the second, and is simply a concession to the need of a copy of Miss Edwards felt by all that fortunate part of mankind which knows the Dolomites. Nobody since she first wrote has ever caught that aroma of the new-mown hay, that stirring breeze down the valley, that soughing of the pine branches, that brawling of the river Pieve, which makes the 'Untrodden Peaks' a classic. Few, even of the most enthusiastic Dolomitists, penetrate as she did to Forno di Zoldo; and far too few occupy the vast caverns of rooms in the Hotel Miniere at Agordo. Of course, the Italian side of the mountains is out of the boundaries of McCrackan's book, and escapes him altogether, but he does know, and Miss Edwards does not, the entrancing gorge of the Cismone, leading up to Primiero. If there be a valley more beautiful than another in the Dolomites, it is this—the road crossing the narrow gorge on timber bridges, skirting the mountain, far above the river channel, where the log drive is jammed in the falls; and beyond the town, the finest of all Dolomite road passes, the Rolle, overhung by Cimon della Pala, and winding down through the thick forest to Paneveggio.

In one respect, however, Miss Edwards's book must yield the palm to its younger rival: the old woodcuts are retained, and, though the blocks are still in good order, it is impossible for the line to reproduce the effect of the mountains. Woodcuts, however interesting and suggestive, are inferior in definiteness and in effect of distance and of mass to the excellent reproductions of photographs which well set forth 'The Fair Land Tyrol,' and some of which appear to have been taken from the writer's own camera. What is there on the face of the earth more fascinatingly beautiful than the Monte Cristallo and its reflected doublet in the waters of the Dürrensee?

Gubbio, Past and Present. By Laura McCracken. Illustrated by Katherine McCracken. London: David Nutt. 1905. Pp. xvi. + 308.

In his 'A Lenten Journey in Umbria,' Thomas Adolphus Trollope gives to Gubbio just four times the space which he gives to Perugia; and not without excuse, for, with the exception of Assisi, there is probably no Umbrian town which better repays a visit. And it is to "this strangely interesting, romantic, mediæval city, stranded and derelict on the slopes of Monte Ingino, far from the shores of civilization and all active movement," that Miss McCracken has devoted the work before us. In her pages history, art, and legend are skilfully blended, each in its just proportion. The book is one which could have been written only by a real lover of Italy, and may be confidently recommended to the English-speaking tourist. Not only will it enable him to do his sightseeing intelligently, but it is well worth reading in his own study, even if he has no immediate prospect of visiting the town. Indeed, the purely guide-book part of the volume forms a very small proportion of the whole—only three chapters out of fourteen.

As befits a work which is dedicated to the Bishop of Gubbio, and which has been found worthy of a preface from the pen of M. Paul Sabatier, the best chapter is probably that which deals with the old, delightful story of St. Francis and the wolf, "le grand vilain loup," whose skull, we are told, was dug up, only the other day, on the very spot which tradition has pointed out as the place where "Brother Wolf" was burned after he had died of old age, greatly mourned by all the people. Another excellent chapter treats of the celebrated Eugubine Tables; while, in a third, the wild bacchanalian orgies which are known as the "Festa de' Ceri" are fully described. Here, however, the narrative, though exact and conscientious enough, somehow fails to thrill; for the authoress dwells more lovingly on the spotless life of the good bishop and saint, in whose honor the festival is held, than on the swaying, staggering race of the wine-maddened *ceraioli* as they bear their tremendous burdens up the mountainside to his church upon the summit.

It is, however, in her sketch of the history of the city that we care for Miss McCracken least. Here her usual accuracy occasionally forsakes her. The mention of "the French (!) King Charlemagne" gives us something of a shock; and, when we are told, further on, that the Emperor Henry VI. "contested the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily with Manfred, the bastard of Ruggiero," we feel that the only charitable hypothesis is that the correction of proofs was left entirely to the proofreader.

On pages 27-28 a series of more or less mythical wars and alliances are recorded as indisputable facts, although it is well known that the original authority for some, at least, of the events thus described was none other than that Cyprian Manente who invented for his native Orvieto a long list of perfectly impossible consuls, and whose whole history is the product of an unbridled imagination. Again, on page 43, we are informed that, in 1180, the Perugians "made themselves masters of Città di Castello," and, on page 44, that, about the year 1182 (*sic*), Gubbio "entered into a sort of forced alliance" with Perugia. From this statement the reader would hardly suppose that the stipulations contained in the two conventions were identical. Yet we have documentary evidence that such was the case.

Minor inadvertences of this sort are, however, of very little importance. Certainly they do not militate against the general usefulness of the book, and, therefore, we would end, as we have begun, with the clear sound of praise, most heartily commending 'Gubbio, Past and Present,' to the particular notice of all students of mediæval Italy.

English Table Glass. By Percy Bate. (Newnes Library of Applied Arts.) London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xiii., 130.

We have noticed already two volumes of this series, namely, the 'Dutch Pottery' and the 'English Furniture,' and we found it right to say that the selection was good and the treatment sagacious. The books appeared to be the work of writers thoroughly familiar with their subject. Now comes the present volume and proves to be full of the knowledge and the insight of the enthusiastic collector. It is dedicated to Mary Bate in the following triolet,

> You planted the seed,
> So the blossom's your own:
> Be it flower, be it weed,
> You planted the seed;
> If it please you to read,
> You will see how it's grown—
> You planted the seed,
> So the blossom's your own!

—and the early pages tell of the author's own proceedings as a collector and his growth as a connoisseur. He names a gentleman whom he styles "the Doyen of Glass Collectors" (p. 13), and another friend upon whom he has drawn freely (p. 15); and he adds that the two collections, his own, and Mrs. Rees Price's, "taken together, comprise a very adequate representation of the English glass of the eighteenth century."

There are 254 separate glasses illustrated, all arranged upon the black backgrounds of sixty-seven half-tone plates; and the process lends itself well to such reproduction. The glasses figured have a singular look of being real—transparent as well as solid, brittle as well as heavy and hard. The engraved figures upon them show up well, and the mottoes are legible until they pass out of sight with the rounded surface. The reader who will examine these plates in succession, trying to note the characteristic of English glass from 1586 (the earliest date given) to the end, will not find one single specimen of the graceful and somewhat fantastic ware which we study as "Venice glass," nor of the more restrained design which we associate with French glass of the sixteenth century, nor yet of the vagaries of Bohemian glass and its imitations. Great refinement of form, in bowl or in stem and foot, has not been attained in any of the specimens; nor is the obscured and bubbled glass retained, which, by its partial opacity, shows off form so well. Everything here is thick and solid, as transparent as it could be made; all is of clear plain glass, meant to be adorned by etching or by such engraving as is done with the wheel. The forms, moreover, are simple, and are limited to the convex bowl on a baluster stem, and the concave bowl rising from a plain, nearly cylindrical stem; and such obvious modifications of these two types as will occur to any one who remembers the wine-glasses of his own time. There are just a few exceptional forms, of which more below; but the essential point is that there is no love of the hot glass to be seen, no disposition to play with it, and to make charming bits of decoration out of it, regardless of utility. That especially vitreous artistic tradition is not recognizable in the English ware as exemplified by the Rees Price and Bate collections taken together.

As to the exceptional pieces, No. 136 is a two-handled cup with more sign of that enjoyment in the mere working of the glass than is found elsewhere. If the reader wishes to know what a rummer is, he will find two examples on the same plate; they are simply broad and deep wine-glasses fit to hold a half-pint drink, and intended, no doubt, for hot rum and water. This is worth noting because the dictionaries find it very hard to fix exactly the significance of such old terms of technical use, and assuredly do not give any such definition as is implied here. No. 145 is a yard-of-ale glass; and this term is explained in the dictionaries correctly, although Mr. Bate remarks that he, personally, never found it difficult to empty one of them without the catastrophe which the student is told to expect. The three pieces on Plate XLI. are candlesticks. Plate XLII. gives a very early decanter, and with it two fillers for punch. These last are continuous tubes with one end opened out into a bowl as big as a punch glass; you plunge this bowl into the liquor, close the open end of the tube with your thumb, and afterward release what you have brought away when it is over the glass which is waiting. The name "porringer" is given to a covered glass jar (No. 183) with two handles, and capacious enough to hold nearly half a gallon.

There are many historical curiosities among these pieces, and of course Jacobitism in abundance. As we began with a triolet, we will close with a purely English bit of verse, one stanza of a "God Save the King" especially adapted to the dethroned Stuarts and the heir-apparent, "the Old Pretender."

> God bless the Prince of Wales,
> The true-born Prince of Wales,
> Sent us by thee.
> Grant us one favour more,
> The King for to Restore,
> As thou hast done before,
> The Familie.

A Handbook of the Cornish Language, Chiefly in its Latest Stages. With Some Account of its History and Literature. By Henry Jenner. London: Nutt. 1904.

The present wave of Celtic enthusiasm has reached Cornwall, and if there has not been a revival of the Cornish language, there has been at least a vigorous discussion of the question whether it is dead. The first "Pan-Celtic Congress," held at Dublin in 1901, refused to recognize Cornwall as a Celtic nation on the ground that it had no language. But last summer, at the second Congress in Carnarvon, this action was reconsidered, and the Cornish delegation admitted—perhaps because its zeal appeared to merit recognition, for the discussion in the interval had hardly proved Cornish to be in any proper sense a living tongue. It is pretty clear that the language did not die with Dolly Pentreath, as is commonly supposed, in 1777. But, though the knowledge of it can be traced in several "last living speakers" after her day, and words and phrases were handed down in certain families until 1850 or later, still, the actual use of Cornish cannot have survived far into the nineteenth century. For two or more generations now it has probably ceased to exist, except as an element in the vocabulary of the English dialect of Cornwall. Whether the present Celtic revival has restored it to use at all in common speech, we cannot say; but the movement has stimulated a certain amount of Cornish composition, and Mr. Jenner is one of the few men who have sufficient mastery of the language to write sonnets and carols in it.

His 'Handbook' is intended chiefly for those who wish, like him, to learn to speak and write Cornish. For their benefit he has even undertaken to devise a regular system of spelling, such as the language has never possessed, and to normalize the grammar. We doubt, however, if many students will use the book for the practical purpose for which it was intended. It is more likely to be consulted by philologists who are working their way through the early Cornish writings, and such scholars will find it at once convenient and unsatisfactory. It presents a handy conspectus of the grammar, and contains a fairly full account of the existing Cornish monuments, and of the scientific literature that deals with them. Nowhere else, so far as we know, is this information made so easily accessible. But, unfortunately, Mr. Jenner's statements are sometimes incomplete or inaccurate, and his grammatical method is partly antiquated. In his preliminary account of Cornish grammarians there is no adequate recognition of the labors of Zeuss, and not even a reference to Ebel's important early article on initial mutations (Kühn's *Beiträge* 5, 145 ff.) appears in the bibliography at the end. In the chapter on pronunciation the phonetic symbols are imperfect, and not altogether consistent. For serious students Mr. Jenner would have [illegible] better to employ some such phonetic notation as Mr. Henry Sweet has made familiar to students of English grammar; [illegible] use of such a system would probably have saved him from speaking (on page 102) of "the first syllable of *jibe*." Another fault of method, in our opinion, occurs on page 91, where an adjective is said to form its feminine by changing the initial. The initial mutations are matters of phonology, rather than inflection, and the two should not be thus confused. On page 100 Mr. Jenner refers to a "euphonic" *dh*, which is an explanation that does not explain. The term is a relic of the old-fashioned grammars where difficult letters were explained as "inserted for euphony." Finally, we have observed some questionable statements of fact. On page 59 Gaelic *ao* is said to be pronounced in Scotland like German *ü*, and in Ireland like *ī* (English *ee*), which is true only for some dialects. Both the pronunciations mentioned are known in Ireland, and a sound different from either is usual in Scottish Gaelic. Again, on page 82, Mr. Jenner implies that Welsh has no survivals of a genitive inflection (which is not quite true); and then he cites the preposition *erbyn* as a Cornish instance, though exactly the same word exists in Welsh, and in both languages the second element (from *pen*, head) is probably dative rather than genitive.

It is only fair to add, after making these criticisms of Mr. Jenner's work, that the 'Handbook' is the best existing introduction to Cornish.

In a Syrian Saddle. By A. Goodrich-Freer. London: Methuen & Co. Pp. 363.

Miss Freer's 'Inner Jerusalem,' which was an account of the present conditions of that city, the habits, customs and religious beliefs of its inhabitants, is followed with almost incredible rapidity by another

volume dealing with her travel experiences in Palestine. 'In a Syrian Saddle' tells the story of two flying trips from Jerusalem as a centre. With "The Professor," "The Doctor," to whom this book is dedicated, "on the eve of starting together on a longer journey," and two "sportsmen," who, as far as the narrative herein contained is concerned, seem to have found little sport and no game, she crossed the Jordan to visit Madaba, Mesheytta (or as she spells it, Mshatta), Ammân and Jerash. This trip covers the first half of the book, entitled "In Moab." The second half, called "In Galilee and Samaria," describes the journey of part of the same company and others through Samaria, visiting the excavations at Ta'anak and Mutesellim, to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. The return to Jerusalem was made by way of Besan and the Jordan valley. There was nothing novel in the sights seen and the experiences undergone on either trip, with the possible exception of the last part of the second journey, down the Jordan valley from Besan, where the party lost its way in a manner which reminds one somewhat of Kinglake's experience recorded in 'Eothen,' except that Kinglake was lost on the east and Miss Freer on the west side of the Jordan.

Miss Freer had the good fortune to see the wonderful facade at Mesheytta before it had been removed to grace the new Friedrich Museum in Berlin; and, indeed, Dr. Schumacher was engaged in removing it at the time of the visit here recorded. She also had the good fortune to visit Ta'anak and Mutesellim while Dr. Schumacher was exploring the latter and could act as cicerone at both places. Miss Freer is an enthusiastic lover of nature; and, at least in her writing, hardships and discomforts which would daunt another lady, do but form a subject of merriment for her. She describes herself throughout as "the lady," and the other members of the party are described by similar half-humorous titles, "The Professor" (Professor Euting), "Baedeker" (Professor Benzinger), etc. It may not be amiss to say, referring to the introduction, that the longer journey to which Miss Freer there refers has now been commenced, and that, since this book was published, the author has exchanged the name of Freer for that of Spoer.

There are no illustrations. The book is a beautiful specimen of typography and general bookmaking, singularly light in weight in proportion to its bulk. It is disfigured, however, by the practice so commonly indulged in by English publishers, of binding a mass of advertisements within the covers. There are forty pages of advertisements in this volume, somewhat more than one-tenth of the whole space within the covers. We expect advertisements in newspapers and magazines, and the reader who does not wish to use them derives substantial benefit from their presence in the price which he pays for his reading matter. The English practice of binding up advertisements in books is quite another matter. Here the advertisements are used only for the good of the publishers. The reader must pay the same price for the book and its binding—must pay more if he imports—and then, if he wishes to place on his library shelves a volume presenting a literary and not a commercial aspect, he is compelled to have the covers taken off and the book rebound at a considerable additional expense.

Robert Browning. By C. H. Herford. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

This is likely to stand as one of the best of the numerous short critical lives of its provocative poet. Mr. Herford does not escape altogether the contagion that has made so many good men and critics utter tall talk, but his book is singularly free from the conventional Browning jargon. His style is picturesque and pithy, and his literary perspective is not distorted by the jagged bulk of his subject. In writing of Browning's positive poetic qualities he is at his best. It is naturally not easy to find anything very novel to say of these matters immediately after the publication of such books as those of Stopford Brooke, Mr. Dowden, and Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Herford does manage, nevertheless, to give an engagingly fresh and personal turn to his thought and phrase. We can scarcely grant the justice of the epithet "Shakespearian" in the characterization of the style of 'The Ring and the Book,' yet the whole is finely said:

"The execution vindicated the design. Voluble, even 'mercilessly voluble,' the poet of 'The Ring and the Book' undoubtedly is. But it is the volubility of a consummate master of expression, in whose hands the difficult medium of blank verse becomes an instrument of Shakespearian flexibility and compass, easily answering to all the shifts and windings of a prodigal invention, familiar without being vulgar, gritty with homely detail without being flat; always, at its lowest levels, touched like a plain just before sunrise with hints of ethereal light, momentarily withheld; and rising from time to time without effort to a magnificence of phrase and movement touched in its turn with that suggestion of the homely and the familiar which in the inmost recesses of Browning's genius lurked so near—so vitally near—to the roots of the sublime."

In his elaborately schematized analysis of "Browning's Mind and Art," Mr. Herford seems to us to build too vast a structure of psychologizing on too slight and too personal a foundation; yet this section will doubtless prove of service to academic students of the poet, and it may be conveniently disregarded by the plain man.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Banks, Nancy Houston. The Little Hills. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Barrow, George. Wild Wales. John Lane.
Bérard, Victor. L'Empire Russe et le Tsarisme. Paris: Armand Colin.
Bourgin, Hubert. Fourier. Paris: Société Nouvelle.
Bridges, Robert. Demeter. Henry Frowde.
Burbidge, F. W. The Book of the Scented Garden. John Lane.
Cabeza de Vaca, Alvar Nuñez, Journal. Translated by Fanny Bandelier. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.
Chadwick, James Read. A Brief Sketch of the Life of James Read. Boston: The Merrymount Press.
Dewey, T. Henry. Legislation against Speculation and Gambling in the Forms of Trade. Baker, Voorhis & Co.
Dicey, A. V. Law and Public Opinion in England. Macmillan Co.
Perris, G. H. Russia in Revolution. Brentano's. $3 net.
Fisguill, Richard. The Venus of Cadiz. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Greene, Evarts B. Provincial America. Vol. 6. Harpers. $2 net.
Hagar, Frank N. The American Family. The University Publishing Society.
Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. X. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
La Salle, Georges de. En Mandchourie. Paris: Armand Colin.
Maskell, Alfred. Ivories. Putnams. $6.75 net.
Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Vol. I. Edited by George Saintsbury. Henry Frowde.
Newfoundland Guide-Book, 1905. Edited by D. W. Prowse. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.
Nitobé, Inazo. Bushido, The Soul of Japan. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Pope, G. U. A Handbook of the Ordinary Dialect of the Tamil Language. Henry Frowde.
Quillardet, M. Espagnols et Portugais chez eux. Paris: Armand Colin.
Rée, P. J. Nuremberg. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Sloss, R. T. The Book of the Automobile. Appleton. $3 net.
Sonneck, O. G. Francis Hopkinson and James Lyon. Printed for the Author.
Stevenson's Inland Voyage.—Familiar Studies.—Island Nights' Entertainments.—The Wrecker. Biographical Edition. Scribners. $1 each.
Tannenforst, Ursula. The Thistles of Mount Cedar. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.25.
Thirtle, James William. The Titles of the Psalms. Henry Frowde.
United States Navy, Book of the. The A. B. Benesch Co.
Vance, Louis Joseph. Terence O'Rourke, a Gentleman Adventurer. A. Wessels Co. $1.50.
Wurdz, Gideon. Foolish Finance. Boston: John W. Luce Co.

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